

INTERPRETATION.

We long for a peace that is lasting.
We plead for a rapture that's rare,
Like fishermen ceaselessly casting
Their nets in the gulf of despair.
We draw from deep waters of sorrow
Dark weeds of old failure and fear,
And out of sea silence we borrow
The storm that will never come near.

Faith speeds past the footsteps of Duty,
And halts at the door of a tomb;
Thought pierces the source of all beauty
And returns unto dust—'tis the doom
Of each man-child to strive and to wonder;

To plan for some positive gain;
And only find mysteries under
All life, be it pleasure or pain.

Lo, in realms of the mind there is treasure
For toilers who dwell in content;
There is truth that no science can measure
And the fearless are never forsaken;
There is light when earth shadows are falling,
There's reward for the deeds that are done—
Where every crowned virtue is calling:
"Through faith is thy victory won!"

A Regular Proposal.

It was a drizzling May morning, a left-over April day, and the hurrying crowds at the Grand Central Station were redolent of wet rubber and woolen.

One only in the crowd seemed indifferent to the weather—a man who walked listlessly along the platform, back and forth, heedless whether the roof sheltered him or not.

Now and then he glanced at his watch and then tapped impatiently with his umbrella. Already he had smoked three cigars and tried in vain to sit in the waiting room reading. Nothing eased his impatience like this steady tramping.

Once he encountered a familiar face and raised his hat with a hurried "How d'ye do?"

"That's young Averill, old Tom Averill's son," explained his acquaintance to a companion, and the two



JUST ONE VOICE, DEAR.

turned and looked after the young man as he continued: "Immense rich, but an odd stick."

The impatient man was Tom Averill, Jr., and his behavior during the ensuing half hour was certainly odd. The Chicago train pulled in and Tom Averill stopped his walk and hurried down to the train shed to meet it and stood watching the passengers with a quick eye, running from car to car till it fell on a party of three—a young man, a middle-aged woman and a very pretty girl. His eyes brightened, his color rose and he bolted into the station, out at the front door and nearly annihilated a small street urchin in his violent haste to reach a cab.

Giving cabbie an address and stepping quickly in, he turned and threw a fresh-lighted cigar at the feet of the street urchin. The boy grasped the prize and remarked sentimentally, "Wheels!"

The cab stopped before the door of some luxurious bachelor apartments and Tom Averill hurried to the elevator, rushing out at the second landing and quite startled his man, who was sponging an overcoat.

"Take that evil smell into the bathroom, will you, Martin?" he cried, and hustled his servant out, slamming the door behind him.

"Well," he remarked smilingly to his shaving mirror, "the Uptons came, and to-morrow night I shall call on—her brother. Now how shall I manage it?" he mused; "make a clean breast of what I am and all about me and wind up with a declaration of love? Tell Dick first, I suppose, and get him to ask her downstairs and leave us alone. Then when we are alone, h'm—guess I'll get up a regular proposal and see how it sounds."

He examined the doors, to make sure they were both shut and locked, sat down and addressed an imaginary person by his side.

"Dear Miss Upton (guess I won't say Marguerite), I want to tell you all about my life, if you care to listen. I was born thirty-two years ago, and as nearly as I can guess no one was glad to see me. My mother died at my birth, and I am told that my father would not even see me till I was six months old.

"Very little time or attention he gave me after that, or so it appeared to me. I was left to the care of servants during my babyhood, and hustled off to a boarding school as soon as I was old enough. At home the old housekeeper called me the 'oddest child she ever labored with,' and the maids all shunned me. The only childhood friends I remember with any pleasure are the

stable boy and a three-legged terrier dog.

"From boarding school I went to college, where I stayed three years. My allowance was so scant that I would not have been able to cut much of a swell if I had wished to. I believe my sole ambition was to get through college so as to see what life had for me beyond.

"Near the end of my junior year I received a telegram saying my father was dying. I went home at once, but too late to find him alive. As I looked on his dead face I realized for the first time that I had utterly missed being a son.

"Then I heard my father talked of, and knew that I was the son of a good man, and grieved to think that I had never really known him. The family resemblance between us came out strong and came to me as a new and startling thing, for with the lines smoothed out and with the youthful look death sometimes brings, the dead face was almost like my own.

"The day after father's funeral I met his attorney and learned from him that I was a rich man, rich beyond anything I ever dreamed of, and I blamed my father for keeping me so scant when he had so much money; but in looking over some of his papers I found some notes that were very precious to me. They were his rules of life, and among them was this: 'Keep the boy short of money. He is safer. There will be time to learn of his wealth and how to use it during our trip abroad together.'

"Well, I went abroad soon after that and lived a wandering life for ten years. I had not learned how to use money and I wasted a good deal 'learning,' but there was so much it hardly mattered.

"I lived fairly simply and studied much, but I was restless always. The only thing that kept me from going wrong was a natural distaste for boorish pleasures. No woman attracted me, though I met many that are called beautiful. I didn't gamble or drink because I wasn't a 'good fellow' enough to have invitations to carousals. I heard one fellow say that 'my nose went up too easy.'

"Two years ago my lawyer called me home to decide some important business and asked me to dinner at his home. It was that night that I found my lawyer was your father, and that you were, well, what you are, and that I liked to be as near you as possible.

"I don't think I really fell in love with you that night, but I was anxious to see you again soon. I decided to live in New York, and fitted up bachelor apartments and settled down. I had no idea that I ever should tell you I loved you, but I wanted to be near at hand. So I cultivated Dick's acquaintance. You needn't tell Dick I made use of him, because his friendship is one of the best things in my life.

"But just at first, before I knew him much, I played on his love of fine pictures to get him over here to my rooms, and offered to help him with his photographic prints in order that I might be up in his dark room when you were sitting in the next room. We used to hear your voice there while we worked, and nearly always you came to see the prints, and help pin them up to dry.

"I was very happy in those days, and if I could get Dick to tell me anything about you I did. He always thought you a frightful flirt, and always enjoyed relating your escapades with the High School boys, but he always wound up by saying: 'But she don't care a rap for any one of them. Marguerite will marry a steady old chap some day, and a dandy little wife she'll make him.' Then Dick would slap me on the back, and I would get red in the face. Dick must have seen that I cared for you.

"I suppose I should have let things slip along this way forever if you hadn't gone West, but when Dick told me you and he and your mother were going West for the winter I knew that I must act some time. I must have you for my own, so that people couldn't carry you off whenever and wherever they pleased. I tried to ask you then, but I was always tongue-tied whenever Dick left us alone, as he often did those last few weeks.

"I finally let you go with that one whisper at the station, 'Good-by, dear.' You blushed, but you didn't take your hand away, and though your lips said good-by to all in the little group that came to see you off, your eyes said good-by to me alone.

"So I have waited and hoped all these months, and Dick has kept up my courage with his letters. He has told me many stories of young ranchmen who have fallen a victim to your charms, but always wound up the same way. 'She don't care a pin for any of them and will marry old steady, after all.'

"So now I have come to claim you, dear (good place to take her hand), and ask you to be my wife. She ought to say something by this time, either yes or no, and then I sha'n't know what to do."

And Tom fell into a haze of dreaming till Martin timidly announced dinner.

The next evening Tom dressed carefully, and walked slowly to the Uptons'. He walked by the house once, but, coming back, he spied Dick at an upper window, and with a long-drawn breath and a tightening of the whole nervous system he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

The man ushered him in and he asked for Miss Upton. He had not meant to ask for her, but was rehearsing his proposal, and that was the way it began. The man was gone, anyhow, and so it couldn't be helped, Dick would probably come down when he saw the card, even if he hadn't seen him from

the window, so "it" would be delayed for an hour.

"Perhaps he wouldn't ask her to-night. It might be too soon; he would see how she received him. There was no hurry; she wouldn't be going West again soon.

He had never asked for her alone before. What would she think? There was only one interpretation—that he wanted to see her alone. Well, so he did, and he would ask her to-day.

He walked restlessly up and down the little reception room, counting the speech till a rustle of skirts made him stop abruptly in the middle of the room, with his eyes fixed on the door. It opened in an instant, and a dainty little maid stood framed in the doorway. Her brown eyes met Tom's bravely and happily, and before he knew what he was doing he had opened his arms and she had come straight to him.

"Hello, dear," she whispered, laughing snucely. "Is that all the love-making you know? Just one word—dear. And you never wrote even that one all these months. How do you expect a girl to know you love her when you act so? I shouldn't have if I hadn't read all Dick's letters. Dear old Dick! He told me all you had said about me, and of course I knew."

An hour later Tom was sitting on the divan holding Marguerite's hand. Dick sat on the other side, and Mr. and Mrs. Upton had chairs drawn near, and all formed a happy family group, but not one word had Tom uttered of his proposal.—Utica Globe.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

How the Gaming Capital of the World Begins.

Monaco and Monte Carlo were always more or less confused in my mind until I came here, and possibly they may be in yours. Monaco is the name of the kingdom as well as of the capital and chief town, and Monte Carlo is a separate town, lying also on the coast of the Mediterranean. The two places were originally about a mile apart, but the single street along the shore which connects them has been so built up that now they are practically one, and it is hard to tell when you are in Monte Carlo and when you cross the line into Monaco. Monaco is the old town, with dwellings and shops and castles and dirt and a market place like any other small European city, but Monte Carlo is new, and lives entirely upon the Casino. There are few dwelling houses in it, few shops, few permanent residents beyond the hotel and Casino employes, and even the Casino men live mostly in Monaco, where rents are cheaper. Monte Carlo consists chiefly of the Casino and its appurtenances, a group of hotels, a railway station and a very handsome arched railway bridge.

Here are the Maritime Alps, rising almost out of the back yards of both places, the sea in front, no bits of arable land bigger than flower beds, no manufactures, no chance for any industries beyond fishing and retailing groceries. If you take away the gaming tables. It was a strong temptation, no doubt, to their little majesties of Monaco to go in for anything that promised to bring money into the country. And the winter climate was the best in Europe, and therefore suitable for a great winter resort. The gambling industry was begun here in 1856, but only in a small way. Then, four years later, a person named Blanc, who had been expelled from Homburg, came here and developed it. At present the gaming tables support everything. The Casino Company pays the prince \$250,000 a year for the concession. This is a stock company of the ordinary kind, like any mining or insurance company, with shares that can be bought in the market and that pay such handsome dividends that they command always a high premium. So, if you are a millionaire, as I hope you are, and would like to be in a position to dictate to a real prince, you need only come over to Monaco and buy enough shares in this company. They are \$100 shares, and sell at present at about \$900, I believe.—Wm. Drysdale in New York Times.

The Strength of Ice.

Two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback, or cavalry, or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as eighty-pounders; eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges; and ten-inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On fifteen-inch ice, a railway could be built, and two-foot thick ice will withstand the impact of a loaded railway carriage, after a sixty-foot fall (or, perhaps, 1,500 foot tons). Trautwine gives the crushing strength of firm ice as 167 to 250 pounds per square inch.

Colonel Ludlow, in his experiments in 1881, on six to twelve-inch cubes, found 202 to 880 pounds for pure hard ice, and 222 to 820 pounds for inferior grades, and on an American river 700 pounds for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for the ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action of salt water, etc. Experiments of Gzowski gave 208 pounds; those of others, 310 to 320 pounds. The tensile strength was found by German experiments to be 142 to 223 pounds per square inch. The average specific gravity of ice is 0.92. In freezing, water increases in volume from 1-9 to 1-18, or an average of 1-11; when floating, 11-12 is immersed.

River of Ink.

In Algeria a river of ink is formed by the confluence of two streams, one of which is impregnated with iron, and the other, which drains a peat bog, with gallic acid. The mixture of the iron and the acid results in ink.

The success of a jest often depends upon the digestion of your audience.

AN ARCTIC JOURNEY.

SWEDEN'S SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE TO ICE-BOUND REGIONS.

Naturalists Make a Northern Trip of Unusual Length—Find an Archipelago Never Before Explored—Summer on the East Coast of Greenland.

A party of Swedish naturalists under the lead of Gustave Kothoff made a northern voyage of more than usual length last summer for the purpose of studying the fauna in arctic waters and lands. They started in a little vessel from the northern coast of Norway on June 4, and four days later they arrived at the icy coast of Spitzbergen, where they visited some of the deep fjords and clusters of islands. Then they steamed far northeast to the waters between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, where they reached the southwest coast of Prince Charles island, which, it will be remembered, was visited for the first time two years ago. They found there an archipelago of considerable extent which had never been explored. They procured a great deal of information about this almost unknown region, and the account of it which they will publish is expected to be very interesting. They were disappointed, however, in not finding any more relics of the lost arctic avian, Andree. One of his buoys had been picked up in the neighborhood of King Charles island, and this was believed to be the likeliest place to find other objects that might throw light upon the fate of the explorer.

Then the party steamed on their way to the coast of East Greenland along the edge of the polar ice. They found the great ice pack impenetrable, but they kept on westward, close to the ice edge, as far as the island of Jan Mayen. This is the bleak arctic land that will always be famous as the place where in the seventeenth century a large party of whalers spending the polar winter perished to a man of scurvy. The record they left of the tragedy was nearly complete, for it was brought down to within a day or two of the time when the last survivor probably died.

Here the explorers found the pack ice stretching away to the west as well as to the north. They were able, however, to push into it and slowly pick their way westward. Here and there were great hills of ice, where the pressure had piled the pieces high. The ice was everywhere covered with a thick layer of snow, and their description of it shows that it was old polar ice that perhaps had been slowly drifting southward for many months.

The expedition finally reached the East Greenland coast at Mackenzie bay on July 31. They found the ground entirely free from snow, and under the summer sun a good deal of vegetation had developed. On Aug. 14, after studying animal life on sea and land for some days, the vessel entered Franz Josef fjord, though seven days before it had been completely blocked by ice. In a week all the ice had entirely disappeared. They remained in the fjord until Aug. 23, and secured the unusual prize of two young musk oxen, which they took home with them to Sweden. This is probably the first time that live specimens of the musk ox have been carried to civilized lands, though the attempt has several times been made.

Mr. Kothoff says that last season was a bad ice year in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen and Baer islands. On the other hand, the east coast of Greenland, which is frequently locked with ice all through the summer, was almost free from this impediment to exploration.

VALUABLE SECRET.

One Family Has Furnished Stamp Cancellers for Sixty-Five Years.

Since 1845 all the machines by which postage stamps are cancelled and envelopes marked with the name of the post-office, the date, etc., have been made by one family. In the year named the Postmaster General entered into a contract with Benjamin Chambers, a citizen of Washington, to furnish a device by which postage stamps might be cancelled so that they could not be used again, and, although there have been a multitude of competitors on several occasions, that contract has been renewed year after year for sixty-five years with Mr. Chambers, his son, and his grandson, who have a secret process by which the dies are made of malleable iron and carbonized into steel at a cost of from 50 cents to \$2.75 each. It is certainly the only government contract, and probably the only contract in the United States, that has been renewed so often and continued so long. The department buys about \$25,000 worth of new cancellers every year. Bids are advertised for annually, and every now and then some ambitious manufacturer who thinks he has a good thing offers a proposal, but the Chambers family are invincible. They have improved the device until it is now almost perfect.

The stamper is a circular cast-steel box (with a screw thread), one end of which is closed, and is provided on the outside with a square shank to secure it to the hardwood handle. The cover of the box is a disk of steel. A portion of its thickness enters the box by means of a screw thread around its periphery of almost twenty threads to the inch. This permits of a space between the inner face of the die and the bottom of the box, while the remaining thickness of the disk forms a flange with the edge, which is coarse milled, so that the disk may be turned with the hand or a wrench. On the outer face of the disk are characters of the body of the cylindrical die. These combine the marking and the canceling devices, one being on one side of the disk, inclosing the name of the postoffice in a circle.

There are three slots for removable type, for months, dates, hour, and half-hour. Diametrically opposite the circle is the canceling device, the side of which is parallel with the edge of the disk. Any required number or letter is cut in relief in the center, while three grooves are cut into the flange. The removable types are of steel, and have on the ends opposite their faces projections from their outer edges, so that when inserted in the slots the projections can be clamped and held in place.

Until 1880 Captain Chambers manufactured the cancellers here in Washington, and he is still required to maintain a repair shop in the neighborhood of the Postoffice Department, but he moved his factory to Northumberland county, Virginia, on a log of land at the mouth of the Potomac, where he has a little village composed exclusively of employes and their families. No one can enter his grounds without permission, and those who have been there say it is quite an ideal little village, safe from spies of competitors who would like to get the contract away from him.—Washington Correspondence New York Tribune.

THOMAS KEARNS.

The Latest Silver King to Enter the United States Senate.

Though he represents a comparatively unimportant State, Thomas Kearns, the new Senator from Utah, will be one of the most conspicuous figures in the upper house of the Fifty-seventh Congress. His great wealth is responsible for his election to the Senate. Like his colleague, Clark, of Montana, he has wrestled a fabulous fortune from the mines of the West, after tasting the bitter cup of toil and privation for many years.

Born in New York in 1862 he went to Nebraska as a young man and worked on a farm. He dug potatoes and drove a freight wagon. It occurred to him that in the Black Hills of Dakota he



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

might find a fortune and thither he went. But he failed to strike it rich and went to Utah in 1883. In the famous Ontario mine in Park City he went to work with pick and shovel. From the savings out of his weekly wages he accumulated enough to buy himself a copartnership, with several others, in a claim near the Ontario mine. They met with success. Other claims on adjoining land was purchased and the whole combined into the Silver King mine. Its product of silver, gold, copper and lead last year amounted to an even \$1,000,000, of which one-fourth went to Senator Kearns. He is now worth about \$5,000,000.

Kearns is exceedingly generous. Not long ago he gave \$50,000 for the establishment of an orphanage in Salt Lake City and he also gave \$10,000 toward the building of a new Catholic cathedral in the same city. He is now building a marble palace in Salt Lake City, which will be one of the finest in the country, in marked contrast to the dugout which was his first Nebraska home and the humble cabin which sheltered him during his early career in Utah.

Walled In.

While excavating for a cellar in Marietta, O., a few hundred feet from the famous Mound Cemetery, the workmen dug into a mound builder's grave, which was supposed to be two thousand years old. The grave was covered with three layers of heavy stones with three inches of fine white sand between each layer. When the third stone was raised, the bones of a large man were discovered. In the bones of each hand were solid copper axes. The bones crumbled on exposure for an hour. Large bits of charcoal were found in the grave, as were the bones of wild animals supposed to have been deer. The grave was walled in on all sides, and also the top and bottom, with heavy stones. The body of the mound builder sat in an upright position, with the hands in a position as if supporting the body. The grave was two and a half feet wide by two and a half feet long and five feet deep, and the stones surrounding it were easily broken with the fingers, as they were very soft.

Not There.

A farmer once wrote to a distinguished scientific agriculturalist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a new variety of swine:—"Respected Sir: I went yesterday to the cattle fair; I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was very much astonished at not seeing you there."

The people who have plenty to eat and drink and wear, and who are comfortably housed, do a terrible lot of grumbling when a pin scratches them.

Age.
A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies. Said the younger one: "I wonder if I shall lose my locks, too, when I get your age?"
The older one—You may be lucky if you do.—Tit-Bits.

She Was Reassured.
Teddy—Won't you come and see our new baby?
Old Maid Teacher—Yes, dear, when your aunt is better.
Teddy—Oh, but it ain't catching!—Smart Set.

Albert Edward's Cigars.
The Prince of Wales pays at the rate of \$1,750 per 1000 for his cigars. These precious weeds are seven inches long.

His Points.
First boy—Is that a good house dog?
Second boy—No.
"Good bird dog?"
"No."
"Good for rabbits?"
"No."
"Knows some tricks, perhaps?"
"No."
"What is it good for?"
"Nothin'—only to take prizes at shows."—New York World.

Quite Right.
"He said it was a beastly fire."
"He was right. The fire was at the zoo."—Boston Transcript.

The Soft Answer.
Jeweler (enthusiastically)—I assure you the watch is worth twice the money. It's worth 10 guineas if it's worth a penny.
Customer—I should hardly say that, Jeweler (warning)—You doubt my word?
Customer (consulting his own watch)—I mean to say it's a lie on the face of it. The thing's an hour slow.—Judy.

Pacific.
"People ought to give us more credit for our efforts in the direction of peace," said the distinguished Chinaman.
"But you go ahead and do as you choose!"
"Yes. But after we have done so we are the first to seize the olive branch of diplomacy and do our best to convert what might have been a disgraceful scrimmage into a laudable and dignified law suit."—Washington Star.

Costly.
The Duke of Manchester is a fine investment for a father-in-law.—Atlanta Constitution.

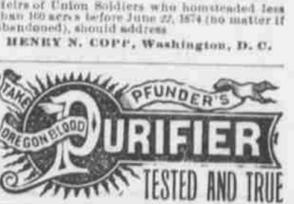
She Worried.
Nipp—My wife worried all last week for fear I should die.
Tuck—Were you sick?
Nipp—No, but my life insurance policy ran out and it was several days before I got it renewed.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Cooking School for Doctors.
Frau Hedwig Heyl has started a cooking school for doctors in Berlin. Doctors from France, Russia and Italy, as well as Germany, have already taken the course, and it is reported that branch schools of the same kind are shortly to be established in all the capitals of Europe.

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