

KING EDWARD AND HIS FAMILY.



King, Queen and Princess of Wales in the first row; Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria in the second row. The children are the little "Waleses."

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strided
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night came with its tale,
And so I lay by hill and vale,
Contented day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without need,
And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load.
—Leslie's Monthly.

THE EVOCATION.

WE had been talking of spirit-
ualism, telepathy and black
magic. The conversation
turned to apparitions and mediums.
Among us all, men and women, assem-
bled in the drawing room after a long
and formal dinner, there were several
who were skeptical, two or three vague-
ly credulous, without certainty one way
or the other, and my friend Francis,
who was an ardent believer in what we
not of the faith agreed to call spirit-
ualism. In his mind there were no differ-
ences in the meanings of terms, but
for me spiritualism covered them all.
One of the young women, making
allusion to the recent experiences of an
English medium, asked:

"Is it true that M. Crooks has seen
and touched the spirits, or, rather, the
material forms of the dead?" M. Crooks
is a very learned man, they say. If
he has not been the victim of an im-
pulsive or an impudent, I must confess
that his testimony would have great
influence on my own faith."

"It is certainly a mystery," said
Francis, thoughtfully, "and a mystery
which those who have never had any
experience are willing to deny exist-
ence to. But if this man has not been
mistaken or deceived; if he can, as he
says, prove scientifically that souls sur-
vive bodies, preserve their identity,
their personality, their memory, and
have the power to become material
and visible to living people, what a revo-
lution it will make in philosophy!"

"Oh, how I wish I might have some
experience of the kind," sighed a young
girl.

"Well, I don't," responded one of the
men. "I would fear for my reason if I
should see the phantom of my mother
come at the call of a medium. And, on
the other hand, I resent the idea that
my own soul, when it is freed from my
body, must be obliged to elude its
self in visibility at the command of a
living person."

"One of my friends," said Francis,
"tried the experiment, and it cost him
dear."

"Tell us about it," cried the women,
drawn by the instinctive delight in the
supernatural.

Francis responded: "It is not a very
happy story, but it may be interesting.
It shows that it is not always safe to
interfere with those powers which gov-
ern the unseen. Here is the story,"
and he related the following:

Pierre Franckel was one of the best
friends of my childhood. I saw him
again when he was 20 years old, a pale
young man with blonde hair, eyes as
blue as the sea, singular eyes, large and
fixed, as if by an interior light, the
eyes of a girl, somewhat unusual in the
face of a man. With a delicacy of color-
ing, a slightness of build and a soft
sweetness of voice the beautiful eyes
gave to my poor friend a charm almost
effeminate. But he was a manly fel-
low and had a great many friends.

He was 23 years old when he met
Madeline Maurice at a ball given in the
chateau of Champs. This young girl
was poor but brilliant and well born,
beautiful, vivacious and graceful. Her
great black eyes spoke eloquently in
the blue eyes of Pierre, and he was
fired with an enthusiastic and sincere
love for her. He had been a skeptic
on the subject of love, so that it came

to him with all the force of a new ex-
perience, and she had nothing to lose
by being compared to former objects of
adoration. She was the first to enter
his heart, and she took entire posses-
sion. She returned his love and accept-
ed his proposal of marriage.

It took Pierre some time to talk his
family into consenting to the match,
but after they had seen and talked with
Madeline they succumbed to the charm
of her personality. They were married
and he took her away immediately to
a house he owned in the country, where
they lived alone and revelled in the pure
and happy love they had found in each
other.

Then, suddenly, death broke the
dream. Mme. Franckel died without
any preparation for death, without suf-
fering, while she was seated at the
piano playing a sonata of Mozart's, on
a beautiful moonlight evening of sum-
mer. Her husband stood leaning
against the window listening to the
music and breathing the fragrance of the
night. The music stopped at the pre-
cise moment that the soul left the
body, and Pierre, surprised at the pause,
turned to find his wife dead, a smile on
his lips, her head resting against the
back of her chair and her fingers still
touching the keys of the piano.

For several years the poor man shut
himself up and would see no one, hid-
ing his suffering from the world as he
had hidden his joy. One day I called
to see him, and on account of our old
friendship I was admitted. I found but
a shadow of the young man I had known.
His hair was gray, and his move-
ments betrayed him to be suffer-
ing from a nervous disease. He soon
spoke of his sorrow and gradually
opened his whole heart to me.

"The question of immortality is con-
stantly in my thoughts," he said. "For
five years I have searched philosophy,
studied hypotheses and questioned reli-
gion, and I am still divided between
faith and doubt, which is killing me.
If Madeline's soul exists it will man-
ifest itself to me. I look for her con-
stantly, waking and sleeping, and I feel
that she must come. I would give all
the years of life that remain to me to
see her for one instant in all the sweet-
ness of her youth and beauty."

I tried to turn my friend's thoughts
from this idea, for I feared his reason
would give way. But he persisted in
his hope. One day he asked me if I
knew a certain Claymore, a Scotch-
man, who had made quite a stir in Paris
as a medium. He was a peculiar man,
undoubtedly sincere, and I had enjoyed
meeting him several times.

"You must introduce me to him," said
Pierre. "He has evoked spirits into ma-
terial form, and if he can bring Madeline's
soul to me I will owe him more than
my life."

I used all my power of persuasion
against this decision, but he was firm,
and finally I gave in. I first went to
Claymore, however, and told him the
history of Pierre and begged him not to
allow a credulity brought about by ex-
treme suffering.

"I can give him what he wants," re-
plied the Scotchman. "Take me to him.
You may trust me."

"Will you permit the presence of a
witness?"

"Certainly."

The next day Claymore, accompanied
by a medium, entered the house where
Mme. Franckel had died five years be-
fore.

It was in June. The villa, with its
closed windows, seemed to desire to
keep out the soft beauty and warmth
of the night air. Inside the house all
was dark and chilly. As Pierre met us
he was shivered.

"If her soul lives," he said, "it is in
this room!" His voice shook with in-
terior joy and fear.

"For the last time," said I, "do not
commit an act of office sacrilegious and
dangerous." But he did not even hear
me.

The medium was a young woman,
pale and slender, who fixed her lod-
ging looks on Claymore's face. The
light in the room was very dim, coming
from a single candle, which stood
above the fireplace. The window had
been opened wide and the moonlight
came faintly in. The spiritualist put
out the candle and led the young wom-
an into a dark corner of the room.
Then in a low, solemn voice he adjured

the spirit of the dead woman to man-
ifest itself.

"Oh, my sister," said he, "my un-
known sister, departed from this earth,
come back for one instant in the ma-
terial form you once took on. Appear,
evoked by faith and love. Come! Madeline!"

His voice rose and grew ar-
dent, while the medium became com-
pulsed with trembling movements.

All at once Pierre cried, "Listen! Listen! The sonata of Mozart!"

A harmony, light and soft as a sigh,
floated from the motionless keys of the
piano, which stood just within the pale
stream of moonlight.

"She is coming," said Claymore, so-
lennly, stretching out his hand.

"Madeline! Madeline!" cried Pierre,
falling on his knees.

I am telling you what I saw—of
thought I saw. The room was dark,
save for the one thread of moonlight
which touched the piano and traced a
line upon the floor. Suddenly the mys-
terious music ceased and in the moon-
light, before the piano, the whiteness
seemed to thicken and slowly to form
itself into the contours of the human
body. More distinct it grew until I
saw, sitting there a woman dressed in
a long, flowing gown of white, her head
back against her chair and a smile on
her pale lips.

Pierre had sprung to his feet.

"It is you, my beloved!" he cried, and
with outstretched arms he moved to-
ward the white figure and fell at its
feet.

At the sound of the fall I threw off
with a great effort the spell which held
me and ran to him. The figure roused
and I raised my friend, to find that
he had breathed his last at the feet
of his dead wife. He had paid the
price for the vision. On his face
was an expression of purest ecstasy.

There was a long pause when Fran-
cis finished his story, which told the
deep effect he had produced upon his
hearers. Finally the young woman who
had been most eager in her request to
hear the tale said, in a low voice:

"Please let me talk of something else."

—Translated from the French of "Gilbert Dore."

MORGAN BUYS VALUABLE PORCELAINS

FROM THE GARLAND COLLECTION.

J. P. Morgan purchased the Garland
collection of oriental porcelains, the
finest collection in the world, which
has been on exhibition at the Metro-
politan Museum of Art in New York
for many years. It was announced
that a London dealer had purchased
the collection from the Garland estate
for \$500,000 and would take it to Eu-
rope. Morgan decided that the collec-
tion should remain in America. What
he paid is not known, but it is sup-
posed that he gave considerably more
than the amount offered by the London
dealer.

Particularly Out.

An acquaintance called on some la-
dy who had been much worried by an
endless succession of callers. The
door was opened to her by Pompey, the
faithful old servant.

"Are the ladies in, Pompey?" said
the young lady.

"No, ma'am, they're all out, ma'am,"
responded the old retainer.

"I'm so sorry I missed them," replied
the visitor, handing in her cards. "I
particularly wanted to see Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am.
They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Bell
is particularly worried. I can't drop across
'em, I'll hand him in the station."

"Rats!" responded the servant.

"Don't you recognize your own boy?"
It is not known whether the officer
administered a rebuke to the child's
parents.

SOMEHOW, people never act as you
think they should.

MOST SAVAGE OF BEASTS.

Wild Cats Are Cunning and Courageous
and Do Not Fear Man.

To say that a dog ran whip his
"weight in wild cats" is to pay about
the highest tribute to his strength, cou-
rage and activity, and there are very
few dogs that would care to earn such
a tribute if they understood all it im-
plied. Not that a wild cat is of a spe-
cially aggressive disposition; on the
contrary, he would sooner mind his
own business any time than fight. So
noxious is he, as a rule, to keep out of
trouble that he has often been accused
of cowardice, but he has on so many
occasions given evidence of the most
desperate courage that I doubt if the
accusation is a fair one. When wound-
ed or at bay he is perhaps as dangerous
as any creature of his size.

Lynx cat was originally an inhabit-
ant of the tropics, but he gradually
worked his way north, and is now
found in many of the states from Texas
to Maine and also in several parts of
Canada. In appearance at this time of
year he is a reddish brown animal,
about three feet long, including a
short tail, which is barred on top with
rufous and black. The under surface
of the body is yellowish white, spotted
with black. In the spring the color of
the upper parts will change to grayish
brown. The female is much smaller
and more slender than the male, and
in looks and actions bears a stronger
resemblance to the domestic cat. Her
ears, like those of the male, are sur-
mounted by tufts of coarse hair, less
conspicuous, however, than those of
the Canada lynx. The legs of the wild
cat are long and the feet large and
armed with strong, sharp claws. The
hind feet are webbed. At its best it is
a savage-looking creature, and when it
is angry it growls, spits and rolls its
blazing eyes in a manner which faith-
fully reflects the demon character within.

The food of the bobcat varies with
the seasons. In the warm weather,
when game is plentiful, he takes his
pick, but in the winter he is often glad
to take what he can get. He is fond of
fish and frogs, and in the summer he
follows the dry beds of the brooks and
small rivers and fishes in the deep
holes. He also eats hares, rabbits,
squirrels and bats and even beavers
when he is lucky enough to get them.
He catches a good many birds, too,
chiefly grouse, quail, and other species,
and if the chicken coops are not too far
out of the way he will visit them and
carry off the poultry.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE PANAMA'S THE THING

"No form of the rough straw hat will
be stylish this year," says the sartorial
dictator. "The Panama is the thing."

Now, a little thing like the price of a
Panama that will last through at least
one rainstorm—\$8 or \$10—is of no con-
sequence, of course. So many of our
worthy fellow citizens are looking hard
for ways in which to dispose of their
cumbersome income that the munificence
of the whole American people seems
to be taken for granted by these gen-
tlemen whose portraits we see every
day on the signboards.

Personally, we have a strong aver-
sion to the Panama. This aversion has
nothing to do with the fact that our
last straw hat—a rough pattern, by the
way—is in presentable condition, or
that we are saving up to go to the
still receding St. Louis fair. The fact
is the Panama isn't our style. A man
ought to be independent at least in
regard to his hat. We have always felt
friendly toward the few brave, venerable
persons who are yet clinging to the
old Daniel Webster hat. "There," we
say to ourselves as they hobble by,
"there is strength of character—independence."

Surely a hat is a sign of character!
The ancients declared to compromise
themselves, they wore no hats. At the
time of honor, came they offered
their bare heads to the lazar. They were
not embarrassed or distorted by the
Derby, the stovepipe, or the Fed-
era. We can imagine Caesar strolling
along the Via Appia in a silk tie,
but the picture is wholly amusing. We
can also imagine Napoleon doffing a
nice white Fedora to the ladies at Foun-
tainbleau, but we instantly associate
the wonderful hero of Dresden with
Mr. DeWolf Hopper and the Weber &
Fields chorus. No, for all time Caesar
shall wear no tie, and Napoleon shall
wear a three-cornered hat, and, accord-
ing to Franco, showed its broad
brim to the allies even after the
capture of his daring cuirassiers had
flung to the level the sunken road of
Ohain.

But the number of those who hold
out determinedly against hat fashions
is small. In hats, as in speech, custom
must make them rebels and then
slaves.—Boston Journal.

The Lost Child.

Here is an amusing story told of an
"active and intelligent" officer in the
Metropolitan police force:

The other day he saw a little boy in
the Strand crying bitterly. The officer
looked up over the infant, who gazed
up, and, amid sobs, said:

"I'm lost!"

"Where do you live, little man?"
asked the constable kindly, for he had
children of his own.

"Boohoo!" wailed the child. "I don't
know. Boohoo!"

"Come with me!" said the officer.
"What can your mother be thinking of
to let a little one of your size stray
away?"

And away went the "booby," re-
solved to find the parents of the little
one and to administer a fitting rebuke
when he found them.

As he was going up Bow street he
met a sergeant.

"What's the matter with the kid?"
inquired the sergeant.

"He's lost, and I'm trying to find his
mother or father. If I can't drop across
'em, I'll hand him in the station."

"Rats!" responded the sergeant.

"Don't you recognize your own boy?"
It is not known whether the officer
administered a rebuke to the child's
parents.

Timber Land Act, June 2, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
U. S. Land Office.
Rooseburg, Oregon, May 12, 1892.
Notice is hereby given that in com-
pliance with the provisions of the act of
Congress of June 2, 1878, entitled "An
Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the
States of California, Oregon, Nevada and
Washington Territory," as extended to
all the Public Land States by act of
August 4, 1891.

Amie E. Young,
of Hoquiam, county of Clatsop, State of
Washington, has this day filed in this
office her sworn statement No. 233, for the
purchase of the lots of Section No. 15,
Township 21 south, Range 6 west, and
will offer proof to show that the land
sought is more valuable for its timber or
stone than for agricultural purposes, and
to establish her claim to said land before
the Register and Receiver of this office at
Rooseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 15th
day of August, 1892.

Her names as witnesses: Michael Evans,
Hoquiam, Washington; James Leach,
Hoquiam, Washington; George W. Woolley,
Drain, Oregon; G. W. Shaw, of
Hoquiam, Washington; Frank A. Gil-
lett, of Hoquiam, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adverse
to the above-described lands are request-
ed to file their claims in this office on or
before the said 15th day of August, 1892.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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August 4, 1891.

Charles W. Van Wagoner,
of Clatsop county, State of Oregon, has
this day filed in this office her sworn
statement No. 237, for the purchase of
the lots of Section No. 24, Township 21
south, Range 6 west, and will offer proof
to show that the land sought is more
valuable for its timber or stone than for
agricultural purposes, and to establish
her claim to said land before the Register
and Receiver of this office at Roose-
burg, Oregon, on Thursday, the 21st day
of August, 1892.

Her names as witnesses: G. W. Van
Wagoner, of Clatsop, Oregon; G. E. Trum-
bull, of Drain, Oregon; J. Van Rhee, of
Drain, Oregon; Fred Warren, of Milaca,
Minnesota; Fred Warren, of Milaca,
Minnesota.

Any and all persons claiming adverse
to the above-described lands are request-
ed to file their claims in this office on or
before the said 21st day of August, 1892.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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