

FRIEND TO THE FARMER.

To the Editor—We have noticed in your paper from time to time, during the present season, some extremely instructive and interesting articles on Binding Twine.

Permit us to add a few words today with special reference to our own influence in this market. The "Farm Implement News," issue of July 17, gives the following prices of twine as the prevailing Eastern prices to the dealers:

Standard (500-ft)	12 cents a pound
Standard (500-ft)	13 cents a pound
Manilla (500-ft)	14 cents a pound
Manilla (500-ft)	15 cents a pound
Manilla (500-ft)	16 cents a pound
Manilla (500-ft)	17 cents a pound

While it is perfectly true and fair to say that we would be justified in charging one cent in advance of Eastern prices for our twine of Oregon manufacture, that is, the price of freight added to Eastern prices, as a matter of fact, Pure Manilla, Red Clover Leaf Brand, 650 feet, we are quoting to the dealers under date of July 15 at 16 cents per pound, or one cent below the prices quoted for Eastern goods.

Taking everything into account, it seems reasonable and appropriate that we call attention to the fact that, although many people entertain the belief that we are grinding monopolists, demanding all we can possibly get for twine, here we are in the midst of an important and strenuous season, offering our goods at one cent below the prices Eastern dealers are obliged to pay. In other words, instead of being an oppressor of the farmer, we demonstrate in a very practical manner that we are his friend, and a good friend of the general public, because, if any Eastern twine is sold in this market, we force the Eastern manufacturer to take a less price for it than he does in his local market besides the freight to the coast on account of our low selling prices.

We cannot be too enthusiastic about some of the remarks that have been made in your paper concerning Binding Twine. You have urged the consumer repeatedly to disregard the representations of unscrupulous dealers, and to always make his decision concerning purchases of twine by asking the question, "How many bundles can you bind with a dollar's worth of twine?" If the consumer will always keep in mind this question when he makes a purchase, he will inevitably and invariably select Pure Manilla twine, for it is the most economical certainly, as it is 30 per cent longer than the other twine, dollar for dollar and pound for pound.

PORTLAND CORDAGE CO.

Premature.

Goldstein—I understand dat you had a fire in your clothing store last night. Cohenstein—No; it won't be until next week.—Ohio State Journal.

No Wonder He Was Indignant.

A sailor who was arrested in Camden, N. J., recently, for mauling a Chinese laundryman or two was very indignant at the police and said: "Whash use fitin' fr country 'f goin' to be 'res'ed'?"

Greely's Peculiar Talent.

By adaptation to the changes of position on his mother's part while spinning, Horace Greely, when a youngster, acquired the unwanted quality of reading with the book in almost any position, sidewise or upside down.

Singular.

"My entire clerical force went out on strike yesterday," said Bluffman. "That so," replied the caustic man. "What was his grievance?"—Philadelphia Press.

Had Him.

"Pa," said little Tommy, "I'll bet you a cent that you won't give me a nickel." "Done" said pa. Then Tommy explained things, and pa saw that he would have to pay up either way.—Boston Globe.

Sailors Live Well.

Fruit tarts and cakes are served out five times a week to the crews on board steamers trading between Australia and New Zealand. Tarts are topless pies.

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough. The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE HOUSE WITH THE EYES

IN the year 1895 Dr. John Windom, big, 28 and a bachelor, lived in apartments overlooking Jackson Park from the south. Dr. Windom was troubled. He thought some one was looking at him. Thought it? He knew it.

The doctor had turned his largest room into a library. It had one great window opening onto the park. It was at night after he lighted his library lamp that the curious sensation that he was being stared at came over the physician. When he went into the next room the feeling passed off. He was a nervous fellow, the doctor, but after a week of the thing he began to get "creepy." Every night somebody's eyes were going through and through him. It was either that or else he was losing his mental balance, and that Dr. Windom wouldn't admit for a minute.

He examined the walls of the library, and thumped them hard. They were solid. There was no transom over the door leading into the hall, and there was a key in the lock that fitted perfectly. He went to the window. It was thirty feet from the ground. The nearest house in the line of sight was at Fifty-seventh street, a mile and a half away. No Peeping Tom could be in a tree, for the trees had been cut down to make room for the fair buildings, and those planted since the exposition's structures had been razed were little more than saplings.

Windom began taking nerve tonics. Then he pulled himself together and quit. One night he looked from his library window far off into the blackness that hung over the north end of the park. He saw a faint light in one of the houses in far-off Fifty-seventh



SHE ALMOST RAN INTO WINDOM.

street. For some reason he instantly connected the feeling that he was being watched with that light. Dr. Windom left his apartments and struck across the park to Fifty-seventh street. On the north side of the street facing the pleasure ground was a block of brick residences. It was nearly midnight. The houses were as black as Calcutta's Hole.

Windom paced up and down for an hour. No light appeared. He started homeward, made a hundred yards, stopped and looked back. Recent experiences had unstrung him. He saw something now that staggered him. From one of the houses light was streaming through two circular windows set in the same horizontal plane just under the roof. The appearance was that of two great eyes staring redly out into the blackness of the night. A heavy curtain began to descend over one window. It had the seeming of a big eyelid slowly closing. To the physician's highly wrought imagination it seemed as though some monster of the night was giving him a leering wink. The light died from both windows. Windom mastered his nerves and went home and to bed.

In the morning he stood in front of the house once more. The windows were there and Windom noticed their unusual size, and that each was composed of little round panes set in metal sashes as are cathedral windows. After that he went to the place often. All he could find out from the near-by tradesmen was that an old man and his daughter lived in the house and kept no servants. "They have been there but a short time," said the grocer.

The time being fixed, Windom discovered that it was but a few days prior to the night that he first felt that he was being stared at.

One-half hour after midnight, Nov. 5, 1895, Dr. John Windom was returning from a visit to the bedside of a patient on Everett avenue. An irresistible impulse made him walk toward the "house with the eyes." "The eyes are shut," he muttered, as he stopped directly in front of the house. At this instant the front door opened and a girl rushed out. She almost ran into Windom. The flickering street lamp showed him a face. It was a beautiful face, but pale and tear-wet. Its owner might have seen nineteen years. At the sight of Windom the girl sprang back, fright-

ened. Then, as she saw his face, she cried: "Oh, it's he!" and, seizing his hand, she said: "Che."

She led him swiftly up the stairs into the hallway and thence up three flights of stairs into a garret room. It was feebly lighted. Whom was dimly conscious that some object occupied a large part of the apartment. Then everything else was sunk in the physician, for on a lounge lay an old man gasping for breath with a convulsive joy in his face.

"I think my father is dying," whispered the girl. "He had a stroke only a few minutes ago. I carried him to the couch."

A look told Whom that it was a case of paralysis. He took a flask of brandy and was about to apply it to the old man's lips. The stricken man looked at him with glistening eyes. "No brandy," he said; "one sight was stimulant enough. This night I have seen the men on Mars Show him, Mary, lest he scoff—show him!"

An enthusiasm ke that which lighted the countenance of the sufferer came into the girl's face. She turned a great chair about, sprang into it lightly, and bending forward looked intently into a small tube.

Windom turned from his patient. The huge object by which the girl sat took form. It was a telescope with an objective thrice greater than the largest he had ever seen.

"Show him, May."

The girl sprang from the chair with a great wonder in her face. "Quick," she said.

Half believing the whole thing a dream, Windom took the chair and bent over the eyepiece of the telescope. His senses were staggered by what he saw. He was looking upon a world. A soft light suffused everything. He saw seas and mountains, even buildings, and then—men; yes, living men, minute as the life that is picked out of the water drop by the microscope, but still men. Windom felt benumbed. He turned to the sufferer. "You have solved the problems of the universe," he said.

"Aye, so I have. I, Caleb Strong, crank, as the scientists call me. They made forty-inch lenses that cost a million, and can't see beyond the ends of their noses with them—the fools. I built that," and his eyes looked at the telescope. "I made the multiple lens that science has scoffed at for ages. Each lens does its work separately, but the results come into one. There is no limit. I can pick up a pin on the nethermost star."

There was a triumph in the man's tone and face as he continued. "These small lenses had to be so joined that the light would not interfere. Impossible," said the wisecracker. I did it. Two years ago Louis Gathmann just missed the secret. It is mine and there is the perfected work."

"I know you, doctor. I owe you an explanation. I came here with my daughter Mary and built my telescope. The fools hereabouts thought the objective was a window. I dared not look at a star at first for fear of disappointment. For a mile and a half to the south the ground was open. I focused on the light in your library. Small though the flame was, it answered my purpose, and by it I proved my theory of how to prevent inter-reflection. Did I see you? Why, practically you were in this room with me. At times I made Mary look, though she shrank from it, for the steady gaze hurt my old eyes. As she counted the reflections I adjusted the lenses, but at times her attention wandered from the light. She has lived alone with me and shared my toil and privation, and she made a friend of you in your far-away library. When I knew I was right I changed the window lens to the roof. This night I have seen the men on Mars, and tomorrow, nay, to-day, the world—"

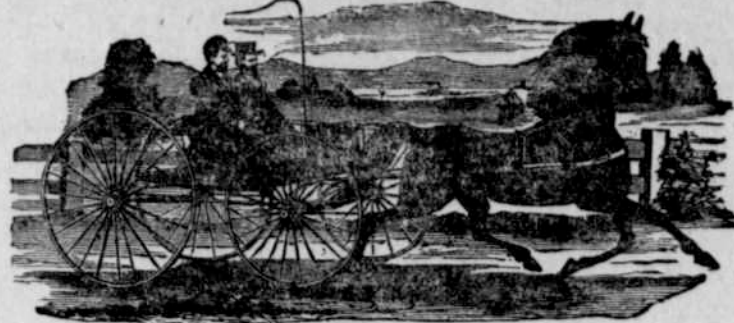
At that instant the earth trembled and the building swayed. There was a crashing of glass and a rending of iron. A section of the roof was crushed in and carried lenses and telescope to ruin. The shock gave the stricken man momentary strength. He raised himself from his pillow. "Gone!" he said. Windom caught him as he fell backward. The secret had gone with its owner.

The Chicago evening papers of that day, Nov. 5, 1895, gave a scant half-column account of the slight earthquake shock that early that morning had visited the southern section of the city.

"The only property damage," they said, "was the breaking of a hole in the roof of a Fifty-seventh street residence by the fall of a partition wall that rose above the building's eaves." Three years later a man and a woman were bending over a cradle in which was sleeping a baby boy.

"Mary," said the man, "as a physician I am a firm believer in heredity. Who knows but that one day our boy may show to the world the men on Mars?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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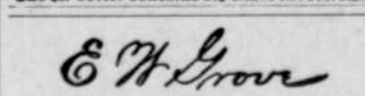
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