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DR. CHAS. J. DEAN
2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON

USE FOR COLD POTATO.

If there is no paste on hand for the label you want to put on the trunk or bag rub a cold potato over the back of the paper label and it will stick as firmly as if glued.

Retiring Pew-Opener (Initiating new one into his duties)—Remember, Mr. Higgins, they are very good Christians here until you show some one else into their pew.—London Punch.

BUILDS ITS NEST ON THE ROCKS
Peculiarity of South American Bird, Which is Much Sought After for its Plumage.

Cock of the Rock is a remarkable bird of northern South America, so called from building its nest on rocks. It is about the size of a large pigeon. The male is almost purely orange in plumage and has a remarkable flat-topped crest. The female is of a dull olive brown, and is uncrested. The birds inhabit rocky water courses and bushy hillsides, where they remain close to the ground and build their nests, largely of mud, on some rock. The males court the females by assembling for "dances" in certain cleared spaces, each displaying its showy plumage by queer antics until chosen by some observant hen.

Great numbers of the birds are killed annually, as their skins not only command a high price for millinery purposes, but are much employed by the Indians in making a variety of beautiful decorations. They are thus becoming rare. A large state mantle, formerly worn by the emperor of Brazil, was entirely composed of their feathers. The flesh of the birds is well flavored, but of a very peculiar color, being bright orange red.

Never Condense Troubles.
Troubles are best carried one at a time, each one as it comes. The smallest sticks gathered in an increasing bundle become too heavy to lift.

Are You Satisfied? **BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE** is the biggest, most perfectly equipped Business Training School in the Northwest. Fit yourself for a higher position with more money. Permanent positions secured our graduates. Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill Portland.

Betty Changed Her Mind
By LAURA A. DUBOIS
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It was the early part of September, and the day had been exceptionally warm for the season, but as evening came on the air grew deliciously cool. The moon was at its full, and rose slowly above the mountain like a great, pale, golden ball, shedding a soft, cool light over the landscape. The grain had all been harvested, and numberless crickets were chirping in the short stubble, while now and again the cry of a "whip-poor-will" came up from the grove of fir trees.

The long road wound away, white and narrow, between its borders of small shrubs and masses of golden-rod and lost itself among tall cedars, firs and birches. The air was full of the scent of autumn flowers. Hammocks were stretched under the locust trees, and from them floated the sound of low-toned voices, as if the owners were weary, or the charm of the night too beautiful to be broken by animated chattering.

Then one by one the voices ceased and the hammocks became deserted. Everything became even more quiet. I was revelling in the peace of my surroundings, and dreaming of other such evenings long past—spinsters of 33 do dream of the past occasionally—when suddenly there was a whirr of bicycle wheels both north and south along the road, and before I could collect my scattered thoughts there was a confused bang and clatter, and I caught a glimpse of two bodies flying into the bushes beside the road.

Simultaneously with this I heard a woman's suppressed shriek and a smothered exclamation in gruff, masculine tones. Then the figures assumed a stiff, upright position, hurriedly picked up the wheels and proceeded to find out the damage done.

"What in the name of common sense were you on the wrong side of the road for?" demanded the man's displeased voice.

"I wasn't on the wrong side of the road! You weren't looking before you. The moon seems to have affected your eyesight!" and the smaller of the two figures became very erect. They stood glaring at each other over the twisted handle-bars of their bicycles.

"I beg your pardon, but you were, and my eyesight is perfectly, in fact extremely, good."

The man bent and took a wrench from his tool case.

"I was not!" came the emphatic response. "Oh, dear! Look at that awful rent in my skirt! The idea of any one riding along as you did, without looking where you were going! Just precisely like a man, anyway. You should—"

The voice sounded slightly tearful, and the man broke in disgustedly: "Oh, confound it! Do keep quiet a minute till I fix these handle-bars and then I'll straighten yours."

"Humph! I don't need your assistance, thank you!"

Silence for a few minutes, as they worked over the wheels.

"There," said the man at last, a note of satisfaction and relief in his voice. "Now let me put your wheel to rights."

The woman had evidently been unsuccessful as a mechanic, for she gave the bicycle, although reluctantly, into his hands. She thanked him curtly as he returned it, and began awkwardly to apologize.

"I am sorry about your dress, but accidents will happen. If there is anything I can do—"

Several other riders came up and alighted.

"Bess introduced us last night," she went on. "He is a perfect bear, rude, and—everything, but if you like I'll have Bess bring him over some time."

"In a cage? Oh, by all means have her bring him. It would be awfully amusing," I replied, banteringly.

Now Betty always brings the persons she is interested in under my critical vision, so I at once became interested in this particular "bear."

I have a pleasant little place, and many a party have I given for this same niece, Betty (her family is not wealthy), and I proceeded at once to suggest a garden party. She stayed to luncheon, and we worked it all out on paper—just how we would decorate the grounds and everything—and decided to issue the invitations then and there for the following Thursday.

The party was a success—every one of the young people who came said so, Betty, who is a brunette, looked a very queen in a pale yellow gown, and Mr. Jack Carew never took his eyes from her unless absolutely obliged to do so. I wondered at Betty, she was so extremely gracious to him.

Next morning Betty came over and told me they were engaged!

"Jack was a dear," she said, "and begged my pardon most humbly for being so rude that night"—Betty doesn't know I saw the bicycle episode—"and—he asked me to marry him and go and live in his big house on the avenue in town, and take charge of him and the servants, and—I'm going to do it, Aunt Peggy! There!"

Betty speaks quickly, anyway, and she was quite breathless when she had finished.

"But I thought he was 'a horrid bear and—everything' a short time ago," I said, mimicking her tones.

"Oh, I was angry then," and Betty flashed her most brilliant smile at me. I didn't have time to say anything more, for Betty gave me a squeeze that quite took my breath away, and before I got it back again she was flying away toward home at breakneck speed.

Mr. Carew and she drove by a few minutes later in his fine new trap drawn by a pair of splendidly matched horses, and Betty waved to me as they passed my gate.

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Spilling the English.
Graduation exercises invariably are good for priceless stories, and the recent graduation in one school was not found wanting.

Fond mothers were there to see their darling sons walk up and receive their diplomas. One mother, who was particularly proud of her son, was speaking to another woman of her son's brilliance, when down the aisle came the sparkling youth with a diploma under his arm, appearing much as if he knew all there was to know.

"Here's little Clarence," said the mother, turning to her son. Then came the shock.

"Mamma, have you saw Albert?" asked the boy.—Indianapolis News.

Professional Jurymen.
In Sweden the post of jurymen is one of honor. The honor is chosen by popular election for life, or for as long as he will serve, and is selected for his standing in the community as a man of integrity and sound judgment. A certain social distinction goes with the post, which the wife of the permanent jurymen appreciates, even if the man himself does not. Of course a jury so chosen comes to have a familiarity with law, with court procedure and with the behavior of the human creature under the accusation of crime that makes it a much more satisfactory instrument of justice than our haphazard selection can supply.—Youth's Companion.

Business Men and Humor.
The typical American business man is something of a humorist, says Earnest Calkins in Scribner's. You see it in the type given to Uncle Sam. Lincoln owes something of his greatness with us to his liking humor. The man from home in the Tarkington-Wilson play was typical. So also was David Harum. And in Old Grogan Graham there is a full-length portrait of a man who does not let his fondness for an amusing way of expressing himself interfere with the hard-headed business sense of what he is saying. It is no secret that Old Grogan was drawn from an original who was one of the country's successful manufacturers and advertisers.

"Well," I answered, "I haven't been introduced, but I've seen him pass the house several times."

THE SANDMAN STORY

THE BEST BOOK

THE soft-toned clock on the library mantle struck twelve, and the little boy chasing a butterfly, and who lived in a frame, was just stepping out of it to run on the broad shelf below, when he stopped.

Someone was talking. It was the magic hour, but Little Boy had always been the only one who took advantage of it. He looked about the room—no one was in sight. He must have been mistaken.

But no, there it was again! "I tell you I am the best book to read," said a voice. Little Boy looked at the books in the case that reached around the sides of the room. Yes, it was the books. They were quarreling.

"I have a much handsomer binding than you. I am quite new, so of course I shall be the most popular."

"You can never tell the worth of a book by binding," said an old book.

"I Am 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

With a worn cover as it slid out of the case a little way to be better heard. "I am the book that is best loved. I am sure of that."

"Oh, just hear that old book," said a bright new one leaning far out of the case. "Why, my dear old book, you are as old-fashioned as the hills. I have a story that makes people sit up all night to read."

"Yes, and as false as is your imitation leather binding," said a real leather-covered book. "You are fiction. Not a word of truth in you. Don't brag."

"What's in a Name?"
By MILDRED MARSHALL
Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

FLORENCE

FLORENCE, signifying flourishing, can scarcely be separated from its quaint diminutive Flora, meaning flowers. Flora in mythological legend was the goddess of the flowers, and the festivals of Flora or Floralia were celebrated in the first burst of spring. In later times, the name of Flora was formed from that of the goddess, and is memorable as that of the procurator whose harshness drove the Jews to their last rebellion. It is believed that the feminine Flora came from this.

There is a church at Florence of Saints Fiore and Lucilla, but otherwise the first instance of the name is in Roman-Gothic Spain, where the unhappy daughter of Count Julian was called by the Spanish diminutive Florida, and thus caused the name to be so much detested that, while Spanish ballads call her La Cava the wicked, her Christian name was only bestowed on dogs.

A Spanish maiden martyred by the Moors brought Flora into better repute. It became Flora in France, where it was adopted as a romantic epithet, and from there it found its way to Scotland. In the Gaelic, it is spelled Florie, as the island heroine of the '45 wrote herself. Florentia was a natural product, and named a feminine saint martyred in Diocletian's reign in Gaul.

The prevalence of the name Florence, in England, seems to have been due to so many English girls being born in the Italian city of that name. Deeper and dearer honor has been given to it by Florence Nightingale. Many fictional heroines have borne the name and its derivatives. Blanche-fleur, meaning white flower, is one of its forms, and was bestowed on Sir Tristram's mother. Versions, particularly romantic, are found with Aristo's two heroines, Floridissima (thorn flower) and Floridilla (Pearl flower).

Florence or Flora, used by the Irish peasantry, become Finghan or Fincen. Florrie and Flossie and perhaps even Lora, are purely American diminutives.

The carnation is Florence's talismanic gem. Its warm, bright color is said to dispel timidity and give courage, vitality and animation. It likewise brings good luck to the bearer of the name. To dream of it, however, signifies impending misfortune. Florence's lucky day is Saturday, and 1 is considered her lucky number.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS
"BEDLAM"

"BEDLAM," the word by which we now designate a lunatic, an excited crowd or an uproar, has been derived not from "Babel," as might be expected, but from "Bethlehem," the name of an insane asylum in London and formerly one of the most abominable torture-houses of the British capital.

"Bethlehem" itself dates back to 1247, when Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of London, founded a priory dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem. Everyone connected with this institution was compelled to wear a black robe, with a single star on the breast, in memory of the star which guided the Magi to the stable at Bethlehem. Some three centuries later a London tailor named Stephen Gennings offered to start a fund to purchase the House of Bethlehem and turn it into a hospital for the insane, but it was not until Henry VII made a gift of the house to the city of London that it became an insane asylum.

Owing to the fact that lunatics were considered at that time to be possessed by devils, Bethlehem was made a place of chains, manacles and stocks, while all manner of hideous tortures were devised to rout the evil spirits which haunted the bodies of the living. During the Sixteenth century the place became so filthy and loathsome that no one would enter it and it fell into decay, to be renovated in 1675, when a stone image of madness, carved in the likeness of one of Cromwell's doorkeepers, was placed on the outer wall. In the literature of the day we find that the name of the asylum is shortened, first to "Bethlem," then to "Bedlam," and finally changed to "Bedlam," in which form it remains.

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