

THE CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

Behold the realm where Colorado flows!
 Here countless centuries have wrought their will
 In forms majestic with impellent skill;
 Cathedrals reared their naves from this repose,
 With pomp of giant pinnacle where glows
 The sunset; and a stream, that scarce might fill
 An emperor's chalice, carved its way until
 The sculptures of a million years arose.
 And from the imbedded silence of this stone—
 Strange hieroglyphic tomb of time's decay—
 The river's voice forever stronger grown,
 A sunlit spirit in its shadowing clay,
 Sings to the soul, that makes impatient moan,
 And speeds it blithely on unto the open Day.

—Harper's Weekly.

HER HOME-COMING.

HE sat with lowering eyes in the train, which rushed along through town and village, past farm and hedgerow, and wondered what had induced her to choose this odious express, when a slow train would have done just as well.

Her head ached, and she looked forward with a feeling of intense dislike to her homecoming.

Behind her lay all the things that made life worth living; before her were only stagnation and dullness unspeakable. Of course, there was John.

Here she sighed. But then John was dull, too; all her life at home might be classed under that heading. She knew exactly what it would be like.

There would be the cart to meet her, instead of a luxurious brougham such as she had revelled in at Revelstone. There would be the loutish groom to



SHE SAT WITH LOWERING EYES.

drive her, and the keen wind blowing from over the moors, cutting through veil and wrap and bringing tears to her eyes.

She shut her eyes and cast herself back into the past four weeks, living over again every delightful moment, crowded with excitement and pleasure, scented with perfumes, flowers; heard again the sensuous throbbing of violins and the thunders of applause.

She saw again the women in their wonderful gowns and jewels; the men, so different to the dull creatures she met every day at home, and slow tears forced their way from under her closed eyelids. She had buried herself alive in that place, that was what they all told her—the women, openly, and the men—well, she was young and pretty, and had a ready wit, so what could you expect?

There, in the depths of the country, where turnips were more plentiful than people, she might as well be old and ugly and stupid; there was no one to appreciate her except John, and he hardly counted, for, like the poor, he was always with her; and it is a true trite saying that familiarity in some cases does breed contempt.

Half an hour later she was driving along in the teeth of an October wind behind the dun-colored mare, who stepped it gallantly, if a trifle clumsy. Her discontented eyes dwelt on the somewhat worn harness, and her delicate nose sniffed in disgust the unmis-

takable odor of stable which Thomas carried about with him.

John had not even thought it worth while to come and meet her; he was not at the door. And the iron gates swung back on their rusty hinges with a hideous scream of welcome as they passed through and pulled up at the porch, where her pet flowers were drooping and withering. No one had cared for them, she supposed, during her absence.

The hall was dark and silent when she went in; but her imperious ringing of a bell which stood on the table brought a fresh-looking countrywoman running from the kitchen. She gave a startled cry at sight of her mistress.

"Thank God you're here, ma'am," she said. "We thought you mightn't come in time."

Her mistress stared at her. "In time?" she said coldly; "and for what, pray? Where is your master?"

"Didn't you get the doctor's telegram this morning, ma'am?"

"No. What is wrong? Speak, woman!"

"The master met with an accident yesterday evening—thrown from his horse. He was riding that black devil, Saracen. They said, ma'am—it's a sad home, coming for you."

"Well, what did they say? Go on! Tell me; I can bear anything."

"They said he wouldn't last the night, but he did. He's alive now. Will you go up, ma'am? The doctor is with him."

She turned and went up the shallow stairs in silence. On the landing she paused, looked fearfully at a closed door which faced her. Behind that John lay dying. The words beat themselves into her numb brain, and a spasm of fear convulsed her cold, haughty face. Her hand groped for the door handle, but before she could turn it some one from inside opened the door and stepped out. It was the doctor.

He read the unspoken question in her eyes, and shook his head slightly.

"There is just a hope; I can't say more," he said in a low voice. "Yes, you can go in. Nothing can hurt him now, poor fellow! You got my wire?"

"No; I heard nothing till five minutes ago."

"Poor soul!" muttered the doctor, and then stood aside for her to go into the room where John lay in the dim light, his face turned to the window, his unseeing eyes wide open, his lips babbling hoarsely always of her.

She never knew how long she sat there, dumb, tearless, blind and deaf to everything but that still figure, that hoarse, broken voice.

The doctor stood on the other side of the bed and waited and watched.

Once his quick eye caught the flicker of light in the wide-open eyes. He swiftly passed round and whispered into the woman's ear:

"If he can be dragged out of that torpor he may do," he said; "there's just that chance. But at present he is drifting away fast. Perhaps—God

knows!—perhaps you might drag him back even yet, if you would. He didn't seem to me to want to live when they brought him in, but—"

She nodded, and sank on her knees, catching in her cold hands the hand twitching at the sheet.

Her vain and foolish thoughts had vanished; her cravings for excitement and her distaste for her home, they too, were things surely of a past long since forgotten. She only remembered, with bitter remorse, the cold letters which had been all that she gave John to make up for her long absence; for, from the delirious murmurs that fell now from his lips, she was able to understand, if only but dimly, what pain they had given him. And she strove, as surely no woman had ever striven before, to draw him back from that mysterious borderland toward which he was drifting fast.

"John!" she cried, "can't you hear me, dear? Come back! I am sorry! Only come back to me, John! I could not bear to lose you! John, my dearest!"

The doctor stood there, waiting and watching, till presently that hoarse, delirious voice stopped. The man turned his head slowly on the pillow and, for the first time, faint recognition shone in his eyes. He tried to move, but a spasm of pain caught him; only his hand moved in hers.

"Why, Madge," he whispered, "you've come back!"

And, turning to her, he closed his eyes—and fell asleep.

The doctor stepped forward and looked at him.

"He'll do now," he said; "he's asleep. The danger is over."

Her homecoming remained ever with her a memory, tender, salutary, unforgettable. Perhaps she realized that in striving vainly after a shadow she had so nearly lost the substance, without which her life would only have been barren and dreary. The lesson had been a bitter one, but she never forgot it.—Farm and Home Sentinel.

STORK SWIFTEST BIRD.

Ungainly Creature Can Outfly Any Other Winged Thing.

Certain species of ducks have long been accredited by naturalists with being the fleetest of winged creatures and this view has been generally accepted by all, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer. Now comes the information, based on scientific investigation, that the generally accepted belief is an error. It has been discovered that the stork can outfly any other winged creature—can outstrip any animal that breathes in covering space. A frightened jack rabbit in comparison looks as if he's standing still. Not only do the stork and northern bluethroat fly with incredible speed, but they are able to maintain this gait for 1,000 or even 2,000 miles at a stretch, apparently indefinitely.

Evidence has been collected recently which shows that the bluethroat flies from Central Africa to the shores of the North Sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, in less than a day and a night making it, moreover, in one uninterrupted flight.

The storks which spend their summers in Austria-Hungary and their winters in India and Central Africa are also marvelous travelers and make their journeys twice a year in unbroken flight each time. From Budapest to Hungary, to the Lahore, in India, is 2,400 miles in an air line, and the storks make the journey in 24 hours, thus traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour for the whole distance. The storks which spend the summer in Central Europe and winter in Central Africa travel with the same rapidity.

Slim Eating.

"Do you think there is any difference in a man's weight before he eats his meal and afterwards?" asked the boarding house lady.

"Well, not if he gets the meal here," replied the thin boarder.—Yonkers Statesman.

The sixteen-year-old girl thinks she is mighty sweet, but the little girl of seven or eight can beat her a mile.

BIGGEST WINDMILL OF ALL.

Pumps Water Into Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

The largest windmill in the United States, if, indeed, not the largest in the whole world, has recently been constructed near San Francisco. This gigantic mill is located directly on the ocean beach, near the famous seal rocks. It is used for pumping water up into Golden Gate Park.

The huge, strong wooden tower supporting the wind arms rises 130 feet. It is 40 feet square at the base, securely anchored and gradually tapers upward, assuming a round shape.

There are four immense wooden arms, or vanes. Each arm measures 80 feet from the center or hub—thus making a diameter of 160 feet in describing the circle. The wind vanes are 6 feet wide and extend nearly the entire length of the huge arms.

This windmill is located upon a prominent elevation, so that it may catch every available wind arising in that section.

This colossal windmill is capable of developing 50-horse power. Its pumping capacity is 200,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

The water is taken from the wells and forced through a large iron main sixteen inches in diameter, for nearly four miles up into an immense reservoir several hundred feet higher than the ocean beach. From this reservoir the water is distributed in all directions through the park.

During the dry, hot season the arms of this giant windmill are kept whirling day and night to supply the thirsty demand. As the mill stands on the wide, open beach, there is rarely, if ever, any lack of wind; in fact, the winds occasionally blow with such violence that the mill is compelled to be shut down, as it would be risky to attempt to run it during a fierce gale.

Holland is the one European country where coffee can be imported free of duty.

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