

THE MIRROR OF FATE

A VENETIAN LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF THE DOGES.

Story of the Beauty Who Was Intoxicated With the Vision of Her Own Loveliness and the Statue in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore.

Here is a legend which I heard in Venice. I offer it to all among you who are fond of solitude and silence. I offer it to you as I would offer a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon.

Ghita Gherardini was the niece of the doge. Poets whose names we have forgotten, but who were renowned at that time, had composed innumerable songs in her honor. They pruned in them the tresses of the young girl, black as night, in which pearls gleamed like milk white stars. They also sang about the radiance of her dark violet eyes and about the two roses which formed her lips. In truth, Ghita Gherardini was very beautiful. She had, however, listened too earnestly to the passionate words of the singers, and an immense pride took possession of her young soul.

One night she heard beneath her window the yearning sob of a lute. Standing in a motionless gondola, a lovesick page was singing to her. Tender was the music, and the water and the darkness added something to the sweetness of the strains and to the passion in the voice of the singer. The young page was glorifying her as the most radiant among all women.

Ghita heard him, and a delightful tremor ran through her. Without waiting to light the torches, which had gone out, she took her mirror and ran to the window, through which the moonlight shone into her room. Thereupon in this mysterious light she saw that she was strangely beautiful; that her beauty was indeed almost supernatural. The moonlight revealed her pale and transparent, like the princess of a poem.

Intoxicated with her charms, she let the seductive mirror slip from her hand, and a sigh of admiration and of ecstasy escaped her as she cried:

"I am beautiful! I am beautiful!"

Thenceforth Ghita Gherardini spent all her time marveling at her own beauty. She did not desire to fall in love, for she fancied that there was no man living who was worthy of her. Those songs which had no words of praise for her eyes and her hair she treated with contempt, and to the mysteries of religion she never gave a thought.

She went to high mass solely for the purpose of being seen by the people and of being flattered by them as they whispered to one another about her. The restless eyes were never turned toward the altar.

She thought of nothing save her own triumphant beauty and of the jewels which set it off in sumptuous fashion.

One day Ghita Gherardini slipped a little mirror beside the first page of her mass book, which had been delicately illuminated by a pious artist. And while her attitude of devotion effaced the multitude she studied her face enshrined in the book of prayer.

The doge's niece had forgotten that the Creator alone is worthy of worship and not any of his creatures. She had also forgotten that pride is an abominable sin—aye, perhaps the most perilous of all sins—since it was the cause of the rebellion of the archangels and the downfall of Lucifer.

One day Ghita Gherardini was intently studying her face in the little mirror between the holy leaves of her mass book, and suddenly she uttered a loud cry of terror. Through the large building it rang, drowning the solemn voice of the priest, the responses of the congregation and the sonorous murmur of the organ. And straightway the doge's niece fell to the ground in a faint. She had seen reflected in the gilded mirror, the sacrilegious mirror, not her own countenance, but that of Death.

There is today in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, where this miracle was accomplished, the statue of a woman, who is seated and looking at herself in a mirror. Very beautiful is this woman, as beautiful as Ghita Gherardini was formerly. The story goes that this statue is the work of a famous sculptor, but the people believe—and their legends contain a good deal of truth—that it was once Ghita Gherardini herself and that her body was turned into stone by the terrible vision.

To all those who love the silence of dead cities I offer this legend. I found it at Venice as one occasionally finds a flower which has blossomed amid somber shadows on a sleeping lagoon.—Helene de Zuylen de Nyevelt in European Edition New York Herald.

The Onion.
The value of the onion in the dietary has been made the subject of much doggerel verse. All agree that health and beauty wait on the fragrant vegetable.

Eat onions in May.
No doctor you'll pay,
Runs one old verse, while another promises a good complexion to the onion eater thus:

Fresh onion and leek,
New skin in a week.

Hit It.
Teacher—Robert, what does a volcano do with its lava? Robert (the dullest boy in the class)—I—um—ah—give it up! Teacher—Correct! Very good indeed, Robert.

Suited Him.
She—Oh, I detest sofa pillows and tidies! If I ever keep house I'll never have such things as— He—Will you be my wife?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of 100,000 children ten years old 31,243 will survive to the age of seventy-three.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by
J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

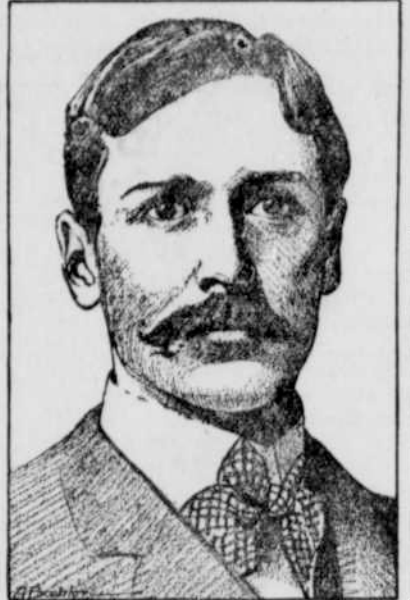
HON. W. F. HILL.

Grange Representative at International Conference.

[Special Correspondence.]

The international agricultural conference called by the king of Italy was recognized by forty-two governments in the sending of 120 delegates. This government was represented by its ambassador to Italy, Hon. Henry V. White; Professor A. F. Woods, department of agriculture, Washington, and W. F. Hill, master of Pennsylvania state grange.

In addition to his appointment by President Roosevelt, Mr. Hill was commissioned by the executive committee to speak for the state grange of Pennsylvania.



HON. W. F. HILL.

In this respect he had plenty of company, as the leading agricultural societies of the world were represented. One delegate in addressing the congress stated that he was commissioned to speak for the more than 1,500,000 members of organized farmers in his country. Agricultural organization is highly developed in some countries of the old world.

This class of delegates secured from the congress that recognition which may be accorded to the various farm organizations in the future. It is gratifying to know that the conference made provision for a permanent international agricultural institute. Out of courtesy to the initiating government its seat will be at Rome. While the expense to each government adhering will be in proportion to the choice of the government, yet it cannot be heavy for any one. It is proposed that in the future international agricultural conferences shall be held at stated intervals. They are given power to direct and control the working force of the institute, which remains at work all the year round.

It is not intended that this institute shall in any way concern itself with the internal relations of any country, nor with tariff or any other regulations which might be construed as trespassing upon governmental functions. It will, however, collect, collate and disseminate information upon production, contagious plant diseases, the markets of the world, agricultural labor, etc.

Problems that affect agriculture in its international relations will be treated, and in a broad sense it is believed that the establishment of this agency and its consequent bringing about of a better understanding between governments is a great achievement in behalf of universal peace.

This worldwide recognition of agriculture is placing this foundation industry upon a higher plane than it has ever before occupied. Farmers have long realized that the problems affecting their interests were no longer confined to state limits or even to national boundaries, but that they are international. Their solution therefore is to be accomplished only through international action.

The foundation for this agricultural betterment has been laid at Rome. The three United States delegates had the honor of signing the protocol on behalf of this government, and now the granges of the United States and the national grange can do a grand work in carrying forward the movement. The opportunity of the age is open to the Order for co-operating with powerful international agencies for improving conditions affecting agriculture everywhere, and it is believed that the friends of the grange will yet have reason to feel proud of what the grange will do in behalf of the farmers of the United States.

W. F. HILL,
Master Pennsylvania State Grange.

Eager For Farm Knowledge.

The number of city boys now attending agricultural colleges is a good criterion of the increased interest that is being taken in the "new agriculture." This change of front is to be accounted for as a result of a number of causes. One potent cause is the better advertising of actual present conditions which now obtain on a modern, well conducted farm. The brightest and best mentally balanced city youth cannot now fail but to perceive that the day of the stock joke which has long caricatured the farmer as a hayseed and out of touch with the foremost interests of the times has passed, never to return.—Maine Farmer.

The Cold Brook (Me.) grange received fifty-six applications for membership at one meeting held recently.

The Keeper's Daughter

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

For six days the thermometer had been soaring at almost midsummer heat, softening the ice of the Great South bay until nearly all its cohesive power was gone. Now the ice was a thick, spongy mass, so rotten that even the foot of a life saver pressing upon it firmly would break through at many places. It was impossible either for foot passage or for a boat to be forced through. And to increase the seriousness of the case the last two days had brought a fog so gray and dense as to shut Fire Island from every object a dozen yards away.

Out in midchannel toward the Long Island shore and on the ocean side currents had kept the ice from freezing thickly and had hastened the decomposition. Already the delayed shipping was seeking passage toward New York or the open sea and in the fog and the narrow channels that were free from ice was meeting with disaster. From time to time signals of distress came from one direction or another, and so far as they were able the life saving stations of Fire Island responded.

Perhaps at no other place in the world could assistance have been rendered across that barrier of slush ice, in which spaces of open water were beginning to appear; but, then, at no other place in the world perhaps were there ambitious scooters.

Several of these unique distinctions of Fire Island were lying on the edge of the ice, with pike and scootering iron and onrs across the thwarts ready for instant use, while their owners leaned forward, listening, peering and for the most part shaking their heads. The wind was rising, blowing straight from the sea. In another hour it was likely to freshen into a gale. Before it the gray fog was being swirled and tossed and eddied, but still encompassing the boat.



"I SHALL BE WAITING, TOO, JACK," SHE SAID.

ing and dense, a huge wet blanket that seemed writhing in the agonies of pain.

On all sides were the sounds of fog and danger bell buoys, boat whistles, occasional fog horns, the pounding and crushing of ice where some vessel was forcing its way through and now and then the ominous signal of distress and call for help. Among these came a sudden dull booming toward the sea and apparently at a considerable distance. The men who were in looked at each other, their faces pale.

"A big ship," one of them said, "and on the bar. Lord help 'em!"

"Yes," assented the man nearest him, "nothing can get to 'em that far out, not even scooters."

There was a peculiar grinding sound near them. A scooter slid up the beach and a man sprang out.

"The other fellows in yet?" he asked. "Only Carey. He brought a man ashore and sent him up to the station and then hurried back. He said it was a coal barge, with two men and a boy and a dog, and the other scooters will bring them in. The keeper ordered us to watch here for other work. What was yours?"

"Just a sailboat with two young men. They called for help because they didn't know their surroundings. When I explained they decided to remain on board until the ice let them out. They have plenty of provisions and a snug little cabin. I heard the ship's call from outside and hurried back. I couldn't quite make out the location in the fog. Anybody gone?"

"Gone?" derisively. "Why, man alive, that's on the bar three miles away. No scooter could ever get there across the open channel. Besides, the ice has been piled up by the waves. She'll have to wait until the sea opens so we can use a lifeboat or the fog lifts so we can scooter out. No one—Where are you going?"

For the man had swung the bow of his craft back into the fog and was again hoisting the sails.

"Out to the vessel, of course?" quietly.

"But it's sure death, Jack," remonstrated the life saver sharply. "Don't be a fool. You couldn't pick your way through the fog with that scooter and get back alive."

"Maybe not, but that signal sounds like a big boat, and if so there are a

good many folks out there waiting for help. I'm only one."

"Oh, Mr. Bowman!" The call was clear and peremptory. Jack Bowman paused, with one foot in the scooter, his face growing set. The owner of the voice was the keeper's daughter, and only the day before she had closed the door into a future which he had begun to believe would be his. The sentence, "I shall never marry a man whose future is bounded by his clam hoe and fish tawl; the world has use for brave deeds," still rang in his ears.

"What is it, Miss Blanche?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm. "I am in a hurry."

"Father says, for no one to answer that call just yet. He thinks this wind will soon break up the ice so the lifeboat can go out. He says it will be suicide to attempt scooting through this fog. Mr. Bowman!" her voice rising in sudden displeasure, for the scoot-erist had stepped into his craft and thrown out his pike to shove her into the wind.

"I'm sorry, Miss Blanche," over his shoulder, "but the keeper's orders are for his own men and not for a poor outside fisherman like me. Besides, the boat may be in some need, and, though a little scooter cannot do much, it may at least carry intelligence and perhaps save one or two—provided I can reach them."

The girl's face underwent a sudden change, and she took an impetuous step forward, but already the scooter had slipped away into the fog.

As they waited there, listening, peering, while the hours dragged by, the faces of the men showed something of what they knew to be taking place within the fearsome shifting pall of mist. The scooter was rushing on, dropping into open spaces of water, slipping up again upon patches of rotten ice, swiftly, with scarcely any checking of speed, its owner knowing time was of more importance than caution. Any moment its nose was liable to strike some obstruction and throw out its occupant, the wind at that speed might overturn the scooter or a sudden jibing wreck it without an instant's warning, either of which on the waste of rotten ice held but one possible fate for the owner.

Two hours and there came another signal of distress close inshore. The waiting life savers dropped into their scooters and slid out into the fog. The girl was still there, watching, her face white. Ten minutes more and a scooter's nose suddenly slipped from the darkness almost at her feet, and Jack Bowman sprang out. Bending over, he lifted a recumbent figure from the scooter to the sand.

"Will you call some one from the station to carry this man up, Miss Blanche?" he said hurriedly as he swung his craft back into the wind. "I haven't time. There are others waiting for me."

The girl moved forward swiftly, placing a hand upon his shoulder.

"I shall be waiting, too, Jack," she said in a low voice. "You must come back to me."

A tremor went through the man's frame, but he did not pause an instant in his work. As the craft disappeared in the fog his voice rose strong and resolute above the wind:

"Yes, Blanche, I will come back to you."

And he did.

Mansions Worth While.

How to live comfortably with one's neighbor—that is the problem; to avoid the knocks and frictions which draw lines in men's faces and too often contract their souls. It is paradoxical, but true, that the larger the soul becomes the more room it creates for itself, a margin of quietness in which it remains untouched by petty jealousies and hurts. By the practice of charity and unselfishness a life builds for itself "more stately mansions" wherein it may dwell in peace. A song in one's heart, a smile upon one's lips, a cheery, wholesome message of good will on one's tongue, are wonderful helps to all kinds of people. There are so many burdens of sorrow and care and poverty and sin, so many doubting, discouraged, tempted hearts. To comfort and to make strong, to lift up and to bless—are these not missions worth while? Try it, friend, and prove how truly your own heart and mind are cheered and made brave by your very endeavor to carry sunshine into dark places.

Would Follow Her Example.

"Mary," remarked Mr. Perkins to the lady who, by the way, was the second one who had shared his joys and sorrows, mostly the latter, as he came downstairs attired for church. "I notice you did not lay out my Sunday clothes in readiness?"

"Too busy getting breakfast to think about you or your clothes either!" replied Mrs. Perkins promptly.

"And my shirt," went on Perkins; "my first wife, poor thing, used to always make my white shirt nice and warm for me to put on?"

"Did she, though?" retorted the dame. "Well, I have heard the neighbors say she used to make things warm for you, and I give you my word, Mr. Perkins, I'll do my best to follow her example!"—London Tit-Bits.

Only Girl Babies Grow in Carson City

Of fifty-five births recorded during last year in Carson City, Nev., only one was a male, writes Barrington King of Albany to the London Lancet. The causes underlying the differences in sex (if, in fact, there are any causes other than chance) are not only matters of great interest, but of importance as well. Carson City, where this extraordinary proportion of female births occurred, has in its population a much greater proportion of males than almost any other city in the state, it being a western mining town. Can it be that this is an effort of nature to correct the ratio? If so, has this circumstance been observed elsewhere?

Free! Free! PREMIUMS!

Given With The

WASHINGTON COUNTY NEWS

The News has made arrangements whereby it proposes to give away, absolutely free, to all new and old subscribers, one of the largest lists of useful and ornamental premiums ever attempted by a country newspaper.

For every new yearly subscriber we will give any one of the premiums offered below, absolutely free. To every old subscriber paying One Dollar on his or her subscription, gets any prize offered below absolutely free. If you are more than one year in arrears you will get one premium for every dollar paid.

Our Plan. If we undertook to send out a collector and solicitor,—which we would have to do—it would cost us approximately 50 per cent of all business done, consequently we have arranged this plan of dividing our profit with you.

Read it over carefully for there are lots of things that you'll want.

- Premium No. 1—Twenty-five stamp pictures of any one member of your family at Pacific Gallery.
- No. 2—A Kitchen Cleaver: the most handy utensil ever in the kitchen, your wife needs it.
- No. 3—Fine Prussian steel butcher or carving knife—best quality steel.
- No. 4—Kitchen meat saw. Everybody needs one.
- No. 5—Good Milaca buggy whip.
- No. 6—Good, one foot caliper rule. Every farmer and business man needs one.
- No. 7—One pound Hoffman & Allen Co. Best Blend coffee.
- No. 8—Six cakes of Fairy Soap. We all need that.
- No. 9—Five quart granite milk pan.
- No. 10—Handy lunch box.
- No. 11—One hand lamp.
- No. 12—Ten lb. sack Graham, Crescent Mill flour.
- No. 13—One fine quality black comb.
- No. 14—One pair Challenge hose supporters.
- No. 15—One pair "Tom Boy" suspenders waist.
- No. 16—One pair Men's or Boy's suspenders.
- No. 17—One Pueblo hat, any size, for hop pickers.
- No. 18—One garment ladies' Jersey ribbed underwear.
- No. 19—Three pairs hop pickers gloves.
- No. 20—One pair ladies' wig-wam wool hose.
- No. 21—One box Castlemere Court writing paper.
- No. 22—One box "Forest Grove" writing paper.
- No. 23—One whisk broom.
- No. 24—One bottle Borodant tooth powder.
- No. 25—Granite pie plate.
- No. 26—One pair 6 inch flat nose pliers.
- No. 27—One pair shears, any size from 4 to 8 inches.
- No. 28—Fine necktie, either in four-in-hand, tecks, or shield tecks.
- No. 29—One pair men's fancy hose.
- No. 30—One white linen handkerchief.
- No. 31—One garment men's summer underwear.
- No. 32—One man's belt.
- No. 33—One Amethyst granite 2 quart preserve kettle, No. 220.
- No. 34—One barometer or storm glass.
- No. 35—One pair spring balance scales.
- No. 36—Jewelry—We have a large line of jewelry which by buying in large quantity we are able to give really good articles. Our list consists of stick pins, cuff buttons, beauty pins, bracelets, gent's fobs, hat pins, watch chains of different fraternal orders, rings, etc., and for every dollar paid on subscription, either old or new, we will give you your choice of any one article in the list.
- No. 37—Our clubbing list: Weekly Oregonian and News \$2.00 Semi-weekly Journal and News 1.75 Pacific Homestead and News 1.75 Pacific Monthly and News 1.75

Any of these Books Free

Never before did a newspaper ever offer such premiums. You can find almost any book among this list you want. Your choice given absolutely free to every new subscriber or to any old subscriber paying one year. These books are not cheap paper books, but have good substantial covers and will last a lifetime. Read this list over, and don't delay in selecting your book, as they will go rapidly. Here they are:

Alice in Wonderland, Robinson Crusoe, Anderson's Fairy Tales, Legends of the Province House, Frederick the Great and his Court, L'Ameraine, Tour of the World in Eighty Days, Fortunes of Nigel, Abbe Constantin, The Fire Brigade, Longfellow's Poems, Love's Recompense, Lady Grace, Macaria, Aurora, Leigh, Bryant's Poems, Christmas Carol, Gold Dust, Poe's Poems, Lucile, House of the Wolf, Elizabeth and her German Garden, Idyls of the King, Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard, Wood's Natural History, Swiss Family Robinson, A Wonder Book, Through the Looking Glass, Miss Milne and I, The Monikins, At Bay, Wyandotte, Quentin Durward, Mother Goose, Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, Aesop's Fables, The Nursery Tales, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Grandfather's Chair, The Pilgrim's Progress, Story of the Bible, History of England, The Water Babies, Rip van Winkle, A Wonder Book, Lives of the Presidents, Golden Legend, Evangeline, A Christmas Carol, Living or Dead, Single Heart and Double Face, Prince of the House of David, The New Rector, The Slave of the Lamp, Life of Christ, Tales from Shakespeare, Nick of the Woods, Lady of the Lake, Courtship of Miles Standish, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Emerson's Poems, Conquering Heroine, Bay Path, Origin of Species, Mysterious City of 00, Mornings in Florence, Old Chateau, She's all the World to Me, Christian Living, Holmes Poems, Tales From Shakespeare, Hiawatha, Brook's Addresses, Browning's Poems, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Fairland of Science, Paradise Lost, Lalla Rookh, Golden Deeds, Crown of Wild Olives, The Chimes, Favorite Poems, Drummond's Addresses, Christian Year, Try Again, Madeleine, Loves of Nero, The Lame Prince, Crown of Wild Olive.

Our Safety Razor Offer

In connection with the above premiums we will give for every new yearly subscriber, to The News, and one Safety Razor, for the extremely low price of \$1.75. In order that old subscribers may get a razor they must pay all arrears and one year in advance. This offer alone is the best ever given by a county newspaper.

Cut this out for Future Reference