

HAMBLING THOUGHTS BY NEMO.

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To the man in whom the artificialities of our common lives have become so completely a second nature that a game of progressive euchre or the sensuous air of a ball-room has more charms than an hour's ramble by the restless waves, to such a one Tillamook beach holds out no inducements. But to him in whom still courses the good, red blood of kinship to Nature, this broad beach gives refreshment and inspiration.

By day the clouds play shadow dances over the great Pacific and along the glorious curve of the shore from Maxwell's point to Netarts and beyond. The green of the sparse grasses and the light grey of the sands stretch on and on until they are bent into low and indefinitely tinted outlines that shades off gradually into the moving waters ever colored, as they are, with all the kaleidoscopic possibilities of varying shades of green, grey and blue.

As the day draws to its close, the eyes are raised to the sunset glories of the silent skies. Upward and downward we look; those masses of color that so stately glide, reflecting back the rays of the dear departed "Sun, of this great world both eye and soul," are of the restless ocean itself, throbbing uneasily at our feet. Transmuted and glorified, the ocean below decks the heavens above; just as the advancing and receding, never motionless mass of our common humanity gives of its own substance and gladly that the perfected ones may shine down upon it some of the of which which the whole mass is capable.

At the night, without tree or house to break the outlook, and freed from all incongruous sounds to mar the vocal vision of the stars shining in their courses, there bursts upon the vision of the westward gazer, a wondrous view of the pre-eminence of creative effort in stellar space. In the presence of these thickly studded points of light, electrically bright, that have swung and glided, circled and guided for ages before our puny advent the soul, by the scene made to superfluous thought receptive, sinks into abject humility at the appalling sense of its insignificance, then rises to triumphant humility at the power within it to hear and understand the voice of God.

And when at last the soul has taken a surfeit of the beauties that sift through its windows, and the eyes grow heavy with sleep, the last conscious impression through the closing casements of intelligence is given by gleam of the vigil-keeping stars shining in through a four-square frame; the last sound, the gently swelling and receding sibilant monoton of the ripples, mingled with the love-lorn sighing of the breeze, or possibly the dull grating roar of the angry waves, lashed into fury by the spirit of the storm as it whistles and shrieks; the last feeling, the peace that the noisy city can neither give nor ever fully take away; the last thought, thankfulness.

Then when the curtains of the night are slowly and silently drawn aside and the light of a new day shines through upon a slumberous world, the soothed senses glide back into consciousness. The faint aroma of the wet sands and of the salty sea weed gratifies the nostrils; the nourishment for the body is surrendered from the plecteous stores of the sea; the ear yields itself once more to the somnolent sounds of the night continued on with the day but now occasionally broken by the voices of the campers; the appreciative eye sweeps with full and lingering glance around the noble spread of the watery horizon, or turns to rest for a few ecstatic moments upon the intense greenery of the marsh fringed by the distance woods, dimly outlined at one moment through a bridal-veil of mist, at another darkly silhouetted against a sky of metalline darkness; feeling is swallowed up in thought, and that thought is a supreme appreciation of the power of Nature to uplift the soul that is not case-hardened against its Divine impressiveness.

Here he who doth wisely, doth little, and he who doth much, doth ill. It is a tented oasis of indulgence in a world that too frequently seems to us an arid, disappointing, unproductive desert of effort. But as the rich juices of the grape are yielded only under the strain and stress of the wine-press, so the one who wrenches it all toward himself with the strength of a desperation born from a consciousness of burden and pressure, toil and exhaustion. The steady idler with no plans, and the vigorous worker with many would find the hours unutterably burdensome, because unvaried with the gaudy display and hollow amusements of a fashionably watering place. Yet time does not hang heavily here. The hours run swiftly by though spent in absolute inaction, or given to the enjoyment of a few amusements that the sea itself furnishes.

The days of a brief vacation are rapidly passing into the catalogue of pleasures that have been or are to be. The wish to hinder their nimble feet with leaded hobles is as strong as it is vain. Yet who would deny him self the value of such a restful experience, just because it may not continue always? Sleep is given for refresh-

A DESTRUCTIVE PROGRAMME.

In one of his many recent speeches Mr. Bryan called particular attention to the Chicago platform and declared that he would, if elected, "carry it out to the letter." He made no reservations. The platform, with all its planks, was his platform, and he stood prepared, with his associate on the ticket, to do as much to meet its demands for one thing as another, without discrimination or abridgement.

Such a pledge cannot fail to turn the public mind to the full meaning of Democratic action, which had hitherto been obscured by the prominence of one issue. A study of the platform as a whole is therefore in order if one would determine the probable effect of a democratic victory.

By the fifth plank in the platform, Bryan stands committed to the economic policy which has plunged the Nation into an enormous debt and turned the prosperity of 1892 into the adversity of 1896. He is pledged to reopen the question of free trade as soon as the money issue is disposed of, and to secure, if possible, a further abatement of duties, coupled with a scheme to raise money by the direct taxation of the thrifty.

By the ninth plank Bryan stands committed, at the behest of Albiged, to the doctrine of Federal non-interference with rioters and mobs, even in cases where the State authorities cannot cope with them and where the operations of Federal law or Federal business are interfered with. This is the doctrine of anarchy, but Mr. Bryan pledges himself to "carry it out to the letter."

By the thirteenth plank Bryan stands committed to the practical abandonment of that reform of the civil service to which the democratic party was committed in 1884, and largely by which it won success; and to the return of the spoils system thinly disguised as a method of giving "equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness."

By the fifteenth plank Bryan, in marked inconsistency with the position taken upon the ninth, stands committed to Federal interference with corporations which could be adequately restrained by the processes of State courts.

Free trade, free mobs, free spoils and free use of other people's property are the principles which must be canvassed along with the free silver doctrine. William J. Bryan is committed to all four, and in them the most destructive programme which any party has adopted since the democracy formulated its creed of national surrender to disunion in 1864.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Wake up, Jacob, day is breaking!" so said DeWitt's Little Early Riser to the man who had taken time to arouse his sluggish liver. W. E. Brock.

ANTI-FRICTION BALL BEARINGS.
As long as vehicles were propelled by horses or driven by steam, man was content to use the old fashioned surface bearings lubricated by oil to make them run more easily. As soon as he began to propel himself on the bicycle, he discovered that ball bearings added greatly to the service of reduction of resistance and by avoidance of lubricants, the later involving the want of cleanliness and collection of grit and dust. Bicycles then came to be constructed every where with ball bearings. The cheapest machines even are no longer made without them.

Prof. Boys of London, discovered another peculiarity about a ball bearing—that if it is properly constructed it is practically proof against wear. He weighed the balls in a bicycle bearing, rode the machine a long distance and then weighed them afterward and found that there was no loss of weight. It is only now that the mechanical world is beginning to awaken to the importance of ball bearings.

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NOW, WHAT IS LOVE?

Now, what is love I pray thee tell
It is the fountain that well
Where pleasure and reputation dwell
It is, perhaps, the morning bell
That bids us into heaven or hell.
And this is love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, say?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain.
It is a game where some hath gold;
The lass with no joy would full fain.
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
It is a job, it is a day,
A pretty kind of sporting lay.
It is a thing that flies away.
Then, nymphs, take advantage while ye
And this is love, as I hear say.

What is love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A price that passes and is so,
A thing for one, a thing for more,
And he that proves shall find it so.
And, shepherd, this is love, I know.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A Kangaroo on Shipboard.
He was presented by a lady in Perth to one of our lieutenants. He never became quite at home on board, and in a few months took a passage overboard, when nobody was looking, through a gun port, and was seen and heard of no more. He was addicted to keeping late and irregular hours. He would hide himself away and sleep all day, and then wake up and become aggressively active at about 11 P. M., when everybody had turned in. Kangaroos are extensively hunted in various country parts of Australia and give excellent sport. Our friend did so to the sentry and quartermaster of the watch at night.

He had a particular fancy for the navigating officer's cabin, which is on the upper deck. For various reasons the owner of the cabin did not appreciate this flattering preference, and he left strict orders with the men on night duty in the neighborhood not to allow his highness to disturb him in his rest. The kangaroo used to "lay off" very quietly behind the bits at the other end of the quarter deck and wait his opportunity. When he thought he had a good chance, he would make a dash, and in nine cases out of ten he succeeded in breaking through his enemies' lines and reaching his favorite corner, only, however, to be seized and taken to the hold, where he was crucified to watch, but the sound of it overhead at night was ridiculously irritating, and no one mourned very much when he took his voluntary departure.—Chambers' Journal.

What Was Inside of Her.
Having at one time a small stuffed crocodile in my room, varnished and lodged by an old woman of the humbler class, about some parish pay that had been cut down by the hard hearted guardians, when her eye rested on the crocodile, and after considering it for some time she broke forth with, "I reckon you got thickey [that] out of somebody's inside."
"Most assuredly not," I answered, considerably taken back at the unexpected question. Then I added, "What in the name of wonder makes you think so?"
"Bees," she replied, "are enough, there's one in me, as worrits me—awful! And I wish your honor'd to the board of gardins and take thickey baste along wi' you and show it to them gardins and tell 'em I've got one just the same ramping inside of me, and get 'em to give me another lot, and tack on a sixpence to my pay." I'd like to keep a pig, your honor, only how can I when I've got two baste like that in my vitals as consumes more nor half o' what I have to eat? There ain't no offals for a porker. Can't be nohow."
"—Good Words.

Both Killed and Cured.
The Parisian wits are reviving an old story about the wonderful cure from deafness of a patient who was recommended to go to hear "Lohengrin" and to sit near the orchestra, by the trombones. The doctor accompanied his patient, and sat beside him. All of a sudden, while the noise of the instruments was at its loudest, the deaf man found he could hear. "Doctor," he almost shrieked, "I can hear." The doctor took no notice. "I tell you, doctor," repeated the man in ecstasy, "you have saved me. I have recovered my hearing." Still the doctor was silent. He had become deaf himself!

A Labor Saving Device.
"I see," said St. Peter, "that they have been inventing a machine to record the tunes produced on pianos."
"I wish," said the recording angel, "that they would get up some kind of a rapid action machine to record the remarks that are made about the pianos."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Prayer and Precept.
"Dear God," prayed a little Church street maiden last evening, "make a good little girl out of me, and if at first you don't succeed, try again."—Bedford Banner Democrat.

A Brutal Suggestion.
It is, of course, a real mean man who asks: "Why not let women throw ballots if they want? They'll never hit the box."—Boston Transcript.

THE MAN WHOSE CLOTHES FIT.

Seems to get along in the world easier than the other fellow. In the first place, he is more at ease in social functions. And he generally finds a situation quickly, when thrown out of employment. He seems to get the best paying positions. The fact that he buys good clothes is in itself a recommendation. It shows that he is economical.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, Administrator of the estate of Walter A. Lyon, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to me, at my residence near Centerville, Washington County, Oregon, on or before the 15th day of December, 1904. Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 4th day of June, 1904. G. W. MARSH, Administrator of the estate of Walter A. Lyon, deceased.

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