## RAMBLING THOUGHTS BY NEMO.

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Penned by a layman in the spare moments of a busy career and dedicated to a better understanding of life and its varied opportunities.

A doctor finds it comparatively pleasant and very easy to write a nauseating prescription, for to the patient alone belong the distress and disgust at swallowing it. So it is a simple matter to sit here in my arm chair and scrawl a moral prescription for those weak and failing ones who find themselves lacking in good influence over their fellows. But the likeness to the doctor ends here, for the writer and the reader are both interested in the remedy. The physician-patient writes it down, then, in one word, a compound: "Self-conquest."

Such a clearly defined remedy. Almost as simple as bathing in the Pool of Siloam for blindness, or in the Jordan for leprosy. In that compound word, however, lies an infinitude of power; just as within the lifeless coal lies dormant the fierceness of pre-historic sunshine, or within the sparkling water, the energy of steam; or within the summer zephyrs, the marvelous disruptive force of electricity. To release the power of of each, proper envirionment is needed To set free might which lurks within self-conquest, the suitable environment is a human heart; and that heart, yours. One is tempted to indulge in the stilted phraseology of the quack-medicine purveyor and style this remedy a panacea. It is a heart tonic so valuable and so lacking in harmful reactions that it cannot be abused by too much use, so unaffected by latitude that its cures are equally apparent in the snow hut of the Laplander and under the palm thatched home of the Carib; so adaptive that both sexes, the old and the young, the mighty and the humble, the well-fed and the hungry, the wise and the foolish, the saint and the sinner—all derive benefit from a free use of this one unfailing remedy.

With human beings, unlike the animals, obedience to the instinct, invariably leads astray, and exposes our natures to the virus of pride, selfishness, gluttony and sensuality. While these poisons are creeping through our veins, and doing to death, as it were, the warriors for good, the white, corpuscles of our moral blood we have no power. We may for awhile by our fair-appearing exterior deceive our neighbors as to our heart's condition; we may even throw convenient dust in our own spiritual eyes, but when some supreme moment of life comes then shall we fail, and ignominiously. Just when failure is most serions; the decayed mast snaps in a gale, the bridge yields at the moment that a human freight is trusting to it.

Reforms and churches—one needs must mention both, since they are not synonyms—are made up of individuals and the altitude or degradation of those individuals is the measure of the power of both the reform and the church. No wild yielder to lust is a gain to the membership of the age-of-consent reform; no self seeker is of advantage to the bands of the wretched who are waiting for their rights; no church member who with one hand grinds the face of the poor, and with the other applies the moral vaseline of a generous contribution to soup kitchens and missions, is of value to the church that throws its simple, trusting, and statistically-anxious arms around him. The trite old illustration of water being unable to rise above it-level, and the chain being no stronger than its weakest link, apply here. Let us not be deceived. It is character that tells in this world and no character except that of the animals comes from yielding unquestioning obedience to our instincts. On our human side we have the powers of reason, of aspiration, of development, of growth. But so long as we grovel in mere physical impulses, whether they be of acquisition, of indolence, or of hedonism—pleasure seeking of every kind—we turn our backs upon every thing that is grand in human nature and remain on the level with the monkey, or the sloth, or the barn-yard fowl. In truth we are worse than they because our instincts are given us to be placed under our feet and used as stepping stones to power, instead of serving as mere run-ways to mire.

The way to possess power without is to have it within. The way to be strong in sorties upon the foes outside our walls, is to be sure of the death of traitors within. "But it is hard to deny and deny and still again deny oneself", says a querulous voice. Of course it is. So is it harder to fight than to bend supinely to the blow; so is it harder to force our way against the torrent than to yield to its onrush and perish; so is it harder to climb a steep ascent than to slide down it a corpse on the roaring crest of an avalanche. Yet who that claim kinship to manhood would cease struggling in these physical directions, so long as a spark of life remained.—The feeble pen that is followed by so many eyes, halts and hesitates here, and questions whether this may not all be too serious and too sermonic for a newspaper column. —The answer comes: "No, for the press is called to be a power." And the negative is confirmed by a growing sound that smites the psychic ear, a murmer that swells into an infinite agony of vain regrets; it is the voice of all, as one, whose brightest prospects have vanished, whose powers for good have been overcome by yielding to unholy ambition, to the mere making of wealth, to the killing of time, to the lowering of the human standard till it becomes a parody and caricature of all that is disgusting in the animal. These are they whose bodies conquered their souls and permitted no deeds of value to our race. By their vain breathings, by their chained and manacled bodies, by their shrivelled souls, by their animalism, the sign is here erected, "The secret of power is Self-conquest."

All sincere battling with self is in some degree, self-conquest. The victory of one day renders more sure the basis of operations for the next. So vast becomes the growing power over self, that before it the trend of heredity goes down defeated, until out of the filth comes forth a creature as pure as the water lily. If by battling you gain the mastery of your instincts, you need no longer yearn for power. You will have it. You need not blazon it from the housetops, for those who meet you will know you have it. It will surround you unconsiously on your part, with a subtle emanation that will help or rebuke those who enter its charmed circle. Thus from the defeat to our highest that is threatened by our lowest, you will have wrested a victory, and will take your place among those purified and powerful ones that glorify humanity.

Many a day's work is lost by sick headache, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming such difficulties. W. E. Brock.

Ask your physician, your druggi t and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption They will recommend it For sale by the Delta Drug Store

If dull, Spiritless and stupid; If your blood is thick and sluggish; If your appetite is capricious and uncertain. You need Sarsaparilla. For best results take DeWitt's. It recommends itself. W. E. Brock.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price, 50c. Nasal injector free. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Postmaster Weaver tells a pretty good story about a nephew of his. The youngster had a birthday last week, and Mr. Weaver bought the young man a drum. Then in order to let some one in the house rest, the Postmaster told Harold to go over to his aunt's house and show the drum to her. Harold was gone about fifteen minutes, and he was back again beating his drum with all his might.

"Here" said his uncle, "why did you not stay over to Aunt Mary's?"

"Cos she's deaf and she can't hear me."

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Don't trifle away time when you have cholera morbus or diarrhœa Fight them in the beginning with DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure. You don't have to wait for results, they are instantaneous and it leaves the bowels in a healthly condition. W. E. Brock.

The Memphis Scimitar, which is a sound money paper proposes as a remedy for sur evils: "(1) Take the Government out of the banking business; (2) the gradual attainment of a tariff schedule so moderated as only to produce revenue for the support of the Government; (3) abatement of extravagant public expenditures and pushing civil service reform as rapidly and as far as possible,"

"Boys will be boys" but you can't afford to loose any of them. Be ready for the green apple season by having DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure in the house. W. E. Brock.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Mr. Watson, the Vice Presidential candidate of the populists, can make phrases as well as his running mate, Mr. Bryan. In Atlanta he said:

"Here in the South, the Democrats say, 'We don't need you fellows. We've got a little machine that'll twin out just the majority we need.'"

"They want to sail in our ship but they want to expel our crew. They want to run our train, but they want to kick out our engineer. They say they want fusion, but it is the fusion of the earthquake with the city it engulfs."

If you have ever seen a little child in the agony of summer complaint you can realize the danger of the trouble and appreciate the value of instantaneous relief always afforded by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure. For dysentery and diarrhœa it is a reliable remedy. We could not afford to recommend this a cure unless it were a cure. W. E. Brock.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

In order to obtain United States patents you must show an invention not already in use and entirely different from all others. Such is Hoe Cake Soap. The only patented laundry soap in the market.

### WHERE OLD PIANOS GO.

**Many of Them, It Is Said, Find a Market In the Quaker City.**

"What becomes of old pianos?" was the question put to a large New York manufacturer the other day. "Well," was the rather unexpected reply, "the most of ours go to Philadelphia." The manufacturer could not explain this fact exactly to his own satisfaction. He thought perhaps it was because so many persons owned homes in Philadelphia or possibly because the good people of the Quaker town are much given to attending concerts and love music more than New Yorkers.

"There ought to be several hundred thousand old square pianos stowed away somewhere in the United States," said a manufacturer in speaking of the subject. "I have been in the business 20 years, and personally have seen but three of them cut into kindling wood. It is indeed a rare occurrence that one of these massive old rosewood affairs meets with such an unworthy fate.

"A biography of a good piano is sometimes very interesting. They generally start off in life gayly, having the most conspicuous position in the parlors of the wealthy and receiving courteous treatment. Thirty years ago a good square piano was an object of much greater importance and commanded vastly more respect than any piano nowadays. This is still to be seen when we go to remove an old piano to exchange it for a new one. It is purely a matter of mercantile interest to us, but not so with the owners. I have seen old folks who had bought a piano in the days of their honeymoon fairly overcome when they saw the familiar old instrument, which had been with them through days of joy and sorrow, hustled out of the house by irreverent hands and conveyed to the warehouse. It is the custom for piano firms now to take away the old instruments and allow a fair price for them, deducting the amount from the price of the new one. It is an absolute loss to us, for we have the greatest difficulty in disposing of these landmarks which have seen better days.

"A great majority of these old pianos find their way to the homes of comparatively poor people. They may be bought for a mere song. There is a class of men who make a living by disposing of these old pianos. A secondhand dealer dropped in here the other day and said he had just bought six for $50. Some firms are almost willing to pay for having them taken away.

"These old pianos are by no means worn out after going through three or even four hands. New strings and new hammers are put in, and the old instrument is tinkered up, so that it will oftentimes have a better tone than the cheap piano of today. City boarding houses, where the only object is to have an instrument capable of emitting noise, are extensive harboring places for these old 'has beens.' Many are shipped to the west and to country towns. A number find their way to museums, where they are exhibited as the piano on which George Washington was wont to play. Throughout New England, Ohio and in New York city I have seen them used as tables for kitchen purposes, the works in many cases being removed to allow a place for stowing away jars of fruit. Many are disposed of at auctions, too, and some very good bargains are to be secured in that way."—New York Times.

### THEY BURY THEIR SICK.

**The Shocking Custom of a Malay Tribe Called the Ahetas.**

There is a ghastly horror in the mere mention of the fact that a human being has been buried alive, and yet, shocking as it is, there is a tribe on one of the Philippine islands known as the Ahetas who have the cruel custom of burying the sick before death. Unfortunate indeed is a person among the Ahetas who is afflicted with a serious illness, for he is almost certain to be consigned to the grave alive. As soon as a high fever sets in the patient is taken out of his hut, wrapped in his old clothes and rudely deposited in a grave. But no sooner has the body been placed in the grave than it becomes at once apparent to his relatives, according to their traditions, that his death (which should be more properly termed murder) must be avenged. Accordingly, the warriors of the tribe sally forth with lance and arrows to slay the first living creature they encounter whether it be man, woman, child or wild beast. When thus in quest of an expiatory victim, they take the precaution of breaking off young shoots of the shrubs as they pass by, leaving the broken ends hanging in the direction they are going as a warning to travelers and neighbors to shun that path. Even should one of their own people be the first to meet the avengers they dare not suffer him to escape.

Whether an Aheta is buried alive or after death his kinsmen at once assemble and destroy all the goods and chattels he had accumulated during his lifetime, even breaking his gong in pieces. The curse of the tribe would fall upon any one who should attempt to make use of any article left by the buried person. After the destruction of the property has taken place the hut is filled with fumes of burning dammar or rosin. The guests sit in the perfumed atmosphere drinking large drafts of arrack, and also some kind of spirit which they manage to distill from the juice of native fruit. This stimulant soon does its work, and they give vent to their feelings in violent shouts, mingled with the howls of the children, wails of the women and the hoarse discord of the gongs. A tree is generally planted near the grave, and at the final ceremony none but naked women are allowed to be present. This last rite is termed the "Sudah-buang" and signifies that the body is thenceforth abandoned to the wilderness and wild beasts.

The Ahetas will worship for a day the trunk of a distorted tree or a fragment of a rock which has any resemblance to an animal. Then they turn away from these and think no more about God or worship until they again encounter another strange and fantastical form.

Superstition cuts a large figure in their lives. In fact, every race of the Malays, excepting the Orang-Lauts, are governed in the most minute affairs of life by signs and omens. The wonderful phosphorus that is seen in the sea surrounding the Philippine islands has a supernatural awe for this tribe.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A TURKISH CEMETERY.

**City of Marble Shafts In the Shadows of Cypress Trees.**

"And why do the Osmanli prefer Scutari as a burial place to any other?"

"Because it is there the trumpet of the archangel will be first heard. The true believers who lie at Scutari will first rise to answer it; next, the faithful from other parts of the earth; after that the Hebrews, and lastly the giaours who follow other gods."

Thus spoke the grave old turbaned Turk who stood beneath a cypress tree on the slopes of the world famed cemetery of the sea of Marmora.

"All know," he went on in calm, judicial accents, "that when the last days of the world are drawing near, the Osmanli will be driven forth from Stamboul by the Frank. Then, for a space, there will be trouble and turmoil on the earth; all sons of the faithful will fly up to Scutari as a refuge; there they, the living and the dead alike, will await the day of judgment."

With that, thinking it was a hurt to his dignity to parley longer with a giaour, he gathered his robes about him, saluted majestically, then passed slowly away down one of the long, broad avenues leading to the gates of the cemetery, leaving the stranger to wander at his pleasure through that forest of tall tombstones standing erect.

The coup d'œil is picturesque in the extreme. As far as one can see, the long slender shafts of marble rise beneath the shadow of the massive cypress—the tree of Allah, the Osmanli call it—which points its finger to the sky, while the luxuriant vegetation of the east clusters around the base of the slabs, emphasizing their snowy whiteness and preventing them from being too dazzling to the eye.

Each tomb bears its own decoration. A single leaflet, the drooping petals of a rose, or graceful frond of fern indicate that a female form lies below. A turban or a fez shows that the dead person was a man. Lamps, ostrich eggs, sashes, fringed and colored handkerchiefs of varied hue, all have their own significance; while here and there will be seen some tall stone, sculptured from end to end, its ornamentation in high relief, encircled by a number of smaller ones, which proves that the father of a family—a man of wealth—rests here surrounded by his wives and children. A curved scimiter shows that a man of war reposes there; an anchor marks the sleeping place of a sailor; a wand of office proves that the dead man held some post of command. So on, till something is learned of all, even though one may not be able to decipher the fantastic Arabic characters which tell with more detail the history of the dead.

The terms in which the Turk expresses his lamentations are often very pathetic, especially when they refer to the loss of his wife or child.

Here is one, taken from the tomb of a young girl, which effectually combats the common western delusion that the Osmanli believe that women are born without souls or hope of a future life:

"The cold blasts of fate caused this nightingale to wing its way to heaven. There it has found its awaited bliss. Zeinab is the name of her who lies below, and for her Lababa, who wrote these lines, offers humble petition. Weep not for her, for though dead she has become a sojourner in the gardens of paradise."—St. Paul's.

**She Paid the Groschen.**

A lovely story is told of the brothers Grimm, the famous fairy tale writers. One day a wee girl rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Grimm. When ushered into his presence, she asked:

"You are the Mr. Grimm who writes the pretty tales?"

"Yes, I and my brother."

"And that of the clever little tailor who married the princess?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well," said the child, producing the book, "it is said there that every one who doesn't believe it must pay the thaler. Now, I don't believe that a princess ever married a tailor. I haven't so much as a thaler, but here is a groschen, and please say I hope to pay the rest by degrees."

Just then Jacob came in and they tried together to convince the little dame that it was only a tale, but she had the courage of her convictions and nothing could induce her to receive the money back. The two brothers let her go, much amused by the interview.

Vermont has 24,894 persons employed in its factories and turns out an annual product valued at $38,340,066.

The whole system is drained and undermined by indolent ulcers and open sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve speedily heals them. It is the best pile cure known. W. E. Brock.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy Mrs. E B. Worden. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

### THE SOUTHLAND.

O southland! O southland!
Your skies are always blue,
Your sun is always shining,
And nature smiles on you;
Your hills are crowned with gladness,
Your valleys filled with praise;
Your youth, they know [illegible]
Through all their balmy days.

O southland! O southland!
Your warm winds woo me back,
I cannot stay from you away,
Nor take the traveler's track;
Though all the world be calling
And waves a beckoning hand,
I love you so, I cannot go
From you, my own southland.

Hon. T. T. Geer for the republicans and Hofer of the Capital Journal and John A. Jeffry for the demo-pops had a debate at Ashland last week on the money question. From reports it is inferred that Geer had the best of the argument.

One reason why people never pay any attention to signs and advertisements daubed on fences, stables and bridges is because they do not know whether they are reading advertisements of some firm that is still in buisness or one that has been dead for years. On a ten mile drive into the country the other day seventeen signes were counted of firms who are now out of buisness. When people read advertisements in a newspaper that is up-to-date they know that the advertiser is alive and doing buisness.—Medford Mail.

Poison Ivy, insect bites, bruises, scalds, burns, are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure. W. E. Brock.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly For sale by the Delta Drug store.


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Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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Supt. Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, Portland, Oregon.

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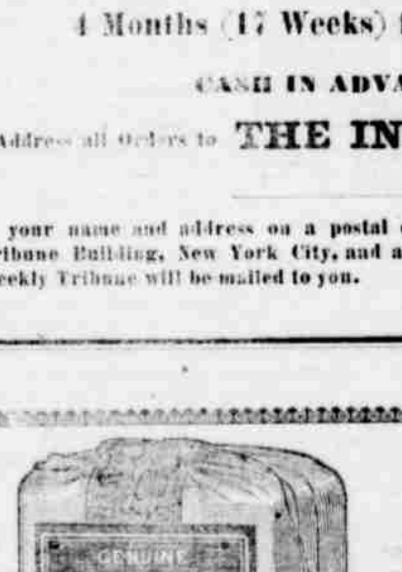


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—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try?

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