

"No, no, my noble Paul. If you can win her, you have my consent." But she was won already.

But there was yet one more to come. Conrad, Count Damonoff, somewhat pale and weak, but yet on the sure road to health, moved slowly forward and took the hand of the joyous bride. Then he reached forth the other hand and took the palm of Ruric, and as he thus held both their hands he said:

"why don't you read it?"

dope,'

than can L'

an avalanche two sensons before.

"My lord and lady, and, I must say, my best of friends, let this moment atone for all of darkness between us in the past. Be you happy both, and may God bless you. Let me be accounted among your friends, and let the future prove how grateful I can be."

"Aye," cried Ruric, grasping the count's hand more firmly, "let the future show how grateful we can all be for the blessings of this hour, and while we look to God for help we will not fail to remember in our prayers the author of our joys-our noble emperor, Peter of Russia."

And so closed the scene as it should-with one long, loud shout 01 "God bless our emperor!"

Peter never forgot that moment. In the long years thereafter when he sometimes let the clouds of passion settle upon his soul he remembared that scene and that shout. It was one of the bright spots in the memory of his youth which he cherished always.

THE RAD.

His One Topic of Conversation.

Bir Walter Scott had a clever friend who was once utterly balled by a stranger in a stagecoach. The friend, who wished to converse, assailed the stranger on all hands and at last expostulated. "I have talked to you, my friend," said be, "on all the ordinary subjects — literature, farming, merchandise, gaming, game laws, horse races, suits at law, politics and swindling, blasphemy and philosophy. Is there any one subject that you will favor me by opening upon?" "Sir," said he in reply, "can you say anything clever about bend leather " Most people, like Str Walter, would confees they would have been as much nonplused as his acquaintance. Perhaps the man who was only interested in "bend loather" was past hope for conversational purposes. - Gentleman's Magazine.

Be Sure of Your Yoke Follow.

A farmer was training a precocious ball calf for the work of an ox and injudiciously put his own head through the other end of the yoke. Evidently the calf was not well pleased with his working mate, recognizing the disparity of the species or perhaps seeing an element of humor in the situation, and at once started on a wild dash down through the village. The farmer could not extricate himself, and ble in the Barton home as in any

lightning, and you can't get the sea man's life against the kid's. But eret out of him with a team of wild | I said I'd state the case. He's a newhorses. Gus Lindberg offered him comer at Sierra. He gotshere and

In a gloomy room, made more dis that he expects to win." mal by a spluttering candle set in a "He'll win if the prize is for ty-ing his legs into knots," laughed the bottle, the sides of which were covered with a copious overflow of talstorekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party low, a young man sat, attempting to decipher the words on a small piece and slipped at the head of their of paper. Near him, with her head It was 75 feet if it was a shoot bent forward in an anxious, half ex- foot, and he went sliding down like pectant attitude, was his mother, on a log of redwood-a mile a minute. The front door was shut, and he strack it feet first and landed right whose not unattractive face were the lines of toil and suffering. in the party, his legs all in knots.<sup>20</sup> The ski races had been announced "Well, George," she finally said

"I can hardly make it out, mothfor a week, and Long Barton had her son replied, "but it's new, entered. The grand prize was \$250, and he says he got the receipt from and he believed he could win it. But one of the great pland makers in on the morning of the event his New York. It's the stuff that makes mother made some excuse for rethe cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off the mortgage and get you a thick witness his defeat. The course was cloak and all the things you need." "Yes, George," said the woman, a on the slopes of the sierras, a splendid hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as slight flush tingeing her pale face;

glass, and of so sharp an angle that "but you've tried so many kinds of a man could not ascend it, and once and they all failed. I'm on it with skis, it was a race like the afraid it's your way of riding, dear." wind for nearly half a mile, then out on to a gradual slope into the valley, "My way of riding!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked up where the little village lay buried. Every town or village in Plumas and ran his hands through his curly and Sierra counties of any pretenhair. "Why, there isn't a man in Plumas county who can toss more sions had a ski club, and many of

the members were experts who had snow in a day, lift more, stand more, performed wonderful feats, and for this race the pick of every club was on hand at the top of the glassy His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow overed windows, then glanced at slide, while an admiring crowd of her companion with an expression men, women and girls looked on. that combined pride and pity. The young man had not overstated his The curions Norwegian snowshoes, which were eight feet long, four prowess. He was a giant, a colossus in strength, seven feet tall, but so inches wide and half an inch thick. were being given their final polish, every contestant having his especial thin, so long of limb, so strangely "dope," which was his secret. Apart from the others stood Long Barton drawn out that for miles around he was known as "Long Barton" and "Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like strapping on his skis, which had a polish such as had never been seen his father, who had been killed in before. They gleamed in the sun with dazzling brilliance. If "dope" The winter had set in early, and a succession of enowstorms had buried counted, there were those who bethe little hamlet of a dozen houses heved that "Tanglefoot" would win. The first signal was given, and the so deep in the snow that around the men lined up, their long skis extend-Barton home it was nearly 30 feet on the level, and the hamlet, so far ed forward, their bodies in various positions. Each racer bore a long as appearances went, had been wiped staff, or starter. Some held it on one side, some between their legs, out of existence and low with all its domestic life under the snow. The entire male population had dug the while others extended it ahead, and Bartons out, as in previous winters, as the word was given each man the operation consisting in begingave a mighty shove and projected ning a shoot 50 feet from the front of the house, or where it was suphimself down the terrific slide. They shot over the edge like a wave of posed to be, and sinking a burrow water over a fall and seemed to rush or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in into space, then sank so rapidly the direction of the second story. from view that they were gone be-It took some time to accomplish this fore the excited onlookers realized after the last storm, but finally the it. The speed increased rapidly, and miners reached the attic window, in 10 seconds was like that of a fast giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Bartrotter, at 15 it was equal to the ton and her son appeared to welfastest train of cars, and at 20 the come them. From this time the atbest men were holding their breath, tic window had been the front door. as it was impossible to breathe at George had cut steps up the burrow, such speed, and the slightest swerve and the Bartons, as the postmaster would send them off the track. From the side the scene was a frightful The chimney had been spliced with one, as it was hard to believe that human beings could preserve their position and not be dashed to pieces pieces kept for the purpose, so that the top reached the surface of the under such extreme velocity. But snow, and as George had piled a plentiful supply of wood in the the line swept on, a few of the racers surging ahead. Half way down, and house in September and there was an abundance of candles, oil and four are in advance, two-thirds, and provisions things were as comfortaone tall figure is leading. It is Long Barton. He is rushing

with the speed of light. The new

horses. Ous Lindberg barwouldn't can't get away." S10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't can't get away." "It's 50 miles to milk'if it's a

toot," remarked a red whiskered inducer in the group. "Won't bread and water do? "It might for some," restorted the driver, "but this baby's not built that way. She wants milk, and she won't touch anything else. They've been trying it for days. Is there any man here that can suggest any-thing?" And the speaker raised his voice.

Every miner present knew that it was impossible to get out of the mountains, even if it was not snowing, until the snow had settled. Every one recalled the names and faces of men who had met death trying to cross the sierras in storms, and for maining home and was the only wo- a few moments no one answered. man in the hamlet not present at Then, as the driver pulled the blanthe races. She could not bear to ket over the little figure, which he held closer to his breast, a voice said :

"Well, if the baby wants milk, she's going to have it; don't you for-get it, boys." And Long Barton edged through the crowd and took the child in his arms. He rolled it up in the coverings the stage driver had taken off. Then he pulled on his snow cap and, followed by the men to the door, went out into the storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, "I'd have picked "Tanglefoot" the last one for such a proposition. But, boys, we've mistook him. He's got sand, for he's going to his funeral. What George Barton said to his mother no one knew. Time was the essence of this transaction, and in a very short while he came up the shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was slung under his arm. He carried his staff in his hand, a revolver in his pocket for wolves, and on his booted leet were the skis which the incomparable "dope" had polished so that we could hardly stand. A moment ater he was lost to view.

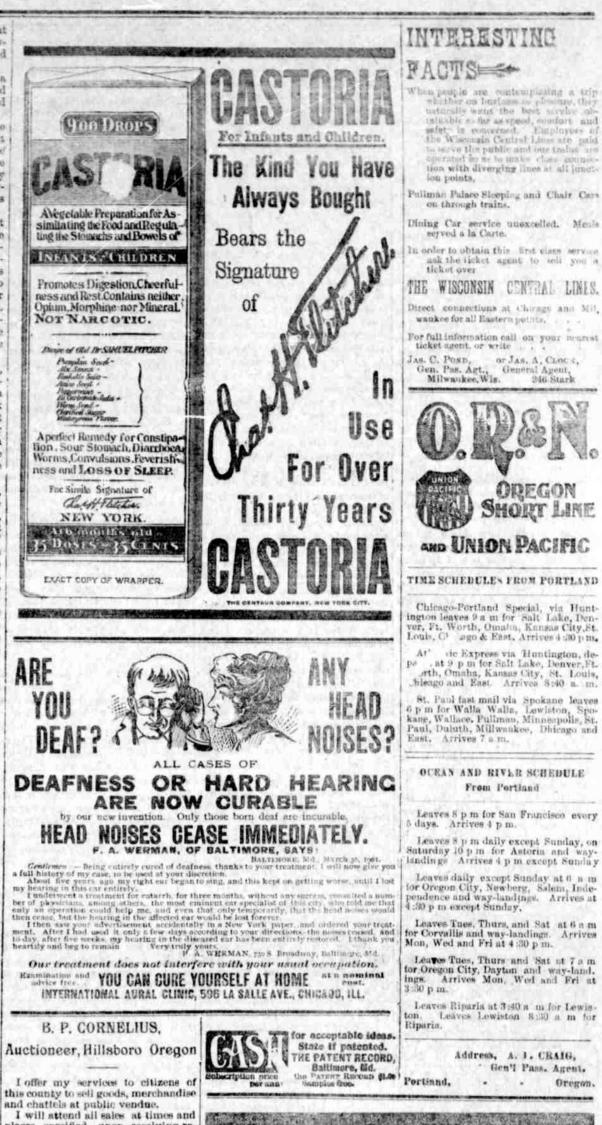
The same dogged persistency which had led Long Barton to believe that he could win the race made him think that he could carry the baby to safety If he had been asked an hour before if a man could do this, he would have said no. He strode up the little valley, keeping in the center, with the walls of the sierras, snowelad, trembling with avalanches on either side and in an hour struck the straggling forest. He knew the trees well and for five miles kept the trail. Then he came to the first slope. By the aid of his staff he made a rapid slide, reaching the bottom of the canyon safely in a few seconds. And this was to be his experience-climbing and sliding. The next hill was so soft that he was breathing hard when he reached half way. Then he felt a tremble, a nameless thrill, and the entire side of the mountain seemed to give way, and he was carried irresistibly down on the wings of an avalanche. He made desperate struggles and by a miracle kept near the top and after much labor dug himself out.

It had stopped snowing as he started down the canyon, now sliding, now leaping, the famous "dope" this county to sell goods, merchandise carrying him well and fast. From a and chattels at public vendue.

EVENY

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out of the question, therefore he kept to the pace of the calf and roared to the denizens of body !"-Field and Stream.

In and Into.

Much confusion characterizes the use of these two prepositions. Stormonth gives the simplest and best rule concerning them which we have come across. He says: "Into comes after a verb denoting motion, and the follows a verb denoting rest." This gives the idea comprehensive-by, but it must not be taken literal-Thus it is entirely proper to my "He fell in the street." The person referred to may have been ralking or standing still when he full. He was, however, already in street, and therefore when he going to work to plant a staff with the street, and therefore when it. however, he was in a building or other structure facing the street and he fell, landing in the street, it would then be proper to say "He fell into the street." down.

In is frequently an adverb, and is such cases it should be used after a worb denoting motion. For example, it is correct to say "He came enter a house. But if a preposition were to be used in this connection the phrase would be "He came into

Those who will commit to memo-The rule quoted will soon be sure of their ground when they have occontion to the in or man.



house in the place 20 or more feet under the snow. But there is a skeleton in every ry. He knew it; his teeth were set; household, it is said, and in the Bar- his heart was in his mouth-the

ment of the people of these counties

one he had been defeated-more,

of California in winter, but in every

humiliated, as twice, unable to con-

trol his long legs, he had at first

wabbled, then slipped and gone

down the slide upon his back amid

the roars of laughter and gibes of

"The funniest thing about it." re-

marked the storekeeper, "is that George thinks he can ride and al-

ways lays it to his skistor the 'dope.'

But, bless your heart, a man might

for a bridge. My, how he did tan-

"Waal, /it /ain't my business, and

the crowd of spectators.

ride skin ?"

SCIEST.

ed a lister er linughing.

remarked, were "in society again."

gage on the house, which was soon tenth of an inch; a piece of ice to expire, and the mortgagee wished caught the channel of his polished to expire, and the mortgagee wished the money. He lived in the city, 500 ski, perhaps, and the next second the line of racers rushed like the miles distant, and did not care for a risk where the security was liable to be crushed! beneath 30 feet of snow, wind by a figure rolling over and over, its legs, arms and long skis as both Phumas and Sierrascounties seemingly tangled in a hopeless knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, were famous for heavy snowfalls. George Barton had not been able to and the loud laughter and gibes of save enough money for the mort-gage. Avalanches had covered the mines and kept him from work. and picked himself up. To their and picked himself up. To their credit, the winners did not laugh. Then one night in returning home he could not find the shoot and had It was the crowd on the hill, and wandered off and when discovered Barton took off his skis and, avoidwas badly frozen. It was the custom ing them, walked over the snow and in the village for the miners when was lost to sight in the shoot that led to his home. a rag streamer at the entrance of the shoots, so that they could find

That night, as was the custom, there was a ball, and at the earnest their homes if a storm, came up. But the wind had blown , Barton's flag wish of his mother Long Barton went. But he took no part in the entertainment and sat by the stove Then there was another trouble. and watched the merrymakers, For a number of years George Barknowing well that he was the butt ton had been a contestant in the ski of them all. Late at night, while races which are the principal amusehe still looked on, a crowd gathered

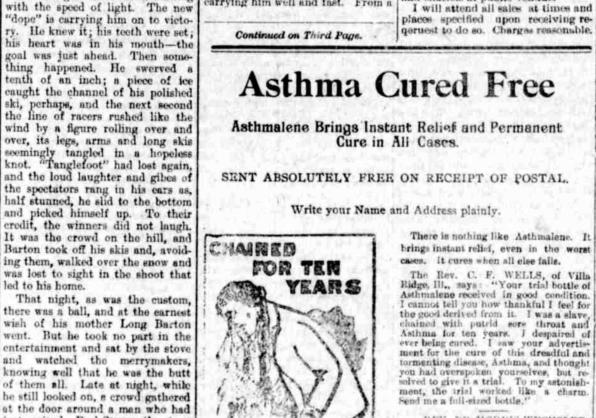
> just arrived-Reel Stacey, the stage driver. "Hope you folks has extra splices on your chimneys and fings out," he "It's banked 50 feet at Evsaid. ans, and the 30 foot marks on the pines are covered, and it's snowing like it will never stop. But that's not what I come for," he continued, unrolling a bundle, blanket after blanket, and producing a baby that looked up at the men with a wonder-

just as well try to ride on stilts as them legs of his'n. They ain't built for skiin. They damake a good skid gle up, legs and arms all in knots! Why, don't some of you chaps tell him nature didn't fortend him to "Why don't wonstell fhim ?" retort-

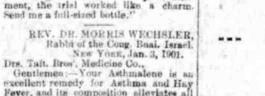
ain't any milk in this town but this," and the old driver held up a I get herms of fun out of him, but it's the / trath, he min't got any

"He's entered for mextweek," said in an awed whisper, "it's death to

one of the group. "What /for -- the avecpetakes?" "So I told the doctor," replied asked the storekeeper.



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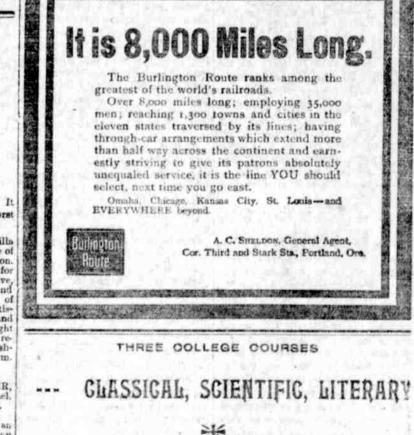
blanket, and producing a beby that looked up at the men with a wonder-ing gaze. "A baby !" they shouted in chorus, and half a dozen arms reached for the child. "Hold on, boys," said the driver; "business first. This is Jim Gray-sen's baby. His wife died last night, and he's flat on his back. The cow

Feb. 5, 1801.

this," and the old driver held up a quart bottle. "Now, the doctor says that the only thing to save the baby is to get it out where there's milk. If we don't, it will starve."
"Why, Reel," said the storekceper "Why, Reel," said the storekceper "Why. Reel," said the storekceper "Why and the storekceper "Why and the storekceper" and the storekceper "Why and the storekceper" "Why an

try the mountains in such a storm!" Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

"You by ?" was the reply. "He's the stage driver, "and I haven't the get some dope's that's like greased nerve to try it. I know what it is- 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.



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