

RELATIONS-IN-LAW.

The Qualities Most Needed to Make Family Life Agreeable.

One of the first questions asked of a newly-made bride is how she likes her husband's relations, and if circumstances compel her to take up her abode with them, the question is usually sympathetically put.

Considering the frequent disagreements we see in families it is hardly surprising if we see occasional troubles among those of different blood, and often totally different training. The patriarchal system, while it would give unity to the nation, is not without individual objections. It is the hardest of all lessons to learn to accommodate one's own angles to the angles of others.

When a newly-made wife goes to live with her husband's people she often loses sight of the fact that she is simply a daughter of the house, with no more than a daughter's privileges. In the flush of her new dignity she is apt to forget that she is simply on the same footing as her husband's sisters, as far as the management of the house is concerned.

While she should aid her new mother by every means in her power, she can not expect to give orders independently, but submit to direction. No household can be a success with two mistresses, and most assuredly it is the part of the younger to defer to the elder, though it may not always seem a pleasant duty.

Really and truly we don't think anything is more difficult than to live with relations-in-law. Even where they love one another, there are so many little traits and peculiarities which cause internal vexation, if the jarring elements never come to the surface. There is no remedy for it, save extreme patience and kindness; and the model daughter-in-law must stand aloof from family disagreements. She must never side with John against Fanny, or throw her weight with her husband in a difference with his parents. She must always remain neutral, or she will widen breaches instead of healing them.

We believe that some of the squibs and jokes scratched on the walls in Pompeii make fun of the mothers-in-law. This estimable member of society has been an object of derision of centuries, just as if it were our fault that we became mothers-in-law under some circumstances. Many a mother-in-law is as self-sacrificing as a mother; many a man has reason to bless the woman who stands in that relation to him. There may be scold and mischief-makers among them, but they would display the same objectionable traits in any other relation. The implied dislike to mothers-in-law is about as reasonable as the dislike for those unappreciated blessings, old maids.

We can hardly wonder if the loving mother shows anxiety for the happiness and comfort of her married daughter. The mistake in regarding such things as trifles, is a mistake on the part of the son or daughter-in-law; and the mother's mistake is in thinking that her child's household can not be comfortable without her constant supervision. A young housekeeper is very tenacious of her dignity; she likes the pomp and circumstance of domestic management, and the young man just advanced to the proud position of husband, feels all the dignity of the patriarch vested in his person. So, perhaps, the qualities most needed among relations-in-law are consideration, kindness and a discreet tongue. If only we all possessed these qualities what a golden age we should enter upon!—Rural New Yorker.

BEAUTIES OF POVERTY.

Sage Remarks of an Optimistic and Philosophical Funny Man.

No matter how much we may desire wealth, we should always congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are poor. Indeed, there is no greater blessing than poverty, when you know how to reconcile yourself to it. If you are to take the trouble to make the investigation, you will learn to your satisfaction that ninety-nine per cent. of the happy people in the world are poor. No poor man is unhappy until he grows rich; and to prove this it is only necessary to hear the wealthy man allying pathetically to the dear old days when he only got four dollars per week, and found himself continually in debt.

The painter, who has no difficulty in selling every thing he paints at the top price, will go into raptures while telling you of the jollity of his struggling days, when he painted portraits on political banners, made his morning coffee over a tallow candle, and hungrily devoured the bread he had bought by a box of Dr. McCann's Celebrated Liver Pills for 25 cents from your druggist and mail the other day.

The rich man creates envy in the heart of his poorer neighbor when he goes to Rome in the spring. But his wealth only enables him to get there to die of Roman fever. The poorer man stays in this country and lives on Roman punch. Consequently, it is better to live on Roman punch than to die of Roman fever. The rich young lady mounts the prancing palfrey, is thrown and breaks her neck; the poor young lady gets into a breezy dollar hammock, and, with a dainty pair of French slippers, makes the most of her life.

The capitalist lies awake and kicks about all night, wondering how much he won't be worth in the morning; the impoverished hod-carrier sleeps the sleep of the innocent, and wouldn't awake in a hurry to resume his hod at the appointed hour if he were not struck with a hammer.

It is pleasant to see a rich man deriving comfort from a poor man's plaster; and it is pleasant to see a poor man skipping around like a spring-lamp, yearning for a little Philadelphia mint sauce, while the rich man, with numb r four feet, is wearing a pair of number fifteen slippers on account of his gout.

Some people are of the opinion that the goods of this world are not properly divided. This is a fallacious theory. It is the poverty of this world that is not properly divided. For instance, we ourselves have more than we want or are entitled to, that we would like to close out on easy terms. Some people have a great deal more poverty than others; and that's where the trouble comes in. No man can get rich without working, and a very few men can remain rich unless they stop working in time. There are many men swamped by remaining in business. Only the wealthy enjoy this life; it is very pretty as far as euphony is concerned; but it is not true; because, just as soon as a man acquires wealth, he becomes afflicted with new-born hay fever or a tubercle cold.

When you see a man with hay fever or a rose cold, you may wager all you can lay your hand on that he is rich. If a poor man could acquire a horse of these maladies, it would not be necessary for him to dress well, or be at all fastidious. Say what you will, poverty is a great blessing; if it were not, it would not be the common lot of man.—Puck.

RED INDIAN CURSES.

Methods Adopted by Them to Secure Meat Deer and Moose.

Deer-hunting, as is well-known, forms one of the chief employments of the numerous tribes of Indians who roam over the vast territory of North America. It is equally well-known that the flesh and skin of these animals constitute the staple article of Indian food and clothing respectively. Although the wants of the Indians in these two particulars are identical, the means adopted to supply them are not so, but often vary considerably. To secure the valuable prey by shooting, either with gun or bow, is common to all tribes. In hunting the moose, the Esquimaux and the Montagnais depend mainly upon the cunningness of foot and their skill in throwing a sort of elongated harpoon; and when once upon the track of the deer, they rarely fail to encompass its death. The writer knew two young men of the Montagnais tribe who left their wigwam in the morning, traveled a distance of forty miles into the interior, discovered and captured a deer whose carcass weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and returned with their spoil to the wigwam about twenty hours. An effective but cruel device which is much used, particularly by the Indians who live on the confines of the pale-face territory, and also by the white settlers themselves, is to place a large noose, usually of stout rope, in rabbit-scare fashion, between two trees on each side of the deer track at the same distance from the ground at which the animal carries the fork, which, proceeding through the forest, is thrown back upon the shoulders.

The Co-Yukon Indians of Alaska kill the moose in large numbers while swimming across the Yukon river during their periodical migrations, "maneuvering round in their birch-bark canoes till the animal is fatigued, and then stealthily approach and stab it in the heart or loins." Another and more ingenious mode of capturing deer adopted by these Indians is thus described by Mr. Weymper in his "Travels in Alaska": "A kind of corral of inclosure, elliptical in form, and open at one end, is made on a deer-trail, generally near the outlet of a wood. The further end of the inclosed space is barricaded; the sides are built of stakes, with slip-nooses or loops between them. Herds of deer are driven in from the woods, and, trying to break from the trap, generally run their heads into the nooses, tighten them, and so get caught, or are shot while still bewildered and running from side to side. Near the opening, it is common to erect piles of snow with 'port-holes,' through which natives, hidden, shoot at the passing deer."

We will notice lastly the "deer-fences" of the once numerous and powerful but now extinct Beothic nation, the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland. They are thus described by Mr. Harvey in a recent interesting book on Newfoundland: "The deer-fences were made by falling trees along the ridge of the river's bank without chopping the trunks quite asunder, taking care that they fell parallel with the river, each tree having been guided so as to coincide with and fall upon the last. Gaps were filled up by driving in stakes and interweaving the branches and limbs of other trees. They were raised to the height of six, seven or ten feet, at the places required, and were not to be forced or leaped by the largest deer. It is interesting to notice that large portions still remain in some parts of the interior of Newfoundland, principally, however, in those lying to the northeast and northwest, the usual headquarters of the Beoths. The intrepid Cormack, when traveling in Newfoundland, saw those which lie on the bank of the river Exploit, and in the narrative of his expedition he thus refers to them: "What arrests the attention most while gliding down the stream is the extent of the Indian fences to intercept the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic yet feeble efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay. There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and ponds."—Canadian Journal.

Peter Cartwright was dying. For fifty years he had been a presiding elder in the church. Dr. Trotter, a friend, was by his bedside. "Trotter," said the old hero, "I have often wondered what I would say when I was dying, and now I have it. 'Give the cross a fair chance.' This is the right motto for all who are anxious about the race problem in America. Give the gospel, as represented in the Christian schools of the South and of the Nation, a fair chance."

They all admit it. I have been taking Joy's Sarsaparilla for general debility with great benefit. Its effect upon the nervous system is splendid. A case of catarrh, now under my observation, has also nearly succumbed to its corrective influence.

Card from Capt. Ireland. After using four bottles of Joy's Sarsaparilla, I write to say that you may also use my name, as an authentic authority for the state made in this publicity in the interest of other unfortunate who may be similarly afflicted.

A few inexpensive changes in the barn and stable arrangements might save you much time and labor in the course of a year. Get out the plans this winter and do the work next spring.

A sick cat in a Missouri town walked into a drug store, and after snuffing round among the jars and packages, picked out a paper of catnip and gnawed it open. Every day she returned for some of it until cured.

A REPRIEVE FOR THE CONDEMNED. Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia, are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This building hope blossoms into the fruition of joy, if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspepsia who seek the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sinking at the pit of the stomach between the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the result. It appears with their grateful progenitor. Most beneficial of stomachics, it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It relieves a graphic pen to describe the tortures of dyspepsia, but in many a case, it has been the means of saving a life from the jaws of death. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, neuralgic fevers and rheumatism are relieved by it.

Two Mexican soldiers were killed by an American sheriff while attempting to capture a deserter.

All the art and taste of the best artist is now being combined in the magnificent package of Joy's Sarsaparilla and Chronic Skin Disease, a being offered by the well-known firm of Fanning Brothers, of Pittsburg, Mo.

An Iowa minister refused to marry a couple because the man was a liquor dealer.

It's always the way. "Didn't I tell you so?" said the gentleman to whom he had just been refused. "What's always the way?" I inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why just this," replied the first speaker: "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of those coughs you ever hear of, and complained of a loss of appetite, night-sweats of low spirits and other unmistakable preliminary symptoms of consumption. I told him to try a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a man so healthy and hearty? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptive graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

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CONSUMPTION SUICELY CURED. To the Editor:—Please send me your remedy that I have a cough, and get cured. I have been using your remedy for some time, and it has done me a great deal of good. I will send you my express and P. O. address.

THE OREGON NATIONAL BANK, OF PORTLAND.

The latest returns show the population of Cuba to be 1,314,941.

SEE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT because she saw that it had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement, it was supposed. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had he taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

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