

HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION.

New Inventions and Designs for In-door Decorations - Handy Kitchen Contrivances.

Art effects in cretonne are by no means new, but it is doubtful if more artistic results were ever obtained by manufacturers than are observable in this year's output.

To further carry out the idea of completeness and harmony in furnishings, waste baskets and sewing baskets are covered to match the mantle and door drapery and sofa cushions.

The ordinary tin bread or cake box is not the best kind of a receptacle for the family supply of bread and cake because when it is tightly closed all ventilation is shut out and the contents, bread especially, become soggy.

All sorts of cooking utensils are to be had in nickel and the saucers of various sizes, the kettles and frying apparatus, make a brilliant array.

HYDROSCOPES FOR ANGLERS.

The Traits of Fishes Revealed by an Inspection of Them While Under Water.

A useful implement in a fisherman's kit is a hydroscope. There are very few anglers probably who, as they have waited with more or less patience for the fish to bite, have not longed to get a peep into the water just to see if there were any fish about or not.

Bass especially congregate in certain localities where the food supply is good and there are rocks to play around and as a rule remain there all day long.

A simple means of surveying the bottom of the lake has been successfully tried here. A post with the bottom knocked out or a narrow box open at both ends or furnished with a stout pane of glass at the end in the water has been found to answer fairly well.

On another occasion he noticed a couple of fine bass remain rapt in contemplation of his ball for some time and make no sign nor exhibit any feeling when an ugly big catfish proceeded calmly to swallow the whole dose, hook and all.

Speed Blackberries. Make a sirup of two pounds of light brown sugar, one pint best cider vinegar, and one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon.

Concessions of a Priest. Rev. Jas. S. Cox of Wake, Ark., writes: "For 12 years I suffered from Yellow Jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief.

Beautiful Complexions. Are spoiled by using any kind of preparations that fill the pores of the skin. The best way to secure a clear complexion, free from sallowness, pimples, blotches, etc., is to keep the liver in good order.



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WRECK OF THE HYACINTH.

It was a wild night. The lightning flashed, and in response the artillery of heaven boomed and rolled, then crashed, as if the very skies were rent in twain to deliver one mighty blow.

The fleet of small fishermen had scurried to a safe anchorage early in the afternoon. "May God help any ship and crew that gets on a lee shore to-night," loudly remarked Capt. "Josh" Harding, of the lifeboat, to a few of his men, as he stepped to the door and peered out into the opaque darkness.

The government at that time had not erected the neat, cozy life-saving station, with all its modern appliances to rescue a crew from a stranded ship which now adorns the long, barren stretch of sand, but the crew were members of the fishing fleet, and always volunteered their services without promise of reward.

A flash of lightning in the early evening had revealed a large bark trying to weather the wreck-battered, fatal Hinderbush, which caused the bluff rugged mariner to utter the foregoing remarks.

"Where is John Lawrence to-night, lad? He is generally here a night like this," he continued, in an anxious tone. "John's wife ain't very well, cap'n; so I heered as I cum down," answered Roden Davis, one of the crew.

"Well, go up, a couple of you see. I should hate to find the boat without John. He's never missed a trip yet," said Capt. Harding, pacing the small room which served them as a shelter from the storm and was located on the beach, with the boat drawn up outside.

By the bedside of his wife, holding her thin, wasted hand between the large, horny palms of his own, sat John Lawrence, one of the bravest of the volunteers.

"Oh, if I could but see Tom once more I could go easy, John," she hoarsely whispered.

"The lad's gone, Mary, 'n' we don't know where. It's bin nigh onto ten year since I heered he'd shipped in the focus 'er the West Indies, 'n' he hasn't writ a word since."

"I don't know what's the matter with your wife, John. It's either a case of broken heart or some new disease. Medicine don't seem to reach it," the doctor had said, upon leaving, a few hours before.

"You'll forgive him when I'm gone, John, won't you? He didn't mean no bad!" she said, between her sobs.

"It's no use, boys. I can't leave her to-night. She wouldn't be here when I got back," said Lawrence, softly, rubbing his eyes and motioning toward the white ect.

The sick woman partly raised her head and in gasping tones bade her husband to go. "They are some mother's boys, John. Perhaps some one will do for our boy some day. Don't miff us, John. I'll sleep while you are gone, she pleaded.

"I'll go, Mary, 'n' of Tom ever git sum, he's forgiven," said Lawrence, unthinkingly, as he kissed her, and, putting in his storm suit, went out into the night with his heart lying like a stone in his bosom.

"She'll be better, John, maybe, when we gets back," said Abner Barker, trying to cheer him, as they wended their way to the beach.

"I've seen her for the last time, Abner; she's failed fast sense noon," gloomily answered Lawrence, and said no more.

After a mighty struggle with the surf the boat was launched just as the storm began to abate, and the moon gradually crept her light through the heavy clouds and showed them the domed eschel pounding to pieces on the shoals.

One by one the stars peeped forth in their accustomed places and turned Egyptian darkness into day.

As the boat drew near the bark was seen to raise her stern high in the air, and as cries and groans resounded loud above the breakers from the frayed crew or masts went by the board. A sealer, with her back broken, floated

to awful blow, her houses washed away, with everything gone, she silently disappeared into the ocean's depths.

"My God! this is terrible!" said apt. Harding, in a voice of anguish. No cries were heard after the bark went down, and after searching about or some time the order was given to read for the beach.

As the boat swung about in response to the helm, John Lawrence jumped quickly to his feet, and shouting: "There's one!" grabbed a floating body by its hair, and with a mighty effort flung it into the boat just as his foot slipped and he pitched forward, striking his head on the gunwale, and as the blood gushed from the wound just above his temple he knew no more.

One afternoon, nearly a month later, a number of the lifeboat crew were seen hurrying to the little house which John Lawrence had left on that stormy night to save the seamen aboard the stranded bark.

"Yes, it's so. Dr. Hyde sed as how he wuz comin' 'er," said one, as they hurried along.

"It'll be a mirikil of John round 'er arter all this 'ere time," ejaculated another.

Dr. Hyde stood by the bedside of the unconscious sailor, who for nearly a month had lain in a comatose condition.

At times his breathing was barely perceptible and all hopes of his recovery could vanish, then by degrees he would grow stronger and the drooping spirit of those about him would revive.

As the doctor stood by, carefully noting his patient's condition, the door swung open and a number of Lawrence's former messmates filed softly in, hats in hand, and ranged themselves about the room.

"We heerd John was 'siderably better, doctor, 'n' 'lowed we'd like ter know of sech good news wuz true," said Davis.

"Shit!" replied Dr. Hyde, raising his hand.

The eyelids fluttered, partly opened, quivered and closed. The fingers of his right hand, lying on the coverlet, twitched convulsively, closed tightly and relaxed.

A spasmodic tremor shook the form of their comrade and a ray of sunshine seemed to settle on the countenances of the anxious watchers.

Suddenly Lawrence partly raised himself, and with his head resting on his hand, his eyes opened and he looked calmly into their faces—himself again—the John Lawrence of a month ago.

No one ventured a word. Stillness reigned supreme but for the faint tickle of the little clock on the mantel.

"You might as well read the log, doctor," he finally said, in weak tones.

"Wait till you are stronger, John. It's been a long time since you have known anything," replied Dr. Hyde.

"I am strong enuff for that. You can't keep it from me. She died that awful night when I left her alone, didn't she, mates?" he appealed.

No one answered, but great tears rolled down their leather cheeks.

"I can bear 't, doctor. When was she kerried over yonder—you know?" continued the invalid, with trembling lip and moistened eye.

"In a man, John. You will need your old-time iron nerve now, my man," said the doctor, as he stepped from the room, motioning the others to follow, just as Mary Lawrence, alive and well, accompanied by a tall, manly-looking young fellow, entered by another door.

After this sacred meeting between husband and wife, rescued from the very brink of the grave, Mary told her story.

"Yes, John, this is one Tom, now the best man in the boat, whom you saved from the sea the night you were hurt. He was on the British bark Hyacinth, bound for Boston, and but for you we would now have been alone in the world."

"It was her boy she wanted, not medicine," said Dr. Hyde upon being questioned regarding Mary Lawrence's miraculous return to health.—Yam-mouth Register.

Some Naveline in Silver. Spoons showing open work silver bowls are preferred to dishes for serving hot-bones. They have ample capacity and are made with long, heavy handles, elaborately carved.

Bread forks make the latest addition to the table department. They are antique shape, with pierced tines and heavy clasped handles. Wreaths of tiny silver flowers form the handles of embroidery scissors especially designed for gifts.

The external ear in the human race, being of a shell-like shape, is admirably adapted to receive and transmit to the interior the vibrations of the atmosphere.

To dream of Abraham is favorable to the dreamer, signifying that he will

OREGON CAN RAISE GOATS

An Industry in Which This County Might Share More Largely.

A new industry is offering itself to the farmers and manufacturers of the United States. The fact that \$25,000,000 worth of goatskins are now annually imported in the United States, and that her enterprising manufacturers are not obliged to send halfway around the world for a large share of them suggests that the farmers of the country have a great opportunity to put a large share of this sum in their own pockets, and that the entire sum may be divided between our producers and manufacturers.

A statement just presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor, through the Bureau of Statistics, shows that importations of goatskins into the United States are now running at the rate of \$25,000,000 per annum and that a large share of these are brought from India, China, Arabia and Southeastern Russia. The increasing popularity of certain classes of kid leather for footwear, as well as gloves, has increased very greatly the demand for goatskins in the United States within recent years.

In 1885 the value of goatskins imported was about \$4,000,000, by 1890 it had grown to \$8,000,000, by 1898 it was \$15,000,000, in 1900 it was \$22,000,000 and in 1903, 25,000,000 in round numbers.

Of this large sum of money sent out of the country to purchase goatskins, \$7,000,000 went to India, nearly \$2,000,000 to China, \$25,000,000 to France, \$5,000,000 to Russia, \$15,000,000 to Brazil, \$1,000,000 to Argentina, and \$1,000,000 to Arabia. From India, which took less than \$5,000,000 worth of merchandise of all kinds from the United States last year, and has increased our importations of goatskins alone from \$2,050,000 in 1902 to \$7,500,000 in 1903. From Brazil, which has reduced her imports from the United States from \$15,000,000 in 1895 to 10,000,000 in 1903, our purchases of goatskins last year were 11,500,000. France, Russia, the United Kingdom, Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, Arabia, China, Southern Africa, Argentina and Mexico also contributed liberally to the supply of goatskins to make up the \$25,000,000 worth of this produce in the United States annually.

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MT. ST. HELENS FIRED UP

Marvelous Gush of Hot Air From the Old Mountain.

That Mount St. Helens belched forth smoke, fire and molten masses of rock while Portland trembled beneath an earthquake shock," is declared by John Conners, superintendent of the Gold Crown quartz mine.

It was on the afternoon of September 15, that a slight earthquake shock was felt all over the Northwest Pacific Coast. Simultaneously, according to Mr. Conners, who claims to have been an eye witness, Mount St. Helens resumed active eruption after years of inactivity.

"It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon," Mr. Conners said, "when an explosion like a cannonade alarmed us at the mine, on the slope of Mount St. Helens. With others I ran out of our tunnel to see boulders coming down the mountain side back of our cabin. We each broke for the protection of a big fir tree to avoid being struck and remained in our places of refuge until the earth became still again.

"There was a sulphurous smell in the air during the afternoon and evening.

"Our cabin is about six miles from the old crater of Mount St. Helens, but we could not see the summit on account of the heavy timber. The next morning, however, we caught sight of the old peak which was covered with a vapor, while the snow was melted in streaks by the hot lava and rocks belched forth the day before.

"Mount St. Helens is by no means a dead volcano, as numbers of men employed at our mine and at the Swedish mine, not far away, can testify from the experience of the 15th of September.

"The whole country around us is covered with a recent deposit of volcanic ashes. When one walks along the mountain side, the earth quivers as a gigantic liver would when being trod upon. This shows that the mountain has been in eruption in recent years and that it is likely to break out again at any moment."

On September 15, an earthquake startled many of the people of Portland, especially those seated in the offices of the taller buildings. Mr. Conners says this shock originated in the crater of St. Helens, 63 miles northward of this city. The isolation of the mountain at this time of the year when there are no camping parties, he says, accounts for the delay in the news reaching Portland.

The nearest postoffice, St. Helens, Wash., is 30 miles from the mountain and the intervening space is covered with forest, being without roads.

"It goes Right to the Spot." When pain or irritation exists on any part of the body the application of Ballard's Snow Liniment will give prompt relief. "It goes right to the spot," said an old man who was rubbing it in to cure his rheumatism. C. R. Smith, Propr., Smith House, Tenaha, Texas, writes: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family for several years and have found it to be a fine remedy for all aches and pains and I recommend it for pains in the throat and chest." 35c 50c and \$1.00 at Slover Drug Co.

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