

WHEN MANCHU FIRST CHECKED MUSCOVITE.



ALBAZIN, THE RUSSIAN OUTPOST, SUMMONED BY THE MANCHU GENERAL TO SURRENDER, 1685.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Russia had pushed her outposts as far as the northern tributaries of the Amur River, and had planted the flourishing town of Albazin, which commanded nearly three thousand acres of cultivated land. In 1684 the Czar presented the town with a coat-of-arms—a spread eagle, holding a bow and arrow in its claws—symbolical of mastery over the Chinese. Next year Albazin was assailed by a strong Manchu force, numbering nearly twenty thousand, armed with bows and sabres, fifteen cannon, and many matchlocks. The Chinese general sent in a demand for surrender, written in Manchu, Polish and Russian, and as this was disregarded, a bombardment speedily reduced the town. The governor was forced to come to terms, and surrendered, but received permission to march out with baggage and arms, the Chinese merely following to see that Russia made good her promise of retreat.

THADDEY'S SONG.

Once on a day they slipped away—
(I had so much to carry)—
Visions of shades within the glades
Where dwell the elf and fairy.

My ways ran down into the town
Where all men strive for money;
And I forgot the briery spot
Where wild bee sucks the honey.

Then on a day in leafy May
Came to my house a laddy;
And as he grew I found he knew
What had escaped his daddy.

He takes me by the solemn, shy,
Sweet silent woodland places;
We hear the beat of elfin feet—
We almost see their faces!

Ho! but it's fine so to resign
The dull town's toil and worry;
And through his eyes grow young and wise
Where no one's in a hurry.

—Frank Putnam in the National Magazine.

CHLOE AND THE STILE.

AS we came down the field of waving corn on Lavender Hill Chloe was talking quite heroically of life. Her hair had been blown a little into admired disorder by the bluff wind on the heath, her cheeks were flushed with health and beauty, and she was mistress and queen of herself and her domain. For me, my eyes went from her bright and significant face across the gray-green oats in which we walked breast high, and back again in serene contentment. What did it matter that she was prepared to give battle to the monster—Man? Let him perish.

The hills were ablaze with light, the fields with charlock; we moved in the sun's eye, but Chloe looked as cool as a primrose in her muslin, despite the heat of her opinions.

"I can't really understand a sensible man like you taking up a position like that," said she.

I had taken no position, except the one by her side, but I defended myself weakly.

"Well, you see, we inherit these prepossessions and prejudices from our savage ancestors, I suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe eagerly. "You admit it, then? Savage! Of course, they were savages. You've given away your case."

I never really had any case, but I didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I said ruefully.

"You know it," said Miss Bohun firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend that women are one whit inferior to man, except, of course," she added quickly, "in regard to physical strength."

"And even then there were the Amazons," I suggested.

She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there were the Amazons," she said, "which shows—"

"And the women do all the hard work among the aborigines," I went on.

She gave me another glance. "And that again shows—" she began with less confidence.

"Do you know," I said, stopping in midfield to observe her critically, "I believe that if you only practiced a lit-

tle you would be more than a match for a man."

She looked away across the corn. "Do—do you think so?" she said, hesitatingly; and added, after a pause, "I—I don't think I'm so—I'm not what you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, examining her appraisingly; "but sinewy, say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite snappishly, as she walked on. I followed. The deep, spreading shadows of the bushes at the end of the field enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully.

"Dear me, that's the fourth!" said Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd make gates between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I. "Very possibly," said Miss Bohun, indifferently. "It's certainly not as convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one thing, at any rate, in which men are superior. They can negotiate a stile."

"Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I should have thought the feat was not impossible for a woman." I pursed up my lips. "Any woman can get over stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my skepticism.

"Oh, I've no doubt," said I, politely. "It's nonsense your saying that when I can see you don't believe it," said Miss Bohun. "You're simply pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She marched coldly and confidently toward the stile. It took off a high ground, which, I suppose, accounted for the absence of a step. But there were two cross-bars to assist the climber. I thought Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said.

"Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't want any assistance. It's quite easy." She put the hand which was not encumbered by the sunshade on the top bar and placed one neat foot on the lowest. Then she hesitated.

"Perhaps I'd better take the sunshade," I suggested.

She did not answer at once; then, "If you wish it," she replied, nonchalantly, "though it's of no consequence."

I took the sunshade and waited. Chloe's two feet were now on the lowest bar. She peered over. The stile let down beyond in a big drop into a kind of hollow or ditch.

"Oh!" said she. "I didn't—I was still waiting."

"I wish you'd go on and not stare in that atrocious way," said she, with asperity.

I begged pardon, vaulted the stile with one hand and strolled on. Presently I looked back. Miss Bohun was seated astride the top bar, clinging with both hands to it. Her face was deeply flushed.

"Do go on!" she called out, vehemently. I went on leisurely. But, somehow, I could not make up my mind to walk briskly. She did not join me, so I flung myself on the grass and pulled out a cigarette. Then I heard my name called in a distressful voice. I stood up and looked around. Miss Bohun was astride the top bar and she was pinker than ever.

"Please come—don't be so unkind!" she cried with tears in her voice. I hurried back like the wind.

"Oh, just give me your hand!" panted Chloe, nervously lifting one from the bar. "I can't—it's such a long drop. I can't get my—"

"Wait a bit," said I, considering. "You're half way over now. You've

only got to lift that foot off the bar and—"

"I shall go over. I know I shall go over," she said, pathetically.

"No, you won't," said I. "It only requires confidence. Imagine you're on a horse and—"

"But I don't ride a horse this way," said Chloe, miserably.

"No," said I, "but men do; and women are just as good as—"

"It's cruel of you—it's beastly, when I'm in such peril!" sobbed Bohun. She clutched wildly for me with the trembling hand she had disengaged. I seized it and her.

"Now just lift that foot," I enjoined. Chloe's weight lay limp on my shoulder.

"I can't get it free. It's stuck," she said pitifully. I moved closer, still with my burden on my shoulder, and loosed the dainty foot. "Now," I said. She lifted it gingerly. "Don't mind your ankles," I said.

"Oh, but I am—" Her foot went back. "Shut your eyes, please," she entreated. I shut my eyes. The next instant the weight on me was doubled and two arms went stragglingly about my neck. As I have explained, the foothold descended into a hollow. I went down precipitately, on my head. I saw several cornfields and two or three stiles; also more than one Chloe. But I seemed content to be there. Miss Bohun extricated herself quickly.

"Oh, are you hurt? Oh, how dreadful of me!" she said. "Oh, please do speak!"

"I liked it," I said, "and I'm only hurt in one place."

"I—you frightened me," she said, with a serious little laugh. "I'm sorry; is it your head?"

I shook it and sat up. "No, luckily I was born thick-headed."

"Your—your knee?" she inquired again, hesitatingly.

"Certainly not my knee," I replied. "Then—" Chloe turned away. She might have asked further questions, but she didn't. She was busy smoothing her skirt. "I can't think why they make such horrible things," she said.

"Oh, but any woman can get over a stile," I told her. She made no reply, but turned right away. "Please," I called, "won't you help me up?"

Miss Bohun turned back reluctantly. I made a face of pain.

"It's your ankle?" she said, with sudden anxiety. I winced and took her hand, and then I was on my feet, with that hand in mine.

"No, it's here," I said in a lower voice, laying that hand on my heart. "It was here long ago." I drew her to me.

"Do you always do that to people you help over stiles?" asked Chloe, between a smile and a sob.—Sketch.

Breaking the News.

"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory with Mr. Willing last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?"

"Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter, by way of reply.

"Of course I do!"

"Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions."

Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.

Farmers say they cannot sell fancy live stock at home; the neighbors prefer to send to another State, and pay more money.

TEXAS LEADS IN RAILROADS.

Has Most Mileage of Any State—By 1930 Should Lead in Population.

It is southwestward that the star of empire takes its way, for Texas has this year passed Missouri in population, and there are now only four States that contain more people—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. In area Texas is nearly a third larger than all four of them. At the present rate of increase of population Texas will pass Ohio before 1920, Illinois before 1930, Pennsylvania by 1940, and New York by 1950, and become the most populous State in the Union. If it were as densely settled as New York now is, it would contain 41,000,000 souls; and, when it becomes as densely populated as England or Germany now it, it will contain 95,000,000. By the act of Congress admitting it into the Union, the State may be divided into as many as five States whenever the people desire division; but division has never been seriously proposed.

Since 1800 Illinois has had more miles of railroad than any other State till this fall; but on Sept. 1 Texas exceeded it, having now 11,517 miles of main track. The exports from Galveston are now greater than the exports from Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston. Only New York and New Orleans make larger out-bound shipments, and Galveston will exceed New Orleans in a very short time, and become the second exporting city in America. Texas produces about one-third of our whole cotton crop. More wheat is now shipped thence than from both New York and New Orleans. Galveston is nearer the transmississippi wheat fields than any Atlantic port; and the Panama canal will bring it very much nearer than it now is to the Pacific ports both of North and South America.

The growth of the Southwest is indicated by the steady moving of the center of population during the last census decade fourteen miles westward and three miles southward; and moving from Western Mississippi across the river. The development of our Southwest is a fair parallel, in some respects, to the magic growth of what we once called the West; but it goes on less noisily, because transportation is cheaper and more rapid.—World's Work.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Advertising is becoming more and more a necessity, says the Grand Rapids Post, and retail merchants are fast realizing the fact that money invested in good newspaper advertising pays a most handsome rate of interest, figuring upon the increased business received.

It is not the merchant that has educated the public to reading these advertisements, but the public has convinced the dealer that the merchant whose advertisement appears upon certain days each week is eagerly watched for by the housewife to take advantage of special bargains, etc., offered as an inducement to bring the prospective purchaser to his particular store.

Of so great an importance has advertising become that the manager of one of Chicago's largest stores, in a reported interview published in one of the leading advertising journals recently, said in part:

"Of such importance has advertising become that should the volume of our business or other causes make it necessary to economize it certainly would not be on our advertising bills—if anything, our expense in this direction would be increased."

This statement, coming from this source, is necessarily of importance, for firms who spend thousands of dollars annually in this direction have studied the advertising problem and traced results until satisfied that newspaper advertising is an absolute necessity to successfully conduct a business of to-day.

He Had Seen Life.

Much depends on one's point of view. A man can become as blasé in the backwoods as he can amid the excitements of the great metropolis. Here is an illustration from the Sunday Magazine:

A city cousin who was entertaining a rural relative asked him if he had ever been to the opera.

"Ever been?" exclaimed Jabez. "Why, I've took in every op'ry that's ever exhibited in our op'ry house for the last ten years, from 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and the 'Swiss Bell-Ringers,' clear to the hypnotizers and the learned pigs."

There is a good deal in print about the contagious laugh, but how often do you hear it? The writer of this knows but two people of all his acquaintance who have a laugh that is contagious.

An Opinion of Lawyers.

"Now, Jimmie, when you're on the witness stand be sure and tell the truth," said the father to his son, before the trial.

"But, father—" began the boy, who saw conviction staring them in the face if the truth was told.

"But nothing, my boy," broke in the parent: "you tell the truth, I say! The lawyer will do lying enough for all of us!"—Youkers Statesman.

Two Points of View.

"An empty barrel gives the loudest sound," said the philosopher.

"That's where you go lame," rejoined the politician. "During the political campaign a well-filled barrel talks the loudest. See?"

Cataract Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials free. J. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The checks which King Edward of England uses for his private business are drawn on his personal account at Coutts'. The signature is "Edward R.," followed by a small royal crown.

Behind the Bars.

"The stock raiser," remarked the moralizer, "often finds it difficult to make both ends meet."

"I guess that's right," remarked the demoralizer; "but the check raiser is nearly always sure of his board and lodging."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Somewhat Different.

Tom—Did you ever notice with what style and grandeur Miss Flatleigh sweeps into a room?

Jack—Yes; but when it comes to sweeping out a room she isn't in it with her poor old mother.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. All druggists. Price 25 cents.

His Point of View.

Wife—According to the papers dress goods will come much higher this season than last.

Husband—Well, I am glad of it. I never did approve of these decolete costumes.

OREGON PORTLAND ST. HELEN'S HALL

A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS corps of teachers, location, building equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

Term Opens September 15, 1904

FIRE PROTECTION I

—OLDEST HOUSE IN NORTHWEST— Large and complete stock of Fire Apparatus, Hose and Department Supplies. Our goods are in use in nearly every Fire Department.

HEAVY COPPER BRAZED JOINTS, RELIABLE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

"Rabcock's" \$20, "Patrol" \$15, each. These are the Standard Extinguishers. Common Extinguishers, with riveted joints, \$12 each. A. G. LONG, Portland, Or.

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