

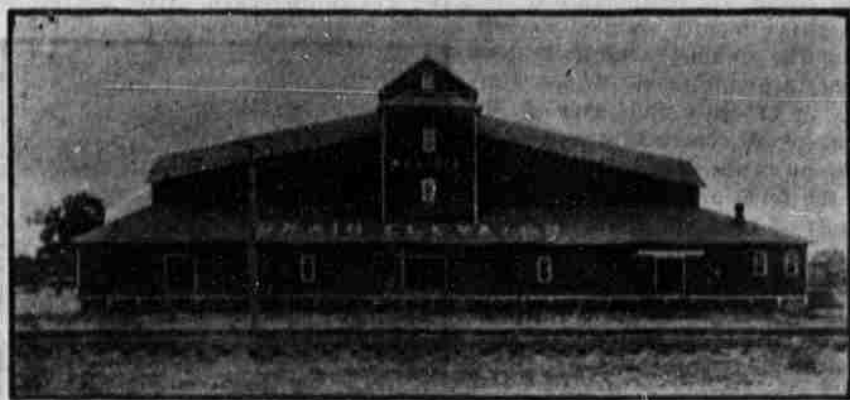
not drunk the milk of human love and passion. Every morning he wrapped a woollen blanket around his emaciated and decrepit body, was carried from his bed to his chair, and when his brain thawed out, he penned those didactic poems which for two centuries have been the wonder of the world. Had Pope ever been in love he would have changed his celebrated aphorism and said "A beautiful woman is the noblest work of God."

If upon this vernal spot Imperial Jove had builded his Garden of the

If one feels so inclined, a second stop may be made at Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs or Denver, or any intermediate point. A stop at Colorado Springs permits of a trolley car ride to Manitou and a ride up the mountain side of Pike's Peak on the famous cog wheel road, landing one in the Garden of the Gods.

From Denver you have the choice of going either via Omaha or Kansas City.

Every one going East, and especially those going to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, should



W. H. BABER'S WAREHOUSE AND ELEVATOR.

Gods and held his kingly court, the terrestrial delights would have chained his ministers forever to this enchanted land; nor Helen's charms nor Illium's blazing battlements and falling temples could have lured them thence. Priam's Pride, Thetis' son might have countered 'neath the walls of Troy, but the celestial hosts would not have cheered them on to deathless deeds. Naiad and Nereid may haunt the forest isle or ride the crested wave, in the mystic land of the lotus eater, but the scene spread out before us here needs not the aid of heavenly visitants to charm the weary wayfarer. One glance at beauty's array, and man at once forgets that he ever wished to roam. He is lost in love and buried in contemplation's storehouse of pleasure. In parting from a scene so fair we can but wonder: If it be true that decapitation crowns mortality; that Death is but Defecation; that Love and Beauty are but heavenly essences loaned mortals by the Gods to bid earth-worms look upward, and are not in themselves immortal. But like all things terrestrial, they must drink at Death's somber fountain, and for their eternal spirits, that are beyond the touch of destruction's relentless hand, the great All-Father has prepared an ethereal habitation, lit by the smiling face of the Son of God, for the nightless day that never, no never in all the coming tide of time shall know an evening shadow or a twilight's gloom. Would poet, priest or prophet paint the splendors of that elysian spirit land, and give mortal eyes to see the spotless robes of Immortality, let him come and but faintly copy thy matchless charms, O fair Willamette Valley!

Once beheld, thy memories "Come as a song comes out of the past,

A loved mother murmured in days that are dead, Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the last,

When the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o'er the head."

"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON"

Varied Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

Farmers, stock raisers, miners and lumbermen all have their eyes on the far west, as the field for future homes and investments. The great Columbia river empire, Snake river valley and Willamette valley offer inducements not to be found in other parts of the United States. Cheap lands, sure crops and climate unexcelled. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company have just issued a booklet containing an excellent map of these sections and giving an accurate account of the different pursuits best adapted to the country. Send 6 cents in stamps for the pamphlet to A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent O. R. & N. Co., Portland Oregon.

A DELIGHTFUL TRIP EAST.

There is only one delightful way to cross the continent, and that is via "The Great Salt Lake Route." The service is the best and the rates the cheapest. The Rio Grande Western Railway is the only transcontinental line passing directly through the picturesque and quaint Mormon capital. A day's stop-over there, which the Rio Grande Western permits upon all classes of tickets, breaks the monotony of what is, under any circumstances and no matter which route you may go, a long ride.

Having three trains daily out of Salt Lake City the passenger may make his stay in the Mormon capital seven, 12 or 24 hours.

From Salt Lake City the road traverses the beautiful valley of the Jordan, and the next morning the passenger awakes in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, the scenery of which is surpassed nowhere. The entire day is one ever changing panorama of the beauties of nature.

either go or return via The Rio Grande Western, which, with its Colorado connections, form the Scenic Line of the World.

For particulars as to rates and reservations, address J. D. Mansfield, General Agent, 122 A, Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

Penitent.

Mrs. Good—It is drink that has brought you so low.

The Tramp—Yes'm. It has brought me so low that I can't get a drink.—Puck.

WHY YOU SHOULD SETTLE IN LANE COUNTY.

Because it is the best country known to the man of moderate means.

Because you will find a country of rich soil awaiting the settler.

Because there are uplands, prairie lands and alluvial river bottoms.

Because you can be certain of profitable returns from whatever you put in the soil.

Because the winter does not consume what the summer produces.

Because there are more and better opportunities for diversified farming than elsewhere.

Because the seasons are regular, and no fear of crop failure.

Because the country is never scourged by cyclones, devastating storms or blizzards.

Because everything grown elsewhere can be produced here more abundantly.

Because there are more chances for the profitable investment of capital than elsewhere.

Because for healthfulness this section is unequaled on the face of the globe.

Because you have no long winter months to encounter, with no excessive dry heat in summer.

A ROUND-ROBIN REMEDY.

Cozent Reasoning of a Patient with a Disordered Stomach.

When a doctor of thirty years' practice encounters a new experience it must be worth relating. This is from a physician on Lafayette avenue, who has fought disease for the period named.

"I saw him get gingerly out of wagon in front of the office. He left the team with his daughter, ignored the bell, and pounded lustily on the door. I answered in person, because I thought he and my office girl might get into an argument, for he looked just like a man who would insist upon seeing the 'doc' at once.

"Doc," he began, without other preliminary, 'I've been takin' truck fur six months, and blamed if I hain't worse'n I was at the beginnin'."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Stomach's all out o' whack. Regular riot down there all the time, and me a-doin' in the remedy after each meal and at early bedtime."

"What are you taking?"

"Here it is, doc, and I got a lot left yet. My first wife uster buy it in the bulk 'cause it came cheaper."

"But this is for the lungs."

"S'pose I don't know that? Course it's fur the lungs. That's what was the matter with her. I don't care if it was fur the liver, it's got ter go to the stomach first, hain't it, and the stomach and the lungs hain't so durned far apart but what helps one helps the other—and what gits to one gits to the other."—Detroit Free Press.

Sure Cure for Headache.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck. A towel, folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out quickly and applied over the stomach acts like magic in cases of colic.

Isanno ated.

Maudie—Why did you go into the conservatory with Mr. Lovering?

Clara—Oh, merely to satisfy my curiosity.

Maudie—And was it satisfied?

Clara—No; he didn't even attempt to kiss me.

Sis—What are you going to give little sister for a birthday present? Johnny—Well, I'm thinking of getting dad to give me the money to buy her a nice new football, so's I can teach her how to play for nothing.

Observant.

Little Harold Oxford—I wish I had \$50,000, like my Uncle Hezekiah!

His Sister—Why so?

Little Harold Oxford—'Cause then I could say, "There ain't no" and "busted" without having ma and pa correctin' me all the time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

When a girl marries, there is always a howl from her sisters that she is takin' away their "things."

What the miser has is of no more use to him than what he has not.



HARRISBURG LUMBER CO'S MILL.

What Grieved the Bride.

The bride of a brief month crouched in a corner of a divan—crouched among her gorgeous pillows, while the bitter tears streamed down and stained the delicate fabrics. This was the end of her young ambition, her brave efforts to make life one grand sweet song. As she uttered one last sigh of despair her mother entered the room and flew to the divan, casting her arms about her prostrate child.

"My darling girl, what is it?" she cried. "Confide in your mother. What is it that thus wrings your heart?"

"N-nothing, ma; n-nothing. B-but it is all over."

"What is all over?" questioned the mother in affright. "Has your husband abused you?"

"No, ma," said the bride, raising herself upon her elbow and speaking with tragic emphasis. "You remember what my ambition has been for months? W-well"—sobbing—"I cut both bloomers for one leg, and it was remnant and I can't match it anywhere."

"My child," said her mother solemnly, "your trouble is indeed too great to bear."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Family Library.

The library is now within the reach of all classes. Competition between the publishers and the multiplicity of authors has forever banished the day when a small volume was a luxury, and the book-stalls have placed treasures of literature where the poor may reach them. The poor in purse may become the rich in spirit. Books are so cheap that they often materialize in the hands of those who love them; and sometimes the possessor hardly knows how or whence they came. So the library has not only become a feature of the home, but a necessity. The collection of books is bound to be made. It comes without effort. There is always room for one more book, and the first thing you know there is a careful, and by and by the case runs over and another materialized from somewhere. Maybe the family carpenter nails it together, and some one else gives it a coat of paint; later on the books crowd that case; finally there is a roomful, and lo! you have a library. You make room for the books you love.—Woman's Home Companion.

When a man complains because his meals are not ready on time, his wife blames the woman caller who stayed so long, and whom she followed clear to the front gate begging her not to go so soon.

Every time a new worm appears to pester mankind, it is more luck for the birds, which are already the luckiest things in creation.

Andrew Carnegie.

James D. Reid, the veteran telegrapher, who had the distinction of giving Andrew Carnegie his first job as messenger boy, is still living. In Success Mr. Reid recalls the incident which occurred fifty years ago in the Atlantic and Ohio telegraph office in Pittsburg, as follows:

"He was so determined that I became interested in him at once. He seemed to have determination written on his face. His eagerness to work and learn were very noticeable. Before he had been with me a month he asked to be taught telegraphy. When I consented he spent all his spare time in practice, transmitting and receiving by sound, and not by tape. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound."

This, in Mr. Carnegie's mind, was his best move. After long and successful years, Mr. Carnegie wrote of this change:

"My entrance into the telegraph office was a transition from darkness to light, from firing a small engine in a dirty cellar to a clean office where there were books and papers. That was paradise to me, and I bless the stars that sent me to be a messenger boy in a telegraph office."

Hard to Write Turkish.

Arabic words, phrases and expressions, as in the case of the Persians, were freely employed by the Turkish writers. So the original Tartaric, or Turkish, dialect of the Ottomans, blended with the refined, melodious tongue of the Arabs and the sweet and harmonious language of the former followers of Zoroaster, formed what is to-day the literary language of the Turks. Hence the variety in the expressions and the richness of the words of the Turkish literature. While in the European languages Latin and Greek words are used merely as a foundation stone upon which the respective national words are built, the Turks, on the contrary, employ almost to an unlimited extent Persian and Arabic phrases in their original shape. Hence, again, the difficulty of mastering the literary Turkish, which necessitates also the study of the other two oriental tongues.

This variety of languages, coupled with the difficulty of the union of sentences into one so-called "chain," which is unknown to any European language, renders Turkish one of the most difficult of the living tongues of the world. To be able to write well in Turkish, or, to use their own expression, to be a good "katiib" (writer)—not in the sense of an author—is held in that country as one of the highest accomplishments that a person can possess.

A NOTED CHURCHMAN.

Rt. Rev. William B. Bond, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Canada.

Bishop Bond of Montreal was selected by the house of bishops of the Church of England in Canada to succeed Archbishop Lewis as metropolitan. He will hereafter be known as lord archbishop of Montreal and metropolitan of Canada, having jurisdiction over the territory from the western limits of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean. Archbishop Lewis, who has



RT. REV. W. B. BOND.

been seriously ill at New York, but is recovering, will be permitted the courtesy title of archbishop metropolitan while he lives, but it will not be officially employed. The new metropolitan of Canada has been bishop of Montreal since 1878. He was born at Truro, England, in 1815, and emigrated from England to Newfoundland when he was 19. In 1840 he was ordained a deacon of the Anglican church and a priest one year later. His early ministry was spent in organizing mission stations in the province of Quebec. His first important charge was that of St. George's at Montreal. He is president and one of the most scholarly divines in Canada.

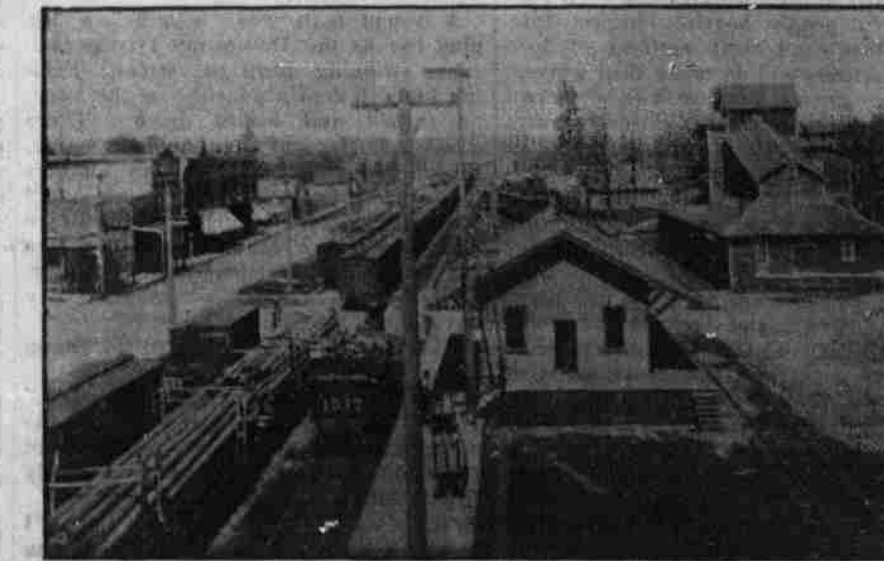
The Smack in School.

A district school, not far away, 'Mid Berkshire hills one winter's day, Was humming with its wonted noise Of three score mingled girls and boys; Some few upon their tasks intent, But more on furtive mischief bent. The while the master's downward look Was fastened on a copy-book; When suddenly, behind his back, Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack! As 'twere a battery of bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss! "What's that?" the startled master cries; "That, sir," a little imp replies, "Wath William Willich, if you please—I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!" With frown to make a statue thrill, The master thundered, "Hither, Will!" Like wretch o'ertaken in his track, With stolen chattels on his back, Will hung his head in fear and shame, And to the awful presence came, A great, green, bashful simpleton, The butt of all good-natured fun, With smile suppressed, and birch up-raised.

The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed That you, my biggest pupil, should Be guilty of an act so rude! Before the whole set school to boot What evil genius put you to 't?" "T'was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad, "I did not mean to be so bad; But when Susannah shook her curls, And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls, And duran't kiss a baby doll, I couldn't stand it, sir, at all, But up and kissed her on the spot! I know—boo-boo—I ought to not, But, somehow, from her looks—boo-boo—I thought she kind o' wished me to!"—J. W. Palmer.

Art Treasures from the Deep.

Off Cerigo, the island at the southern end of Greece, divers are bringing up art treasures that were sunk 200 years before Christ. Lucians tells of a ship laden with art spoils that went down on the voyage from Athens to Rome, and it is believed that the wreck has been found now. Besides many bronze statuettes a life-size bronze statue resembling the Hermes of Praxiteles has been brought up. Some of the objects are excellently preserved, but others are corroded.



VIEW OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT AND RAILROAD TRACKS.

Education of Mme. Chrysanthemum.

The Japanese are truly making rapid strides in their march toward western culture. The latest innovation is the formation of commercial schools for the training of female clerks, and one of the largest railway companies in Nippon has intimated that after a certain date women only will be employed in the clerical department.—Hong-kong Press.

Italian Railroad Trains.

Although there are many cold winter days in Northern Italy, third-class railway cars are never heated, and second-class cars only on express trains.

If a woman can make a good pie crust, it makes little difference what she puts between the covers.

When the chronic bore doesn't feel well it is apt to be a lingering illness.