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Balancing the Account.

porting source of entertaiment, and he had some hope of saving a little mon-

which Mr. Vernon thought necessary

cost much more, so that it was only

behind in his accounts. He sat and

pondered over his column of figures

ently his daughter Eva saw him com-

rooster - headless. She ran out to

strong-breathed skunks who have made

things interesting for folks who ventured

out at night. A whole prayer-meeting

was demoralized by them recently

when the worshipers were returning home. That was the only nice thing about it. Had the attack been made

been delivered in the same spirit of

experience. A fellow and his girl going to a ball met a skunk and didn't

his raising of chickens.

meet him.

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This company reserves the right to change a g dates without notice. Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Calley points can make close connection with the rains of the Yaquina route at Albany or Corvalis, and if destined to San Francisco should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before the date of sailing.

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NORTH BOUND. Leave Corvallis Monday, Wednesday, Friday, a.m. Leave Albany 9,30 a.m. ling rates, i Arrive Salem, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, s m. Leave Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Satur-

ay, 5 a m. Arrive Portland, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, UTH BOUND Leave Portland Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Mr. Vernon, like many other suburve Salem, Tuesday, Thursday, Satur-Leave Albany, 1:30 p. m. orvallis Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday,



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## STOP AND READ!

Smooth Shave and Nice on the way to prayer-meeting it is doubtful if the exhortations would have Hair-Cut.

Shampooing and Spanish LusShampooing and Spanish LusThe up-river towns have had similar ter Cures the Scalp of

Dandruff.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Ing to a ball met a skulk and didn't go. The fellow swore and the girl cried, and then they went home and put their clothes in pickle. The skunk can be spared. He is unnice.—Bangor

Gentlemen and Ladies may Indulge in the Next Door to Peterson & Wallace's Real Estate

I. R. BORUM, Prop'r. LEABANON - - - - OREGON. its validity.

The times ain't as they used to be and everything is changed;
Our good, old fashions of the past are wondrously deranged.
And white I hope the world is getting better all along.
It seems to me that much of this new folderol is wrong.
But maybe it is possible I'm fogyish of late
And things to which I fondly cling are sadly
out of date.
But I insist religion, with its cold, newfangled ways.
Can never reach men's hearts as did those old
camp meeting days.

Those Old Camp Meeting Days.

We used to gather in the woods from all the country bout To plant our gospel battery and Satan put to We'd wash our robes of glory in the Jordan clean and nice, And get our home-spun garments full of burrs and beggars' ites. clean and nice.

And get our home-spun garments full of burrs and beggars' lice,
We tried to get enough of grace before we left for home
To last a year until the next camp meeting date would come.

And though at times we stumbled into Satan's thorny ways
We got a new start every year at those camp meeting days.

No more in thunder tones the parson huris his threat at vice; In homeopathic doses served on little chips of In homeopathic doses served on intro-loc He doles out grace and glory with exactness so Profession

You'd think he feared there wasn't quite enough to go around.

And so I sadly listen as my mind goes back to when
We all joined in the services, each shouting
his "Amen!"
What wonder that I sometimes sigh as mem'ry
fondly strays
For just a touch of fire from those old camp
meeting days.

### THE MISSING BRIDE.

Up on the hill, in a quaint, beautiful, lonely little house, lived young Madame Vinton, quite alone save for her servants. The village lay below her, like a toy town out of a chip box from Holland—little white houses all alike, a little white church with a pointed steeple, and rows of poplar trees, stiff and black along the streets.

The stone house, with its painted glass windows and Gothic doorway. ooked quite like a miniature castle from below. But it had not taken the fancy of the residents of Poplartown. It seemed to them queer and lonely, and since its builder and owner died, the executors had found no one to buy or lease it, until young Madame Vin-ton, in her velvet dress drove up to the gate one morning, and interviewed the

It was hers very soon after that, and she lived, as we have said, alone with her servants.
For guardians, she had two great

Siberian blood-hounds, tierce as dogs could be to all but her. It was well own that, at a word from her, they would tear any man to pieces; and they lay across the outer door at night. She needed no other protection, Young beautiful, and a widow, charm-

ing in her manners, no wonder that the gentlemen admired her. But the ladies fought shy of her. They made no calls. They looked solemnly away as they passed her in the street. When she came to church, and sat in the pew she had hired, no one took any heed of 4:00 r. M. Lv. Portland ... Ar 9:37 a her presence. The ciergy man cance, 9:28 r. M. Lv. Albany .... Ar 6:14 A. M. as in duty bound, and took his wife 7:45 a. M. Ar. ... San Francisco Lv. 9:00 r. M. with him. Unhappily, they found the pretty Frenchwoman smoking a cigar-ette. That sealed her doom. She was sent to Coventry by all the respect-

ers. She never received them alone.
"A cruel thing of you women," said
Squire Gilbert to his mother—"a cruel
thing to be so hard on Madame Vin-What does she do but dare to be TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, beautiful? I suppose God made her so, as he made the five Misses Chesney. who hate her so bitterly, ugly as vitches. What do you know against

Bet. Portland and Corvallis. Gilbert—"nothing but that no ladies go "Why don't they, then?" said the

There must be some reason," said the old lady; "Mrs. Praygood saw a nigar on the table near her. Ladies "English ladies do not," replied the

"But perhaps she does not squire. Through Tickets to all Points know that. Why don't you call and tell her?" "My dear, I never call anywhere,"

replied the old lady. "The young people come to see me. I don't say anything against Madame Vinton. I hope the's all right; indeed I do." But she resisted the entreaties of her son to drive with him, to call on Madame Vinton, nevertheless; and so

one day the squire went alone.

He was a handsome, active, elegant ban residents, amuses himself by keeping fowls. It was his intention when man, but he was no longer a young one. At twenty he had been in love, but his weetheart died. He had ever he first began it to make it a self-supsince remained true to her memory. ey in the supply of poultry and eggs for his own table. At forty-eight he lived with his mother still, her only son. He had, perhaps But "chicken food" costs money, and for this reason, something of the frank all the coops and fences and roosts and careless manners of a boy. He had not hardened, as most men do be-

fore his age. by great industry that he kept from loosing instead of making money in The squire called on Madame Vinton from a spirit of chivalry—so he thought, at least; but he left the door One day he found that his account with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, for the week did not balance. He was and he called again because he could not keep away. Soon, to his mother's consternation, rumors reached her that he went to Madame Vinton's house for a little while, then put on his hat and went down to the hen-yard. Presevery day; and at last she, as well as all Poplartown, knew the truth. Her ing back to the house bringing a big son was engaged to be married to the French lady, with whom he was desper-

ately in love.

The five Misses Chesney shricked in "Why, papa!" she exclaimed, 'what did you kill old Brahma for?" chorus when they heard it. All the other marriageable single ladies were "For dinner, my dear," answered her father. "He's worth \$3, and I'm equally shocked; but old Mrs. Gilbert \$3 behind in my chicken accounts this

bore herself bravely.

"My son," she said. "I give you eredit for being a man of sense. I know you wouldn't marry a person who would disgrace our good name He took the fowl into the kitchen then went on into the library, and took up his account book, credited himself with the price of the big roost-Til go with you to see her once, and I'll welcome her kindly. Nothing must come between us, my dear—nothing."

And Mrs. Gilbert saw no cigarettes er, and announced with pride that he had balanced his account! - Youth's An Interesting Time in Maine.

near Madame Vinton's elbow, when she called, and could find no fault with The skunk is mighty. He always is her manner. She returned home greaty comforted, and set herself to put for that matter, but just now he rules own the talk in Poplartown, to the three or four villages in the vicinity of great disgust of her neighbours, who had hoped to be entertained with the Bangor with an irresistible and odorif-erous rule. Hampden has been over-ridden of late with a herd of active and

items of a family quarrel. It was September when the first reached Mrs. Gilbert's ears. Before Christmas day her son would be married. She tried to feel happy over it. but in reality her heart was very heavy. An undefinable presentiment of impending trouble filled her with sadness. It could not be the coming of this handsome wife, with her sweet, courteous, loving manner, she thought. She was old. A daughter would be an addition to her home. Yet she tossed wearily on her pillow at night—she who had always slept so well; and Somehow she felt all was not well, and never could be again in this world for

In spite of this, she took her pearls from the worn case of blue velvet, in which they had been hidden for years,

suburbs, where a dog-fancier lived.
"Your mother shudders at their very sight," Madame Vinton had said to her betrothed husband; "and I no longer need such flerce protectors. I am not to be a lone woman any more. I will sell the dogs if any one can be found to buy them."

And the day before the wedding, she with her own hands, led them to their new home, and knelt before them and talked to them as though they were human beings, bidding them be good and obey their new master.

"Only one night more," said Squire
Gilbert, as he took his beautiful bride's
hands in his. "Only one night more,

dearest. To-morrow you are mine." He kissed her and turned away, turned back to kiss her hands over and over again, lingered still, very loth to go, until at last she playfully drew to the door, saying that she never allowed

go home; and he went down the garden in dark outlines on the white paths. The iron gate, set deep in the stone wall, looked like jet against snow, in and the lover looked back at his lady's

house regretfully. It seemed so lonely a spot to leave her in.

Stepping back, he looked up at the windows, where a light now shone, and ran against some in the road, who uttered a foreign oath and struck at him. Squire Gilbert turned, his hand involuntarily going to his pistol-belt; and the stranger, on whose toes he had trodden, followed the motion with his

French accent. "You came out of this honse in such a hurry, at this late hour, I believed you were, perhaps, a thief.

"It is my place to beg pardon," said the squire, whom the very accent of his beloved one's native language mollitted. 'I myself fancied I might have met some dangerous person. I hope 1

did not hurt you."

"Oh, no," said the other. "I was only startled a little. A thousand pardous." And he passed on. The squire also went his way.

After a few steps he looked back The stranger seemed to have vanished mysteriously into the earth. But it seemed to Squire Gilbert that he never should forget his long, hooked nose, his pointed chin, the narrow eyes, set close together, the straight line of his small month, and the intense blackness of his hair and moustache-a very Mephistopheles in modern costume.

On the morrow, bright and early, the household was astir. The bridegroom dressed in his new garments; his mother in her elegant gray satin and point lace. But just as the moment came able society of Poplartown—the ladies' lace. But just as the moment came society. But, somehow, through her for the carriage to be called, a messenlandlord, a cosmopolitan bachelor, ger from the house on the hill came to gentlemen were introduced. It was the door in violent haste. the door in violent haste.

not her fault that these only came, and that they sang her praises and defended her against the hints of their female relatives. She did nothing but adhere to the habits of her country. Poplartown had been uncounteous to her, not to my had been uncounted. she to it. Her maid sat in the window unlocked and empty, as was the tiny sewing when she had gentlemen call- ornamental safe in which she kept her

money.

The wedding company was coming in; the lady had not returned; no one knew what to do. Words cannot describe the consternation of the squire. He hurried to the front room and exclaiming: Madame Vinton's house, and found all as described. He sent for the police,

for detectives from the nearest city. fearing to find his love lying dead in some part of her garden, or the woods near by. It was many, many days before he gave up his hopeless wander-He only thought of accident.

seemed plain to others that she had left the place of her own free will, having some unknown motive. At last the squire himself deciared that if Madame Vi ton had met with violence, her body must have been found; but he still felt perfect faith in her, and, in his miser-able love and longing, clung to the re-newed hope that it gave him to believe

her still alive. He took possession of the house on the hill, dismissed the servants, and went thither to live alone. "She will return some day," he said, "and she shall find me there waiting

unheeded before, he clung to his resolu-

old and faithful servant; but one day he sent to the dog-fancier to reclaim the blood-hounds, and Uno and Ino, led in a leash came eagerly up the village street, about noon, one windy March

They dashed into the house wild with joy. They fawned on Squire Gilbert, whom they had learned to love. They searched everywhere for Madame Vinton, and at last went down to their old haunts in the garden. Longing for home joy at their return, seemed to have softened their natures. But suddenly Uno, the fiercest of the two, put his nose to the ground uttered a low ery, and began to run about the place in circles, sniffing strangely. A mo-Their eyes changed and burnt like coals of fire, their frames seemed to stiffen. They coursed about the garden and out toward a field which had been planted with vegetables, and which lay fallow under its late autumn plough-

About this field they circled, each circle growing narrower, their noses still to the ground. Then, with a trumpet-like call, they began to dig.

throwing up the soft earth about them The squire, his man and the dogfancier had followed. All were pale and serious voice: "I thank you sir." with horror. Suddenly the latter sprang "Thank me! What are you thanking

awful cry of a stone upon the ground.

It was, indeed, the body of Madame

twisted tightly. She had evidently been strangled. Robbed and murdered by some burglar, people said; but burglars do not usually bury their victims. The servants were evidently innocent-two

quiet village girls. whom no one could ness, through which his mother nursed him, the squire was able to go feebly about the house, he found in his dead bride's escritoire a small box, in which lay a package of letters addressed to her, and signed, "Your husband, Emil," and a photograph. The latter was the portrait of the man he had met at the

gate, and had been taken in Paris. Afterward he held communication with the Parisian police, and sent them at Martinsville, Md., a few days since. The first printed ballot was used in Massachusetts in 1830 by David Henshaw, and was refused. It took a decision of the Supreme court to establish wedding guests, old friends of Mrs.

The first printed ballot was used in white satin, to "My Daughter soon to be;" who answered with loving thanks. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The first story under the received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The information he received from them caused him a relative title in a snimmering fiest of the photograph. The photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the photograph is a coop of live chickens; the second of the photog Gilbert, who said to each other that eyes, and died, a

they accepted for her sake, were bidden, in the house upon the hill, his only and even the flowers ordered. and even the flowers ordered.

The happy pair were to have a week at the house on the hill, and then 'come home."

Meanwhile, the two dogs. Uno and Inc. It is probable that the ladies of Poplar-town had been right in their opinion of Madame Vinton, but this good man never ceased to love her for all that, nor to believe that she had sinesrely loved him.

BEFORE THE ANGELUS.

Some Criticisms of Millet's Great Work Heard From Visitors to the Gallery.

Millet, so the story goes, when he had finished "The Angelus," invited an old friend in the church to come and

"Ah," said the old man. as he gazed at the picture. "It is 'The Angelus;' I hear the bells."

Whereupon, of course, the artist was greatly pleased, and promptly declared that the aim of his life was accomplished.

The greatest artist of ancient times had been deemed wonderful for paint-ing grapes, at which the birds came to peck; but he had painted a prayer and a church spire, and a priest recognized the words of the invocation and heard the sound of the belis in the steeple. If Millet were living now, and could come to stand before his picture in the

him to remain so late, and that he must go home; and he went down the garden path.

It was past eleven o'clock. The full moon shone overhead, casting the shadows of the bare wintry shrubbery fore the picture. Of course, nine people out of every ten are surprised to find how small it is. Somehow no amount of culture or training in art is contrast with the smooth road without. able to eliminate entirely from the A screech owl in the grove near by mind the idea that pictures are valua-uttered its melancholy who! who! ble according to their size, and the ble according to their size, and the comparison between the price which "The Angelus" brought at its last sale, and the number of square inches in the canvas is so startling that it shocks the unprepared mind. Everybody has a different way of expressing this dis-satisfaction with the size of the master-piece. One old lady pushed up before it during one of the most crowded hours of the exhibition. She was richly dressed and evidently felt herself fully competent to criticise anything in the art line. It could be seen as she

approached that her eyes were focussed for something very large and start-ling. When she had reached the front she gazed blankly at the expanse of red draperies. Finally she caught sight of the picture, and placing a lorguette to her eye, leaned her head well back and gazed at the picture intently, and, at last, scornfully. After a few moments she put down her glasses, and, half turning to the specta-tors about her, said in a loud and distinet voice:

Nobody seemed interested in the an-nouncement, and she turned and took another look. "Yes, I am disappointed," she re-

peated in an even more distinct tone of Nobody answered her. "I am very much disappointed," she ventured again, after another look, in

the same aggressive tone. Still nobody paid any attention to her, and she looked again. "I don't know when I've been so dis-appointed," was the way she put it this There were a few disrespectful gig-

gles, and then a woman near her re-

Very comical are the mistakes made by spectators as to the meaning of the cture. It would break Millet's heart to know of some of these. One apparently intelligent and cultivated woman came in the other day, and after gazing a long time at the picture sat down in a chair beside the girl who sells catalogues at a table in front of 'The An-

gelus."
That's a love subject?" remarked the woman, opening a conversation.

The girl discreetly made no reply. "Yes, and I think it's so beautiful," continued the woman. "Just see how

modest the young woman is." The paralyzed catalogue girl venturble "Yes?" "I do love such subjects; and hasn't he painted it exquisitely?" the woman

Just here the catalogue girl was saved from danger of hysteria by the arrival of the woman's husband. had a catalogue in his hand, and he ed his wife around to look at the other

Presently the woman came back in a great hurry. She had evidently been reading the catalogue. "Why, that isn't a love subject at all," she exclaimed sharply to the girl.

The girl was arranging her catalogues. "No, that's a religious subject; it isn't a love subject at all," repeated the The girl saw a bit of paper on the floor on the other side of her table and

bent over to pick it up. The woman eyed her for a moment, and then said, with subdued intensity: "Did you know that that wasn't a love subject when I was talking to The girl is usually truthful, but there was no help for it this time. She raised her eyes to those of the woman and

said unblushingly, but somewhat fee-"No. ma'am." The woman gave her another sharp ook, but went away apparently satis-

Witty and Righteous. It is related of an old-time Bath given him a good flogging the youngster said to the teacher in a melancho "Take your master away!" he shouted to the servant; but the squire, with an awful cry of "They have found her!" dropped like words made the school roar, while the stern old pedagogue could take no exception to the retort, and had to ac-Vinton that they had discovered. A knowledge its righteousness as well as cord was tied about her neck and 'ts wit — Lewiston Journal.

A man in Bangor, Me., who tarried finish a job of digging, had an encounter with a ghost. It was of the regulation whiteness, and groaned just as did those encountered in similar places by some of our great-grandened and started to run, but managed to run against the ghost and both fell to the ground together. It was an in-nocent white calf that first recovered its feet after the collision.

Three-Story Wagon.

voted to "moonshine spirits; the third was laden with tobacco and fodder.



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WIT AND HUMOR. The model husbands are the men who never marry.—Fond du Lac Re-

Right around the waist .- Boston Is the wonfan who goes to church to

exhibit her sealskin sacque-religious?—

Honesty is doubtless the best policy. out it seems to have expired long ago. -Lawrence American.

The serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field, but the army trader is sutler.—Boston Transcript. While the English drum beat is heard

around the world the American dead-beat isn't far behind.—Tezas Siftings. Women rarely are great inventors, though they are often the first to discover new wrinkles.—Terre Haute Ex-

When you truly and devotedly love a girl who is as rich as she is pretty hard to take no for an answer.

love, but a belle prefers a declaration made in ringing tones. — Bultimore When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hoz, even to the wart on his ose. It isn't this way with man .-

Philadelphia Inquirer. It is very strange that among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest caliber are the biggest bores.—Boston Transcript.

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins .- Hartford Times.

In the mission class: Teacher-

Terre Haute Express. Young Setfast-"Had a weal adventure the other day, Miss Sharpleigh. Went tishing and a gweat bwute of a

farm dog made me stay with him thwee hours." Miss Sharpleigh— Poor old doggie,"—Drake's Magazine. An enthusiastic exchange refers to the dresses of some actresses as 'perfect poems." It would be nearer the mark to call them epigrams; because well, there isn't much to an epigram, you know."-Philadelphia Press.

Mabel—"Hal, dear, what makes you always call me your little lamb?" Hal hard to make her say it correctly. She fold," and he opened his arms with an expectant and satisfied look upon his punished her, and then she looked up illing face. - Kearney Enterprise. Arthur (just beginning his French)
"Papa, is the French word for money of the feminine or masculine gender?

Father-'Feminine, of course.' papa?" 'Because, haven't you heard that money talks?"—Lowell Citizen. Mother-"You don't seem tired. Jennie, for a young lady who attended a dancing party last night?" Jennie-"It was a plumbers' ball, you know, and everything went so slowly that one could not get tired."-Boston Herald. Inquisitive Citizen — "What's the matter with the man? Been run over

quirer. Belinda-"Dearest, what was the real reason of your marrying me?" Al-phonzo—"I think it was because I unerstood you. And what was the reason of your marrying me?" Belinda-"I think it was because I did not un-

by a railroad train?" Ambulance Sur-

erstand you."-America. Physician (to Mrs. Col. Blood of Kentucky)-"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look) - "H'm still flighty." - Boston Beacon.

Mrs. A .- "I think Mrs. Smith's death s such a sad one. My heart fairly aches for Mr. Smith." Mrs. B.—"Yes, and the poor little children. It is a terrible visitation. Will you be at the funeral?" Mrs. A.—'O, yes." Mrs. rich and triumphant, like a psean of B.—'What are you going to wear?"— joy and gladness, while we looked at "You shouldn't have taken 'No' for

an answer so readily, Charlie," said his more experienced friend; don't you understand that a girl's 'No' often means 'Yes'?" "She didn't say 'No."

Jack," responded Charlie, utterly without hope; "she said 'Naw.""—Boston

Way and the water again struck with an awesome roar into its rocky hollow with a fo.ce that made the earth tremble and the said 'Naw.""—Boston

# STAR COMPOSITION CO. Best place to hold the World's Fair Printers', Rollers.

Roller Composition

Laughter may be the poor man's PADDING CEMENT ETC Roller Casting a Specialty.

> 1107 Fourth St., East Portland, Or. marriage with Mr. Callowbill has ocean indefinitely postponed?" Miss Walnut—'O, no, not indefinitely. Poor, dear Fido, you know, was attacked with is gr.ppe and died, and of course I couldn't think of marrying for a year."—Phila-

"You ought to be glad that you will be electrified instead of hanged," said a prison visitor to a convicted murderer. "Why?" asked the felon in surprise. "You suffer greatly from rheumatism, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, electricity is the best known remedy for that."—Epoch.

"It's a wise joke that knows its own father after the religious papers have quoted it once or twice.—Somerville In the newspapers, son; in the newspapers, In the newspapers, son; in the newspapers. You'll find wonderful parrots saying things in the miscellaneous columns of the papers that are never, never, never heard from the bills of

living parrots anywhere else. Go to the same place for trained and saga-cious dogs.—Burdette. Visitor—"Do you like going to school, my little dear?" Little Fauntleroy—"Yes, indeed." Visitor—"Of course. You love your school, don't you, my pet? and you like your teacher, too, don't you?" Little Fauntleroy—"O, yes, I wouldn't want any other teacher." Visitor—"Of courses and "Little Visitor—"Of courses." Visitor — "Of course not." Little Fauntleroy—"No, indeed. She's awful nearsighted."—N. Y. Weekly.

Minnie—"And you say you shed no tears at the play last night? I did. I was so affected." Mamie—"O, of course. You always are."—Terre Haute Express.

It's concentration of thought that tells in our daily endeavor. Just watch the face of the small boy when he is taking aim at a tramp cat.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Played Sucker for a Purpose.

There are any number of good story-tellers in Congress. Everybody knows of the fame of Allen, of Mississippi, and "Billy" Mason, of Chicago, in this regard, and now that Representatives Spinola and Flower, the one gray-bearded and the other rotund, sit close together, they are always sure of a crowd around their desks to hear them swap their varied and interesting exmarked in a coldly unsympathetic voice:

"Would you kindly keep your disappointment to yourself and let us enjoy the picture?"

The disappointed woman evidently had astonishment added to her other feelings at this unexpected sally, but she made no reply and strode hanght;

The disappointed woman evidently had astonishment added to her other feelings at this unexpected sally, but she made no reply and strode hanght;

Jaggs—"Did you swear off the 1st?"

Baggs—"Well, I did, you know, and this friends with a good poker story recently. "I was coming down the Hudson one night," he said, "in company with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thurshouse is affire!" Second Man (calmis)—"Power the many with Cornelius Vanderbilt in the many with she made no reply and strode haughtily away after another second look at the helpless little cauvas. As she passed out of the building she was noticed stopping before a gorgeous red and black Rocky Mountain scene in the front room and exclaiming:

"There, that's what I call something like"

Ing-house is afire!" Second Man (calmly)—"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps we may be able to get some thing hot."—Jury.

Bloodgood—"Travis dresses well, doesn't he? I wonder what gives such tone to his costume?" De Smith—"It must be his tronsers. They are always lond."—Burlington Free Press.

George Law, when Weed proposed a game of poker, and I was asked to gome in I hesitated, for I had only about \$4,000 in my pocket, and I knew that it was to be a game without a limit. I mentioned the state of my finances to Law, but he told me to take a hand, and said that he would back me to any amount. I am willing to loud."—Burtington Free Press.

Suitor — "I love your youngest daughter, sir." Pater—"Umph! I suppose you've heard that I have settled a dowry on my eldest daughter?" Suitor—"In that case, sir, I love her."

—Epoch.

Interview I will a hand, and said that he would back me to any amount. 'I am willing to lose \$30,000 or \$40,000 to-night,' he said, 'and to-morrow I will tell you my reason.' So the game started and I stayed in, hugging the shore pretty close and getting startled every once in a while when some one went \$1,000 blind. When we out at daybreak I blind. When we quit at daybreak I had won about \$4,000, but Law had 'Can you tell me anything about the man who went down from Jericho and fell among thieves?" The New Boy (tentatively)—"Wuz it McGinty?"—Boston Times.

Mr. N. Peck (slapping his pocket)—"Here's a nice state of affairs!" Wickwire—"What's the matter? Forget than I ever expected to get from him. your pocketbook?" Mr. N. Peck—Don't you think the money was well in"Yes; I forgot to leave it at home."—vested?"—Washington Post.

Children should be taught obedience and had habits should be corrected. But many a parent has remembered with deep sorrow instances of undue severity and unwise punishment when too late to correct it or make amends. "The following incident related by a father illustrates this: "I shall never forget, though I have wished a thousand times that I could, how I punished little Mamie for continuously pronouncing a word wrong-as thought willfully-after I had tried

with a quivering lip, and said:
"Papa, you will have to whip me again. I can't say it." 'You can imagine bow I felt, and how I kept on remembering the look on her face and the tone of the sad little

people do not sufficiently sympathize with them. The following incident illustrates this:

A well-meaning father once whipped his little girl, attempting to overcome in this way her whimsical terror of the dark when left alone at night. The

poor little maid sobbed herself to sleep that night. geon — "Worse than that. He was caught among the women in a bargain rush at Seller's." — Philadelphia Into her, fearful dark, her terror overcame her dread of punishment, and a pitiful little voice was heard at the head of the stairs. "O, papa, please come up here and whip me! I'm so 'fraid of the dark!"

This convinced the father that the child's terror was more than a whim, and he deeply regretted his hasty pun-irhment, which was never repeated.

Many Mocking Birds.

A writer who has recently visited the Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite Val-ley thus describes the mocking birds in that vicinity in the New York Press; "Millions of brown-coated birds there each other in wondering silence. Just as it seemed that the melody was un-supportably sweet, and that our hearts could not contain more without the relief of tears or shouts, the wind died away and the water again struck with ble, and was again lashed to furious foam and the song of the mocking birds hushed. Thus it goes on ever and ever, alternately, and has for ages, the song of the birds and the thunderous rever-Campaigning Mamma (to confidential friend of Mr. G.)—"Really, young Mr. Greenbacks is one of the most cultivated men I ever saw." C. F. (desiring to please)—"Yes, and I honestly believe your daughter Eva is succeeding at it better than any of the rest."—Memphis Applianche.

I foam and the song of the mocking on the hushed. Thus it goes on ever and ever, alternately, and has for ages, the song of the birds and the thunderous reverberation of the cataract."

The statement is made that more than 65,000 elephants are killed in Africa every year. Their ivory in the

Miss Chestnut-"Is it true that your raw state is worth \$4,000,000.