

A LITTLE GIRL.

My baby trips the stairs down
To greet the rays of morning,
Which gladden round her head, a crown,
Her natal day adorning.

What age's my baby? Just thirteen.
You'd think she was far older
Her winning eyes have grown more keen,
Her teeth, too, make her colder.

Alas! how childhood with a whirl
From yesterday is fleeting!
I called her then "a little girl,"
Today she scorns this greeting.

Fill on, my lady, through the years
Which give to Youth their glory,
Of love and grief, of hopes and fears,
Till Age proclaims you twenty.

Then, as each year Time steals a cut
And dimples from you (doubting),
Methinks I'd call you "little girl,"
Without disdainful frowning.

—Walter C. Nichols in Boston Transcript.

EXHAUSTIVE.

The smoking room of a transatlantic steamer is the greatest place in the world for stories. On every trip there is always some one who has a special gift in that direction. The last time I went across there was a Mr. Scott on board who told us some of his wonderful adventures. One day he said:

"I never take passage on a steamer until the very last moment."

"Why is that?" some one asked. "I should think you would sometimes run the risk of not getting a good room."

"Oh, I don't mind that," answered Mr. Scott, "what I am anxious about is to avoid Hobbs."

"Who's Hobbs?" three or four asked together.

Well, it's plain you never met him or you wouldn't have forgotten him. Hobbs is an inventor, who turns his intellect towards marine improvements. The first time I met him he was crossing over trying to get his patent nonsensical berth adopted. The steamship company had refused to put in the berths, but allowed him to go on the steamer and put in a berth if a passenger wanted it in. The consequence was that Hobbs made life a burden for all of us. Some ordered in the berths in order to get rid of his canvassing and explanations. The improvement generally made them so sick that they slept the rest of the voyage on the sofa. It was an oscillating affair, and the chances were that if you did succeed in getting into it the thing would pitch you out on the floor before morning. We worried through that trip, but my next voyage with Mr. Hobbs was a terror. As a general thing I have a room to myself when I cross, but this time I found that some one else was in with me. The first day out I came down to my room and found it filled up with all sorts of paraphernalia, so much so I could hardly enter. Some one was in the upper berth and was stretching himself half way across the room tacking canvas to the ceiling.

"Hello!" I cried. "What the deuce are you up to? I want you to understand that this is my room."

"Mine, too," cried the other fellow, with his mouth full of tacks. Then looking down at me he dropped the tacks on the floor and shouted gleefully, "Hello, Scott! That you? Well, this is luck. I didn't know but I would have some stranger with me this time, so I hurried to get through with my little plan before he could object."

He was so covered with dust that at first I did not recognize him, but as he jumped down I saw with horror that it was Hobbs, and I felt sure that I would have another siege with the oscillating berth.

"What is all this anyhow? Some new improvement on the berth?"

"No, I've been studying this thing since I have been over here, and I find that it is not the motion of the vessel that causes seasickness at all. No, sir. It is the foul air. You have noticed that when passengers stay on the deck they are not half so bad as when they remain in their staterooms. Now there is just as much motion on deck as in the stateroom, so it is evidently not the motion that makes the difference. Now what is it? Why it is the fresh air. That's the whole secret. I've perfected an exhaustive apparatus which will keep the stateroom and cabin as pure as the deck outside. Like all great inventions it is very simple. All we have to do is to exhaust the air and there you are."

The first four days out we had an awful time. Hobbs worked at that thing night and day. There was no rest for me, all the time he was at it. He talked incessantly. He wanted to fix it so that only a certain amount of fresh air would get in, and he had arrangements for stopping drafts and preventing the foul air from the rest of the ship getting in, and all that sort of thing. At last one night—the fifth night out—he announced that everything was completed and that he would get the pump attached that night or next day. I fell into a troubled slumber, and some time in the night wakened up with a strange feeling of oppression. I found it almost impossible to breathe. I lay there panting for a few moments, not knowing what was the matter with me. The air seemed as rarefied as that at the top of a mountain. All at once I recognized a new sound. It was a sound of suction, and the whole situation flashed on me. Hobbs had started his infernal machine and it was drawing all the air out of the room. It was exhausting the air faster than the crevices let it in.

I knew that if I was to save my life I must act quickly. I sprang from the

berth and struck a match. It glimmered for a moment and then went out. There was not enough oxygen in the room to allow it to burn. Then I thought of the electric light. That, at least was independent of air. I groped around for the knob and turned it on. Hobbs was sleeping peacefully in the upper berth. I tried to open the door, but it was locked, and I saw with dismay that the key was not there. To make sure of his murderous experiment, Hobbs had hidden the key. At that moment a wild desire to murder Hobbs seized me. I forgot that he must necessarily suffer the same fate as myself. I reached up and grabbed him by the arms and flung him on the floor with a crash that ought to have broken every bone in his body. I sprang on him, and, with both hands gripped his throat, pounding his head against the carpeted floor with all the energy of desperation.

"Hobbs, you villain," I yelled, "where is the key?"

"Wh—wh—what key?" gasped the awakened man between thumps.

"The door key—you know what key."

"I—I—never saw it," stammered Hobbs.

Then it occurred to me that I had better leave Hobbs to the fate he had prepared for himself and save my own life if possible. I gave his head one farewell thump and then flung myself on the floor and breathed through the aperture under the door. The cool air from the outside was very comforting to an exhausted man. I heard Hobbs getting slowly up, muttering to himself. He sat down on the sofa, apparently to think over things.

"Look here," he said at last, "if you're quite through with me I'd like to go back to bed again."

"Bed," I cried. "You'll be a dead man inside of five minutes. There is no air in this room. Your idiotic exhausting machine has—"

"Then open the door; it isn't locked, it's bolted."

I unbolted the door and it came open all right. As there was no rush of cold air, I began to feel that I had not been as wide awake as I thought I was. I had a suspicion, too, that I had not acted in a gentlemanly manner toward Hobbs.

"I'm afraid I've been dreaming," Hobbs, I said, apologetically.

"Oh, no," replied Hobbs, "you're merely stark crazy, that's all. You think this ship is a lunatic asylum. Now, if this sort of mania is going to occur every day or so you'll excuse me if I prefer to sleep in the lower bunk. It isn't so far to fall."

"Thus it is," concluded Mr. Scott, "that I always try to avoid Hobbs."

"I know one man who will be grateful for your avoidance," said a smoker.

"Who's that?" asked Scott.

"Hobbs,"—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

A Human Almanac.

Brown county has a prodigy in the shape of a 10-year-old boy with a talent for days and dates. Roy Odenweller, son of Mr. S. P. Odenweller, of Industry township, is the infant wonder. Give him any date in any month of this year, last year or next year, and he can at once tell you the day of the week upon which it falls or has fallen. For example, ask him on what day of the week will Oct. 17, 1889, fall, and he will promptly answer "Thursday," which is correct. And so of any date of last year or the year to come. How he arrives at the solution he does not know. Numerous gentlemen of undoubted veracity have repeatedly tested his strange power. The little fellow is a bright youngster, but does not exhibit any unusual precocity beyond this peculiar gift. He says that beyond the three years—the current, the last and the next—he cannot give correct answers. Next year he will lose all power over 1888 (with which he is now conversant) and his mind will grasp that of 1891, of which he now knows nothing. He has no rule or method, nor does he know how he arrives at the true answer, but it is certain that he is correct when answering.—Quincy (Ill.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

The Chinese Minister's Opal.

The Chinese minister was present, accompanied by several of his secretaries and attired in a costume of remarkable beauty. The silks and fabrics of which it was composed must have excited at once the admiration and envy of half the ladies present. On his head he wore a cap of a mandarin of the highest rank and a relative of the emperor. In place of the yellow button which usually surmounts the top was a magnificent opal as large as a pullet's egg, blazing with a myriad light and surrounded by a circle of diamonds the smallest of which could not weigh less than two carats. The opal would have turned Col. Pat Donan green with envy. The whole headgear must have cost the minister not less than \$5,000, and he has several others equally gorgeous and expensive. Hardly the sort to leave on the hat rack with the front door open, are they? With oriental eagerness the worthy ambassador from the Golden empire wears his cap in mixed company, and has the others padlocked in a bonnet box, and carries the key up his sleeve.—Washington Post.

A White Colored Dude.

Recently, in a Washington horse car, a colored dude was seated among the passengers. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She graciously demurred and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no, my dear, miss," was his reply; "no depravity at all. I prefer to stand."—The Argonaut.

MAKING A BOOK.

The Ordinary Novel—The Scientific Book. Manuscript, Electrotyping, etc.

How is a book made? Well, it depends upon what kind of a book it is. An ordinary, every day novel is made in this way: First the manuscript is received at the literary department of the publishing house to which it is sent, and is quickly consigned to the mercies, tender or otherwise, of a corps of readers, numbering in a large publishing house say, half a dozen. A favorable opinion of a majority of the readers will in most cases determine the value of a manuscript, and if it receives that then negotiations are entered into with the author. Often a royalty is paid, and as often, perhaps, the manuscript is bought outright. Of course this depends largely upon the author's reputation, if he has any, and upon the kind of books he has written. For instance, more risks could be legitimately taken by the publisher on an author who has previously written books which had sold well than upon a novice. As naturally, also, there is a larger sale for a book on a popular subject than for one on a scientific or abstruse subject.

Sometimes the author pays for the electrotype plates from which the book is printed, but this is not done very often, for authors are not rich as a class. The manuscript having been accepted and carefully edited, and negotiations for its use having been successfully concluded, it is sent to the composing room and then divided into "takes," as they are called, among the compositors. After it is set up proofs are struck off and sent to the author for revision. Sometimes he gets three sets of proofs before everything is all right. From the galley's type electrotype plates, from which the book is to be printed, are made and these are fitted into the presses and the printing begun. If a large first edition is wanted a large number of presses are set to work, and vice versa if a small edition.

As the book comes from the presses it is sent in certain quantities to the drying room, where the paper and ink are thoroughly dried. From the drying room it goes to the bindery and is bound. The biggest expense connected with the making of a book is probably the cost of electrotype plates. Few publishing houses issue but one book at a time, for by publishing several together expressage and other incidental items of expense are saved. Many publishers count the second edition of a book nearly clear profit, all the expenses having been reckoned as coming on the first edition. The illustrations on the covers of books are mostly made by artists whose sole business it is to do that kind of artistic work. To a publishing house like Harper's, for instance, a special corps of these artists is attached, and they are paid good salaries. If a scientific book is to be published, instead of sending the manuscript to the ordinary corps of readers it is sent to a scientific man whose reputation as an expert in the particular science in question is high.—New York Press.

Japanese Dinner Etiquette.

When the guests arrive, say for dinner, the politeness of paradise is turned loose. With great apparent hesitation they enter, bowing low with their hands on their knees if they are men, or dropping on their knees and touching their foreheads almost to the ground if they are ladies. The first Japanese salutation corresponds exactly to the Norwegian "Tak for tidet"—"Thank you for the pleasure I had the last time I met you." This, however, is but the merest beginning of Japanese greeting. A conversation something after this style ensues: "I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion." "How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?" "Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you." "How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?" "How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this punctuated with low bows and the sound of breath sucked rapidly in between the teeth, expressive of great embarrassment. At last, amid a final chorus of arigatos, the guests come to anchor upon the floor. Various objects are handed to them, to entertain them, a curio or two, a few photographs, anything, no matter what, for it is de rigueur in Japanese etiquette to affect a great interest and admiration on such occasions.—Boston Transcript.

A Jail Bird's Good Luck.

If Whittington's cat cannot be placed among well authenticated Felidae, many a man has attained the glory of lord mayoralty in ways fully as romantic as those of Whittington in the nursery tale. Stephen Foster was a debtor confined in the jail of Ludgate, which once stood over the gate on the hill, a very little way west of St. Paul's. There was a gate at which every day a prisoner was allowed to sit to collect alms for his fellows, and here one day Foster sat. A wealthy widow passing by gave him money, inquired into his case, and took him into her service. He saved his wages, traded successfully, married the widow, and in due time became Sir Stephen Foster, lord mayor of London. In his prosperity he forgot not his days of adversity, and founded a charity for prisoners which was long kept up in the jail of Ludgate and commemorated in his epitaph.—The Century.

Why They Didn't Come Down.

"Miss Coolbroth," said the landlady to the ancient boozier at the Sunday dinner, "let me give you the wishbone of this chicken. Of course you know that if you put it over the door the first gentleman who passes under it is fated to be your husband."

"Oh, thank you," said the blushing boozier, as she placed coquetically at the long rows of hungry clerks at the table. "I'll put it over the dining room door, and these gentlemen will have to beware."

"Dear me," said the landlady the next morning, "the breakfast bell rang half an hour ago and not one of the young men has come to the table yet. I wonder what can be the matter?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied Miss Coolbroth, dolefully.—Chicago News.

SOME NEW LIFE

In the Wholesale Trade of San Francisco.

A new hardware concern has just been started under the name of Miller, Sloss & Scott, in San Francisco, to do a jobbing business only.

They have secured the four-story building, Nos. 12, 14 and 16 Pine street, formerly occupied by Messrs. J. C. Johnson & Co.

The building has been completely fitted up for their business, having three hydraulic elevators to facilitate the handling of goods, two of which have been just constructed.

The firm was incorporated May 19, and is composed of Charles E. Miller, President; A. W. Milligan, First Vice-President; John A. Scott, Second Vice-President; Joseph Sloss, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers, with A. L. Scott and Leon Sloss, constitute the Board of Directors.

Charles E. Miller, the President, is a native Californian and well known among hardware dealers on the Pacific Coast. Starting as an office boy with Hooker & Co., he served them seven years, and in 1875 entered the service of Dunham, Carrigan & Co., where he employed for a number of years, and in 1887 left them to head with his name.

A. W. Milligan, the First Vice-President, has, until the incorporation of Miller, Sloss & Scott, been connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.'s New York branch, in charge of their iron, steel and pipe department. He represents the new concern at 143 Broadway, New York, and attends to all its purchases and placing of orders in the Eastern States.

John A. Scott and A. Lowndes Scott have also been identified with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., and with their opportunities have acquired a large acquaintance among the trade, both in the city and throughout the Coast.

Joseph Sloss, the Secretary and Treasurer, will have control of the office and financial department, being specially fitted for this work through his experience of several years in the Anglo-Californian Bank, Ltd. Messrs. Joseph and Leon Sloss are sons of Mr. Louis Sloss, whose name is known in all business circles in the West, as prominent in many of the leading industries and the progress of that section of the country.

They have also secured the services of W. A. Rice, W. A. Leonard and Carlton E. Moulthrop, men thoroughly posted in the business, having occupied responsible and leading positions with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.

It is proposed to carry a complete line of shelf and heavy hardware, tools, mill and mining supplies, engineers' and railroad supplies, iron, steel, pipe, sheet iron, fittings, globe and steam fittings; in fact, everything that goes to make up a first-class assortment and stock in their line.

All the members of the firm are young, enterprising and energetic, and will try for a fair proportion of the hardware trade. With their stock of new goods in, aided by all the improvements in conducting the business that their experience has suggested to them, they are fully prepared to meet all the requirements of intending purchasers, who would do well to give them a call.

Many a man who has had the key in the situation has lost it because he was not in condition to discover the key-hole.

For catarrhal and throat disorders "Brown's Bismuth Troches" are renowned and marvelously effective, giving immediate relief.

The committee appointed to investigate the charges of conspiracy preferred against the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen by the switchmen's organization in connection with the recent lock-out of the latter in the employ of the Northwestern road reported to the Supreme Council of Federation, finding the Brotherhood guilty.

Do you want to sell your business, or do you want a partner with money, or do you want a clerk? Write Western Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

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For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

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Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her; after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

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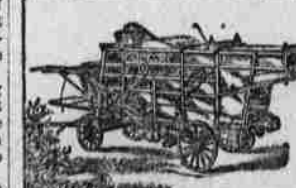
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