HEART PICTURES.

She hath the gold hours of morning,
Her eyes time as the heavenly sun,
Beauty in the morning of the day;
Lilies rose blushes over them;
Her lips, sweet the dews of benediction;
Her movements are exquisite grace,
Her voice is the sweetest of music,
And smiles he asleep on the face
Of the woman I love.

There is less of gold glint in her tresses,
A few threads of silver wave through,
The crimson of lips not so vivid,
And lighter the eyes by their blue;
Her movements more stately and grander,
Though losing no whit of their grace,
And the smile is more patient and tender
That shines on the matronly face
Of the woman I love.

Faded out all the brown and the sunshine,
Burnished silver the curls of her hair;
In her eyes less of earth, more of heaven—
Less stained are the cheeks with life's wine;
The skin not so lily in whiteness,
Paler now the roses in them roll;
But the voice still retains all its sweetness,
And the face is illumined by the soul
Of the woman I love.

Earth, keep her to bless and to brighten,
Death, send not thy stern fiat down;
And heaven, linger long in the weaving
Strands of gold and of pearl for her crown.
There are angels enough clothed in glory—
Few given life's griefs to assuage;
And the tenderness, purity, beauty,
Are perfected and hallowed by age
In the woman I love.

—William H. Bushnell in New York Mercury.

CINDERELLA IN EGYPT.

We may find sermons in stones, but who would look for fairy tales in a sand heap?

Nevertheless, in the last tomb of the last king of the twenty-sixth dynasty, lies buried the original story of Cinderella and her slipper.

There is, indeed, only one variation of any consequence between the two versions, and the ancient one is certainly the more romantic. Cinderella's princely admirer finds in her lost shoe a clew to his vanished enchantress, but King Psammetichus falls over head and ears in love with he knows not whom from only seeing her sandal.

The ancient Cinderella was a beautiful Greek, Sappho calls her Dorichä, and that was most likely her proper name, but the Greek people, with whom fairness of skin was one of the highest qualities of female beauty, named her, from the loveliness of her complexion, Rhodopis, Rosy Cheeks, and as Rosy Cheeks she is known in history.

She is mentioned by several writers, but the slipper story rests on the authority of Ælian. He relates it as having occurred to Psammetichus.

There were three kings of the name, and he probably meant the third (Psametik III) of the Sculptures, the last of the dynasty of the Saïte kings, who was conquered and deposed by Cambyses the Persian.

Rhodopis was originally a slave and a fellow bondswoman of Æsop, the writer of fables, in the house of Iadmon of Samos; and, like the heroine of the modern tale, a menial and a drudge, so the parallel holds good from the beginning. Like Cinderella, too, she had a fairy godmother, but a more powerful and lavish one, and her name was Aphrodite.

This patroness procured her liberty and heaped upon her riches, and Rhodopis, to make her name immortal by an offering such as had never been made before, dedicated with a tenth part of her property a quantity of iron spits in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and this extraordinary gift was still to be seen there in Herodotus' time.

Some also say that she built one of the Pyramids of Egypt; but, as Herodotus remarks, those who say so evidently know nothing about it; and however this may be, if Rhodopis was not so simple as our own Cinderella, she was, at all events, more lucky; and if her coachman, and horses, and chariots were really rats, and mice, and pumpkins, they never resumed their proper shape; and no disenchanting clock sent her hurrying back to her scullery, one shoe off and one shoe on. Midnight never struck for her, and she lost her shoe in quite another way.

At the time I speak of she was said to be the most beautiful woman in Egypt, and she lived at Naucratis, a port on the Canopic branch of the Nile, founded in the preceding reign by colonists from Miletus; and though a born Greek, living in a Greek city, it pleased her now and then to play the Egyptian, and to adopt the manners and fashions of her new country. And so it came about that one morning, before the sun was yet high, she went down, just as did Pharaoh's daughter, with her maidens to bathe in the Nile.

At a short distance from the bank she left her litter, and sought a secluded creek, where, screened in by the feathering papyrus, she would be undisturbed and unseen from the busy river, and there her girls unmade her toilet. Now the banks of the father of rivers are hard in places—a mixture of sand and clay baked by the scorching sun, and rough to delicate feet. So Rhodopis did not quit her sandals until the moment when she stepped down into the still, cool water, herself as white and rosy as the lotuses around her.

There, half wading and half swimming, she played and frolicked, happy in the pure joy of living, like the gay butterflies that flittered about the rushes. She gathered handfuls of lotuses, and threw them away again; and then, in a lazy fit, she floated on her back, and gave herself up to thoughts on things in general, and on herself in particular. But to return to her sandals, which she had kicked off on the river's brink. They lay as she had left them, a pair of dainty shoes fit for such dainty feet. They were embroidered in gold and brilliant colors with a quaint pattern, and with the ever present lotus, and most curious of all, the tips turned up like the soles, on which his foot rested, giving a fitting idea of a captive with bound hands on one sandal and Egyptian, on the other, a Greek—a fancifully way of suggesting the condition of their owner during the hearts of two nations.

Now it chanced that just above, sailing round in his vast circle, a mere speck in the dancing blue sky, was an eagle, and as the sandals glittered by the water's edge they caught his eye. Now, whether his thoughts then were [illegible] or not, whether he was a bird of cultivated taste, I know not; but straight for it he swooped and seized one.

Rhodopis, roused from her reverie by the rush of wings, caught sight of the great bird as it flew off, and, frightened, set to screaming and then cacked. By the time she had recovered herself and taken in what had happened, how, sigh and the sandal were in the nest, [illegible]

Of course, directly it was [illegible] her girls, who had been busy telling one another secrets, began in their alarm to take everything away in a place of safety, as if they expected a whole phalanx of eagles were coming to carry off their mistress' clothes. And no doubt they had some reason for their concern, for ancient ladies had a variety of amiable little ways of producing sympathy in their slaves when things went wrong, and Rhodopis, sweet as she was to look at, was like the rest. But after all it was not a very serious matter, for Rosy Cheeks had cupboards full of sandals at home, and besides, her litter was only round the corner, so, after her first astonishment and fright were over, she thought little more about it. Now, this event was, in reality, the turning point of her life, for what did this mysterious bird do but fly straight away with disdain over the Delta, far up the long river to Memphis, and there, as if his wrath cooled, he dropped the sandal before the judgment seat of King Psammetichus.

The king was sitting in the open air, close to the city gate, dispensing justice to his subjects. The sun was hot, and the imaginations of plaintiff and defendant equally inventive and inexhaustible, so Psammetichus was bored, his thoughts wandered far away and he fell to building castles in the air. Now, no Oriental could ever build a castle in the air, or otherwise, without giving it a mistress; so he pleased himself by imagining for his ideal palace an ideal beauty. He pictured her with the eyes of the gazelle, the voice of the nightingale, the litheness of the panther, the tread of a goddess; and as his thoughts dwelt still on the dainty toes that lightly pressed the ground they rested on, the sandal fell from heaven plump at his royal feet. Astonished out of all dignity, he jumped up, stared up into the sky and down at the slipper, and then stooped and picked it up, for no one had dared to touch it. Was it a goddess? No; it was a lovely little shoe, but certainly an earthly one, with the print of five little toes distinctly marked on it—the very little toes he had just been dreaming of. Then of a sudden it became plain to him. It was an answer from the gods to the wishes he had just been indulging in—he had planned a castle, here was a mistress for it. "Let search be made," cried he, "for her who owns this sandal, and by these signs shall you know her. Whomsoever the shoe fits, and who has the fellow shoe, and who can explain the symbol on the sole, she is the rightful owner; bring her to me, that I may make her my queen." To hear was to obey, and the messenger started on his search. Many days he traveled down the Nile, making proclamation of the will of Psammetichus as he went, bearing the sandal on a cushion. And wherever he came through the whole land of Egypt there was a rushing out of cupboards and a hunting up of left off shoes, in case by chance there might be found among them a match for the wonderful sandal, but none came to light, and the maidens were left forlorn.

At last he came to Naucratis, and when the proclamation reached the ears of Rhodopis she remembered the tape of her sandal, and knew herself the one sought for by the king. The ambassador was admitted to her presence, and then at last the shoe fitted. "And here," cried Rhodopis, "is the fellow shoe, and this is why I wear these symbols on the soles—as Greece is captive to my beauty, so shall Egypt be, and Egypt's master." And then she went with him to Memphis, and when the king, whose heart was sick with waiting, saw her, he succumbed at once to the charm of her loveliness; he did as he had promised and made her his queen. And the rosy cheeked Greek slave sat beside Psammetichus on the throne of Pharaoh.—Harper's Bazar.

A Waste of Money.

One form of advertising that always seemed to me to be a waste of money is the scattering of dodgers broadcast. I have noticed lately that it is coming into quite extensive practice again. At one time tons of dodgers were thrown out every week in this city. The pavements of the business streets would be snowed under with them. After a while the rage for this form of advertising died away. It never quite ceased, but lately began to recover its past popularity. I have watched, with some curiosity, the manner in which the public receive dodgers thrust upon them in the street, and it appears to me that they hardly glance at them. Only one person in a hundred puts one in his pocket. As a rule they are crumpled up and thrown away, or more frequently dropped even without the trouble of crumpling up.

Yet advertisers will have these affairs printed by the hundreds of thousands, on the theory that they are cheaper than a space in the newspapers. They may cost less money, but as an advertisement must be judged by its returns, not by its cost, they are to my thinking the most expensive and least effective method of getting your goods before the public that human ingenuity has devised—to judge from the big bundles of this sort of printed matter one sees at the old paper places; moreover, the dodger distributors are not all faithful in the performance of their tasks; so that even the compartively little service the dodger might perform is rendered less by the dishonesty of the agents employed to put them out.—Trumble in New York News.

Victoria's Immense Prices for Pearls.

Queen Victoria is a great founder for pearls, and has taken special care that all her daughters shall have fine pearl necklaces for their adornment. One of her first purchases after the birth of each has been two or three pearls, and every year until their marriage she has added a pearl or two to her stock, until the necklace she required was ready.—Public Opinion.

A WINTER ELF.

A little elf swung on a marigold stalk,
"The marigold flowers were fallen and dead,
The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow,
A bitter wind rushed to and fro,
And all the violets were sled.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue,
But the little elf's self was jolly all through;
And as he swung from side to side,
Howsang his song with an air of pride:

"Out o' the wool o' the chestnut buds
My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin;
Of a bat's wing made my cloak,
Warm enough to wrap a Turk in;
Lined them all with thistle down,
Gathered when the pods were brown;
Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,
Left upon a cockle bur;

"Yet, in spite of everything,
Much I fear that cold I be.
Ha! ha! the spring! Ho! ho! the spring!
The merry, merry spring for me!"

—St. Nicholas.

SNIFFING AT PRUSSIC ACID.

A Coroner Finds Out How the Quickest of all Poisons Works.

Deputy Coroner Scholer, who narrowly escaped death recently from sniffing at the bottle from which Miss Mary Van Orden had drunk prussic acid and died, told a reporter about it.

"With me in Miss Van Orden's room," he said, "was Dr. J. F. Terriberry. We had been told that Miss Van Orden was in the habit of taking morphine, and as I had not yet been told that she had bought prussic acid, I supposed I was going to smell of Majendie's solution. I passed the vial we found back and forth under my nose three or four times and got a good sniff of the acid. It has a sweet, almond flavor, pungent and not at all disagreeable. Then I passed the bottle to Dr. Terriberry, and he took a sniff. I noticed that he was growing pale. Then I began to feel faint and weak myself.

"Dr. Terriberry and I clutched each other and reeled. Either would have fallen without the support of the other. I held on to him and called for fresh air. We were led to the door and down two or three flights of stairs. It was with the greatest difficulty that I drew my breath. My consciousness was perfect, but I had no control of my arms or hands or of my lower limbs. When I tried to step I raised my foot two feet from the ground, and when I tried to feel of my pulse I could not use my hands. I noticed that the blood had left the finger nails and that my hands were white as chalk. All through my body it seemed as though the blood were driving toward my heart. How I got to the drug store at Ninth avenue and Forty-eighth street I don't know. A young man there said sulphate of magnesia was an antidote for prussic acid, but it isn't. I took the dose, however, and then was led to the Forty-seventh street police station. Capt. Killilea prescribed brandy, and as he believes in large doses, he gave me so much that I was drunk after taking it. I told Capt. Killilea of my difficulty in breathing, and told him how to move my arms up and down. He lifted a window in the police station and worked my arms like a pump for a long time, causing an artificial movement of the ribs.

"Then I was taken to the Roosevelt hospital, and a physician gave me a dose of carbonate of ammonia. In two hours I felt better and came home. I have been very weak since. It seems as though I had no marrow in my bones. I have been requested to write a statement of the experience for a medical journal, and I think I shall do so. Dr. Terriberry told me today that he has been very sick. He was tormented by the most frightful nightmares when he tried to sleep. I didn't have a nightmare, perhaps, because of the brandy.—New York Sun.

Frenchmen Not on Their Muscle.

The Frenchman cares little to contest in anything where mere muscular ability is at an advantage, says a Parisian visitor. He pursues sport as he does art—striving to develop its fine points, aiming to become expert and admiring only the skill that may be attained in the exercise. We have no such thing as a national game, nothing that approaches to your baseball, or polo, or the English cricket. Sport with us means, as a rule, horse racing, and undoubtedly our jockeys, of whom we think highly, would compare favorably with the best that this country knows. The exercise that really occupies our attention as a national institution is fencing, and that probably arises from the military character of the national life. Much of the energy that the American youth puts into play and physical contests is absorbed by the government in recruiting the army. Here the boys of the village have to provide their own amusements, their own exercises, and have to depend upon themselves for acquiring the discipline that is so essential to really successful sport. With us the government provides the exercise and the discipline, and if the young man can get any amusement out of it so much the better for them. It is the next war that is always uppermost in every Frenchman's mind.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Wanted an Easy Chair.

A Nashville furniture dealer tells a little story that shows how some people are constituted. A lady ordered an elegant easy chair of a peculiar kind. It was made and sent to her house. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly, with one exception—it was too soft. She had the man take the chair back to be made a trifle harder. The chair was returned to the store and put aside. Nothing was done to it. After the lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The woman again examined it, and this time the chair was too hard. She was sorry, but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort she wanted it about right, so she sent it back to the store for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days and sent out for the third time without having a particle of change made. This time it was just right. She took the chair, paid for it, and was sorry it had not suited her at first. The poor woman never knew that the chair had not been changed a particle.—Chicago News.

Why Germans Use Glasses.

"It comes from reading," observed the oculist.

"Yes, but why should Germans be more near sighted than Americans? Do they read more?"

"I don't think they do, but it is the kind of books they read that causes their vision to be defective."

"How so?"

"The German books are printed in the dazzling old English type, which tries the eyes more than any other type in use in civilized countries. It requires such close scrutiny that the eyes are invariably strained. So well known is this fact that recently the Austrian minister of public instruction issued a very sensible decree forbidding the use of books printed in small type in the public schools. Now, with American school books this would not be so necessary, but German books to be harmless must be printed in large, bold faced characters. There is a large party of reformers in Germany who are striving to have the types of that nation officially changed to Roman, and the use of English script has largely taken the place of the German script in correspondence. Educated Germans read one style as readily as the other, and the former is growing rapidly in popularity. It will not be long before all books will appear in the same characters, if not in the same language, and when that time comes the eyes of succeeding generations will be stronger than those of the present, but I don't apprehend that this will happen early enough to injure my business. Reforms come slowly and physicians will find their hands full until the dawn of the millennium."—New York Mail and Express.

Smilers in Butchers' Frocks.

"A good smiler, who can tell a funny story once in a while and has the knack of anticipating the wants of his patrons, is always a valuable man in a butcher's shop. He takes with the ladies. It doesn't make much difference whether he's handsome or as homely as a quarter of beef so long as he's agreeable and accommodating. Now, there's my partner. He's a perfect Apollo in face and form, but he's got a temper that's nearly as uncertain as the settling days of some of our customers. One moment he'll smile and chat affably with his customers, but again he'll close up tighter'n one of Nels Morris' corn beef cans. The ladies don't like him, and they won't go near his block if they can get a show at mine. Now, I haven't the best temper in the world, but since I went behind a meat block twelve years ago I've learned that it pays to smile and be pleasant. You can work in a bigger piece of bone in a steak or roast and you're surer that your customer is coming back than if you're out of sorts. The ladies insist upon dealing with agreeable people, and they won't have anything to do with any other kind. That is why a good smiler is a valuable man in a meat market."

This bit of homely philosophy came from a successful west side butcher the other night, and it proves that the men who carve loins and chops are thinking of something more than the chunk of bone they must chop out. They are close students of human nature, and they use the result of their studies for all it is worth.—Chicago Herald.

Superiority of Modern Surgery.

One of the greatest points of superiority in modern over old time surgery is in the care taken to avoid the dangerous consequences which follow the entrance into a surgical wound of any impurity or foreign matter from the air, instruments or other source. These septic or fever producing particles are everywhere, and, if they do not produce more serious consequence in a wound, they prevent prompt and healthy healing. If a wound "heals by first intention," without inflammation or suppuration, then the antiseptic precautions have been complete. To attain this result the surgeon is extremely careful that his instruments are without blemish; that his hands are not only perfectly clean, but that they are dipped in antiseptic fluid; that the part of the patient's body to be operated on has been similarly cleansed; that the wound itself is cleansed with the same fluid before closing, and that the dressing is prepared with a like end in view.—Boston Cor. New York Sun.

Two Short Legacies.

To be left one's own weight in one pound notes—a curious legacy that fell to the children of a Scottish gentleman some years ago—might tempt a man to wish himself a Daniel Lambert. But perhaps nothing is so calculated to make a man's mouth water as a single line in the will of Richard Arkwright, "I bequeath to my son-in-law, Sir R. Wigram, one million sterling."—All the Year Round.

An English naturalist who put in two years in a boarding house spent the next five in tracing the bedbug back to his native lair. He found perfectly authentic information to prove that the insect existed and was full of business in the year 120 B. C. He was even found in the camps of the army, and no war fleet was deemed fitted out without a liberal sprinkling.

According to Directions.—"Your husband died of the ague, I believe?" "Yes, sir. John was well shaken before he died."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

The philosophy of Francis Bacon is the philosophy of life. "Despise no new accident in the body," said he; "but ask opinion of it; in sickness principally respect health, and in health action." There are many so-called slight affections which men think it brave not to notice. It is no bravery; it is folly. As Bacon says, "despise no new accident in the body." BRANDRETH'S PILLS will remove effectually and at once a thousand and one of the little ills of life that often, if neglected, take years to cure. Be sure to have with you always a box of BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

They can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

James Phelan of San Francisco has sold the historic Stevens House, 21 to 27 Broadway, New York, to W. H. Maire of Brooklyn for $1,000,000—partly in cash and partly in Harlem property.

SEEDS
Of all kinds and in any quantity—wholesale and retail—at bottom prices.
E. J. BOWEN,
65 Front Street, Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, T. David Sayre, N.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

CRACIN, VALE & BICKFORD, ATTORNEYS,
914 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO LAND, MINING AND INDIAN DEPREDATION CLAIMS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
WINTER & HARPER,
71 Morrison Street, Portland, Or.
BOX 802.

J. McCRAKEN & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Roche Harbor Lime, Portland Cement, Golden Gate and Utah Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick and Fire Clay. LAND PLASTER.
60 North Front Street, Cor. D,
PORTLAND, OR.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR OF STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely satisfying HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Has testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Describe Your Case, explanation and proofs sealed free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BROOKLYN HOTEL, Bush St., bet. Montgomery & Sansome, S. F.; conducted on both the European and American plan. This Hotel is under the management of Charles Montgomery, and is the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service, highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Board and room per day, $1.25 to $2.00; single room, 50 cents to $1.00 per night. Free omnibus to and from the Hotel.

ST. HELEN'S HALL,
Portland, Oregon.
A Boarding and Day School for Girls; Founded 1869; the Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris, D. D., Rector.
Thorough instruction; a large and carefully selected corps of teachers; students prepared for colleges; new and elegant building in the most commanding and beautiful part of the city. For catalogue address the MISSES RODNEY.

YOU WANT IT!
OUR NEW CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
SEND FOR ONE.
WILL & FINK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSTON & LAWRENCE,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
Plumbers' and Engineers' Supplies, Hand and Steam Pumps, Iron Pipe, Rams, Pipe Covering, Lubricators, Water Motors, Fans and Ventilators, Cash Registers, Etc.
Write for prices.
232 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.
Contractors on heating and ventilating buildings. Estimates furnished.

HOYT & CO.
Want an agent in every town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to sell
PIANOS and ORGANS
On commission. No stock or capital needed. Music teachers preferred. Special rates on all goods. Write for particulars.
PORTLAND, OR.

STEINWAY, Gabler and Poase Pianos
Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 236 and 238 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock

"THE SPECIFIC A NO. 1."
YOUNG MEN! Cures all unnatural discharges of men, no matter of how long standing. Prevents strictures, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Price, $3.00. Circular on application. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price by The A. Schenck Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd. only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.
I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M. D., Cincinnati, O.
Sold by Druggists.
PRICE $1.00.
Trade Mark.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS