

### A SMILE AND A FROWN.

Only a frown! yet it pressed a sting  
 Into the day which had been so glad;  
 The red rose turned to a scoupled thing,  
 The bird song ceased with discordant ring,  
 And a heart was heavy and sad.

Only a smile! yet it cast a spell  
 Over the sky which had been so gray;  
 The rain made music wherever it fell,  
 The wind sang the song of a marriage bell,  
 And a heart was light and gay.

—Emma C. Dowd in Frank Leslie's.

### AN INVERTED LOVE STORY.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow, who for many years past, has been confined to a bed or sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room, looking on to one of the narrow side canals of Venice, having no one about me but a deaf old woman, who makes my bed and attends to my food; and here I eke out a poor income of about £30 a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice, and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal, and above it the house projects some six feet, and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage (among others) of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed fifteen feet in width. But, although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I contrive to take a good deal of inverted interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time (always upside down) on its balconies and at its windows.

When I first occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of 13 or so (as nearly as I could judge, who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited field of view. She had a glass of flowers and a crucifix on a little table by her side, and as she sat there, in fine weather, from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge by her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who on warm days would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid pillow the old lady in shawls and bring willows for her chair and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute, and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection grew down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, 16 or 17. I can only work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements, and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection (which, of course, she could see as I could see here); and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded to me in reply. And so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning, when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window, and again in the evening, when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine, I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her direct her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower in the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had not thrown them altogether in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands as the two flowers joined forces and floated away together. And then every morning she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affection of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola (which happened not infrequently) she pretended to cry and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny that caused the shipwreck of our flowers, and I, in pantomime not nearly so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time, and that, perhaps, to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix which always stands by me, and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and although I threw my flower as usual no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time she reappeared dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, as far as I knew she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite

to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she crossed herself to nod to me, and then her flower came. Day after day my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola for I could see him in the flesh, worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for so soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem—an allegory of which I could make nothing, until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister, and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on again as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I could see each other no longer, and worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even having hinted to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and fifty plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who attended me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died; and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me, and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after, during my three weeks of bed keeping, a flower was found every morning on the ledge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat, and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on the sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and clapped her hands upside down with a delight that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could possibly be. So the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many bright smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela, and that she was the best and purest maiden of all Venice, and that any one might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and indeed they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for a while. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me, singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you for very long—ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic, and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she had said over and over again how dearly she wished that she could speak to him and comfort him; and one day, when you threw a flower into the canal, she asked me whether she might throw an other, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy with one who was sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except indeed such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all.

For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem were two flowers tied together, but I could not tell that, and they were meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her, for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness.

And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers, all decked in their holiday garb, and in his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt, and came into my room and it was strange indeed, after so many years of inversion, to see her with her head above her feet, and then she wished me happiness and a speedy restoration to good health (which could never be), and I, in broken words and with tears in my eyes, gave her the little crucifix that had stood by my bed or my table for so many years. And Angela took it reverently, and crossed herself, and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

And as I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed around me—I felt they were singing the requiem of the only love that had ever entered my heart.—W. S. Gilbert.

**Provoked Her Sympathy**  
 Husband (groaning)—The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again.

Wife (with sympathy)—Oh, I am so sorry, John. I wanted to do some shopping today, and that is a sure sign of rain.—The Epoch.

During the past season two naturalists, G. W. and E. G. Peckham, have found that wasps remember the locality of their nests for ninety-six hours.

There are in the country nearly 400 colleges, with about 3,000 professors and 35,000 students.

### LOW SALARIED PLAYERS.

#### GRADUALLY OVERSHADOWING THE OLD STARS.

The Chicago Chess Club of Clubs seem Simply Invincible—Some Changes Looked for Next Season—A World's Championship Series.

The progress of the National League contest points to one conclusion as to the merits of the different clubs. The Chicagoos are head and shoulders above all the other clubs. They seem simply invincible. It is my candid opinion that as the Chicago aggregation is now playing, no other club has a ghost of a show of carrying off the league pennant. The individual playing is marvellous. The collective playing matchless.

The interest now reverts to the



Capt. Berger, Pittsburgh Chess Club.

world's championship series. It is just possible that the association and league champions will meet sometime in October.

The association contest is, too, already settled. The Bostonians have no competitors in the contest and can win hands down. They have been playing "great hall" and a championship series with the Chicago's would prove a great drawing card.

The reasons that have moved the Brooklyn management to decide on so sweeping a change in the team are based on the very poor showing of Brooklyn the past season. The team had won the National League pennant of 1890, and with the accession of John Ward as manager and captain, great things were expected. While to some extent the fact that Brooklyn is in faster company this year than she was last explains the poor position of the team, yet it does not account by any means for the bad showing of the organization. The players are mainly of the star order, and draw large salaries. In the face of this they are likely to be beaten out by three of the cheapest teams in the league—Chicago, Philadelphia and Cleveland. The management of the Brooklyn club has observed with chagrin that teams made up of young and low-salaried players have toyed with their high-priced stars, and they have determined in the future to try the young blood idea in their team. The fact that Chicago, with the least expensive team that has been in the league in four years past, bids fair to walk off with the pennant has given the Brooklyn management food for serious thought. They are so far as is known, entirely satisfied with John Ward's work, and lay the ill success of the team to the actions of arrogant stars who know more than the manager or captain at all stages of the game, and are too lofty in their ideas to follow the instructions of a good field general. Therefore the managers have decided to cast aside these stars and fill their places with young, ambitious players, who will be willing to be guided by John Ward and work for the interest of the team without reference to their own peculiar ideas as to how the club should be run.

The managers now have their eyes on three or four promising young bloods who will be lassoed for next season, and there is a settled determination to have these young players even if it is found necessary to sign ten men in order to get one good one. It is also a settled belief with the Brooklyn management that it is not a good thing for a player to remain on one team for too many successive years. If Mr. Hyatt's example is followed by other league managers (and

there is no doubt that it will) the American association teams and other unprotected clubs will be enabled to secure all the talent they want.



E. Price, Boston Transcript.

The Boston Transcript thinks that it is much easier to organize a trust than to trust an organization.

### THE GREAT PORTLAND EXPOSITION.

Which opened on the 17th of September, is proving a grand success in every respect. There are more and better exhibits than ever before, the display of fruits and grains being particularly fine. The music furnished by the celebrated Mexican band is a leading feature. A number of special attractions will be offered during the month, consisting of war dances and the celebrated ghost dance by Umatilla Indians, a grand electrical exhibit, prize drills for the National Guard, farmers, bench show and for the various sections of the Northwest.

Among the notable exhibits the following are especially worthy of mention:

**STAYER & WALKER.**  
 The exhibits of Stayer & Walker are, as usual, the most extensive as well as the finest and most attractive in the exposition. Their machinery display comprises beautifully finished models of the many kinds of farm machinery and implements sold by them, and which are in general use throughout the Northwest. A large part of their machinery display this year is devoted to the various styles of engines which they handle, Stayer & Walker being the headquarters in the Northwest for heavy machinery of all kinds. A most unique feature of their exhibits is one of the world-famous Studebaker wagons, which they have suspended in the air, and which bears the suggestive sign "The Studebaker Wagon on Top." The vehicle exhibit of Stayer & Walker is one of the most attractive and interesting features of the entire exposition, their booth being beautifully decorated with bunting in rich colors and made resplendent by the dazzling rays of the electric lights. Their display of vehicles is the finest ever seen in the Northwest, prominent among which stands the elegant New Haven Carriage Co.'s top buggy, which Stayer & Walker will give away on the last day of the exposition, tickets for the drawing being free.

**THE FREEMAN IMPLEMENT CO.**  
 Have an honest display of their various lines of goods, just the same as will be found in their store and warehouses, foot of Yamhill street. They carry a large stock of wagons, bugles and road carts, the celebrated Skandia riding and walking plows, gangs and harrows, the Freeman feed and storage cutter and carriers, Van Brunt broad-cast seeders and drills, horse-power feed graders, fanning mills, disc harrows, etc. Mr. J. L. Foksett, the manager of the Portland house, understands the business and the wants of the people thoroughly, and is prepared to give satisfaction to both farmers and retail dealers.

**D. M. OSBORNE & CO.**  
 The fine display of agricultural implements made at the fair by the D. M. Osborne Company is being widely commented upon as being one of the most comprehensive and utilitarian ever before exhibited. This firm was established in 1857 at Auburn, N. Y., and has had a most successful career. The fame of their products have spread to the most distant civilized countries of the world, and the success of the exposition will be subsequent stupendous transactions, entailed upon them the necessity of establishing branch houses in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Dallas, Salt Lake City, Portland, San Francisco, and in all the principal cities and towns of the West and South. In their exhibit this year they have confined themselves chiefly to their own manufactured specialties. Resting on a platform is their world-renowned No. 11 harvester and binder, the Osborne No. 4 mower and the Osborne No. 8 reaper. The Osborne Company have been awarded many medals and diplomas for the excellence of these implements. Their Portland house is located at sixteenth and V streets. Send for illustrated catalogue.

**THE OREGON GIANT GRAIN MILL.**  
 This is a truly wonderful machine of Oregon invention and Oregon manufacture, and has met with an unparalleled success during the short time it has been before the public. It is manufactured by William E. Wood, the inventor, at 24 Front street, Portland, Oregon, and sold by the Mitchell & Lewis Company. It has the distinction of having received the only gold medal ever awarded by the Oregon State Board of Agriculture. With a view to overcome the objections and to make a mill that would meet the universal want, that would give to the farmer, stock raiser, warehouseman, and all others using or handling chopped feed, a mill that would chop any kind of grain, with little power, without heating the product, economical in the way of repairs, simple and strong in construction and easy to handle, the inventor, protector and manufacturer of the Oregon Giant Grain Mill spent much time investigating the many faults and few merits of the best mills on the market, and the result of his labors came before the public in the shape of the combined Oregon Giant Grain Mill. It will chop all kinds of grain wet or dry, and will do double the amount of work with the same power that any burr mill will do. It is safe death to wild oats, and is so arranged as to grind or clean as will. Write to either of the above parties for further information.

**THE PETALUMA INCUBATOR.**  
 As it always does wherever exhibited, attracts the attention of every one. It is a truly wonderful machine, and has always been awarded first prizes over all competitors. It will hatch chickens, turkey, geese, duck, hen, silk worm and all other kinds of eggs, and is in use in nearly every civilized country in the world. Send for illustrated catalogue describing incubators and brooders, how and what to feed, etc., to Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

In the Cafe.—"How hard that electrical wheel whizzes." "It is the latest invention of the wizard of Menlo Park."

**CAUTION.**  
 Imitations have been foisted upon the market so closely resembling ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with Alcock's, for they are worse than worthless, inasmuch as they contain deleterious ingredients which are apt to cause serious injury. Remember that ALCOCK'S are the only genuine porous plasters—the best external remedy ever known; and when purchasing plasters do not only ask for, but see that you get ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

ALCOCK'S CORN AND BUNION SHIELDS effect quick and certain relief.

The hotter people feel towards each other the cooler they get.

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**HOARSENESS.**—All suffering from Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

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 —DEALERS IN—  
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