Where rose the mountains, tine on line, Above the brawing upper Rhine, We heard from soaring tower and spire Out-ring the mellow bells of Coire,

set were the school downward borne om beights that climbed to meet the n om heights that bade the soul aspire say rang, those tuneful bells of Coire.

While darker gloomed the armied firs, While sharper bouned the mountain spara While sunk the sun, a disk of fire, They pualed, those ancient bolls of Coire.

tey rang of hopes, they rang of fears, my rang of joys, they rang of tears, my rang the wandering heart's desired homes and friends, the belts of Conte —Clinton Scotlard in Harper's man

THE QUEEN'S SABOTS

General Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, kept the old family chateau, Chavaniac, in Anvergue, a large, strong, seignorial building, yet without comeliness or character. Not far away among tall forests of beeches and chestnuta steep, rocky heights arose. Under the dim green light of these broad woodlands dwelt in their rule cabins woodands dwett in their role canonianas dwett in their role canonianas and induced shoulder to shoulder charcoal burners and resin gatherers, bushel makers, and coopers, cobblers, and fashioners of clapboards and laths—the whole tribe of workers in wood. And whole tribe of workers in wood. And this little people ate and hewed together in the open air under leafy shadows, mingling the deafening blows of ax and hammer, the grindings of flies, and the gratings of saws, with the slowly curl-ing smoke and the low toned songs that rose to heaven from many a happy busy

To this company belonged an orphan cobbler boy, pensive and timid and silent, who apart from the rest cut and clipped, pared and pointed, hollowed and polished the sabots that he made. His polished the sabots that he mide. His name was Razou; in the city it would have been Raison—Reason; but the easy, careless people of the province had rounded its sharp, rough corner and softened it to their own liking. But since he lived alone and spoke but little the neighbors thought him dull and stupid and dubbed him Darason—Deraison— lacking wit. And then because under lacking wit. And then, because under an old musket hanging in his hut he had set a little picture of Marie Antoinette, they laughingly whispered sometimes to one another that he was in love with their beautiful queen.
One day General de La Fayette ca

from Paris to the castle of Chavaniac. It from Paris to the castle of Chavaniac. It was in those days that at Trianon the French court played the pastoral under the leadership of M. de Florian, captain of the dragoous; and the rich, grand seigneurs and the fair, great bulks of the land disguised themselves as swains and millers and country schoolmasters, as hearing circle and millers and country schoolmasters, as hearing circle and millers and country schoolmasters. as shepherd girls and milkmaids. 'Tis said they all wore sabots, dainty ones, to be sure, but veritable wooden shoes, with Marie Antoinette the first among them. Such was the story which the good Marquis de La Fayette brought to good Marquis de La Fayette brought to the eager listeners in his neighboring forests; and Darasou was there, most eager listener of them all.

"The queen, then, wears wooden shoon, M. le Marquis"

"Yes."

"And if I made her a pair you'd take them to her, M. le Marquis"

"Surely, if you can make such as shall be more beautiful than any sweetheart swer wore, and fine enough for our

ever wore, and fine enough for our gentle queen."

And Daragon was off. Night and day he worked, nor stopped till he had made in truth a handsome pair, such as the Auvergne peasant fondly fashions for the maiden of his choice; and they— for they are the wedding sabots—are ever treasured by the young wife and the aged dame. Darazou, with his pair of sabots, knocked at the chateau gate and asked for M. le Marquis. "It is 1," he said, "and here are the wooden shoon."

"You have made them, to be sure; and they might well be for your sweetheart. he worked, nor stopped till he had made

they might well be for your sweetheart, for they are beautiful; and you may be sure that I will give them to the queen."

And indeed they were beautiful; of hestnut wood, and narrow and cered chestinit wood, and narrow and cered and elegant; finely cut and carved with delicate ornament. Upon the toe was wrought a heart encircled with rays, and wreathed above it these four letters. "T. I.L. V." As for the point, since it was for a royal foot, the simple cobbler had exaggerated it a little. The marquis took the sabots and carefully examined them admiring them, yet smiling, too: em, admiring them, yet smiling, too; ters written on the shoes of every fiances in Auvergne. Darazou hurried home, and underneath

his tiny portrait of the queen he heavily traced in black the four mystical char-acters. General de La Payette left for acters. General de La Fayette left for Paris, carrying to Trianon, as he had promised, the sabots of Auvergne. Nor did he forget to tell their story, for the court was ever ready for a shepherd tale. The queen was greatly pleased. Real country sabots from the hands of a real sabot maker of the mountains! and so

sabot maker of the mountains! and so quaint and queer!

"The heart surrounded with rays, as they make the Virgin's head, I understand; but "I. T. L. V.," marquis?"

"Your majesty alone can permit me or command me to declare their meaning,"

"I listen, marquis. I permit you."

"Taimerat touta la vida."

"Well?" exclaimed Marie Antoinette, greatly puzzied.

"Patois of Auvergus. Otherwise, 'Je, taime rat toute la vie—Fil love thee my whole life long;" and M. de La Fayette laughed heartily. Not so the queen, and the said nothing.

"The curious tast is that my simple oung cobbler adores you under the form of a small image, yet very like your

'Brave boy! Poor fellow!" murmured the queen, deeply moved. "The sabots, M. le Marquis, are, I think, a little large; but so much the better for the reward," and Marie Antoinette spoke low in the ear of the Princess de Lambelle, who took the sabots, went out quickly and soon came back, bringing them well filled with gold.

"Marquis, put this gold in a casket and send it to your cobbler with the queen's best thanks, and tell him, too-no, tell him nothing more." And Gen-eral de La Fayette laid in a handsome box and sent to Chavaniac the two sabot-fuls of gold and the queen's acknowledg-ments.

Marie Antoinette was pleased to put the sabots on; yes, they were a trifle large, as she had thought, and she might even had fallen had there been time for her to wear them, but it was the vigil of the Revolution.

the Revolution.

The years of the Revolution passed like whirlwind blasts, with ever greater fury. Already Collot d'Herbois had brought an indictment against General de La Fayette: already the bright golden head of the Princess de Lamballe, mounted on a pole, had been carried through the boulevards of Paris. Daranou, in his quiet mountain home, knew it; and it took the color from his face and sent anguish to his beart. And fin-ally, when he heard that the royal family had been taken to the temple, he grew more and and serious; and one morning he was missing from his hot, a pretty

he was missing from his hat, a pretty box wide open, the old musket gone and the picture of the queen.

The poor youth had started for the temple on foot with his musket at his side, with all the golden louis sewed in his drugget vest and the picture of Marie Antoinette hung around his neck. In his love and his ingenuousness he had thought nothing less than that he could save his queen. He traveled by night, keeping to the woods by day—weary, famished, but ever going on.

Finally he reached the city the 17th of October, 1793, worn and sick, and mad with rage and tenderness. In the Place de la Bastille he accosted a patriot, wearing a Phrygian bonnet and a med with a club.

"To go to the temple?" he asked.
"What do you want to do at the ten

ple?"
"Rescue the queen."
"The Austrian? Yesterday she was done for," replied the patriot, with a ferodous gesture and a stupid sneer.
The youth, pale, quickly raised his musket; but the patriot anticipated him with a blow that laid him stiff upon the creenal.

"An aristocrat! Down with the aristo

And a crowd collected and rummaged And a crowd conscise and rummaged the body. On his breast they found the portrait of Marie Antoinette with the four suspicious letters "T. T. L. V." Here was a means of identification—this man a conspirator from Coblents, a traitor to the nation! Furious cries arose; and they carried him to the river and there they threw him in, the poor sabotier of they threw him in, the poor sabetier of Auvergne, the lover of the unfortunate queen, with his shining golden pieces in his waistcoat and the sacred image on his heart.—Translated from the French of Aime Gironin Figure for the New York Evening Post.

Meles as Grab Destroyers.

A Kansas correspondent tells in the Farmers' Review that every investigation goes to show that the mole lives on insects and starves on occasis and vegeinsects and starves on cereals and vege-tables. He calls attention to the fact that when lawas are apparently rendered un-sightly by moles, if one will cut a sec-tion of the sod he will find the cause in quantities of white grobs, the presence of the mole being to feed on this larvae. It was Mr. Landle who first came to the assistance of the mole wistance of the mole

On his ground at Vineland, N. J., he paid twenty-five cents for all the moles paid twenty-five cents for all the moles-eent to him. He was ridiculed, but all linew that his enterprise was a great success. To attack a popular idea is un-popular, and it takes a long time to make reform; the mole trap will besold. Cul-tivate the moles, and as soon as the larve are eradicated the moles will leave the laws for other pastures. De-pend upon it that whenever evidences of pend upon it that whenever evidences. De-pend upon it that whenever evidences the mole are found, there you will find the white grub, concludes the Kansar ourrespondent.

Barham was guilty of one practical joke when a boy. He entered a Quaker joke when a boy. He entered a Quaker meeting house, and looking around at the grave assembly held up a penny tart, saying solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way," began a drab colored gentleman, rising, "and"— "The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed the lad, placing it before the astounded speaker and hastily making his escape.—New York Evening Sun.

Only One Case on Record.

The Inte William Warren was a wit on well as a comedian. Deshire Welch's right little paper. The Theatre, results that on one occasion. Mr. Warren was asked why he did

occasion Mr warren was assess why as did not go more into society.

"Why should It" to asted.
"Became," was its reply, "everyhody wants to meet you. If you would only give us a chance we would be delighted to lionize

"Ob, well," he said, "it's much better as it "Ob, well," he said. "It's muce better as it is, I never knew of but one man who was not spoiled by itoning,"

"Who was he?"
"The prophet Daniel."—Detroit Free Press.

OHE WAS IN TEN

John J. Kelly vs. People's Bank et al. Plaint Soin J. Relly W. Propper main et al. Final fit began this suit by seizing a lottery tickef, one-twentieth of a whole ticket, which had wan \$5.000 and had been forwarded to the People's limk for collection, and in which he claimed one-fourth interest as owner. By consent the ticket was eashed, and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested to the weather the way to stitled by John

consourch interest as owner. By consour the tickey was cashed, and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested one-quarter, which was also claimed by John W. Fenlow, under control of the court.

The parties live in St. Louis, and have been quite unfortunate. In 1891 Fenlow, Kelly, Nordeman, O'Keefe and Connors formed a quasicinh, and on three or four occasions purchased five fractions of lottery tickets, and fractions exciting \$\mathbf{I}\$ each, and each member contributing his proportion of the price, was equally interested in the winnings. Fenlow generally was charged with purchasing the tickets, and held them until the drawing.

The members usually paid their contributions before the drawings, and Fenlow paid the lottery ticket vendor.

In April, 1992, they invested (Connors had droppe out). All paid except Kelly, who, had dropped on the court to dealer on the day preceding the drawing.

The tickets had been, selected by Norieman. There was no further increouse between the members of the club until after the drawing on Tuesday, April 12, when it was learned that one of the four tickets had won \$15,000. The tickets have been paid for by Fenlow, and the question for the court to decide is whether Fenlow paid for account of Kelly \$\mathbf{K}\$, or whether it was for his own account.

The day after the drawing Kelly tendered his doilar, but was told that he was "too late" and that he was "not in it."

The court concludes the letter would see that Kelly a increasi in the ticket mould be paid for. It is therefore ordered, adjunged and decreed that there be judgment in savor of John J. Kelly and against John W. Fenlow, decreeing Kelly to have been the owner of an undivided one-fourth interest in the lottery ticket, and that plaintiff receive and called \$2,500, propersenting the one-fourth of the proceeds of the lottery ticket now on deposit.—New Oriensa (La.) City Hem, February 7.

The person who especially "points with pride" is the fell with a new engagement rings

The person who especially "points with pride" is the girl with a new engagement ring

HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.

William E. Rockwell, No. 512 West 57th street, New York, says:

Thank I., Accardin, 30, 512 West 57th street, New York, says:

"I have been a martyr to billous headache and dyspepsia. Any indiscretion in diet, overfatigue or cold brings on a fit of indigestion, followed by a headache lasting two or three days at a time. I think I must have tried over twenty different remedies, which were recommendes as certain cures by loving friends, but it was no use. At last I thought I would take a simple course of purgation with Barsonsra's Pills. For the first week I took two pills every night, then one pill for thirty nights; in that time I gained three nounds in weight, and never have had an ache or a pain since."

Disease in one part of the body will eventually fill the whole body with disease. Every year or two some part of the system grows weak, and begins to decay. Such part should be removed at once and new matter be a lowed to take its place. There's no need of cotting it out with a surgeon's scalpel. Purge away lie old, diseased and worr-out parts with Barsonsern's Pills.

Mrs. Plankington—Here is my new dress all

Mrs. Plankington Here is my new dress all right, but where is the bill? Boy-I couldn's carry both.

As a cure for sore throat and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain a good reputation.

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Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

to do are simply these Buy it, try it and be prompt-permacured by of Buy it, and ently cured by the use of

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If there is, in this vale of sears, a more prolife source of miser than the risemmatic twings, we have yet to hear of it. People are horn with a tondency to rhumation, just as they are with a tondency to rhumation, just as they are with one to construction or to scroftle. Slight cases may develop this. As soon as the anomizing complaint manifest lisel, recoverse should be had to thoselectic abounds future, which others are also in the state of the contract of the first of th



Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the reprinters of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy! it is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, re'll pay you \$500 in cash."



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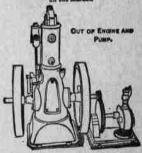
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