## <del>Dececececececececececec</del>e

"A queer young woman," muttered about," was the sullen answer.

The girl was turning away and let himself out of the hours. drove into the city of Worcester with when Reuben remembered the object of his face graver and more thoughtful than his quest. he had driven away from it that mornhe had driven away from it that now ing—although he had foreseen much of these small establishments resides Savah the result of his journey, and had pre-Eastbell?" he asked. pared for it. He should remember coming to Worcester again to the last day of self rapidly round and faced him. his life. It was a new beginning; even cident of his arrival until he was in Mud-dicton's coffee room, and the waiter was never did anything wrong in my lifeleaning across the white cloth toward now, then, what is it that you want?"

bim. "You are Sarah Eastbell!" said Ren-

"Beg pardon, but he's been-the young man who helped to carry the luggage last night for you."
"Has she?" said Reuben.

"Yes, sir. And he said that he thought half a crown a precious little, considering how he had spoiled his things with your trunk. The infernal trunk, he called it, along with other names."

"She said that?" "He tried it on very hard for another shilling, but I told that I had my orders from you direct, and could not afford to advance, and that it was like his impudence to come at all. I said that, sir," added the waiter, deferentially, "because he got awful saucy, and we had to put him out of the house. His langwidge, sir. was bad."

'What kind of a man was he?" asked

"Oh, no, sir-not a bit womanish. He was as full of pock-marks as a cribbage "Very good-or, rather, very bad,"

said Reuben Culwick; "half a crown poorer, and the man has got the money instead of the woman." "Indeed, sir-yes, sir," and the waiter

departed. Outside the door he tapped pared for her reappearance she his forehead significantly, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room he had quitted-this for the instruction or amusement of another waiter coming downstairs.

"Mad as a March hare, Bob," he said, "Who?" said Bob. "Forty-eight."

"That's young Culwick, ain't it?" "Oh! he always was a rum 'un."

CHAPTER IV. Reuben Culwick had an early dinner at Muddleton's. After dinner he spent

sat with his hands in his pockets, con- down as low as this."

sidering many things of grave perplex-The waiter left him-when business took him into the coffee room again, number forty-eight was laughing to himself, just as lunatics of a cheerful frame years, and here!" said Mrs. Eastbell. of mind, or of no mind at all, are in the "That's kind of you, Ren; I'm very habit of doing. "That's kind of you, Ren; I'm very habit of doing.

chance—she's one of the family—I may the direction of her nephew, laughing in He beckoned the waiter to him.

The St. Oswald Almshouses are at the top of Foregate street, are they not?" "Yes, sir-in the Tithing."

"Ah! the Tithing. I have been so long away that I forget names and places-everything but injuries," he muttered. He did not go direct to the Tithing, but wandered round the cathedral and strolled to the bridge, over which he looked at the Severn, and where he hesitated strangely.

"What is the use? I shall only hear the recital of her grievances, real and imaginary-disturb her and myself-feel myself in the way, and leave her none the happier. What's the use of my going, are many good points about my brother after all?-I am as helpless, poor and blind as she is."

gazed so steadfastly—he had even turnwhich the river warned him, when a sec-ond impulse set him with his face from the railway, and took him with rapid of her boot, and did not return his strides in the direction upon which he glances. at one of them was a faint sign of life the payed yard toward me."

In the form of a young woman, poorly "I would not build upon his offering in the form of a young woman, poorly "I would not build upon his offer but neatly clad in a black and white you any help," said Reuben Culwick. striped cotton dress, who was sitting with her elbows planted on her knees, lings a week keeps more life in me than her hands supporting her temples, and I know what to do with. I'm very hapher face bent close over a book that py, though it's an awful place for flies. lay upon her lap. As Reuben advanced, Sally does a little work when she can he saw that the watcher on the threshold get it, and is a dear, kind nurse, who had tired of her volume, and closed her never tires of me. She'll read the Bible had tired of her volume, and closed her

"Can you tell me where---Reuben Culwick paused in his inquiry, for the white, pinched face, and Reuben. the big black eyes were the face and eyes of the strange girl who had volunteered to carry his luggage last night, and collapsed by the way. He could night's mystery or to-day's prevarication, not be mistaken; he had looked too anxbe deceived, despite her feminine guise from an almshouse in a shady corner of at this crisis, and the taller woman that

The big black eyes blinked like a cat's in the sun, and the lashes quivered in unison, but then he had awakened her from slumber, and there was no sign of recognition on her countenance. There ing across at Sarah Eastbell again, who was a certain amount of contraction of the eyebrows, that might have indicated a half scowl at the traveler for waking plied to her grandmother, and shrugged

her thus unceremoniously.
"Do you know me?" Reuben said, changing his tone and question. "No," was the slow reply; "I've never

seen you before." "Not at Worcester station, at ten o'clock last night, when you helped me with a heavy portmanteau that I was selfish enough to let you carry for me?"

"I help you with a portmanteau?" said the girl, acoffingly, "at Worcester sta-tion! Yes, that's very likely."

"It was you," said Reuben, sternly, as he continued to stare at her, and as the girl's cool denial of the fact began to aggravate him; "why do you tell me that it was not?"

The young woman did not answer readfly. She rose to her feet-a tall, angular sea, girl, smitten sorely by poverty-and leaned against the door post, peering at her questioner, with her brow still contract-

"Why should I help you?" she said at last; "can't you help yourself?" "You fainted away: you were weak and gave up. Why deny this?"

"Will you tell me, please, in which of

"What next?" she cried apgrily, "and in the rain last night he had stepped from | what's next after that?" she added; "I'm the commonplace to a something like ro- Sarah Eastbell, and if you have anymance, but he had forgotten the first in- thing to say against me say it. I'm not

> ben, with a new interest asserting itself; "then you are—no, you can't be," added our hero, exhibiting again that incoherence which had already bewildered the waiter at Muddleton's.

"Will you tell me what you want here?" asked Miss Eastbell, peremptor-

"I want to see an older lady than yourself, of the same name, and residing, I believe, in one of these almshouses. "Oh, indeed-what for?" was the cau-

tious inquiry. "A friendly call-that's all," answered "My grandmother is not well enough to

see company." "She will see me," replied Reuben Culwick.

The statement concerning Mrs. East-Reuben Culwick. "A womanish kind of face—with big eyes—black eyes?"

bell's idiosyncrasies was destined never to be completed, for a short, sharp "Sarah!" in an excrutiatingly high key, that was like the twang of a wire, and board, and his eyes were particularly left a humming sound in Reuben's ears came from an inner room on the lefthand side of the doorway.

"Coming!" said the tall girl, and she disappeared at once, and left Mr. Cul-wick on the threshold, half resolved to follow her, and before Reuben was prestanding in the doorway again. "You can come in," said the girl sul-

lenly. She led the way to a small room, scrupulously clean, with a bed in the center of the room, and an old woman in the center of the bed. There was nothing to be seen of Mrs. Eastbell but her face.

and a grim, yellow, parchment face it was, cut up by a hundred wrinkles.

"Well, sir," said the head-above the sheets, "will you please to state what business you have with old Sarah Eastbell, who has been past business for the last ten years?" It was a crisp and not wholly shrill

some time poring over a time table, and voice, now that it had dropped an octave finally rang the bell. "I shall want my luggage taken to the side, sat down in a rush-bottomed chair station this afternoon," he said to the waiter who had doubted his sanity. "I wish to catch the 5:15 train for London."

After he had defrayed the expenses of his board and lodging at Muddleton's he am sorry to find on old friend brought

"It can't be Reuben, can it?" she asked eagerly. "Yes it can."

"Now to think of that, after these "Why shouldn't 1?" Reuben Culwick the sheets, and got a thin, yellow hand would hop off and let it wreck. said to himself; "I shall not have another above the bedelothes, and extended it in vay that portended in ture hysterics, if she were not careful. Reuben shook the hand in his, and the girl stood by the mantelpiece, watching the greeting furtively.

"What made you think of me?" said the old woman, after a moment's pause. "I came to Worcester last night: 1 heard this morning for the first time that you were here."
"Who told you?"

"My father."

"You are friends, then? He has forgiven you?" she said.

"Ah! he will presently," said Mrs. Simon, and it is only a question of time. All things come round in time, Reu-even He did not see the use of it in the good luck. That's what I often tell our sluggish waters that flowed on beneath Sally."

the arch of the bridge, and at which he . Sally winced suddenly at this introducgazed so steadfastly—he had even turn-ed away as from an unthankful task, of Reuben looked across his prostrate rela-

had first resolved. The church clocks "Some day Simon will walk in here-were striking three when he paused at just as you have done—and say how scr-"Some day Simon will walk in herethe gateway which opened upon the in- ry he is for all the past," said the old ner quadrangle of St. Oswald. The doors woman; "sometimes I lie awake fancyof some of the almshouses were open, and ing I can hear his footsteps coming across

> "I don't want any help. Eight shilhalf the day to me, when I'm too ill to run about much-a good girl, Sally!"
> "I am very glad to hear it," answered

> He would not have dispelled the old woman's faith in her granddaughter by a word-by any question hinging on from an almshouse in a shady corner of Worcester City.

"When I am gone, I should like some body to get Sally a good prace-you don't know any one who wants an houest, hard-working, truthful girl?"

"Not at present," said Reuben, glanc was still tracing hieroglyphics on the floor. She looked up this time as he reher shoulders either at the old woman's criticism or at the wild idea of her being ndebted to him for her future position in life.

"Will she be wholly alone in the world some day?" asked Reuben Culwick, inquisitively. "She has not a friend-she will make

plenty, of course, but she has them to make. "My cousin Mark was her father, then,

"Yes-he's dead. So's his wife. They were a worthy couple, but they were very unlucky, and so better out of the world than in it." said the grandmother. when they died last year I offered Sally part of my home, and my sister tried to to something for Tom, but he went to

"Does Sarah sleep here-live with you

"Yes." answered the old woman: "it's ery selfish of me to keep her to myself, but, please the Lord, it will not last a great while longer. She's young-she's industrious, and will be always able to get her living, anywhere; and if you hear

of anything that will suit her, you will ear her in mind. Reuben?"

"I shall not forget her," said Reuber "She shall come and tell you when I'm gone, if you let me know where you live," added Mrs. Eastbell, in a brisk, business-like manner: "it is as well to arrange these little matters. "I live at Hope Lodge, Hope street,

Camberwell. "That's right, Reu-always live in Hope, my lad."

It was a feeble joke, which nobody ap preciated but this light-hearted old blind man, and she appreciated it for the three of them, and lay chuckling over it until it nearly choked her.

"I am going now," said Reuben Cul-wick, stooping over her; "good-by, 'uunt." "Good-by, lad; thank you for a visit which will cheer me up for days; and think of something for my Sally, if you

How strongly impressed that sullen girl by the fireplace was on the old wom-an's mind he did not entirely comprehend until this last moment of their meet-

'Grandmother!" said Sarah the younger, deprecatingly; but Mrs. Eastbell went on, the thin bony hand clinging to her nephew's tightly.

"She's everything to me, but I wouldn't mind parting with her at once-to-mor row, if you should hear of a decent situa tion for her. Anybody can mind me, and I don't want to stop the way to her advancement. She's clever at her needle; she reads well; she's quick at figures; in any tradesman's shop, now, she's be very handy-and she's only seventeer. So young, Ren, to be alone in the world

'Yes," said Reuben, "so young!" So young, and so willful and deceptive he thought also, after he had parted with his aunt and said "Good-day" to Sarah Eastbell; and walked into the little square court yard, where the rain had begun to patter briskly, as though there had been no wet weather for weeks, and it was coming down to make up for lost time.

(To be continued.)

WOLVES EAT A RAILROAD.

The Hungry Beasts Devoured the Rawhide Track.

About 1872 one of the first railroads of the Northwest was built in the Territory of Washington, from Walla Walla to Wallula, along the banks of the Walla Walla River, and following the general line of what is now the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's road between those points, says C. F. Oliver, in Recreation.

The road was a primitive affair, and was built, owned and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or buffet cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of having a right of way the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers, consequently the road was not a rapid transit one, as the train hands had to get off and lay down the rall fences and put them up again, after the train had passed through, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

The roadbed was constructed by laying cross ties six or eight feet apart, and on those laying wooden stringers for rails. The heavy traffic over the road caused the rails to wear in spots so that train wrecks and smashups were of daily occurrence. These were not serious, for when the train crew conundrum. If I could only think of saw a wreck coming their way they a conundrum to fit it, by George, I

The annoyances, however, soon be- ton Transcript. came detrimental to the interests of shippers, so the owner had to devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. Rails of standard railroad iron were out of the question, they had to be shipped "the Horn around," and freighted by wagon quite a distance, and strap iron could not be had, and the doctor, with Yankee shrewdness, finally hit upon the happy idea of substituting rawhide for strap iron. Cattle were plentiful and rawhide cheap, so the doctor soon had his tracklayers at work putting the rawhide on the wooden stringers. The rawhide soon became dry and as hard as iron and answered the purpose admirably dur-

ing the dry weather. The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snow and skirmished for a living as best they could in the valleys. When the snow began to melt it softened the rawhide and the hungry wolves soon found the tracks. When spring came and the snow had melted the wolves had eaten up the railroad track from Walla Walla to Wallula

A Youthful Estimate. "Now," said the Sunday school teacher, in her most winning tones, "which little boy can tell me about the still small voice that is within us?"

"Please'm," said the freckled boy at he end of the seat, "my uncle has one." "He has?" "Yes'm. He's a ventriloquist,"-Bal-

imore Herald. Best of Reasons. The Summer Girl (to her companion)

-What do you suppose it is, dearest, that makes the sea murmur so? Testy Old Gentleman Behind (who has encountered a mooning couple in every secluded nook along the shore)-Great Scott! Miss, you'd murmur if can had to listen to all the sentimental

nonsense the sea hears. Everlasting. Mrs. Newed-I find my lessons in creadmaking have saved us a lot of

Mrs. Potts-But I thought you could oot eat it, you said Mrs. Newed-We don't; but I make playthings for the baby out of it, and they never break or wear out.-Tid-

About the Same Thing. "Do you think that our civilization ends to lengthen men's lives?" "I don't know about that," answered

the practical man, "but with the increased facilities for travel and comnunication a man can come pretty near living twice as much in a given space of time as he used to."-Washington Star. Her View of It.

"You must think I'm a fool," he exlaimed. "You flatter yourself," she replied.

Chicago Record-Herald. Flowery speeches do not always indicate budding genius.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable-The Week's Humor.

Mrs. De Flat-Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer-Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bathtuh. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright plane. That's all He went back on her. it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin." -Exchange.

Same Old Grind. Gyer-Gotrox used to make hay and water stock on a New England farm when he was a boy.

Myer-What's he doing now? Gyer-The same thing in Wall street.



Mrs. Parvenue-Why didn't you come when I rang? The Butler-Because I didn't hear

the bell, ma'am. Mrs. Parvenue-After this when I ring and you don't hear the bell come and tell me so.

His Account Book. A firm of masons in an Irish town employ a hod carrier whose novel method of keeping account of his time was brought to light lately by a queer circumstance. He went one evening to his employer's home with the sad intelligence that he had lost his account book. He said that the pigs had unfortunately got in and eaten it up. "What sort of an account book did

you keep?" asked his employer. "Why, I had an empty barrel, and when I worked a whole day I put in a potato, and when half a day half a potato, and the pigs ate them all entirely."-Pearson's Weekly.

A Boston Intellectual. Hunter-You look pleased about something, Dumley.

Dumley-I have reason to. I've just thought of a jolly good answer to a believe I'd send it to the papers .- Bos-

The Popular Actress. "Dolly Footlights, the souhrette, celebrated her silver wedding yesterday." "What? She's not old enough to have been married twenty-five years." "Oh, certainly not. She was married for the twenty-fifth time yesterday."-Philadelphia Press.

Drawing the Line.

American Duchess-There is a report current that you married me for English Duke-Well, I hope you will not contradict it.

American Duchess-Why not, pray English Duke-I don't want my friends to think I'm a hopeless idiot.



Little Girl-Do you stutter all the time? Little Boy-N-n-n-no, only when I

A Bargain. Mrs. Hittle-You don't mean that Mary Elder is married at last! Why,

she must be forty at least! Mrs. Twist-The man she married got her at a bargain. She was marked down to thirty-five-Boston Transcript. Nothing Doin's Mrs. Homer-John, if Mrs. Neighbors

gets a new sealskin sack this winter I must have one also. Homer-Well, don't worry about it, dear. Neighbors and I formed a protective union to-day, and neither of you is to have one.

Ought to Do for Her. She (after landing him)-And, dear, am I the first girl you ever loved? He-Well, you're the last. That ought to be sufficient.

"She ain't at home sor," said the new naid, returning from the floor above. "Are you sure of that?" demanded Mr. De Trop suspiciously, "Faith, Oi am not, but she seems to be."-Philadelphia Press.

Enough Said.

Not a Good Turn. "If I ran against \$10,000 it would turn my head." "I ran against \$10,000 once and it came near turning my head all the

way around." "You don't say?" "Yes, it was in the shape of a touring car and it twisted my neck."

Those Prolonged Good-Nights. The old man was very angry.

"That young man who visits my daughter stays too late," he growled. "But you sald he remained only two hours in the parlor," spoke the friend. "Yes, two hours in the parlor, twen-

ty minutes in the hallway, fifteen in the vestibule and ten on the front Poor Man.

"Here is a nice article for carrying as an interesting ruin. bundles," said the clerk, displaying the shopping bags. "Oh, I have a bundle carrier," re-

sponded the stern woman. "What kind, may I ask?" "My husband."

Horseless Variety.

to-day?

Ida-A coach. Ernie-Did her father refuse to buy her one? Ida-Oh, no; this is a football coach. years old, was sold recently at Utica,

His Little Joke. who loved romance. "I don't think so much of him," tury ago.

second-story man."

who had been gazing in the shop win-"Why, sir," whined the crook, "der tions of this natural pendulum are un-

me hands are cold," Summing Them Up. States.

Pa-Well, what do you think the rest of the boys will be? Ostend-Oh, I guess they'll be cranks that annoy the President.

About the Size of It. than listen. She-Well, that depends. He-Depends on what? She-Whether or not a man is mak-

Asked and Answered.

ing her a proposal.

hit a woman with an ax." Plausable Theory. Tomdix-In England the bride's lowry is called a dot. I wonder why? Hojax-Oh, probably because it puts What a Woman Can Learn in Dress by stop to the financial troubles of the masculine half of the combine.



Mr. Kousty-So you want to be my son-in-law, eh? Charley-Well, I'm not so particuer about that. All I want is to marry your daughter.

Rubbing It In. "Yes," said the Englishman who had immigrated some years ago, "I dearly love the mother country." "You certainly did old England a great favor," rejoined the home-grown

American. "What was that?" queried the Eng-Hshman. "You didn't stay there," answered

the other.

Tom?

Preparing for Winter. "I want half a dozen coal scuttles." "What size, madam?" asked the "Oh-er-about three pints," she re plied.

Cause and Effect.

Citizen-How can you be tired when you are doing nothing? Tramp-I reckon it's 'cause dere's o much uv it ter do. Rather Pessimistic. "This is a tough old world," remark ed the anvil in the blacksmith's shop.

'I get nothing but hard knocks all day "Right you are," replied the bellows 'I'm always hard pressed to raise the wind."

Smith-Brown is painfully hard up fust now. Jones-Did he lose his job? Smith-Oh, no; the boss raised his

Feminine Way.

salary last month, and his wife is trying to live up to it. Parental Objections. Pretty Daughter-So you don't like

Her Father -- No. He appears to be

capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter-But what objection have you to George? Her Father-Oh, he's worse than Tom. He strikes me as being capable of anything.

There Was Enough to Lick. Daniel Le Roy Dresser, the former president of the Trust Company of the Republic, sometimes tells of an inter esting Irishman, Patrick O'Malley, who worked in the garden of his father. "Pat once caught," Mr. Dresser said the other day, "a boy stealing apples

boy by the collar, took up a stick and prepared to flog him. The little fellow kicked, squirmed and bellowed. "'Oh, Mister,' he howled, "don't do nothing to me, sir. I'm not to biame for this.' "'Why are you not to blame?' said

in my father's garden. He seized the

Pat, holding his hand a moment. "'Folks say I'm not all there,' re-Life. plied the boy. "'Well,' said Patrick, 'I can't belp that. I'll just lick what there is of ye," "

Knew His Man Too Well. Bunker-Old man, can you lend me hundred until next Thursday? Hill-I'm sorry, old man, but I've got to meet a note next Friday .- Detroit Free Press.

## QUEER STORIES GEO. P. CROWELL

Four-fifths of the Irish immigrants arriving in New York are young wom-

en between the ages of 17 and 26. Fort Snelling, at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, will Dry Goods, Groceries, be preserved by the War Department

Strasburg has undertaken to heat a room in Munich by a flashlight in Hardware, Nuremberg, which is one hundred miles away. The trolley car is net drawn or push- Flour and Feed, etc.

ed by the electric current at all, but is Ernie-Why does Edna look so blue lifted again and again by the attraction of magnets for the armature colls of the motor. The home of Samuel Dove, an exslave who is more than one hundred

N. Y., under mortgage foreclosure pro-

ceedings to satisfy an indebtedness "Romeo was ideal," said the maiden which Dove contracted to secure the freedom of his son nearly half a cenchuckled the youth who had witnessed The most marvelous of all rocking the balcony scene; "I think he was a stones is that of the island of Cephalonia, off the coast of Greece. This is a great rock, about a rod square, in "What are you doing with your hand the edge of the sea, and it is in perin my pockets?" demanded the man petual motion, alternately touching the land and receding from it about twenty times a minute. The regular oscilla-

ain't no pockets in dese trousers an' affected by calms or by tempestuous seas that break completely over it. The weight of ten persons did not perceptibly change its rate of motion, and Ostend-The teacher said I may when an English captain attempted to Davenport Bros. some day be President of the United drag it away the oscillations snapped his chains like thread.

Eight vegetables, new to this coun-

try, are being cultivated in the Government experiment stations with reference to introducing them to the truck gardeners. They are described as fol-He-A woman would rather talk lows: A European okra of giant proportions is a very valuable starch producer. From Mexico is a pepper largely used in that country, and a husk tomato, which makes delicious sweet pickles. A decorative and medicinal vine is a cucumber, also Mexican, which distributes its seeds broadly "Is there any way to make a woman when ripe, by violently exploding. stop talking?" asked the newly mar- Chevril, a sedge-like plant from Europe, produces a tuber of hazlenut size, "Yes," answered the home-grown which, eaten raw, tastes like cocoanut. sage, "but somehow a man hates to The Indian basella, a vine, has blossoms like an arbutus, and fruit like a blackberry bush.

FASHION HINTS FROM FLOWERS

Studying the Fields. What can a woman learn in dress from the flowers? Can the lilies of the field teach her the principles of beauty in color, line and form that she may be arrayed as they? The woman who plans her own

gowns and has the artistic sense will

find abundant suggestion in the colors, shades and harmonious blendings of the flowers. Of course, in some of the freak blossoms into which florists nowadays delight to distort nature, combinations of color may be found as inharmonious as it is possible to imagine. Discretion, too, is eminently necessary. Nature throws masses of color togeth er promiscuously and then blends and softens them by various effects of the atmosphere. Many a flower looks which, if taken in the hand and examined by itself, would be found most crude in coloring. Much of the succrude in coloring. Much of the succrude in coloring. Much of the succrude in coloring is successed as a plan would depend upon a woman's ability to produce the whole a feet of any flower in her gown. The effect of any flower in her gown. The lacking at the rose will severally for the productions of teams and wagons. For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on hearest agent.

Gen office Portland, Or. Mauager. untrained eye looking at the rose will nearest agent.

Gen. office, Portland, Or. see pink. The eye of the artist looking at the same flower will see a variety of colors-grays and purples, whites and pinks. These are the colors, not said the lady who lets furnished rooms. Just plain pink, with which he must produce the rose upon his canvas. There are, however, never more than two positive colors in any flower. This teaches a valuable lesson, a woman should never have more than two positive colors in her costumes. There is something also in the idea that large women would do well to copy their costumes from the larger flowers. Such flowers—the tulip, poppy, etc.—are generally variegated. A big mass of a single color is never beautiful-nature

avoids it .-- London Express. Over the Telephone. "H'lo!" "H'lo!"

"Thatchoo, Pim?"

"Yeh. Hoozat?" "Smee-Nell." "H'lo, Nell! Smatter?" "Nothin', Thought 'd call yup, Say, Jim, Juno Tom Dixon?" "No. Oozee?"

"Letcha know some time. Say, jeerabout Kitten Jim?" "No. Whajjaknow 'bout 'em?" "Don't speak teach other." "Wot strubble?"

"Ida know. Cumminover soon?" "Yeh. Guesso, B' choor cumminover tower house first." "Wilifican, Gotteny fudges?" "Lot zuvvem." "Well, I'll come. G'by."

"G'by. Say!" "Well?" "Don't tell whattitoldjubout Kitten Jim."

"G'by!"-Chicago Tribune. Some Brands of Charity. "Papa, what is charity?" "Charity, my son, is giving away what you don't want." "What is scientific charity?"

"I won't. G'by!"

what you don't want to someone who does not want it. "What is organized charity?" "Organized charity, my son, is giving away something that you don't want to some society which will give it away to someone who does not want it."-

Prim Miss From the Back Bay. Miss Wabash-Last Saturday was your birthday, wasn't it? Miss Boston-Preposterons! How can you be so silly? Miss Wabash-What's the matter

with that? Miss Boston-Last Saturday was the anniversary of my birth. I'm not an infant.-Philadelphia Press.

DEALER IN

Prof. Braun of the University of Boots and Shoes,

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

## Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River.

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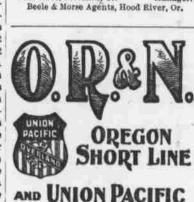
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