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Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Card. Castoria cures Diarrhesa and Wind Colic.

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No. 121 First Street PORTLAND, OR. "Look across the clearing to where the big tree stands."

A WHIFF O' THE CALLER AIR. Written in Australia by Mrs. Margaret Miller

Oh, for a breath o' the moorlands, A whiff o' the caller air! For the scent o' the flowerin heather

My very heart is sair. Oh, for the sound o' the burnles That wimple o'er the lea, For a sight o' the brownin bracken On the hillsides waving free!

Oh, for the blue lochs cradled In the 'rms o' mountains gray That spule as they shadow the drifting

ciouds
A' the bonny simmer day! Oh, for the tops o' mountains, White wi' eternal snaw!

For the winds that drift across the lift, For the strong east winds that blaw! I'm sick o' the blazing sunshine

That burns through the weary hours; O' gaudy birds singing never a song, l' beautiful scentless flowers. I'd gie a' their southern glory

For a taste o' the gude saut wind, Wi' a road o'er the bonny sea before And a track o' foam behind. Auld Scotland may be rugged,

Her mountains stern and bare, But, oh, for a breath o' her moorlands,

-London Independent.

### AT FORT BOBOLINK.

A whiff o' her caller air!

"Proctor and Tecumseh have abandoned the siege of Fort Meigs, and their forces are coming this way!"

These words were shouted by a man who rode through the Maumee forests one day in the summer of 1818. They blanched the

cheeks of every listener. The rider bestrode a fleet horse, whose flanks gave evidence of hard riding, and as he galloped from cabin to cabin with the terrible announcement mothers seized their children and involuntarily pressed

them to their bosoms. For some time a large force of British and Indians under the joint leadership of General Proctor and the cruel Tecumseh had besieged Fort Meigs on the Maumee, but the gallant defense made by General Harrison had shown the allies that it was not to be taken by either assault or strate-

Now that the seige had been abandoned the allies would turn back enraged over their discomfiture, and the tomahawk and signal was repeated and answered by one of scalping knife would devastate the Mau- the bidden braves near the fort the new en-

'Proctor and Tecumseh comis ;?" cried a boy who heard the news from the mounted and guns!" cried one of the boys. "We will than ever before or since.—Edinburgh Remessenger sent shead to alarm the frontier. have to meet the British now." I will run down to the fort to see if it is At this moment an Indian sprang up

emy came to a balt.

It was a long night for the watchers with-

The people in the fort looked at one an-

The red coated officer looked at Tecumseh

calm voice of Tecumseh:

turned and marched away.

minions from its fair precincts.

baugh in Washington News.

When the settlement was reached, there

followed a season of rejoicing, and soon

afterward the men who had helped de-

Strange to say, this particular settle-

frontiers the settlers repeated the story of the defense of Fort Bobelink.—T. C. Har-

under most prosperous conditions. Its en-

"That is true.

in trim for a siege."

The "fort" mentioned by the backwoods boy was a log cabin which had been aban
He was not molested by those in the fort, doned by its original builders. Owing to the presence of a bobolink's near they had called it Fort Bobolink, and the boy settlers hear him telling the story of the battle as were determined to defend it to "the last | far as it had gone. extremity." When Ned Talcot reached Fort Bobolink, the sun was setting, and Indians then marched to the left and vanafter a brief inspection he ran back to the ished. In vain they waited for their reapsettlement, where he found all in a state of

A hurried council of war between the in Fort Bobolink. They started at every seven boys of the settlement and the wom- sound, and when the moon went down they

were more vigilant than ever. "We can't defend the scattered cabins. At length daylight broke over the sleep-We may altogether defend Fort Bobolink," less little garrison, and then were anxious said Ned. "There is no telling how soon eyes at the loopholes.

the allies will show up in this section, but The bodies of the three Indians killed in if they really have abandoned the siege they the night assault were no longer in the are liable to be here this very night."

The council of war at once decided unanidarkness by their comrades. grass. They had been removed during the

mously to go at once to Fort Bobolink, and "Look! The whole British army!" sudso, taking all the guns in the settlement. denly exclaimed a boy at a loophoole with other things which they thought Sure enough, approaching the fort with would be needed, they marched down to the the bright light upon their equipments, a Holl's Old Jewelry Stand, 3d Street. fort and prepared for the expected attack. large force of redcoats were to be seen The sun went down, and the long shad marching in tolerable order. ows of twilight stole through the forests.

Captain Ned had stationed his guards a lot of Indians half naked and wily as IF YOU WANT FIRST-CLASS within the fort with military precision, foxes, and as the boys watched them they and every few minutes he made the rounds felt that Fort Bobolink was soon to fall.

to see that watchfulness was not abated. On came the redcoats, and the defenders The mothers had put the youngest children saw three cannon planted where they could to sleep and now with watchful eyes they demolish the cabin in a jiffy. At 10 o'clock a bright moon in its third ish commander rode forward with a handwaited in the darkness for the foe, quarter made its appearance. This gave some Indian chieftain at his side.

The savage also wore British uniform,

utlines of the trees.

Suddenly one of the young sentries, look"It is Tecumseh in a major general's unioutlines of the trees. ing through a loophole, discerned moving form," said Captain Ned. "One shot would figures where a moment before he had seen but waving grass. He signaled Captain Ned and they watched the figures together.

The company of the figures together.

The company of the figures together is the force and the figures together.

"The enemy have come!" said the boy as raised his hand. He was looking straight he turned back and faced the women. e turned back and faced the women.

In an instant the seven young defenders "If white men will surrender, Tecumseh of the cabin stood at the loopholes with promises to spare their lives," said the chief. rifles in their hands. Gradually the skulking figures drew other. They had heard a great deal about closer, till at last they halted among the "Indian mercy," but they had also heard

stumps just in front of Fort Bobolink. how on one occasion Tecumseh had really They were savages, as the boys could now interfered to save the lives of American see by their dress. They wore feathers in prisoners.
their scalp locks and carried guns in the "Shall we surrender?" asked Captain hollows of their naked arms. It was the advance force of the frontier scourges, and "Further resistance seems to mean death," the boys of the Maumee knew that bofore was the reply. daylight the bloody work would begin. Half a dozen braves were within easy rifle shot of the fort, and as the boys watched a porthole. The Indian turned to the Britthem they put their heads together and pointed toward Fort Bobolink, while they talked in tones too low to be distinguished.

a portuote. In a portuote. Is a portuote. It a portuote. Is a portuote. It a portuote. It a portuote. It a portuote. It a portuote a The six Indians had separated and were crawling through the grass toward the fort, taking good care to keep in the shadows of

the stumps of the clearing, but now and all the rifles in one corner and were ready the stumps of the clearing, but now and then the watchful boys caught sight of dark red bodies that seemed to possess the movement and the cunning of serpents.

It was a moment of suspense to all on the inside, and a babe that cried just then was middle, the little band left Fort Bobolink.

With the women and little children in the middle, the little band left Fort Bobolink. seized by its mother and hastily hushed. "Don't fire!" said Ned. "Let them show and smiled. their intentions. We are on the inside, with 10 good rifles and stanch logs around Five minutes later one of the savages

rose and ran up to the door. In another moment he had struck it with the handle and saluted.

Ned Talcot marched his company within a few feet of the pair; then he halted and saluted. The blow sounded like a knell of doom to the women huddled in the little fort.

"Boys," said the British officer contemptuously, "if I had known this, I would have the women huddled in the little fort. "White squaw open!" exclaimed the In-

dian. "News from white soldiers with Har-self, and his harsh words were met by the This was too evidently a stratagem to get the door open, and it did not succeed. After a silence the Indian was heard to growl to have defended their mothers and little "Now for it," said Captain Ned as he saw It runs through Vestibuled all six Indians rise and rush forward. The door had been well barricaded with strong planks, but still the defenders of the cabin feared that the savages might cut

through, and they would then have them at ahawks and pointed toward the settlement. Without their usual yell the Indians dashed upon the fort, but that instant they were met with a sheet of flame which seemed to singe their cheeks.

It was the first volley in defense of Fort fend Fort Meigs came home. Bobolink, and right royally had it been Best that can be constructed and in which ac-Three of the Indians threw up their modations are FREE and furnished for

hands and fell back in the grass, while the others stood for a moment apparently bereft of reason. When the living foes realized what hap-

pened, they dropped to the ground and wriggled back to the main bady. Silence followed that first volley from the loopholes of Fort Bobolink, and the boys, strain their eyes as they might, couldsee no sign of a live enemy, but the dark forms in the grass told them that at least three braves would never more follow the Full information concerning rules, time of the great Shawnee chief.

At last there came from beyond the clearline formation concerning rules, time of the great Shawnee chief.

At last there came from beyond the clearline formation concerning rules, time of the great Shawnee chief.

At last there came from beyond the clear-

Assistant General Passenger Agent, shall have more bot work."

Captain Ned looked and saw moving vast European continent to the terrestrial there a dark mass, which confirmed his leviathan, which accordingly multiplied fears. It looked like more than 50 men and throve exceedingly. Then was the culminating epoch of the proboscidean family. Thick hided animals with tusks and trunks attained a larger size, ranged over a wider area of the earth's surface and existed "See the moon shining on the buckles more numerously and in greater variety

RCYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK

Made a Lock For the Key.

An old and curious key and lock are attached to the door of Temple church, in Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is 18 inches long and, unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for it. Both key and lock have been in use since the crusades, the church itself having been by the Knights Templars in 1485.

A DIRGE FOR THE DRAMA.

What means this sound of sobs and sighing That rings the Muses' dwelling through Alas, dramatic art is dying, Its patrons are so sadly few! egitimate is shunned, and therefore Melpomene and Thalia pine; Terpsichore is courted, wherefore

Behold the drama's sad decline Declaimed midst thunderous applanse Some dancer now, all pink and yellow, Kicks high from out a cloud of gauze, And Shakespeare hides his head divine

While skits without a saving line Have tuns of seven hundred nights Tragedians one and all are idle, They've lost the fickle public ear;
Men will not list to Anton Seidl,
They much prefer roof garden beer.
On roofs midst pine trees green and bosky
In summer we, alas! incline
To hear the gentle song "McCloskey,"
As sweetly sing by Maggia Clina.

As sweetly sung by Maggie Cline Where Hamlet spoke his lines dramatio And charmed that less heretic age, We now have actions acrobatic, A steeplechase upon the stage! Once men preferred to hear bravado From bluff Don Casar de Bazan, And now they go to El Dorado

Four hundred ballot girls to scan. Oh, shades of histrioule masters! From us you well may keep aloof, With all New York one Tony Pastor's, And every theater on the roof. Alasl Alas! Tis little wonder Melpomene and Thalia pine, Terpsichore has filched their thunder Behold the drama's swift decline!

-Guy Wetmore Carryl in Truth.

A TEMPTATION.

On the morning of Aug. 12, 189-, a young man who had arrived on business connected Captain Ned thrust a handkerchief out of

moment he found that everything outside remained motionless was pinned to the pillow. Surely it had letters written by them at one end of the not been there the night before. ed again. He was certainly awake, and Dark and silent and deep eyed as was Bhao yet the paper was still there.

strip. A few words were traced upon it in ent powers to him. But Tecumseh, as erect as a statue, cona hand characteristic and peculiar and ut-terly unknown to him. The young man he might do, mattered nothing. If she was tinued to gaze straight ahead without moving a muscle.

Ned Talcot marched his company to

The redskins who had accompanied the inquiry, to the office. Nothing unusual of her heart at him. Washe, then, the victim of ballucination? Then the man forgot everything, and stooping he caught her to himself. The In another minute the little company

designated in the mysterious communica-tion was perfectly clear to his conscious-hesitated. Then abruptly he passed his ment was spared the ravages of war, as if Tætumseh held back his tomahawking pernatural, this message had reached him, ed, her head sank upon her shoulder.

It could not refer but to one circumstance. Bhao Mitra lifted her bodily in his arms The exploit of the seven boys passed into in the east, at that place where, truly, he form was motionless, her face locked in imlocal history, and for many years along the had left the better part—nay, the whole— mobility.

of his soul? emies were few and comparatively impo-

tent. Alone among other contemporary Ing a sound like the note of a bird, and Captain Ned said to his nearest companion:

"That was a signal, Archie. Now we shall have more but work."

"In truth we shall," was the reply.

"Look across the clearing to where the big tree stands."

Thus read the invitation for the garden for the garden over sea and shore and over the stretch of emerald shore and over the stretch of the ascetic, of that long discipline of the ascetic, of that

speare had been played by a little group of well trained actors. The twinkling jet of fountains showered with prismatic drops the pink and purple and the white ole-

The chief guest, Bhao Mitra, turned a long glanes of his deep black eyes on the girl who walked by his side, the young mistress of Wellwood, the daughter of the the perfume of the flowers, seemed to him radiant light of her eyes' blue depth.

away from the crowded center of the fete, and then Ethelind lifted her glance to his In Bengal (I do not known under what and said timidly, with the rose leaf color precedents) the people generally eat fish, springing into her cheek, the color that but in the upper provinces, or in Bombay came there when she addressed him: speak to me of yourself—of how you happened to come here, so far from your own an hour's siesta. He gets up at 4 o'clock in smiled a little sadly, and the look of his that he is awake-works on week days and

caltivated Hindoos, come to your England.

Men travel for knowledge, but we—some of us—have the means of acquiring by other methods than insight into life that wisdom which the men of the occident seek valuly by going about the earth. And yet wealso sometimes are compelled by an inward voice to wander forth amid new scenes.

Perhaps it is that it may be given us some
Men travel for knowledge, but we—some of during the hottest part of the day.—Mag goomdar's Lecture.

Superstition.

Superstition.

Superstition.

Superstition.

Superstition.

"It's bad luck," said the bad boy, "to give a person something sharp or pointed. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if young Mr.

Jinkles and I were to part friendship after I leave this pin in his chair for him."—Chiwhere to help others. Perhaps"-his voice cago Tribune. grew deeper-"we are sent forth to meet some great final experience, some great final temptation, at the ends of the world." terrace crowned a rocky promontory. A caught by his wife the other day?" circular bench was about the terrace. Below, the water washed against the rock gently. Ethelind sank upon the bench. She clasped her hands in her lap; her breath came and went with the soft palpitations of her young bosom

She was ineffably happy. He was telling a cnd telling many stories of the magnifi-her something of himself—he was lifting a cent sport he had had. Mrs. Jones thought corner of the veil that hung over that mys- some roast duck would taste very good for terious existence which his new friends here in the prosaic western world divined started in to prepare the game herself. vaguely and with which they connected him in this faraway land of India.

Those who knew something of such mat-

believed him to be a mahatma, a theosophfeal adept, one of the sage brethren of those | having caught them in a trap. Mrs. Jones remote Thibetan convents whence issues said she believed him, but he has been what is left in the world today of the wis- afraid to meet her glance ever since."with his law practice at a hotel in a west-ern town the night before awoke suddenly These men were understood to be able to with a sensation of having been abruptly do strange things. They could transport

themselves with their astral body to dis-It was still early, and after listening a tant parts, even while their material body his door was silent. Thinking he had dreamed, he turned again on his side. A initiation and training, such control over folded strip of paper then met his view. It the occult psychical forces of nature that

globe would fall at the other end into the He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He look- lap of those for whom they were intended. Mitra, it was not difficult to find one's self Doubting his senses, he unfolded the ascribing the possibility of such transcend-But to Ethelind what he might be, what

happy that he spoke to her of himself, it "He who journeys toward the west may was that he had thus spoken to no one else. turn with wisdom his footsteps backward And she loved him. As she raised her to the east—backward to the spot where bath been left the better part of his soul." She had forgotten all else; she had no memory for other ties, once dear enough: The young man rose and went to the no thought for her troth plighted but a door. It was still locked from the inside. month ago, almost on this spot, to one who He turned to the windows. They were fas- was her own countryman—a stalwart, hon tened securely. Nor did investigation on est English youth and one who adored her. the outside disclose the presence of a fire | She was in thrall. So perfect was her escape or other means by which entrance young passion that no thought of concealcould during the night have been effected. ment came to her. She was like a young In the room all things were as they had Naiad woodd by a god. As he looked down been left when the occupant had retired. on her now, his breath coming fast, she The young man dressed and repaired, with opened her flowerlike lips and smiled out

No. The strip of paper with its curious wide hat fell backward from her hair. Her andwriting was there, a tangible reality. lovely face, in its rosy innocence, was close "The better part of his soul" were not to his. But even as he bent over it a film obscure terms to the young man. The spot appeared to pass between his eyes and this ness. By whatever agency, natural or su- hand above the girl's eyes. Her lids droop-What had happened, what was happening and placed her on the bench. Her delicate

The afternoon light was waning. The He might be the sport of some grizzly fete was about to close. The sounds of mupractical joke. He knew not. He might sic that had reached the terrace now ceased. The man stood looking down at the white be an easy dupe. He cared not.

The man stood looking down at the white He had explained nothing to himself of figure. He had come literally to the ends The great northern elephant perished as species in the prime of life. It had lived found him at the railway station of the earth to find this last terrible tempwestern town purchasing a ticket for the was the promised wife of another man. The Hindoo bad a rapid vision of that other's \* \* \* \* \* face. He had seen it once, a month before, "To meet Mr. Bhao Mitra of India." and he knew it was the face of one possess-

led him, Ehao Mitra, to that stage where. indeed, as the vulgar divined, occult psychical forces were subject to him, and where mysteries were open to him before which the world was blind? Was this to be the end of all, that he should lose all his ascendancy, by the

Ethelind under this new supreme influence was as a bird ensnared. Who shall tell the battle of that moment? He had saved himself, dashed the cup from his lip at the moment of fruition. She slept oblivious in her trance. Oblivious? Yes, and so she should remain. Bhao Mitra bent his dark facedownward. His piercing eyes were fixed for a motionless instant on the sleeping features. He raised his hand and touched her eyes and brow. Then, without looking back, he

He left the grounds of Wellwood Hall unseen of hostess or guests. His absence had not been, noticed. Nor would Ethelind's absence be remarked. Within a few moments she would awake and return to her friends. She would do so calmly, scarcely remembering that her mother's strange guest had walked with her that day. For Bhao Mitra had consummated his sacrifice to the end. As she lay before him, he had willed that all love for him migh depart from her breast. She would awake as the Ethelind of a month ago, and only such affections as she had then known

would she know now. And yet the sacrifice had not been consummated wholly. No. One thing remained to be done. That night Bhao Mitra shut himself in his room. On the following morning it was that a young man bassing through a western town awoke to find a strip of paper mysteriously pinned upon his pillow.

"How did you happen to come back so suddenly?" cried Ethelind, hanging a day later about the neck of him she was soon t

"I don't know." The young man looked grave. He told his strange experience. "It s incomprehensible. Ask your native Hindoo friend, Mr. Bhao Mitra, to explain it. He looks as if he knew many strange secrets of a psychical sort

Ethelind laughed lightly. "Yes, people said he was doubtless a very wise man He's gone now, you know; gone back to India. He was very nice, though rather grave

She had forgotten all .- Exchange.

India's Real Vegetarians. The Hindoo's meal is a simple affair. house. All the brilliant clearness of the Every high caste Hindoo is a vegetarian, day, the softness of the wandering breezes. Your vegetarians here include so many animal substances that our people stand aghast concentrated in this slight, girlish presence, when they are mentioned. Your vegeta crowned with the poetry of 17 summers. She was as the incarnation of every lovely geese and lard, perhaps soups and brothsol thing in nature and art. The yellow sheaf | doubtful composition. In India the touch of wheat on her drooping garden hat was of egg and lard and fish would be almost as no more golden than her hair beneath it. contaminating as beef itself. Vegetarian-And Bhao Mitra, looking back at the vista ism simply means butter, mik, sugar, of sea and sky between the elm's branches, flour, rice, pulses and herbs. Every one thought the azure of both pale beside the has not the means to buy all this, so the food sdiant light of her eyes' blue depth.

Before they knew it they had wandered white bread and stewed pulses or some rice

and Madras, where Hindooism is more home." the morning, mind you, and goes to bed He was silent a moment, and then he from 9 to 10 o'clock. He works all the time eyes grew remote. "Yes, it is far," he said, on Sundays, week in and week out. He and be appeared to be speaking almost to himself. "Few men of my country, few, incessant labor he enjoys an hour's rest. ultivated Hindoos, come to your England. during the hottest part of the day .- Ma-

Perhaps it is that it may be given us some- I leave this pin in his chair for him."-Chi-

No Shot In His Game. He paused. They had reached a point of the sequestered garden path where a little friend, "did you hear how Jones was "Say, Smith." said Brown as he met his | HARPER'S MAGAZINE "No. How was that?" "Why, he went away with a couple of

friends, telling his wife he was going on a gunning expedition and would be back in about three days. At the end of that time he came back, bringing a fine lot of ducks supper, and as the servant was out she 'She then noticed that there was no shot in them, but that they had all had their necks wrung, and she asked Jones to account for it. He had bought them ters asserted without hesitancy that they and was at a loss for an explanation, but he concocted an impossible story about Philadelphia Call.



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thus speaks of Ayer's Pills: "Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and recommended them to my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been

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completely and

disorders I have named above." "I have been selling medicine for eight years, and I can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction

as the nature of the complaint required,

would be found an absolute cure for the

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