

THE SONG THAT WAS LOST.

There was a poet born who had deep in his heart a song;
He sprang from the soil—he plowed the fields in spring;
But he conned the songs of the ancient bards—he studied well and long.
And ever he sang to himself the song that God gave him to sing!
And he loved the mother who bore him, and as they toiled away
He thought of the joy she would have to hear him sing his song some day.
In secret moments of the night his heavenly song he wrote—
Letter by letter, word by word, and, likewise, line by line;
And he sang it unto the beasts of the field; he caught the song bird's note
And held it fast, and in his eyes was the light that is divine—
The song that he had been given to sing he poured from his heart, and then he ran to sing it to her whose love surpassed the praise of men.
He sang the song—the song sublime that had burst from the depths of his heart;
She dumbly heard him sing until the last note died away;
"Ah, but," she sadly sighed, "it will bring you nothing in the mart,
For men have little gold to give in trade for songs to-day!"
He gazed into her face and saw but cold, sharp wrinkles there—
His song became a sob—he turned, and plowed on in despair.
—Cleveland Leader.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

"TWO souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."
Ralph Thorndyke was possessed of a dreamy, poetic nature, far beyond the ordinary. He owned a pretty photographic studio, and his business was congenial to his artistic temperament; there was so much in it to cultivate love of the beautiful.
He had reached the age of 27, "heart whole and fancy free," or apparently so to his friends. To-day is his birthday, and he is thinking intently of a realistic dream of the night just passed. Just a year ago a vision came to him; a face not beautiful, but strong and earnest and sweet. She appeared to him in a portrait which he seemed to be looking at. The little brown hair was in natural waves over a smooth forehead, and the calm, steadfast eyes were of a deeper hue.
Now, a year later, the same face had again appeared, and Ralph is thinking of the message that came to him. "I am, one more year, and I will come to you." He finally awoke from his reverie and started for his studio; on the way he picked up a package from the sidewalk. Soon reaching his cozy little office, he opened it, to find two photographs by Sarony in a folding frame; one was a draped figure, the right hand raised to the forehead, the face profile, the other, all the same true brown eyes which haunted him for a year! The brown hair, with golden tints in the high lights; the fair complexion, deepening into a wild rose pink on her rounded cheek. The photo was beautifully painted in water color, and life-like. The artist soon made copies of both pictures and took his plates into the dark-room to develop, with good results.
Toward night a little urchin stuck his head in at the door and shouted: "Journal!"
"Here, boy," said Ralph, "never mind the change," as he flung him a nickel. He read the news, then glanced at the advertisements. Under "Lost and Found" appeared the following:
Lost—Two photos of lady, in a folding gold frame, between Wellington street and postoffice. Finder please send to D 570, The Journal.
Ralph sent them to the address named, congratulating himself that he possessed such satisfactory copies, and resolved to enlarge the profile for himself. It was a labor of love, to work on it day by day, and a most beautiful work of art it was when finally finished. Time went on apace; another year, with its pleasures and trials, has passed.
About 11 o'clock next day the electric bell rang "three rings," a signal that a subject was ready to be posed; it was the work of a moment to put the negative for exposure into the plate-holder.
As Ralph walked toward the camera what he saw took his breath away. The vision of his dreams! The same womanly face, the graceful form!
The pleasant voice of a well-known society woman broke in: "Allow me, Mr. Thorndyke, to present my friend, Miss Marion Beane, to you and your best effort in art." The artist bowed, expressing himself the best he could, with such a whirling brain as pleased to favor them.
He posed her, then she went to the dressing-room to don another costume; her friend, Mrs. Claremont, chatted with Ralph, saying: "I'm so glad that you two have met to-day. Marion is so romantic; would you believe it? She is waiting for an ideal; she believes that every one possesses half a soul, that somewhere in the world the other half is waiting to be recognized and claimed; if the two halves join, then is the union perfect and two lives made happy, otherwise unhappiness and discord result from the ill-assorted union of two people."
"Two years ago she went into a trance or sleep at midnight while at Newport, nearly frightening every one out of their wits. She came out of it, however, in a few hours; a year ago the same thing occurred at the same hour, while she was visiting me. She returned to her home the next morning and lost two photos of herself, made in New York. I advertised the loss and received them the next day." Marion's appearance at this time put a stop to further confidence, and Ralph had all he could do to control himself to be the artist.

When the ladies were about to go he said: "I would like to have you ladies visit my sanctum sanctorum," to which they gave a glad assent.
When they entered the door Marion gave a violent start, for, facing the entrance, was her own figure in life size; under the portrait the words, "Looking into the future." She blushed, then turned pale, and her eyes met Ralph's with something like recognition. Mrs. Claremont saw that there was something in the air and retired gracefully from the office with a remark about some errand that must be attended to immediately.
Ralph advanced toward Marion, and, taking her hand, said: "I was the fortunate finder of your photos and have had this portrait for my daily companion a year. May I hope in the future to possess the original? We have in reality known each other two years and need not measure time in the conventional way; I feel that I possess your soul's mate. Is it not true?"
Marion gave him a glance full of faith and trust, saying: "Even so, my heart is yours." It is needless to add that Marion never went into another trance. What could it be? Did her soul leave its earthly surroundings to seek its mate? She believes that it did, and found it, too.—Boston Post.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Tobacco pipes can be thoroughly cleaned by a new device consisting of a pump to be attached to the bowl of the pipe to draw water in through the stem and forcibly discharge it to dislodge the impurities.
The skin can be quickly removed from potatoes by a new cleaner formed of a tubular net of sharp cords having a number of knots on the inner surface, the tubers being placed in the net and shaken rapidly.
A handy cup for eggs boiled in the shell has slots near the edge for the insertion of a tableknife to remove the top of the shell, the cup having a removable lining so as to hold eggs of different sizes.
For use in curling the hair a newly designed instrument has the ends of the tongs flattened, to be heated and press the hair after it has been dampened and wound on curl papers or crimping pins.
An Australian has designed a new diving dress in which steel rings are woven into the cloth or sewed between two thicknesses, for the purpose of resisting the pressure of the water at great depths.
A German inventor has patented a clock for attachment to telephone instruments, which has levers to be set for the number of minutes' conversation desired, the connection with the other instrument being broken when the time expires.
Shoe laces are to be made with a core of hemp or other strong cord incased in a loosely woven casing, the cord extending into a tongue of coiled wire or soft brass at either end, thus forming a string which will not wear out easily.

JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story that a New York Club Woman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a club woman tells about herself:
"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler, who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H— was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional, and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family, and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H— had just left the breakfast table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:
"Dr. H— is a handsome man, isn't he?"
"Yes, ma'am. 'Deed an' he is, ma'am" with gratifying enthusiasm.
"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absent-minded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:
"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H— ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"
"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:
"Heaven knows, ma'am!"—New York Sun.

Prevention of Consumption.

Sir William Broadbent, who is one of the most eminent authorities on consumption in Great Britain, is prescribing fresh air as the best of preventives, day and night, summer and winter. He says everybody ought to sleep with the window open and the bedroom ought to be as fresh in the morning as when it is entered at night. He believes that if we all slept with open windows the mortality from consumption would be reduced by one-half from this alone.

Live 7 Days Ahead.

She—I can't understand why none of the neighbors have called on us. We've been here three months now and not a soul has come to welcome us to the neighborhood.

He—Oh, well, never mind. As soon as they find out that I'm a railroad man and can get passes for my friends they'll not permit you to get lonesome.

An Impression.

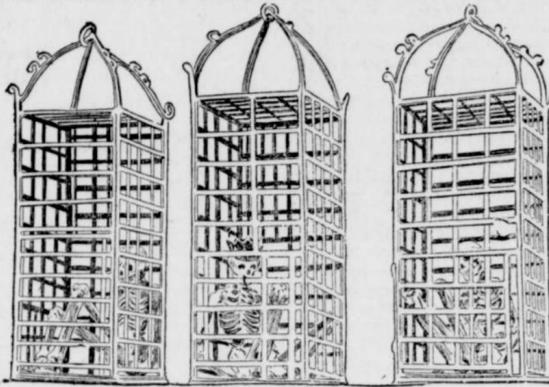
"Are those people holding an investigation?" said the tourist.
"Well, they are supposed to be. But some of them behave as if they were trying to let go of it."—Washington Star.

AN ANCIENT SENTENCE.

Bones of Anabaptists Again Hung to a Church Tower.

Not long ago a curious ceremony was performed as a finishing touch to the rebuilding of the Lambertus church, one of the finest examples of pure Gothic in Germany. The three "man-high" iron cages that have hung from the great tower since 1537 were hoisted up anew to a height of 325 feet, in order that the sentence of ancient bishop's court be carried out, which read: "And there, on the highest point in Munsterland, they shall hang for ever and ever, as a warning to evildoers from now on until judgment day."
These cages were the prisons in which the world-renowned Anabaptists, John van Leyden, "King of the Universe," as he called himself; his chancellor, Krechting, and his governor and lord high executioner, Knippendolling, spent the last six months of their lives, and that served them, or what was left of them, for coffins after death.

The cages thus installed at the top of the high tower are somewhat smaller than the originals, for when the latter were taken down about a year ago, to allow of the rebuilding of the tower,



AS THE CAGES NOW LOOK.

they were found to be in a dilapidated state, as rust had eaten away part of the framework. So new cages were constructed with the old material, and, of course, in strict imitation of their original form, and with all the paraphernalia that served to make the remaining days of the Anabaptists terrible.

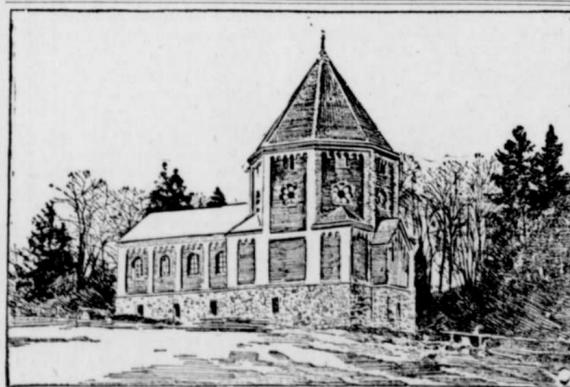
There were some skulls and fragments of bones in two cages, and instruments of torture in all of them. The bishop's court had decreed: "We give your flesh to the birds and your bones to the winds that rage above, so they may carry particles of your cursed bodies to all parts of the earth," but the winds had not finished their work a year ago. Two skulls were left, a broken and battered leg bone, and odd pieces of ribs and fingers, the latter having caught and being stuck fast in some of the crevices.

One of the skulls, large and massive, was in the king's cage, its identity being further vouched for by an iron crown fastened to the head by spikes. The other instruments of torture found in the cages—rusty daggers, big nails and pincers—were also found in a good state of preservation.

BISMARCK'S MAUSOLEUM.

Finishing Touches to the Tomb in Which He Will Forever Sleep.

Work on the Bismarck mausoleum is nearing completion. The final touches are being put to the interior decorations.



BISMARCK MAUSOLEUM IN THE FOREST OF SAXONY.

tions, and the elaborate structure will soon be ready for the burial of the Iron Chancellor. The tomb has been erected under the trees of the Forest of Saxony, close to the old castle of Friedrichsruh. It stands in a grove of beech and oak trees, near the top of the Schneckenberg (Snail Mountain), which is in plain view from the castle grounds.

The mausoleum is severe in its architecture, Roman in style and in perfect harmony with its surroundings. The heavy foundations are constructed of large bowlders, taken from the adjoining woods. The upper structure, topped by a stately dome, is of grayish building stone. The entrance to the tomb is in the side next to the woods and furthest away from Friedrichsruh.

Stone steps lead from the entrance gates on one side to the spaces designed for the graves of the members of the Bismarck family, and on the other side to the chapel and the mausoleum proper, directly beneath the dome. It is there that the "True and trusted German servant of Kaiser Wilhelm I." is to be laid at rest next to his wife, whom he had survived. It was decided several weeks ago to conduct the final burial ceremonies of the dead prince on

April 1, if possible, that date being his birthday.

The illustration shows the lines and style adopted by the architect. The structure is symmetrical and massive, but it is not ornate on any sense. The interior decorations are sculptor work for the greater part.

AN ODD CANNON.

The Only Double-Barreled One in the World.

The old double-barreled cannon of the Mitchell Thunderbolts is now owned, says the Atlanta, Ga., Banner, by the city and is on the City Hall lot. Capt. Barnett has been instructed to have the cannon mounted at the head of the park, on College avenue, near the Confederate monument. There is a history of unique interest that goes along with this old cannon. It, in the first place, is the only double-barreled cannon in the world; in the next place it was invented with a peculiar idea in the mind of the inventor. It belonged to the Mitchell Thunderbolts, a company of old men organized here in 1863 purely for home defense. One of the company, John Gilleland, invented this cannon and had it cast at the Athens foundry.

The idea of Mr. Gilleland was one of considerable ingenuity. A fifty-foot chain with the ends attached to two cannon balls was the charge, and the idea of the inventor was that, when the cannon balls came out of the muzzle of the cannon, they would have a tendency to diverge, draw the chain taut and mow down an entire company.
The company took the cannon out into the country near Athens one day to test it. It was properly charged, and was touched off with great ceremony. One of the balls got out a little ahead of the other, and then the mischief was to pay. It had a kind of circular motion, and plowed up a quarter of an acre of ground, the members of the company in the meantime scattering in all directions to keep from being hit by the flying chain.
The old cannon was never used after that except at an occasional Democratic jubilee, when charges of powder would be fired. About five years ago the old cannon disappeared, and not until a few days ago did our people know where it was. Last week it turned up in a junk shop, but it was promptly purchased by the city. Mr. Nonmyer, who owned the cannon, had been offered \$50 for it, but when he learned that it was a rare old relic and our people wanted to keep it he promptly turned down the offer and swapped it to the city for an old bell.

Where the Shah sits.

The Shah of Persia owns the most valuable arm chair in the world. It is

EARLY FIRE APPARATUS.

Boston Had the First Blaze-Fighting Engine on This Continent.

For a great many years the United States has led the world in the science of fire-fighting and the invention and improvement of fire apparatus and equipment. Boston has either led in the adoption and use of the latest fire machinery or it has been among the first to do so.
Boston possessed the first fire engine on this continent, which it imported from London in 1678. It had six engines when Philadelphia, the second city to possess one, purchased its first in 1718. New York was third in 1732, Salem fourth in 1749 and Baltimore fifth in 1790. All of these engines were small affairs, without either suction or leading hose, and were built by Richard Newsham of London, who built nearly all the fire engines used in the world at that time.

Only one of these engines is known to be in existence at the present time, the one built in 1749 for Salem, or, rather, for Richard Derby of that place, who presented it to the town. It was in active service there for many years, and a number of years ago was presented to a Philadelphia fire company, and is now in possession of the Veteran Firemen's Association of that city, and is on public exhibition at their headquarters. It is the oldest piece of fire apparatus on this continent.

The first American fire engine was built by John and Thomas Hill of Boston in 1733, the next by Anthony Nichols of Philadelphia in 1735, and by William Lindsay of New York in 1737, none of which was a success, and none was ever in the service of either of the places named. As early as 1854, Boston, then twenty-four years old, gave its selectmen authority to purchase of Joseph Jenks of Lynn five engines, but there is no record that the engines were purchased or that Mr. Jenks ever built an engine.

The first successful American fire engine was built by Thomas Lote of New York in 1743 and was used by No. 3 engine company for a number of years. Other fire engines of that city were also built by him.—Boston Globe.



Neuralgia occurs more frequently in women than in men, owing to their more delicate organization. A teaspoonful of elixir of hypophosphite taken after each meal will build up the strength materially.

Where supposed blood trouble depends upon constipation and excessive acidity, 2 grams of cream of tartar and 35 centigrams of flowers of sulphur, taken after each meal, forms an excellent combination for increasing the circulation.

The best tonic pill for improving the blood of anemic girls or women is as follows: Dried sulphate of iron and carbonate of potash, each 15 centigrams; aloin, 5 milligrams; extract of quinine, 8 milligrams; sulphate of guaiac, 15 milligrams. Take one after meals.

Painful and a great many people brought in contact with paint, complain of chronic lead poisoning. This causes constipation, weakness of the muscles, pains, simulating rheumatism, and debility. Five drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potash in a wine-glass of water after meals will help sufferers of this class.

There is no virtue in the color of flannel—gray, blue or any other color is equally useful. Where children are subject to bronchitis, flannel should always be worn. The baby should have no medicine except where there is fever; an elder child afflicted should have the chest and back rubbed with ammonia liniment night and morning.

Thorough rubbing of the back with chloroform liniment will greatly ease the pain and stiffness of the muscles involved in lumbago, but the avoidance of intoxicants and late hours, and a Turkish bath every four days, will help still further. Lumbago is really muscular rheumatism affecting the lumbar muscles. A mixture of salicylate of soda, 8 grams; oil of wintergreen, 4 grams; fluid extract of cascara sagrada, 15 grams; wine of colchicum seed, 15 grams, and simple syrup up to 90 grams form an admirable prescription for those seriously affected.

An "Animated" Cyclorama.

A novel feature of the Paris Exposition will be an "animated" cyclorama. The well-known French painter, Louis Dumoulin, is preparing a canvas upon which will be shown various countries of the world. The animation will be found in groups of natives from each country who will exhibit national dances, exercises, costumes, etc., in front of the section of canvas furnishing scenes from their respective lands.

Strange South Sea Island Relief. There is a belief among the South Sea Islanders that no man can enter paradise who has lost a limb, and for this reason a man will often die rather than submit to amputation.

It isn't what a man possesses that makes him happy, but what he doesn't want.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
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Dickens Wrote Most.

Among novelists the palm for the greatest quantity of writing, so far as mere amount is concerned, is generally conceded to Charles Dickens.

Labor Buys the Sweetest Sleep

But for insomnia or sleeplessness, and that unnatural weakness and weariness of mind, body, nerve and muscle, a reliable tonic is needed, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives sweet, refreshing sleep and overcomes that tired feeling. It has the endorsement of millions as the best medicine money can buy. Take only Hood's.

A woman would never think of singing in a street car, but men apparently have no hesitation in giving vent to their feelings in merry whistling in such a public place.

CATARH CAN BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Halls Family Pills are the best.

A West African king is the owner of an umbrella which measures six yards in diameter and affords shade for a table with 30 diners.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.

I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of household work and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, W. Va.



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