

FOR THEE.

The sun, with its glories outspread,
Is gilding the land and the sea,
And I fancy its smiles are all shed
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The birds, with their songs of delight,
Are waking the morning with glee,
And they're singing—I fancy I'm right—
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The roses that grow at thy door,
The daisies that bloom on the lea,
Their sweetness I fancy outpour
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The love that endures in my breast,
The worship my feelings decree,
I know are most truly possess'd
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

—London Sun.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement among the members of the C. E. Club which culminated in an open demonstration as the reading of the constitution was demanded. The President rapped loudly for order.

"It has been requested that the constitution be read," she said, in a clear, high soprano.

"This organization shall be called 'The Chaney Elopement Club.' Absolute secrecy as to time and particulars of elopement shall be maintained even between members. Membership shall be limited to seven, and shall cease the moment a wedding ring is placed on a true sister's finger. The older the man inveigled into eloping, the more credit shall be given the departing sister. Boys under 18 are not to be considered responsible. Long wedding trips are also barred. The penalty for being a member longer than two years is expulsion. Each departing member shall suggest a sister to take her place."

"You have heard the reading of the constitution," said the President, rising from her chair. "Now, what action is to be taken?"

"Madam President"—a tall girl arose with a malicious sparkle in her black eyes—"the reading of the constitution was demanded for the purpose of calling attention to the clause which reads that the penalty for being a member for over two years is expulsion. We have one such member. I think it time that action was taken."

The members gasped as the audacious speaker took her seat, and listened breathlessly for the President's answer. That official raised her head defiantly, and said laughingly:

"I presume that you mean me, Miss Andrews? I believe that I alone remain of the original seven."

"I do; and I move that the Vice President take the chair while we consider the case."

"One moment, please," the President turned to the Secretary. "Will you kindly look up the time of my membership?"

Amid dead silence the Secretary reported: "There are two months remaining, Madam President."

"I thought so." The President turned to the club, ignoring her of the black eyes. "You see," she said, "that it is impossible for the club to take any such step as the member moved, for the present. I will say, however, that such action will never become necessary in my case," and a resolute look came into the blue eyes.

"O, Gracie!" broke from the girls in admiration, for it was an open secret that the fair President had been engaged for some two years to a dignified professor of science, a man some twenty years her senior.

Grace walked away. "The hateful thing!" she exclaimed, the tears filling her eyes in spite of herself; "I'll show her! He does love me! He does! He will do anything I wish; only he does not approve of eloping. Oh, I wish that he did! But I'll manage somehow, and he just must do it, whether he approves or not."

A month passed, and still no opportunity presented itself for putting into practice any one of her numerous plans. Grace was almost in despair. Sadie Andrews openly laughed her to scorn as the time passed and Gracie was still Grace Dawn. Many of the girls looked dubious, and smiled faintly when Sadie would triumphantly ejaculate: "I told you so," in their presence. Grace preserved a calm bearing outwardly, but inwardly raged at her helplessness.

One day a merry party of excursionists boarded a boat, and went for an outing thirty miles down the river. Among them were Grace and Professor Harper. The C. E. Club was out in full force, and a mighty resolve formed itself in the maiden's mind that this should be the eventful occasion.

A cave in the vicinity visited and lunch partaken of, the party broke up into groups of twos or threes and scattered over the hills into the woods, the Captain of the vessel cautioning them against straying too far away, as the boat would put out promptly at 5 o'clock. As was natural, Grace and the professor sauntered off together.

"Now where shall we go?" inquired the professor. "Have you any special place you would like to go?"

"I thought," said the artful miss, "that perhaps we might find some specimens of the adiantum pedatum."

"True, my dear. Let me see what the time is. We don't want to go so far that we will not be able to get back to the boat in time."

He drew out his watch, but before he could glance at it Grace had snatched it from him.

"Now, guess, Herbert," she cried, merrily, putting her hands behind her. "Guess the time."

Professor Harper smiled indulgently. "It must be 2 o'clock or after," he said.

"Oh, you bad guesser!" said Gracie, laughingly, handed back the watch. "It is only half past 1."

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the professor, amazed. "I was almost positive that it was after 2, but that will give us time for a long tramp."

So on they went farther and farther into the woods, until at last, with arms filled with fine specimens of maiden-hair, they sat down on a mossy stone to analyze them. Suddenly the professor seemed to realize that the time was flying and whipped out his watch. "Bless my soul!" he cried. "We will barely have time to get to the boat. It is 4 o'clock now. We must hurry, Grace."

They had not gone far before the deep whistle sounded on their ears. "Why! We can never reach that boat in time in the world! We must run for it, Grace."

But, despite their efforts, when they reached the shore the boat was hidden from view by a bend in the river.

"This is a predicament!" and Professor Harper mopped his brow. "The worst of it is that they will think we did it on purpose!" and he frowned in annoyance. "I cannot think how my watch came to be so far behind time. Do you suppose you could have inadvertently turned the hands, Grace, when you took it from me?"

Grace hung her head, but made no reply.

"Grace!" he exclaimed, "I believe that you did it, and on purpose. Did you?"

Grace nodded.

"But why, child? Why should you want to be left out here in the woods?"

"I'm going to run off with you, Herbert; so that you might as well make up your mind to it."

"Why! What does the girl mean?" gasped the professor, in amazement.

"Just what I say. If you will agree to marry me right away I know a man that lives about a mile from here who will drive us to Chaney. If you don't promise I will not tell you where he lives, and you will just have to stay here all night."

Professor Harper stared at her for a moment in astonishment; and then, as her meaning burst upon him, gave vent to a roar of laughter. Grace's lips quivered.

"Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" cried the professor, hastily. "I will do anything you ask, my dear. But what a desperate character you are."

Shamefaced, but determined, Grace led the chuckling professor to the house of a farmer with whom arrangements were soon concluded to drive them to Chaney.

"You don't really mind, do you, Herbert?" whispered Grace, as they reached the house of the minister.

"Mind? No. I wish we had done it long ago," whispered back the professor, smiling boyishly. "I haven't been on such a lark for years."

The C. E. Club held a private jollification when it was known that Professor Harper and Grace Dawn had eloped, and the villagers wondered at the depravity of a man of his age.

"All the same, my dear," said the professor to his wife, "I hope that you won't always use such desperate methods to obtain your own way."—Ex.

THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE'S HUMBLE BEGINNING.



FELIX FAURE AS A TANNER'S APPRENTICE. FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1860.



MME. FAURE AND HER DAUGHTER MME. LUCIE FAURE.

IMITATION OCEAN TRIP.

The Paris Exposition Will Have a Bogus Steamer Voyage.

Because of the great novelty of the proposition, the projectors of the "Mareorama" have been assigned by the directors of the Paris exposition to a most prominent site, in the very shadow of the Eiffel tower, as a location for the proposed amusement feature. The word "Mareorama" is a new one, which has been coined for this special occasion. It means a panorama of the sea. But as it is designed it will be none of the old-time panoramas, where one takes a position on an elevated platform and views a stretch of canvas with a somewhat realistic foreground which encloses him. On the contrary, a sensation, new and novel in every particular, will be revealed to the visitor. Nothing more or less than a perfect illusion of an ocean trip is what is in store for him. Not a trip of a few minutes, but a voyage, a cruise as serious and as attractive as if he were really on the deck of a bona fide steamer going at full speed.

Entering the doorway he finds himself on the gangplank leading up to the deck of what is apparently a full-fledged ocean steamer, apparently tied up at the wharf. The reproduction is accurate in every detail. The smoking funnels, lifeboats, ropes and pulleys, ventilators, port holes, masts and spars and the uniformed crew, with the members working under the direction of the captain on the bridge all serve to increase the illusion.

Great confusion prevails just before the announced departure of the boat. Deck stewards and cabin stewards are busy looking after the comfort of the guests, spectators or passengers, whichever they happen to be in this instance. These petty officials are rushing around looking after baggage, getting chairs and doing a dozen other like errands. After a while the gangplanks are withdrawn and stowed away, whistles are blown and gongs sounded and the boat pulls out, leaving the city of Marseilles, which is the starting point, disappearing in the distance. The scenery of the vicinity is accurately reproduced and finally the boat reaches the high seas. Things have been all rosy up to this time, but now the sun's light is noticed to be gradually diminishing and a spot darker than the rest of the horizon appears. A storm is approaching. The roar grows louder and louder until it breaks in all its genuine fury. The waves dash over the deck and lightning plays through the rigging. The sailors run wildly back and forth and the rigging, where sails are furled and others are at the same time engaged in making fast the more ex-

INFLUENZA.

Nature and Symptoms of the Grip and Its Treatment.

Influenza, or the grip, is an acute infectious fever which usually occurs in widespread epidemics. It travels, as cholera formerly did, in waves over the world, running generally from the east to the west. It attacks a very large proportion of the population, especially at the beginning of an epidemic; then in recurrent years it seizes upon those who have previously escaped, and the epidemic does not finally die out until nearly every one has suffered its miseries.

Medical writers usually distinguish three forms of influenza, according as the nervous, the digestive, or the catarrhal symptoms predominate; but all constitute one and the same disease, and one form may easily pass into another in the course of the same attack.

In a typical case influenza begins suddenly with a general ill feeling, headache, pains in the muscles and in the back, loss of appetite, and a sense of extreme weakness. There may be a hard chill, or a succession of slight chills, or a general chilly sensation, and soon a high fever declares itself.

The eyes are often congested and sensitive to light, the nose runs, there is pain at the root of the nose and over the eyes, and all the symptoms of a severe cold in the head are experienced. The tongue is heavily coated, swallowing is difficult or painful, and the voice is hoarse or whispering. Often there is more or less jaundice. The pulse is very rapid and weak, especially when the patient stands.

A peculiar symptom in influenza, one that often serves to distinguish it sharply from an ordinary cold, is a marked depression of spirits; the patient is plunged in despair, and no amount of argument or rally has any effect on his misery. In some severe cases of the so-called nervous form of the disease this melancholy is so extreme as to lead to attempts at suicide.

In the gastric form of influenza we find a loathing for food, nausea and vomiting, and severe bowel troubles. In the respiratory forms, bronchitis and especially pneumonia are frequent and dangerous complications.

In the treatment of grip we must first remember that we are dealing with no ordinary cold, but with a severe disease calling for as much care as scarlet fever or pneumonia. The patient must not only stay in the house but in bed. All cases of grip, whether mild or severe, need a physician's oversight.—Youth's Companion.



MAREORAMA MECHANISM.



ON THE DECK OF THE MAREORAMA.

posed pieces of deck furniture. All this time the deck of the sham boat is plunging up and down and rolling and tossing in exactly the same manner as a boat on the seas. A ray of light is now seen and soon the atmosphere has cleared again and all is rosy once more. The boat rocks to and fro now with pleasant undulations.

The itinerary of the trip includes stops at Algiers, Naples, Venice and Constantinople. At each landing there will be attractions for the amusement of the patrons of the Mareorama, and these features will be characteristic of the places stopped at and the landings at each place will be marked with some lively scenes as above described. The maneuvers of dropping the anchor, putting out a gang plank and in some instances the launching of a boat will

INFLUENZA.

rise at sea, ship on fire and rescue of the crew and other effects. The mechanical portion will also be interesting. The ship will be in a tank, which is floating within another tank, and the rocking motion will be given from the outside by means of pistons. The pivots on which the deck works are arranged in a circle and are controlled by means of levers from the bridge. This machinery will make the boat roll and pitch exactly as if it were in the trough of the sea. The illusion created by these movements, combined with the brilliant light effects and the moving panorama on either side, will be enhanced by the breeze fraught with salt water which will sweep the decks. The ceiling of the panorama will be arched, to appear to the eye just as the sky does. Upon this ceiling the sun will rise and set, the moon and the stars will appear and even the clouds and lightning are to be reproduced in the storm scene, which will represent every feature of a furious tempest at sea, minus only the danger. Passengers who cannot stand the movements on deck can go below into a cabin at the center of the boat, where the motion is but slightly felt, and can see the pan-

CHARGES REDUCED.

Dr. Darrin Reduces His Professional Fees—The Poor Treated Free.

Dr. Darrin has reduced his professional fees to half his former charges for one month only, so as to accommodate many of the afflicted who were unable to meet his terms in the past, and also for the benefit of those who have hesitated to apply to him. The worthy poor will be treated free, except medicines, from 10 to 11 daily. Those able to pay, from 10 to 5; evenings, 7 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 12.

That Dr. Darrin is effecting some wonderful cures by electricity and medicines is a fact supported by the strongest evidence, as the following names will show:

Mrs. A. C. Landis, 806 West street, Seattle, cured of a scrofulous sore on leg 20 years ago by Dr. Darrin.

Mrs. P. Hayes' daughter, southwest corner 25th and Marshall streets, Portland, Gotre (large neck) for years, cured with electricity alone.

J. W. Keeney, Long Creek, Grant Co., Or.—Kidney complaint, pains in the back and down the sciatic nerve, restored.

R. C. Cook, Portland, stricture of the urethra, cured after five doctors had failed.

J. A. Lindsley, news agent on the N. P. R. R., residence Mount Tabor, Or.; consumption, bronchitis and catarrh, cured and gained 15 pounds.

W. Hays, 406 Commercial street, East Portland, Or., inflammation neck of bladder and sciatic rheumatism; came on crutches to the doctor. Cured, and left crutches at the doctor's office.

Mrs. F. E. Dewey, 286 Davis street, Portland, nervous and general debility, deafness, heart disease, dyspepsia, liver complaint and female troubles in all its various complications, permanently cured.

Dr. Darrin gives free consultation at 255 Morris street, Portland, Or., from 10 to 5 and 7 to 8 daily. All curable chronic, acute and private diseases confidentially and successfully treated. Circulars and question blanks sent free to any address and correspondence solicited. Most cases can receive home treatment after one visit to the doctor's office. Batteries and belts furnished, with full directions for their use. Difficult surgical operations scientifically performed. Cross eyes, rupture, varicocele, hydrocele and stricture cured and guaranteed in every case.

A Colony of Outlaws.

Writers of fiction have frequently pictured the idea of an unknown tropical paradise turned into a general asylum for outlaws and criminals. In the Bonin isles, not far from Japan, such a refuge has actually been discovered. Men of every nationality who have made civilization too warm for themselves having decamped to this ideal rendezvous, leaving the place to record the unsatisfactory result of their investigations as "gone abroad." No rates or taxes have to be paid, and government seems to be entirely dispensed with. The discovery was made by a Japanese vessel which called at the isle. In future the aliens will have less freedom, and consequently less happiness, for the Japanese dominion will have to be recognized. Their dream is over.—Western Morning News.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

Obstacles.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Desdemona, derisively. "Do you worst?"

For, it being a one-night stand, the pillow borrowed from the hotel certainly wasn't large enough to smother anybody.

"Think not to escape me, wretched woman!" cried Othello, deftly felling her with a chunk of cordwood.

Thus art rises superior to obstacles. —Detroit Jour. al.

Tripe in Batter.

Wipe tripe and cut in pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in batter, fry in a small quantity of hot fat and drain. Tripe batter is made by mixing one cupful of flour with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, add gradually one-half cupful of cold water, and when perfectly smooth add one egg, well-beaten, one-half teaspoonful vinegar and one teaspoonful olive oil or melted butter.—Farm and Home.

Bright Porto Rican Women.

Porto Rican women are reported to be brighter and more enterprising than the men. They attend not only to domestic affairs, but take an active share in trading and transportation. Many carry on farms and keep stores. American visitors admire their energy and sagacity and think the women of the island will out some figure in its future history.—Chicago Chronicle.