

A PRETTY GOOD WORLD.

Pretty good world if you take it all round—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Better be on than be under the ground—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Better be here where the skies are blue
 As the eyes of your sweetheart a-smilin'
 at you—
 Better than lyin' 'neath daisies and dew—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Sun twinkles bright through the rain of its tears—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Better be here, where the pathway you know—
 Where the thorn's in the garden where sweet roses grow,
 Than to rest where you feel not the fall of the snow—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Pretty good world! Let us sing it that way—
 Pretty good world, good people!
 Make up your mind that you're in it to stay—
 At least for a season, good people!
 Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright—
 Pretty good world, with its love and its light;
 Sing it that way till you whisper, "Good-night!"
 Pretty good world, good people!
 —Atlanta Constitution.

THE LITTLE CURATE.

HE curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, the Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unconquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Edmiston was a matter of surprise and discussion among the residents of Broxbourne.

"Such a very interesting young man," said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in giving women an overwhelming and not altogether united majority in Broxbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort; and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chastising a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt. The child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate.

The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. St. John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled, howling, up an alley.

"What the—?" spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart.

"Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture, two of the workman's cronies appeared at the door of the ale house opposite, and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate as the lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him—I would, indeed!"

"You think I should have punished him, then?" said the curate mildly; "he was a much larger man than I, you know."

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy?" he said, presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. But she made no reply.

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned after a chill pause.

"I don't think your cloth is any excuse, anyhow," she blurted out suddenly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "good-by" was all he had vouchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been un-

real; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half-way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkeycock.

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done w' ye," cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology for interferin' 'tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him mo' n' ever for yer blasted interferin'."

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped.

"Let me pass," cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low hedge here and there, and losing itself at last in the heat-haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now."

"You have, indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gaped at the proceedings.

"Now, I'm ready," said the curate gently.

"Are you going to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come on, ye—!" But the foul word never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild unholy joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends, the Indian clubs and dumb-bells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smash, and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly out-matched; his wind was gone, his jaw was swollen, and one of his eyes useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, I'm—"

"Hush, man; it's not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse. "Now, get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to his feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's the money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John persuasively.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm—I'm—"

"Don't say another word. Good-by," and the curate shook hands with him. The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm—" he said. It had to come. Then he shambled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub, and donned his coat and hat. As he started toward the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped, as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy had started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head, and he went on his way. He had gone about fifty yards when she called his name. Her voice just reached him, but something in it told him that he had not suffered alone.

He turned and hastened to her.—Columbus Journal.

Millions Lying Unclaimed.

A nice little sum of nearly three million pounds sterling, belonging to the Pope, lies unclaimed in the Italian treasury. When the Italian government took possession of Rome an annual civil list of some £13,000 was assigned to the Pope as compensation for the loss of the temporal power. But neither Pius IX. nor Leo XIII. would touch the money, lest they should acknowledge the usurping power, and so the income has been accumulating ever since.

A girl claims her auburn tresses are due to the fact that she had scarlet fever and it settled in her hair.

"DEAD OR ALIVE."

UTAH BANDIT FOR WHOM \$5,000 IS OFFERED.

Tom McCarthy and His Gang of 200 Cutthroats—Robbers Intrrenched in a Rock-bound Fortress in the Blue Mountains—Stealing Cattle Herds.

A bill passed the Utah Legislature appropriating \$5,000 of the State's money for the capture of Tom McCarthy, "dead or alive." McCarthy is a bandit whose exploits far outshine those of Jesse James or any of the leaders of his gangs. He is the uncrowned king and general-in-chief of a band of 200 cutthroats who for the past three or four years have been a terror to Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. His company is made up of all classes of bad men, and they must be distinguished criminals before they can gain admission into this organization of murderers and robbers. No ordinary man need think of fraternizing with the members of this circle of wickedness. He must have a record before he dare seek recognition. The exploits of this gang are thrilling in the extreme, and their methods of keeping out of the clutches of the law and of getting out when occasionally one of them gets caught are more interesting than any fiction ever written.

Nobody knows who Tom McCarthy's father was, where he was born or anything whatever of his antecedents or early life. He went into the Blue Mountain district of Utah a number of years ago, accompanied by a few select scoundrels of the six-shooter type, and began his career by robbing stage coaches and wealthy citizens. His success attracted attention, and he was soon an object of envy to the criminals of the Western Territories. They flocked to him and were ready to make any sacrifices in order to get into his gang. He took what he considered the choicest and most expert of them and sent the rest away with a warning that it would be safest to keep quiet. Sheriffs and posses of deputy sheriffs were red-hot after the gang and the new recruits were given ample opportunity to prove their fitness for membership in the organization. The loss of some of his most daring comrades seemed to give McCarthy the idea of establishing a safe retreat, where he might take cover with his men when sore pressed.

The result of this idea is a rock-bound fortress as immovable as the mountains themselves and as impregnable as Gibraltar. Miners and mechanics were picked up here and there over the country, blindfolded and taken to the place in the mountains where the cave was to be made. They blasted out passages and secret passages to no end and fitted up a central chamber in the heart of a mighty rock in a style it is said that would win the admiration of a king. An electric dynamo was brought in on horseback and the parts assembled and the machine installed, with the result that this rock fortress is lighted as brilliantly as a metropolitan ball-room. But this is not the principal use of the electric plant. As nations mine their harbors, so these murderers have protected the approaches to their retreat by large quantities of



TOM MCCARTHY AND HIS ROCK-BOUND FORTRESS.

dynamite—enough, it is said, to blow up a whole regiment of soldiers without the loss of a single border ruffian.

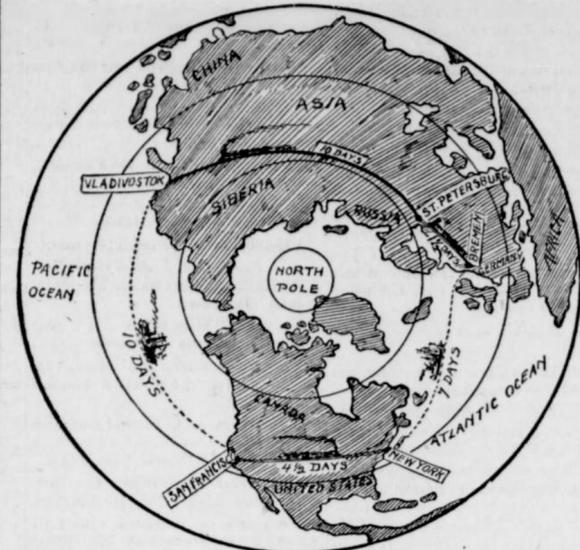
Of course, it takes money to run such an establishment as this, but they have no difficulty in obtaining it. The men are cattle herders and are experts in rebranding. A gang of them will come up with an honest ranchman's herd and take possession of it, and the ranchman that dares to follow it up gets death in sure and speedy form.

If he has lost his herd he is generally not so foolish as to sacrifice his life also. These cattle are rebranded, shipped East, and the checks sent West to Tom McCarthy, but always cashed by a third party.

No one knows just where the cave is, but there are deputy sheriffs and United States marshals who could go within four miles of it. Members of the McCarthy gang have been arrested at different times and placed on trial for murder, but are always acquitted partly for want of evidence, but chiefly because the jury that would find one of them guilty would never sit on another murder trial. Some go so far as to say that a member of the gang is on every jury that tries one of them.

This gang can never be broken up by a military force, and that is not the intention of the bill. The purpose of the

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS.



Prince Hilkooff, Russian minister of communications, stated at the recent meeting of the European railway managers that when the new Siberian railway is completed it will be possible to travel around the world in thirty-three days. At present the best possible record is sixty-six days. Prince Hilkooff arranges his thirty-three-day itinerary as follows:

Days	
Chicago to Southampton	7
Southampton to Brindisi	3 1/2
Brindisi to Yokohama by Suez Canal	42
Yokohama to San Francisco	19
San Francisco to Chicago	3 1/2
Total	69

It might be fairly said, however, that one sees much more of the world in going about it by the present route.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

estimates speed on the Siberian Railway at the very modest rate of but forty-eight kilometers, or thirty miles, per hour. Fast or communication both by sea and land will doubtless soon reduce the minimum time to thirty days. The present round the-world time table is as follows:

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A YOUNG GOULD.

An Interesting Personality Because He Controls \$10,000,000.

Young men who come into a fortune of \$10,000,000 on their 21st birthday are rare enough to be interesting. Their characters and opinions even are important, for the reason that \$10,000,000 car-



FRANK JAY GOULD.

ries with it a weight of power, which may be used for good or for evil, not only to the possessor of the money, but also to the community at large. The indications are that Frank Gould, to whom attainment of majority has just brought a fortune of ten millions, will put his money to good use. There is no probability that any of it will be squandered, for Frank Gould inherits his father's strong common sense and quiet tastes. He has no bad habits, nor even expensive ones. He is much more interested in the great activities in which his money is invested than in any of the time-killing frivolities of the "Four Hundred" and the average New York City young man who is rich enough to be independent of work. Frank Gould is not independent of work. He is ambitious to follow in the footsteps of his father, the late Jay Gould, and become a power in the world of finance. He has been an employee of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and by close study has mastered all of the details in the operation of this great railroad system. It is his intention to apply himself to the practical workings of the other great properties controlled by Gould millions, and thus be a complete master of the position which his money and interests will give him. Frank Gould resembles his sister Helen in his fine character and gentle disposition. They both reside in the sister's mansion in Irvington, and there is deep sympathy and affection between them. Miss Helen Gould's influence has undoubtedly been one of the chief instruments in making Frank Gould the promising young man he is.

Easily Managed.

Choking is immediately relieved if the left arm is raised as high as possible.

Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free, so that it can be swallowed. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more rapidly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if the child sees that older persons or parents get excited they are very liable to get so also. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes down.

Tank Steamers.

Though the first tank steamer was built only thirteen years ago, there are now 180 tank vessels in existence, nearly all steamers, with a register of 401,024 tons.

The neighbors never seem to have any consideration for other people. If a little boy ever gets a big horse started, he can't stop him.

The Evolution of the Steamship.

When it seemed that the limit had been reached with wrought iron as the main reliance of the designer, mild steel had been so perfected as to enable progress to be maintained. The large boilers necessary to withstand the high pressures and furnish the power for high speeds would have been impossible but for mild steel, and the same thing is true of the moving parts of the engine. It may be noted also that workmanship had improved, and the use of anti-friction metals for bearings, combined with this improved workmanship, enabled the high rotational speeds to be carried out with safety and reliability.

The machinery of Wampanoag, designed in 1865, was so heavy that only 3.24 i. h. p. per ton of machinery was obtained. The San Francisco, one of the earliest of the modern cruisers of the United States navy in which advantage was taken of all the factors for reduction of weight, obtained 10.63 i. h. p. per ton of machinery.—Commodore G. W. Melville, U. S. N., in Engineering Magazine.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Every girl likes to think she is full of moods.

Whom the gods destroy they first invite to dinner.

It takes a woman to invent a way of going to the devil respectfully.

A girl's idea of a trousseau is to have real lace and two dozen of everything.

When a woman tries to explain how she came to a conclusion it reminds you of a tadpole explaining why his tail fell off.—New York Press.

He—Do you like classical music?
 She—Do you want my honest opinion or are you thinking of inviting me to the opera?

Not Her Own.

Mollie—Ever notice how Dollie can shake her curls?
 Pollie—Yes; she hasn't had 'em on for a week.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

"I," said the orator, "am an American of the good old stock, rooted deep in the soil." "The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil," said the farmer in the audience, "was hogs."

Some men escape the traps of others only to get caught in their own.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

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