

### A HOUSECLEANING CAROL.

The melancholy days have come—the saddest of the year—  
The carpet's on the clothesline, and incessant whack we hear;  
The bedding's in the kitchen and the beds are in the hall,  
The pictures are upon the floor, while some one dusts the wall;  
We eat cold meat and crackers from a wobbly kitchen chair,  
For this is glad housecleaning time—so free from toil and care.

The neighbors line their windows and a hasty census take  
Of all the bric-a-brac we have, and calculations make  
If it was bought with ready cash or on installment plan;  
We rescue our provisions from the hasty garbage man.  
And life is gay and carefree, it makes one want to roam—  
To lie away—because the folks are cleaning house at home.

The melancholy days are here—the days of soap and dust—  
Stove polish daubs the tableware—there's pie on Wagner's bust—  
Piano holds some frying pans—the bathtub's filled with books—  
The womenfolk—ah, who could tell who they were, by their looks?  
Sing hey! The glad housecleaning time—the time of dust and soap;  
It is a gladness sight to see—through a big telescope.  
—The Baltimore American.



HIGH on the cliffs round the East Cape of Anticosti a desolate white spirit is said to sit brooding over the water.

Year in and year out passers-by have come home, nervous with terror, to tell the same story. A woman with her hands clasped round her knees and her face peering over the cliff cringes watching above the water. They come upon her unawares through the ragged bush and she turns and looks at them with a face that chills them to the heart. It is a white, quiet face, with nothing of malice or hatred about it. No expression of anger or ill-will to any creature living, or dead, only a look of unutterable, awful despair, that shakes the very brain of the beholder.

If he be an old man, he sees all the misery he has ever met in his life, and all he has known in his dreams, concentrated in that one look. If he be a young one, he gets a glimpse of things that are possible, which opens a whole terrifying world.

Young or old, the sight sends him home with a pounding heart and shivering knees, to jump at trifles for many a week, and lose what name he had as a shot.

Many scoffers have passed in the same place, who saw nothing but ley stumps or bleached white trees, and these laugh at the others who saw more, and hint at spirits of another kind.

But certain it is that a deep and fixed belief in the East Cape ghost is abroad and nothing can destroy it.

From East Cape to Gull Cove the cliffs are haunted ground, and no man passes there without feeling at least the influence of the belief.

Strange stories have been told of wits shattered and wild things done by the ghost's compelling power, for strangers have mixed up the poor white ghost with spirits of a baser sort in a tale of rainbow gold, to their own undoing and the confusion of others.

But those who have seen the woman's face know better. They know how little all gold must mean beside the thing which has caused that look.

It is whispered that the terrified look-out on some great ocean liners first sees that shadowy white figure overhead when the blank wall of Gull Cliff looms up in his face.

And well then for the great ship if she has been going dead slow with the fear of Anticosti before her eyes.

Many such, it is said, as well as smaller craft, are saved every year by that strange white gleam on the cliff.

However all this may be, it is strange how the tales keep up, and what is stranger, yet few if any of all these ghost-seers ever heard a word of a certain awful tragedy that darkened those cliffs nearly fifty years ago.

Whatever truth there may be in the tales of the ghost the story of the tragedy as it follows here is faithfully and absolutely true.

Three boats left a water-logged ship one November afternoon, in the early fifties, and made for the Health Point light as their last hope.

The ship had drifted down along shore with the last of the gale that wrecked her, till the end of the island was in sight. A few hours more she would be carried past it and out into the Gulf, to be lost forever.

There was but one thing to be done. The sea was heavy yet, but it was falling fast, and the boats were got ready and launched. It was managed without accident, and the whole ship's company was soon in three boats, with the little that it was thought necessary to save.

The only man who thought of saving more was the ship's doctor. This was

an extraordinary person, surely, unlike any doctor ever heard of before or since.

All through the long, fierce gale, he had been divided between an agony of terror for himself and for his belongings.

With the prospect, perhaps, of getting ashore somewhere, he had put on all the clothes he could, and kept on packing and repacking the remainder in a frenzy of anxiety. When he found in the end that he could not take it all, his agitation was pitiable. Only the stern, sharp order of the captain made him leave it and the ship at last. But nothing could separate him from one treasure, his beaver hat. He went down with it into the boat, carrying the bandbox in his own hand and keeping it beside him with jealous care.

Even in that moment of danger and anxiety the sailors could not restrain a laugh and he was tumbled into his seat with good-natured pity.

For the sailor is a charitable man, and judges accordingly.

But the tenderest pity and solicitude of every man but one in the ship were lavished on another object.

The first mate's wife, and the only woman aboard.

The gentle, retiring, little creature, had been married a few weeks before, in Quebec, to the handsome, insolent bully, who had not even the bully's redeeming trait of regard for women.

How such a woman could ever have married such a man was one of the mysteries that nobody could fathom.

And not only had she married him, but she worshipped the very planks on which he trod. Yet even her innocent, ignorant faith was beginning to be shaken. Her husband sometimes shamed her openly by harsh words and gestures, and the men who heard him went off dumb with rage to swear out of sight, but whatever she felt in her heart the loyal little soul would find excuse for all and make no sign.

How anything in the shape of a man could ill-treat anything so sweet in the shape of woman was a thing no man could understand.

All through the gale, with its daily discomforts of cold and wet, she had never uttered a word of complaint. At the height of the storm, with its attendant havoc and confusion, she had shown no sign of fear, and when the order came to leave the ship she was ready. Quickly and quietly, with the skill of an active girl, who knows no fear and obeys an order without hesitation, she went down into the boat.

The men looked at her askance as

she sat by her moody husband, who was in charge of the first boat, and muttered their admiration to themselves. The other two boats were commanded by the second mate and the captain, and all left the vessel's side within a short time of each other.

But the snow was upon them before she was out of sight, and the land and light-house were instantly blotted out.

The second mate, with the instinct of heroes and always drop on their feet, got his boat safely into East Bay, a mile below the lighthouse, and before nightfall his crew were housed and warm in its hospitable shelter.

The captain and first mate kept together, and together they missed the end of the island. A pause in the snow squalls showed them their mistake, and groping their way back amidst a cross-sea in the heavy tide rip they brought up under the cliffs on the wrong side of East Cliff.

And then their boats were swamped under them, and in the sea that swept the narrow beach, they clung to the icicles against the rock. The water was not deep but without the support of those friendly bars no could have kept his foothold long.

There was one for them all but one. The mate had made no effort to help his wife or keep near her, and for a while they were separated, and she stood first with one man and then with another, all of them willing and eager to help her, but their supports were frail and she would not burden them with her added weight. Her husband, the tallest and strongest man there, had secured the best place and the strongest support, and she made her way slowly towards him. She was colder than any of the rest, for she had sat still in the boat, and where the water had not touched her she was white with snow.

In their own dire extremity the men forgot all to watch her.

She stood up white and slim in the shallow low water, clinging against wet rock, and picking her slippery way with care.

She must have been numb and cramped with the cold, but she showed no sign of it in any movement.

There was no shadow of fear in the quiet, white face, and watchful eyes, and not a man there but felt that here was a reserve of endurance that would outwear them all. Carefully and nimbly she made her way along the rock, missing no chance of a better hold, and watching the seas with a sailor's eye.

As she reached her husband, a great

er wave was coming in. They saw her make a little run and put her arms about him and the great icy column.

For one moment her head lay against his shoulder and her eyes looked up in his. Surely any man ever born must have put his arm then round that little figure and held it close. So sweet, so lovely, and so loving, and, with all her gentleness, so helpful. Not even in that last moment's rapture did she let her weight drag on the sullen giant.

But he looked down in the brave dark eyes and then at the coming wave and fiercely and suddenly kicked her from him.

She relinquished her hold without a sound, and though the heavy sea-boot had struck her with leaden weight she did not lose her footing.

She might, if she had chosen, have saved her life even then, but she did not choose.

She gave one look along the icy cliff, where the very ice had not refused its help and then up at the darkening sky, and let herself sink back into the wave.

Every man along the cliff saw her face before it went, and it was the face which the white ghost wears to-day. The face of a woman who dies with a broken heart.

It drove the last spark of reason from the doctor's brain and left the others, sick with horror, clinging blindly to the ice and cursing under their breaths.

But they did not stay long in that awful spot. The tide was falling fast and it left them the narrow beach, and the nimble ones soon found a path to the top.

Two young apprentices were sick and faint with cold. They had seen the woman die, and the heart had gone out of them. The doctor was a gibbering idiot, and screamed fiercely at those who would take his precious burden, for in some extraordinary way he had saved the wretched bandbox and kept it drier than himself.

The captain knew well where he was, and, without losing a moment, he and the abler men collected the little band and set off towards the lighthouse.

But without a compass in that gray and snowy weather they very soon lost their way. Even before the early nightfall they had come back to their own tracks.

The apprentices lay down and refused to move another step, and the doctor sat in the snow and held his box on his knees.

That night was passed in the woods, and next day the wretched party walked in circles till the rescuing party from the lighthouse came upon them, and with infinite trouble and patience got them home. But the doctor and the apprentices were not among them. Another search party on another day came across their bodies in the snow.

The two boys lay near each other, as if asleep, with the fantastic corpse of the doctor huddled up a little way off.

The foxes had found him as he lay, and the handkerchief the men placed over his face was not moved again. The bandbox was untouched in his arms, and they brought it in with his body.

All of the other men were more or less frozen, and some of them fatally, but the first mate was only lightly lamed. Yet every one knew that this to him was a sore affliction, for he was a vain man and proud of his strength and beauty.

If he ever remembered his poor white bride in the water he never made any sign.

But no one else ever forgot.—Montreal Family Herald.

DOG RELISHED THE POISON.

Ate Half a Pound of It and Seemingly Wanted More.

That a little dog can stand more poison than an elephant was demonstrated in Hoboken, according to the story told by the police.

Two children, Katie Newmann, 12 years old, and Arthur Stein, 7, were bitten by a dog belonging to Mrs. T. Bernan, of 327 First street. Health Inspector Tom Trannah brought the dog into Recorder Stanton's court and sentence of death was pronounced upon it, the recorder ordering it to be shot.

Detective Fenton took the dog into a back room and was about to put an end to its existence with a bullet, when Charles Whittemore, an agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, suggested what he said would be a more humane way of killing the dog. He produced a box containing a white powder and said that two ounces of the stuff had been sufficient to kill the elephant Tip in Central Park.

Fenton agreed to use the powder instead of his revolver and a small dose was given to the dog. The animal smacked his chops approvingly, stood on his hind legs and begged for more.

Another dose was given to him and the dog seemed delighted and grateful, jumping in friendly fashion on the detective and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals man.

As the poison seemed a good deal of a failure as an instrument of death Fenton was about to shoot the dog, but Whittemore begged him to wait a while, saying that the poison would work all right if given time. Fenton not only waited, but gave the dog more of the powder, until he had eaten about half a pound, but the more he got the better pleased he seemed to be, and after waiting about an hour for the poison to work the detective carried out the verdict of the court with a shot from his revolver.—New York Times.

One Indian Tribe Increasing.

The Penobscot tribe of Indians, which numbered 245 in 1800, is now about 400 strong. Maine appropriates annually \$8,000 for their benefit.

At first a girl wants nothing but a husband, but after she gets him she wants all his income.

### MORMON LEADER GONE.

George Q. Cannon, Church Apostle, died recently in California.

The death of George Q. Cannon, of Salt Lake City, whose death occurred in Monterey, Cal., has removed one of the most noted of the Mormon leaders since the death of Brigham Young.

Until a few years ago he was the real leader of the church and his counsel was eagerly sought by its president.

Mr. Cannon was born in Liverpool, England, in 1827. He became a convert to the Mormon faith and joined his fellow believers in this country in 1844.

He was among the pioneers under Brigham Young, who founded Salt Lake City, in 1847. He did missionary work for many years and was elected delegate to Congress from Utah in 1872.

He was deprived of his seat by the House of Representatives after serving for eight years, because proof was given that he was a polygamist.

He was then made an apostle in the Mormon Church. He was its real leader during the polygamy prosecutions from 1880 to 1890, and is credited with having outlined the manifesto of 1891, in which the leaders of his church pledged themselves to abandon the teaching of polygamy. This manifesto and other pledges resulted in the admission of Utah into the Union.

With the elevation of Lorenzo Snow to the presidency of the church, in 1897, Mr. Cannon's power waned, his health having been poor for several years. His advice, however, was always eagerly sought by the active leaders. Two years ago Mr. Cannon was a candidate for the United States Senate, but was defeated. Mr. Cannon had several wives and numerous children. A suburb of Salt Lake City was peopled exclusively by his family.

One of the most interesting incidents of Mr. Cannon's life took place during the polygamy persecutions. While Federal officials were active throughout the Territory in 1886, Mr. Cannon, in common with the other high officials of the Mormon Church, was in hiding. He was captured, however, and while being taken to Salt Lake evaded his guards and jumped from a train which was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The train was stopped, however, and as he had been injured by his fall he was soon recaptured.

He was arraigned on a charge of living in polygamy, and bail was fixed at \$45,000. His lawyers and the Mormon leaders protested strongly against this action, but bail was furnished by wealthy churchmen. When the time came for trial, however, Mr. Cannon had disappeared. The Mormon people raised the amount necessary to indemnify his bondsmen, and a special act of Congress in recent years restored the money to the church.

INTERNATIONAL FLIRTATIONS.

Latest Organization to Come from W. T. Stead's Idea Far ory.

The latest organization to come from the idea factory of William T. Stead, the English editor, is one for promoting what he calls "international flirtations." Primarily the scheme is intended to promote correspondence between the school children of all nations. He would have a German school girl write a faulty letter in English to

an English school boy, who in turn will send back an answer written in more or less faulty German. In the same way French and American pupils may correspond, or any two pupils who speak and write different languages. So far as he has already gone, Mr. Stead has succeeded in getting more than 9,000 school children—English, French and German—busy in murdering each other's languages on paper. He works through the school teachers. For instance, he finds a dozen pupils who would like German correspondents, and he puts him in communication with a German teacher who wants an equal number of English correspondents for his children.

MAKING OF RUBBER BANDS.

Process Is Simple and the Business Is of Large Proportions.

"The little elastic rubber band that is nowadays used in various businesses in place of twine seems a simple sort of thing, but there are few, if any, of the multitudinous articles made out of rubber for which there is such an enormous demand, especially in the United States," remarked a wholesale dealer in rubber bands in New York to the writer the other day. "In this country the number of rubber bands sold in one year amounts to about 400,000 gross, or 57,000,000 single bands. At least 90 per cent of the goods are made in New York and the rest are produced in factories located in New Jersey and New England. In New York there are a half dozen factories devoted partly or ex-

clusively to the manufacture of rubber bands.

The process by which the bands are made is simple. The rubber in a liquid state is molded into tubing of sizes suitable for forming the small and medium varieties of bands. When the tubing is ready for use it is put into a rapid running machine having knives, which cut or slice the rubber into bands. The larger bands are cut by machinery from flat sheets of rubber and joined together with the aid of heat and a pressing machine.

"Rubber bands are made in only two colors, black and brown. They range in size from one-quarter of an inch to six inches in length. The smallest bands are one-sixteenth of an inch wide and the largest are one and one-half inches wide. The smallest bands are worth 24 cents per gross, while the medium-sized bands sell at from 48 to 96 cents per gross wholesale. Larger sizes cost from \$1 up to \$6 per gross.

"The greatest consumers of rubber bands are druggists and grocers. They use the smallest and medium sized bands in place of twine for putting up small packages. The large flat and expensive bands are used by court officers, lawyers, bankers and merchants for filing documents and papers. No rubber bands are imported into this country, but a few American rubber bands are exported to the West Indies and South American countries."

Washington Star.

Colds: In making a hot lemonade for a cold remember that glycerine instead of sugar will make the remedy more valuable. Drink the hot lemonade at bed time.

Antidote for Lead Poison: Barley water is recommended as a curative in case men are leached through working in a mine or smelter. Sulphuric acid is an antidote for lead poisoning and one drop in a glass of water should afford relief.

Smallpox: The worst case can be cured in three days by using one ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of hot water and drunk at intervals when cold. This is said to be a certain and never-failing remedy—does not leave a mark, never causes blindness and avoids tedious lingering. In using never put it in an iron or tin vessel.

Change of Altitude for Consumption: Prof. Weinzirl, of the University of New Mexico, has evolved what is believed to be a cure for consumption. By careful testing he has determined that the transitory effects upon the blood corpuscles of a person passing from a lower to a higher altitude are renewed by frequent changes of altitude. By occasional visits to the sea level, he says, the system can be reinvigorated, even when the effects of the higher altitude have worn off.

Appendicitis Due to Grippe: Dr. Lucas Championniere has demonstrated that one of the common causes of appendicitis is grippe or influenza. Although this theory had been advanced by the late Dr. Simon, Dr. Championniere's statements have produced a profound sensation. He calls attention to the fact that an epidemic of appendicitis has always followed a grippe epidemic or that the two often co-existed. He says that appendicitis is but a localization of the grippe affecting the intestines and often the appendix itself.

Burns: Scalds and burns are of frequent occurrence in childhood. The first great treatment is to exclude the air as quickly as possible. Carbolic oil is a clean, soothing application and should be covered with absorbent cotton. Flour or whiting dredged over the burn makes a good covering. Strips of lint or cotton flannel answer well, soaked in a saturated solution of washing or baking soda and covered with cotton. This dressing is very soothing. Great care should be used in removing clothing that adheres to a burned surface. It should be soaked, not torn away.

Pawning the Crown.

At least four times the crown of England has been pawned. Henry III, and Henry V., Edward III, and Richard II, all resorted to this means of raising money. The merchants of Flanders once had possession of the crown, the City of London held it as security for \$10,000, and it was pledged at another time for \$100,000. Edward III, disposed of it to the Bishop of Winchester for \$67,500, and Charles II. would have used the crown as a personal asset if he had been able to turn it into money.

After Conversion.

"Have you noticed any change in Smithers since he joined the church?" "Yes. He uses a jointed fishpole instead of the old long one."

"What has that to do with it?" "Oh, he carries it under his coat when he goes fishing on Sunday."—New York Herald.

Nothing Agreed with Her.

Mrs. Bixby—I don't believe the doctor's medicine agrees with mother.

Bixby—The medicine would be more than human if it did.—Town Topics.

It is a great pity that the government doesn't organize a department to maintain a censorship over love letters.

### BEYOND CONTROL

HOW THE MUSCLES ARE AFFECTED IN LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A Well Known Ohio Citizen Cured of This Stubborn Ailment After His System Seemed Hopelessly Broken Down.

From the News, Waverly, Ohio.

Mr. Eli Potts is a well known citizen of Waverly, Ohio, having been in business there for 14 years. He is a veteran of the Mexican war in which he served with company H, of the Fourteenth Tennessee regiment. At the age of 76 he bears the respect of all who know him and the following experience, related by him, is raised beyond all doubt by the high character of the narrator. He says:

"About seven years ago a disease fastened upon me which, as it developed, proved to be locomotor ataxia. I became very nervous, could not walk without having dizzy spells and did not sleep well. As the disease advanced I lost control of my muscles and could only walk a short distance. I could not control the direction of my steps and was always afraid of falling.

"This continued until the fall of 1897 when there was a breaking down of my entire system. My stomach was in bad condition and I suffered greatly with kidney trouble caused by being thrown out of a buggy.

"About two years ago I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a Cincinnati paper. The case cured was similar to mine and I gave the pills a trial. Very soon after I began taking them I experienced relief and, as the improvement continued, I took the pills regularly. Gradually the control of the muscles was restored and my general health improved. The dizzy feeling left me and has never returned. From my own experience I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great remedy and I am pleased to recommend them to any one who suffers as I did."

Signed, ELI POTTS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, 1900.

W. R. A. Hayes, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People may be obtained at all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50.

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DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

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