

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the redbird seeks its nest,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

The sheep from off the hillside haste to the shepherd's fold,
For death lurks in the mountains and darkness comes apace.
The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky to gold,
Then folds the mantle of the night across its crimson face.
Home when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the sickle by;
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the western sky,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.
—American Agriculturist.

Ned's Wife

EVERYBODY but Captain Marvin liked handsome Ned Grayling, the most popular hand on board the old Vanguard.

Ned never shirked his duty, but it was known to a few that he was dead in love with pretty Cora, the skipper's daughter, who was engaged to a man named Audley, a junior partner in the firm of owners, whom she had never seen. Hence, the old man's dislike for Ned.

Cora was on board, going home from Shanghai to her future husband, as we supposed.

"Ned," said I to him one morning, "I've a good mind to get off this rail and give you a toweling on the spot. You order have it good and solid. You order know what chance a common sailor has with the captain and act like somebody. Come, give up the idea."

"Never."

"You'll be sorry for it some time."

Ned looked over his shoulder and saw Cora standing in the waist and had work there instantly. I was vexed, for I knew that the old man was watching him, and I was afraid he would get into trouble. He only said a word or two and passed on, but the old man saw him speaking to her and bore up to him.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "didn't you speak to my daughter just now?" "Yes, sir," replied Ned. "Any orders to the contrary?"

"Yes," growled the old man. "You dare speak to her again and I'll have all the skin off your back."

"Give your orders, Captain Marvin, and I will try to obey them."

"You must never speak to the girl again. She's a fool and forgets that I've promised her to the best young man in Philadelphia; leastways every one says so. But I never saw him. Now you must come and make trouble, blame you!"

"I love Cora," said Ned, quickly. "If you were to kill me you couldn't change that. But I'm a gentleman, and if she is promised to some one else and cares for him I'm not the man to stand in her way. I give you my word not to speak to her unless you give me leave."

"Go forward, then; I believe you will do as you say," said the captain.

He didn't speak to Cora again, but the old man forgot to tell him not to write, and I believe he wrote enough letters to fill a mail bag.

We made Calcutta by daylight and ran in with a pilot, and just as he took the ship in charge the captain ran below to get a glass of grog and found his daughter reading Ned's last note. Well, he tore around the cabin and swore until you'd have thought he'd start off all the deck planks. Then he came on deck on the jump and ordered me to put Ned in irons.

"I'll have you towed ashore on a grating, you confounded lubber," he roared.

"No, you won't, captain!" cried Ned. "What have I done now?"

"You promised not to speak to Cora."

"I kept my word, sir."

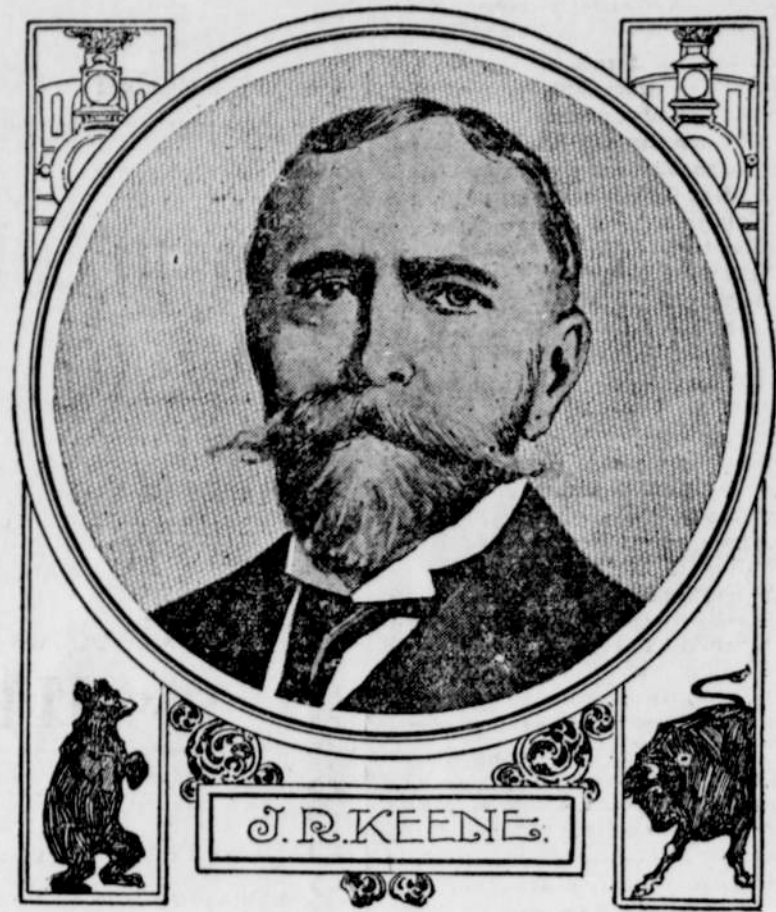
"Yes, and she's got a stack of letters from you as high as the mainmast. I ought to seize you up to the rigging and give you forty lashes."

"I wouldn't do that," said Ned, with a peculiar look in his eyes. "You've got the right to send me ashore, now we are in port, but no flogging, if you please. Now, I'll make you an offer: You let me stay on board until we get to Calcutta, and after twelve hours, if you do not take back all you have said, I will agree never to speak to Cora, write to her or see her again."

"That's fair," said the old man. "Old Seth Audley comes aboard there, and I'll tell him what a sea lawyer I've shipped."

The pilot took us in safely, and two hours later we were boarded by a shore boat, carrying a passenger, just such an old blower as our old man and with as little bite in him. They shook hands and dragged each other up and down the deck, and then the old man

Spectacular Figure in Wall Street.



James R. Keene, one of the foremost figures in the public eye during the recent skyrocket flights of railroad and industrial stocks, has earned the title of the "Prince of Plungers." Conspicuous in that group of operators famous in Wall Street for the last fifteen years, he has made and lost at least four fortunes in the battle of speculation. During his career, and often with his back to the wall, Mr. Keene fenced with the late Jay Gould and such other masters of the game of stocks and money. His recent deals, it is declared, have outdone anything that Gould ever attempted.

Mr. Keene has a habit of speaking of millions of winnings as lightly as if he were a farmer gratified over a good horse trade. This man, who has built up and toppled over fortune after fortune since his entry in Wall Street in 1877, was born in England in 1838, the son of a merchant. Meeting with financial losses, his father removed his family to California in 1852, and James R. Keene, then but 14 years of age, began earning his first salary by caring for the cattle and other animals kept at Fort Reading, then in the Indian country.

He later tried mining and stock raising. He secured property near the celebrated Comstock lode in Nevada, went to San Francisco, plunged into mining speculation, and made a fortune. In the crash which followed he lost every cent. A friend bought him a seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and by a lucky purchase a few years later he cleared up \$600,000. In 1877, en route to Europe, he took his first "dive" in Wall Street. He operated cautiously, selling out his holdings two years later for \$9,000,000. This grew to \$15,000,000, and in the early '80s all was swept away in an attempted wheat corner. He made and lost another fortune, and then, in 1898, backed only by an indomitable will, he aided in cornering tobacco. He made a million and a quarter. In two months sugar stocks yielded him \$2,000,000. Recently he got on the "right side" of the market, and his fortune to-day is estimated at \$12,000,000.

asked him into the cabin and showed his daughter, whom the old chap had never seen.

"She'll do," said old Audley. "Clean-bult little clipper as ever I see. If my boy Ned objects to acting as convoy for such a craft as that I'll have him up at the grating. But where is he?"

"I don't know anything about him," said the captain. "But I've got a man on board who swears he'll marry Cora, and blame my eyes if I don't think he will if your son ain't smart."

"If he can weather on Ned Audley, give him the girl!" roared the passenger. "My boy is smart, I tell you. He went up to Shanghai to—why, there he is!"

The door swung open and Ned Grayling walked in.

"That's the man!" cried Captain Marvin. "He says he will have her, and I'll give him my consent. But I'll see him hanged!"

"Don't swear, Captain," said Ned, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder. "I'm Ned Grayling Audley, the son of that old fellow there, and I shipped in the Vanguard to see how I liked Cora before I married her. And I loved her from the start, and unless you order me ashore—"

"Shut up!" roared Captain Marvin. "Steward, bring on the wine while I drink the health of my future son-in-law. But I was very near flogging you, my boy, very near it."—New York News.

MAN'S SPHERE IN NATURE.

Evolution Theorists Declare He Has Attained It by Slow Degrees.

Since Huxley's pioneer work in 1863 a host of investigators have carried forward the study of structural resemblances connecting the genus man with lower genera and orders, says Prof. W. J. McGee in his address as retiring president of the Anthropological Society of Washington. To-day the physical similarities are among the commonplaces of knowledge, whatsoever the background of philosophical opinion concerning cause and sequence. During the last decade or two the investigators themselves, with scarce an exception, have gone one step farther and now include sequence of development from lower to higher forms as among the commonplaces of opinion, whatsoever the background of metaphysical notion as to cause. There the strictly biologic aspect of the question as to man's place in nature may safely be considered to rest.

The chief advances in anthropology have related to what men do and what men think, and the progress has been such as to indicate with fairly satisfactory clearness the natural history of human thinking, as well as that of human doing. As is shown by the latest researches, the mental workings of the human are analogous with those of the lower animals, while the range from the instinct and budding reason

of higher animals to the thinking of lowest man would seem far less than that separating the beast-fearing savage from the scientist and statesman. In short, the evident tendency of the science of anthropology is, according to Prof. McGee, toward the establishment of a mental as well as a physical evolution of man from a prototype of lower rank in the animal kingdom.

Rooms in Suicide Mania.

In one of the Philadelphia asylums for the insane there are certain apartments known as "suicide rooms." These are set aside as harbors of refuge for those patients who manifest a strong desire to end their lives. Everything in these rooms is round. There are no knobs or posts to the beds, for the maniac would tie a sheet around any such projection and hang himself. For the same reason there are no gas fixtures and no inside shutters. There are not even door knobs, while the doors themselves are made to open outward. When the men undress their clothes are carefully removed from the room, so that they may not be used for strangling their owners. All the edges of bureaus, the backs of chairs, etc., are carefully rounded, so that there may be no points upon which the inmates might beat their heads. No canes or sticks are allowed in the rooms. The doors are left open at night and a keeper parades incessantly up and down before them.

Little Blanche Is Meditative.

Blanche is the little 5-year-old daughter of an East Side newspaper man. She has lately been meditating on the problems of existence. Yesterday she got something in her throat which caused her to cough. When she got through she said: "I guess I will cough my head off some day." Then she went on: "If I should cough my head off, papa, would God make me a new one?"

Her papa answered: "I am afraid not. I never heard of such a case." She pursued her thought a step further and said: "I suppose it would be just as cheap for him to make a whole baby as to make just a head." Her father answered that he thought it would.—Cleveland Leader.

Her Father's Fault.

Jorker—I hear you have broken off your engagement with Miss Prettiface, Munseyseeker.

Munseyseeker—Yes; it was her father's fault.

Jorker—How was that?

Munseyseeker—Why, the idiot failed.—London Tit-Bits.

Would Seem That Way.

Mrs. Meddergrass—The paper says that most of the Rooshians is ignorant people.

Mr. Meddergrass—Well, now, I sh'd think they'd have to be purty smart to understand their own language.—Balti more American.

NEW SPORT IS FOUND.

ENTIRELY NOVEL, AND COMES FROM TASMANIA.

AX and Saw Contests Create as Much Furor There as Football and Baseball Do in America or the Olympic Games in Greece.

Tasmania may justly claim the credit of having given the world a new sport. In that far-off land, among the men of brawn and might, whose swinging axes have felled the towering forests and converted their trackless depths into flourishing farmlands, has arisen a contest fit for kings, a form of athletic exercise calculated to bring the thrill of delight to all who have an honest admiration for good red blood and the display of mighty muscle systematically trained to do useful work.

The new sport may be designated as "axmanship," and although it is of but recent origin it has already taken the premier position over all other sports. What the bull-fighter is to Spain and Mexico, the cricketer to England, the swordsman to France, the hockey player to Canada, and the football and baseball hero to the United States, the champion axman has become to the brawn-loving Australians.

The championship contest of carnival is held yearly in Ulverstone, Tasmania, some time during the first two months of the year, under the auspices of an organization specially formed for the purpose, bearing the title of the "United Australian Axmen's Association."

The entries to the yearly competition are not confined to Tasmania, but come also from Victoria, New South Wales and New Zealand. Each district has its champion, and among the adherents of these various stars there is the most heated controversy as to the respective merits of each. For months before the great contest these brawny axmen spend all their spare time practicing, until they develop a speed and strength that is little short of marvelous. This year's carnival is conceded to have been the most successful since the yearly meeting was inaugurated.

In the championship chopping contests there were six trials and the final. Eight men participated in each of the trials, and the winners fought out the finals. As this contest is designed primarily to test a man's skill in felling a tree, the log, a great piece of tough wood, six feet four inches in girth, is placed firmly in the ground, as though it were a growing tree.

Five minutes before the beginning of the heat the referee's whistle summons the contestants into the inclosure. They are all splendid specimens of physical prowess—thick set, deep-chested, iron muscled and bronzed from exposure. Each carries his favorite ax, the fullest latitude being allowed in the matter of selection. It is a significant fact that several of the saws and axes used this year were the product of American firms. When all is ready the pistol shot sounds and the contest is on.

Scarcely less exciting is the sawing contest. The log used is the same size as that employed in the chopping contest, but the time made is much more rapid, for the great saw cuts through the wood much more quickly than the ax can go.

This year for the first time the axmen's and sawyers' championships were won by the same man—Thomas Pettit, of Spring, Tasmania. Not only did he win both events, but he also broke the record for each.

NOVEL ACCIDENT IN COURT.

One of the Most Extraordinary Damage Cases in Judicial Annals.

A suit in the Superior Court in Raleigh, N. C., against the Seaboard Air Line Railway has brought to light the most novel accident known to the annals of jurisprudence.

The vestibule passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at 10 o'clock in the morning. William Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind, which he has baited, and had his double-barreled, breech-loading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers. On reaching the railroad track, which was on an embankment about ten feet high at this place, Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance and stopped on the side of the track about fifty feet away to view the train as it swept by. He could not see over the embankment on the other side of the track. Along beside the embankment on both sides of the track there are the usual ditches, which were filled with water. Mr. Watlington was standing between the embankment and one of these ditches on the north side of the track with his gun on his right shoulder. On the other side of the track were a number of cattle nipping grass, which Mr. Watlington could not see.

Just a few seconds before the train passed these cattle commenced to struggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull. He was caught on the cowcatcher and hurled away with terrible velocity, and, as misfortune would have it, he struck Mr. Watlington about midships and knocked him down into the ditch and planted the bull on top of him.

The bull was stunned and struggled, but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. The engineer, Mr. Honeycutt, was watching the cattle and had not seen Mr. Watlington, and when the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train and hurried back, and got there in time to get Mr. Watlington and the bovine out of the ditch before they

were drowned. Striking Mr. Watlington and knocking him into the water saved the life of the bull, and the water saved the blow by the bull from killing Watlington.

Further examination showed that the bull struck Mr. Watlington and the shock had knocked the gun some distance, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that it had to be killed. The gun was not injured.

On these facts Judge Brown held that the railroad company was not liable in damages to Mr. Watlington. Since the trial the owner of the two cows has sued Mr. Watlington and recovered \$100 in full damages for their killing.

Mr. Watlington says the ending of this lawsuit bangs a blue sheep: That he was knocked down by a Jersey bull, which was hurled at him by the train, and nearly drowned, and his gun is discharged and kills two cows, and he gets no damage and is compelled to pay \$100 for being the principal in the most celebrated case in the history of accidents by railroad trains.

But since all this happened Mr. Watlington has had a great piece of good luck to befall him. He has been working for H. N. Snow, at High Point, in the furniture business. Mr. Snow is getting old and, being rich and tired of the business, he retired and gave the whole plant and business, worth \$20,000, to Mr. Watlington, who was of no kin to him, but simply a faithful employee. So, Mr. Watlington has had some recompense for his experience with the bull and train.—Chicago Chronicle.

Century in Office.

Hubbard B. McDonald, whose official title is journal clerk to the United States Senate, but who is in reality the parliamentarian of that body, is the third of his immediate family to occupy that position.

His grandfather, John G. McDonald, was appointed chief clerk of the Senate in 1809, and continued in that position until his death, in 1836.

His son, the father of the present incumbent, was appointed to succeed him, and he remained as the official helmsman of the Senate until his death, nearly twenty-five years ago. Even before the death of his father Hubbard McDonald had become connected with the Senate in a clerical capacity, and he has now served for many years as its parliamentary expert. It is his business to sit close to the presiding officer of the Senate and keep him from falling into parliamentary pitfalls. He reports that of all the Vice Presidents it has been his fortune to coach Mr. Roosevelt by far the hardest to keep in line. "Teddy" has such decided ideas and opinions of his own that he yields with poor grace to the mandates of tradition and precedent.

For His Country.

Lord R—, who had many good qualities, and even learning, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physics, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his folly and wished on a certain occasion to have his vote, went to him one morning and after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high and a hint of bleeding was thrown out. "I have no objection and as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" said the tactful and politic Chesterfield. After the operation he said: "By the way, do you go to the house to-day?"

"I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question to be debated," answered the impromptu physician. "Which side will you be of?"

Lord Chesterfield, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment; he took him to the house and got him to vote as he pleased. He afterwards said that few of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

Goldsmith's Generosity.

A beggar once asked alms of Oliver Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet street, and he gave her a shilling. His companion, knowing something of the woman, censured the writer for his excess of humanity, saying that the shilling was misapplied, as she would spend it for liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way, my end is answered," replied Goldsmith.

Another proof that the doctor's generosity was not always regulated by discretion was at a time when, after much delay, a day was fixed to pay the forty pounds due his tailor. Goldsmith procured the money, but a friend calling upon him and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent author gave him all the money. The tailor called and was told that if he had come a little sooner he could have had the money, but that he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding: "I would have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved trouble when in my power."

Welsh Language.

The poll taken of Cardiff, Wales, on the question whether children in the board schools should be taught the Welsh language has resulted in a majority of 67 votes against it.

Had Not Lit.

First Kansas—Did that cyclone damage Jed Perkins' house enny?

Second Kansas—Dunno; it hain't lit yit.—Ohio State Journal.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United State Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:



Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury.

April 23d, 1899.

Pe-ru-na Drug M'fg Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen—I find Pe-ru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

Judson W. Lyons.

No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons. His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons' address in Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican Committee, and is a prominent and influential politician.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons recommends Peruna for spring catarrh.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Room for Improvement.

"Say," remarked the impatient passenger, who was traveling on business in the South, "is this the fastest train you have down here?"

"Yes, suh," replied the conductor, proudly, "this is the Southwestern limited, suh."

"Well, your company ought to raise the limit, that's all."

More Substantial.

Blobbs—Why did she jilt you?

Slobbs—She detected the odor of beer on my breath.

"A prude, eh?"

"Not at all, but there was another fellow whose breath smelled of champagne."

Where Ruben Went.

Farmer Hayrake—I s'pose ye've heard 'bout my sendin' my son Reuben to an institution up larnin'?

Farmer Snakeroot—Why, no. Some fool's bin spreadin' the report 'round the neighborhood that yew've sent him ter college.

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied, diffidently.

"It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."

Why He Said It.

Costigan—Don't say you ain't done nothin'.

Madigan—And why not?

Costigan—Because that isn't good English.

Madigan—Faith, I'm glad to hear it, for by the powers, nayther am I.

Good Name.

"The new American consul general at Hong Kong is named Rublee," remarked the observant boarder.

"Rub Lee," repeated the cross-eyed boarder; "how suggestive of washee-washee!"

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