

OUR LITTLE WOMAN.

We have a little woman home,
Her height is only three feet three;
But she is just the sweetest one
That mortal eyes could ever see.
N. matter what "storm signals" say,
Nor how the heavy rain clouds lower,
The little woman in our home
Makes sunshine every hour.

Perhaps 'tis scattered from her curls,
I'll tell you what's my firm belief—
I think a little golden ray
Of sunshine, somehow, came to grief,
And, falling on her dainty head,
Thought "mid its crosses it would hide,
And then, erammed of its nest,
Resolved there to abide.

And then, I think the fogs, one night,
When earth was lost in sweet repose,
Puffed the fragrant, dainty tints
Inclosed within a sleeping rose.
Then stole from out a pansy's heart
Two limpid drops of perfumed dew,
And then they bathed her cheeks and eyes,
Giving them thus their witching hue.

If pain or worry seems my brow,
Our little woman finds it out,
And by the sunshine of her smiles
Soon puts the "vapors" all to rout.
There's magic in her gentle touch;
And in her laughing, vibrant voice;
The sound of her light, springing step
Can make my heart rejoice.

She's like a flash—now here, now there,
And always on her nimble feet.
She's all about the house at once,
With happy song and laughter sweet.
When, sometimes, I drop dim her eyes,
Like showers on an April day,
They've scarcely fallen ere her smiles
Have chased them all away.

Dear little woman! Her tiny hands
Smooth many a pain and fret away.
She brings into the sweet home life
An added beauty every day.
And yet she's but a wee, wee maid—
A laughing, dancing, merry sprite;
But, ah! our little woman still,
Our treasure, our delight.
—Claudia Tharin, in Golden Days.

Joe's Military Stratagem

By MARGARET SPENCER.

PAY DAY was almost at hand. Three hundred men must receive their monthly wages promptly. Mr. Rogers, the superintendent, had never failed them, but he was now ill with mountain fever. This great gold and copper mine lay in the heart of the Tuerta mountains, and shipped thousands of tons of ore.

In delirium Mr. Rogers talked constantly of "pay day and the bank at Santa Fe." Not one white man could be spared from the office to make the journey, for clerks and assayer were burdened with work during Mr. Rogers' illness. None but the superintendent himself had ever brought the gold and silver into camp from the bank. He was often warned of treacherous Mexicans and Indians, but felt no fear, in his light wagon, with swift horses, and great sums of money snugly stowed away in valise or box, sometimes marked boldly "dynamite." But now the bank, 20 miles away, only Joe, his son Joe, 14 years old, whom he could trust.

Twenty wild, dreary, perilous miles, winding in and out the foothills, passing Indian and Mexican villages, across the valley, into Santa Fe.

"Mother, I must go! I'm not one bit afraid. Sam is splendid, and such a good driver."

"But, my son, your father would never consent. What can you do? Such a lad and through such a country. I can't let you go!"

"We've got to have corn and grain and a lot of things from the city this week. Mother, now is just the time to bring the money! Hurrah for Sam and Joe!"

There were no telephones or telegraphs from the valley camp to Santa Fe. Only the weekly mail wagon, or special messengers brought on horseback.

"It must be done, my boy. God will go with you. The men must be paid, and the camp saved from strikes and violence. Your father's honor is at stake."

When the sunshine was golden over the hills, and the snowcapped Sandias sparkled in the distance, the boys set out from camp. Sam, a colored boy of 20, Mr. Rogers' faithful servant, drove the fine horses, and was in charge of Joe, the supplies and messages from the office to the city.

"Good-by, mother!" shouted Joe, as he stood up beside faithful Sam, in the wagon. "Don't worry, mother. We'll bring everything safe by to-morrow night!"

In the little log house, in the valley camp, one mother prayed that day as only a Christian mother prays for her boy in peril.

In one hour puffs of dust flew across their faces, the sun went under clouds, and a sudden storm, so common in Mexico, swept down the valley. The wind whirled over the tops of the mountains, and snow came suddenly from the gray sky. The wind increased and shrieked through the narrow mountain roads. Icy cold, and pitiless, it drove the boys to put their faces on the bottom of the wagon. The horses, blind and shivering, stood still. In half an hour not one footprint or wagon track was visible.

Sam shouted: "Don't dare lift up your head, Joe; keep flat on your face." How long the storm lasted the boys never knew. By some instinct the horses began plodding along. The sky cleared, the wind grew less, but only a white, trackless country lay before them.

The boys got out and walked ahead. The landmarks were all snowdrifts. "Sam, I see a house. It's Antonio's. Father never goes that way. It's a saloon, and a place for Mexicans to stop. Oh, it's awful!"

Sam opened his eyes in horror, but quietly replied:

"That's no matter; no danger to boys, and we is goin' the wrong way, for big money."

"The horses must be put up for the

night, and we must get warm somewhere, Sam."

"Can you keep awake, Joe, and help watch 'em—the devils!"

"You bet I can! And mother gave me father's little pistol, too! I haven't been shooting at a mark for nothing, either!"

The horses were put up. The dirty Mexicans, playing cards around their bottles, on their dirty table, gave the boys a place by the small fireplace. In poor Spanish and poorer English they made known to each other their wants.

"Antone" and "Juan" looked keenly at the handsome lad, recognizing him as from the big mining camp.

"Boy play? Boy drink? Si! Si! buena" (good).

"Too cold!" shivered Joe, as he lay down close to the fire. The night passed slowly. The boys went out often to look after the horses and consult together.

"Joe," whispered Sam, "Juan asked how much dinera (silver) boy had, and they are going to look. What shall we do?"

"Sam, they'll soon be dead sleepy drunk. We must hurry off."

"But don't shoot, Joe, if you can help it. They'll kill us, su-ah."

"Boy play! Boy drink!" the half-drunken Mexican insisted; but Joe pleaded sleep and cold. From under his blanket he could see Sam by the door. Antone crawled over to him and cautiously went through his pockets, but finding nothing, went back to his cards.

Their eyes were now turned toward himself. With nods and winks they whispered, in Spanish: "Plenty money; buy much; kill him; no kill two; no, get money first."

Joe's heart choked him; his hand clutched the pistol. Should he feign sleep? No! As if inspired a thought flashed across his confused, terrified, small brain. He threw off the blanket, yawned and yawned. "Too cold to sleep on floor," he said, carelessly. He sat down at the table and laughed, as a boy would; looked fearlessly and familiarly into Antone's ugly face and asked: "Men come yet? Storm over?"

"What men?"

"Americana's guard; wagons with much ore to city."

The Mexicans looked at the boy with flashing eyes, then at each other, with low mutterings.

"How many?"

Joe sprang to his feet, held up his hands and counted his fingers twice over, tossed up his head and with his small figure erect marched up and down before them with the air and tramp of a regiment.

"Come in the night?"

"Ye—s," drawled Joe. "Now—many men; guard to city."

The Mexicans hesitated, looked out of the door. It was dark, but for the white snow piled in drifts about the cabin. They took another bottle, played another game and by daylight had fallen into a drunken sleep.

The two boys slipped away to Santa Fe. The banker sent them safely back to camp with an escort, and 300 received their full pay. The superintendent was honored and the camp saved "a strike." The banker said: "Nothing but Joe's stratagem saved his life! Smart little rascal; he'll be heard from later!"

Joe is now 23. He wears a naval uniform. A silver anchor is in the center of his shoulder strap, and the regulation half-inch braid on his blue sleeve marks him as an ensign in our United States navy. He has been in Spanish harbors, and served on a great battleship, but he says that the thunder of shot and shell, the roar and smoke of battle failed to make his heart quake and his breath come in gasps as it did ten years ago, when he lay trembling by the open fire in a Mexican cabin and the drunken devils whispered: "Kill him, kill him!"

That was Joe's first military stratagem.—Commercial Tribune.

Encouragement.

Mrs. Hamlin's daughter was practicing very industriously when the good woman came into the music-room and sat herself down complacently. "Don't let me interrupt you, Lorinda," she said. "I like to hear the delect strains of a mahogany piano, and I thought I'd steal in here and while away a few minutes. You mustn't let me disturb your practice."

She nodded in time to the piece the performer was trying to learn. She was wont to notice that while she couldn't measure exactly how high or how low she ought to go in singing a tune, owing to lack of practice, she had always possessed a splendid ear for time. Presently there was a hitch in the rhythm. The heavy beats in the music did not come in the right place and her effort to catch the accent caused her head to move somewhat erratically. "Lorinda," she exclaimed, "what's the matter? Are you playing tricks?"

"No," was the answer. "This part of the piece is rather hard. You see, there are so many grace notes in it." "Well, keep right at it, dear, and don't get discouraged," was the gentle, motherly reply. "Get that part even if you have to neglect the rest. It'll do you good. Sometimes I'd as lief see a person play graceful as to hear her play correct."—Washington Star.

Homestead.

A recent article on homesteadness, in the Companion, recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesteadness feels. "You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Inn," said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here." "Yes, m," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick, it is the place where I don't be."—Youth's Companion.

MOSQUITO COMMISSIONER.

Is the Title of a New Official with Extraordinary Powers, in Mexico.

The following from the Venezuelan Herald will be of interest to Venezuelans:

"The Mexican Central Railway company is engaged in a new experiment, which, if it is all that is claimed for it, will be of inestimable value to the residents of this city. To show how earnest they are in the matter of mosquito extermination, and the portfolio was awarded to Capt. George C. Sperry, superintendent of telegraphs for the company."

"Experiments in different parts of the United States, and in New Jersey in particular, have demonstrated the fact that the extermination of the mosquito can be successfully accomplished."

An exchange, in discussing the matter, says:

"Scientific investigation has disclosed the fact that a few grains of permanganate of potash will destroy all the embryo mosquitoes in a very large area of mosquito swamp. At two cents an acre all the mosquitoes can be killed off for a space of 30 days, and as the breeding time is but two months, four cents will assure protection for the entire year. This places it within the possibility of a state, and certainly a city, to entirely rid itself of a great nuisance."

April and May are the two months in which the mosquito breeds. They are purely local in their habits, and not migratory, as some suppose, and they seldom move more than a hundred feet from the place of their birth. Hence to exterminate the breed in a certain locality would rid that locality of the pest for that season at least, and the method of extermination is so inexpensive that an entire community may be rid of them at a very small expense.

MOTOR VEHICLES.

There is One Style Which is Intended for Gentlemen with Bibulous Tendencies.

A recent parade of about 100 motor cars in London exhibited all the latest and best devices in the line of horsepower vehicles, and many new designs brought over from the continent were seen for the first time on English roads, reports the Baltimore Sun.

Lighter modes of construction were especially noticeable, and some of the turnouts stand comparison with first-class victorias and broughams. One car in particular, which has earned for itself the sobriquet of the "drunkard's car," by reason of its adaptation for alcoholists, attracted not a little attention. It is steered by a bath chair handle, which is kept slightly pressed down when running, but if the pressure is relieved or the handle is turned in wide and erratic fashion it runs off the pressing pin and the motor automatically stops.

The motor bicycle was also represented in the procession—a neat little machine, hardly distinguishable from the ordinary safety bicycle, except by the addition of a tiny petroleum engine attached to the handle bars, which is joined up by an endless band to the front wheel, so that it is both a front driver and steerer. In ordinary use the pedals can be used as foot rests, but the petroleum can be switched off and the machine driven by pedal and chain the ordinary way at the rider's pleasure and the motive power restored when a steep hill has to be overcome. Complete, this motor bicycle weighs about 65 pounds.

AN UNUSED TYPE.

Golden-Gray Eyes Have Been Neglected by Modern Novelists and Poets.

I might pile Ossa upon Pellion in the way of descriptions of gray eyes culled from fiction. There is, however, one type of gray eyes whose appearance in story I have not yet noted, says Nina R. Allen in Lippincott's.

We have had gray eyes which "resembled nothing so much as moss agates;" sea-gray eyes are not uncommon. Amelle Rives has bestowed upon Iva, in "The Witness of the Sun," great violet-gray eyes, "like rain-washed amethysts;" while Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has recently introduced us to a pair of slate-colored eyes.

But, at the present writing, I have yet to meet with the golden-gray eyes in fiction. They are to be found, however, in nature, the most luminous of all eyes. I think, the iris about the edge a soft old-gold or golden brown, gradually melting toward the pupil into a warm gray. This lovely color I have seen in the eyes of a dog and of a child—the eyes of the dog wistful, appealing, pathetic with unutterable things, the child's speaking of a soul as yet undarkened by shades of the prison house, and splendid with the light that never was on sea or land.

To the novelist desiring something new in eyes, I would respectfully recommend the golden-gray.

A Pitcher Is Not a Bottle.

Native wine is so cheap in San Francisco that many restaurant-keepers serve it with meals in lieu of tea or coffee, if their patrons prefer it. The clause in the war tax requiring a stamp to be affixed to each bottle of wine disturbed them seriously for awhile, until the plan was hit upon of serving it in pitchers instead. As the internal revenue department has ruled that a pitcher is not a bottle, these caterers get off free of the tax.

Warships to Be Well Furnished.

The furniture of the battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky, orders for the making of which have been received at the Portsmouth navy yard, is to cost nearly \$100,000.



The man who whispers down a well
About the goods he has to sell,
Won't reap the gleaming, golden dollars
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

It is not our intention to, nor do think it best to

Holler

till you're tired out but we do want you to remember that we always keep on hand a good fresh supply of all kinds of

Logger's Supplies,

Merchandise, Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Just step into our store for a moment and let us convince you that what we say is true, that our stock is good and we sell it just as cheap as anyone

And Save Money.

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CLASSES WERE RESUMED ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

GRADED COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

ST. ALPHONSUS ACADEMY is divided into four departments, viz: Primary, Intermediate, Grammar, and Senior.

The year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each.

TUITION FEE.

Tuition Fee for one pupil for a term of eleven weeks in the Primary Department, Two Dollars; in the Intermediate, Three Dollars; Grammar Grade, Four Dollars; Senior Grade, Five Dollars.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Instrumental Music on the Piano or the stringed instruments, for a term of eleven weeks, Ten Dollars.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Vocal Music, Eight Dollars.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

In the Business Department: Stenograph, Book-keeping, and Type-writing included, if desired. The common branches, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the whole course.

Main Sewing and Fancy Work free to the pupils on Saturday afternoon.

Latin, French, and German included in the Senior Grade. Private lessons in those languages, TEN DOLLARS a term.

Board and Tuition, including plain and fancy needle work, THIRTEEN DOLLARS a month.

When there are four pupils in one family attending, the last one is free.

Sewing school, free to pupils, will be resumed on the first Saturday in October.

REGULATIONS.

Students are entered at any time during the Session. No deduction will be made in either the Academic or Music Department for the Christmas or Easter Holiday for withdrawal before the expiration of the term or absence, except in case of dismissal or prolonged illness. Those who finish a complete course in the Academic or the Commercial Department, and pass a satisfactory examination in the branches prescribed are entitled to a Diploma.

Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping.

You can do it with

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You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely.

If you are a sufferer from any of the above diseases, you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply without cost. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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PATENT MEDICINES AND
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STATIONERY, BOOKS.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR

PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office,
Oregon City, Oregon,
October 11th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3rd, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

LUTHER J. FLETCHER, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 308, for the purchase of the w. 1/2 of section No. 24 in Township No. 2 S., Range No. 7 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon; Riley G. Smith, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon; James B. Mellott, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon; John W. Fishburn, of Dayton, Yamhill county, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of January, 1899.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR

PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office,
Oregon City, Oregon,
November 8th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3rd, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

JOHN GLEN, of Dayton, county of Yamhill, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 308, for the purchase of the w. 1/2 of section No. 8 in Township No. 2 S., Range No. 7 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1899. He names as witnesses:

Albert E. Cook, of McMinnville, Oregon; William Cain, of Dayton, Oregon; Riley G. Smith, of Dayton, Ore.; J. W. Coffin, of Dayton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 28th day of January, 1899.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore.,
October 28th, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 21st, 1898, viz:

CYRUS SMITH, for the E 1/2 of Ne 1/4 of Sec. 21 and E 1/2 of Sec. 14 of Sec. 30, T. 1 S., R. 10 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Jacob Ripley, of Foley, Oregon; W. O. Thayer, of Portland; J. W. Maxwell, Tillamook, Oregon; George Coffman, of Portland, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

O.R.&N.

Union Depot, Sixth and J Streets.

TWO TRAINS DAILY
FROM ALL POINTS EAST.

"FAST MAIL ROUTE."

Leaves for the East via Walla Walla and Spokane daily at 2:30 p.m. Arrives at 10:15 a.m.

Leaves for the East via Pendleton and Huntington daily at 5 p.m. Arrives via Huntington and Pendleton at 7:30 a.m.

Dallas accommodation leaves daily except Sunday at 8 a.m. Arrives daily except Sunday at 6:30 p.m.

THROUGH FULLMAN AND TOURIST SLIPPERS.

Water lines schedule subject to change without notice.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.

OCEAN DIVISION.—Steamships sail from Astoria dock at 8 p.m. For San Francisco: Geo. W. Elder sails October 4, 11, 20 and 29; Columbia sails October 5, 14 and 23; State of California sails October 8, 17 and 26.

COLUMBIA RIVER SUMMER SCHEDULE DIVISION.

PORTLAND, ASTORIA AND THE COAST

Steamer R. K. Thompson leaves Portland daily, except Sunday, at 5 p.m., on Saturday at 10 p.m. Returning, leave Astoria daily, except Sunday, at 8 a.m.

WILLAMETTE RIVER ROUTE.

PORTLAND AND SALEM.

Stev. mer Ruth, for Salem and way points leaves Portland Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a.m. Returning, leaves Salem Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 a.m.

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE.

Steamer Modoc, for Dayton and way points leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a.m. Returning, leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a.m.

Steamer Almota leaves Riparia Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:15 a.m., after arrival of train from Spokane and Portland. Leaves Lewiston, returning, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6 a.m.

Steamer Lewiston leaves Riparia Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:15 a.m., after arrival of train from Spokane and Portland. Leaves Lewiston Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.

W. H. HURLBURY, General Passenger Agent.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent.

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