

HIS LITTLE BEN.

"The gladdest day in all my life was that day Benjie came. Though when his ma was made my wife my blood was tinglein' some; How cute and beautiful he was, a-layin' there asleep! I had to jist kneel down beside his little bed and weep. Because I felt so good, you know! I promised God that day That I would leave the way below--The broad and sinful way. "How proud we was to show our boy--I mean his ma and I-- Each day he brought us greater joy and raised us to'rd's the sky! We hadn't reely lived before he come to make us glad. The bindin' link between us was that happy little tad; We lived for him, we saved for him, in every way we knew, Day in, day out, I slaved fer him, well pleased to do it, too. "We planned a grand career fer him, his happy ma and me-- Wa'n't nothin' too good here fer him, as fur as we could see; He'd got to go away to school--to college--so we planned. He'd got to have the best of all a-got'n' in the land, And so we saved and slaved away and sent him off at last-- I guess that I was proud the day I heard my boy had passed! "He's home agen to stay awhile, until vacation's through; He's learned a lot o' learnin' style, he's kind o' distant, too; He brought another chap along, they're college chums, you know; They ride the horses 'round, and go! how they do make 'em go! It's harvest time, but, somehow, they don't sort of seem to care; While I must stay and work away they gallivant somewhere. "My back was lame as it could be from puttin' in the hay; I overheard them talk o' me--this happened yesterday! My boy I used to carry 'round and pray for every night-- My boy that I have battled for and loved with all my might-- He said: 'My folks are good and kind, as you have seen, but, oh, I'm sorry they are not refined, as yours are, you know.' "My gladdest day was that day when I learned a father's love, The day God sent my little Ben down to me from above! I've slaved fer him, I've saved fer him; I hold his little hand, And guided his first steps; for him I've laid awake and planned! When he was near the sky was fair; I've prayed beside his bed-- O God of Love, why was I there to bear them words he said!" --S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Jones' Surprise Party

Mrs. Jones Gained a Glorious Victory.

WHEN you get a woman who is a genuine diplomat you'll always find her in the excelsior class. It is the privilege of her sex to go to extremes and when she sets out to attain an end she holds the possibility of death much more lightly than she does that of defeat.

This charming little lady, who would prefer to be called Mrs. Jones under the circumstances, lives within a block of Woodward avenue in one of the best sections of the city. She has been married for eight years, and during seven years, eleven months and three weeks of that time there was one great drawback to her happiness. It is readily figured from this statement that her leisure came but one short week ago.

Jones must be classified as a good fellow. In a few years more he is liable to be called "Old Suavity," "Old Smoothology," or by some other modern designation equally expressive and irreverent. His voice has a native note of cordiality and is unctuous. His laugh is a contagion, his handshake suggests a vise and he at once impresses one with a desire to do something thoughtful and agreeable. The impression is not misleading, and one of Jones' favorite ways of showing his generosity was to invite people home to dinner. Where the average friendly man would say to "Take a cigar," or "Come in and have something," Jones would smile his genial smile, laugh his happy laugh and insist that you go up and have dinner with him.

There is a commendable feature in such a display of hospitality, but what was to be condemned in Jones was the fact that he never told his wife of these sudden invasions. She repeatedly asked this consideration, but Jones is a busy man and forgot. He would promise volubly and kiss his wife by way of acknowledging his shortcoming, but three days would not pass before he would surprise the patient little matron by suddenly landing in with from one to four men for dinner. He always told them in his hearty way that they would have to take pot luck, but no woman with the pride of a housewife is going to set out a stinky little spread for her husband's friends. She would suffer from it as a reflection bordering upon the shame of being niggardly and imprudent. So she hustled, planned, stirred the maid to prodigies of exertion and gained temporary accommodation from the larders of her immediate neighbors. Frequently it was a close shave, but never did Mrs. Jones feel that her guests had been misused or that her dinners were not at least passable.

Her mother frequently urged that she set these predatory birds of passage down to short rations and let them go away hungry for a few successive times. "That'll bring Jones to his senses," declared the elder lady. "He needs a lesson, and that's the way to give it to him. I'll show him. Do you expect to go through life feeding a lot of strangers on short notice? Have some certainty in itself is torture. Have some spunk about you and give Jones such a setback that he'll give you due notice from now on. I would."

But that is not the way of young wives. Mrs. Jones even rebuked her grim mother for such advice, and things moved along in the same uneven groove. But last Sunday there came a crisis. "Saw Jones down town" said

a friend of the family as he was passing. "Lost of fellows he used to know in the east are here with the Christian Endeavorers. They are having a picnic talking over old times, and I heard him invite half a dozen or so of them up to dinner. Did he send you word?" "O, we know they're coming," she answered loyally, though she had just heard of it, and the finest expert could not have detected that her smile was counterfeit. She was in the kitchen before her informant had gone a block. She imparted her enthusiasm to the girl and the whole culinary department rattled with activity. It was hot, but a full head of gas was turned on in the big range and there was a cooking utensil in commission wherever there was room for one. Tribute was exacted from all the people who were in reach, baskets and brown paper being used in the delivery of plunder. Two or three women of the neighborhood were enlisted as assistants, and the hilarity maintained through such a stress of work was something to be wondered at. A little later four young girls in "wash" dresses and becoming aprons put in an appearance and one of the women devoted her entire time drilling these young recruits to wait on the table without sniggering.

Jones and his friends arrived with the noise of a team of horses clattering over the front porch. "Whew!" he began, as soon as he had introduced his wife and could get her by herself, "what's the matter here? It smells like a pickle factory with half a dozen imported odors thrown in. It's something horrible. An oil refinery and a tannery in the neighborhood would be a decided improvement. Anybody been burning junk or garbage? What in creation is it?" "Oh, why didn't you tell me, dear, that you would bring company to dinner?" and there was a world of troubled solicitude in the face of the demure little Mrs. Jones. "But we'll get through with it. It happens that we have a real surprise. I've heard you tell so often of the merry Dutch lunches you have had down town that I thought I'd get up something warm in that line, with a few other foreign dainties thrown in."

"But the house reeks with garlic and--" "That's Spanish, you know, dear. They're all old chums of yours, aren't they, Jones? It will be a lark for them. It's the pot roast that gives forth the variegated and pungent aroma. It is a regular vegetable bouquet, and if you and your friends are at all analytical you could name most of the ingredients. There are onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage--red cabbage, dear--rutabagas--"

"Thunder! Abbreviate by telling me what there isn't in it. I told them they'd have to take pot luck, but a pot roast! It's enough to drive them out of the house on the dead run. What kind of meat have you with this agricultural medley?"

"Don't be cross, dear. I know that it's beef, but I can't make out just what part, and then we have a few German meats. If you had only sent me word! But we must make the best of it now."

Jones groaned and nearly fell off his chair with surprise when the young ladies filed in to act as waiters. His companions also looked perplexed and recognized a distinct jar in the domestic machinery. Jones swore in a loud whisper when the round-faced girl from three doors below asked the gentlemen whether they would prefer rogen brod or pumpernickel. The others were dazed and stammered as assurance that they had no choice. The fearfully and wonderfully constructed pot roast lost none of its fragrance by being loaded on the individual plates, and as no one liked all the concomitants there was an ostentatious pretense with scarcely any eating.

The guests made a gallant bluff at weinerwurst, cervelat wurst, kippered herring, dodged the limburger, which Jones declared with savage emphasis was a relief from the abominations of the other odors, took kuchen on faith and came in unanimously on ein beer. Little Mrs. Jones had fluttered about, chattering merrily and trying to animate her guests, but Jones was as grim as a graven image, intimated that he would have the house fumigated before he slept in it and finally so far lost self-restraint as to want to bet his wife ten millions of dollars that it was all a put-up job. She only smiled angelically and said she was afraid Jones had lost his appetite because of the hot weather.

There was a suppressed period of scattered and halting conversation after the meal and the guests left as soon as they decently could do so. Jones could muster no language equal to his anger, so he jerked a chair where he usually lifted one, kicked things out of his way, slammed doors and growled without deigning to specify what he was growling at. The next morning he dictated a blank form to his typewriter and told her to run off 200 or 300 of them. One of these forms will be filled out and sent in a hurry whenever Jones is going to have anyone with him for dinner.--Detroit Free Press.

New Blood Disease.

Hermology, a comparatively new medical term, is a combination of blood and disease as evidenced by the changes observed in blood. It has already made such advances that many diseases may be recognized by examination of the blood. From a mere observation of the relative number of leucocytes (white blood corpuscles) and erythrocytes (red blood corpuscles) it has advanced to elaborate analysis of other elements of the blood and the recognition of bodies foreign to normal blood. This "ology" promises to be of especial value to mankind in giving early warning of disease otherwise not manifest and showing the advance or decline of abnormal conditions.--St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal.

TO PARIS IN A TREE.

A Californian's Novel Project for Reaching the Exposition.

He Will Build a Schooner from One of the Giant Redwoods of Humboldt County--Will Round Cape Horn.

Capt. Firmin Moindron is making his plans to attend the Paris exposition in 1900. That is not a particularly novel occupation just now, for it would be a hard matter to throw a stone and not hit some one who is doing the same. But while the rest of the world is going to get there in the ordinary way by learning a little French and saving up as much money as possible, Capt. Firmin Moindron means to go in a way of his own. He intends to travel in a trunk. Not the ordinary, portable dog-house trunk that has been used to transport everything from a corpse to a summer girl's outfit, but the trunk of a tree. All the way from Humboldt county to the quays of "gay Paris" he is going to sail in the trunk of a redwood tree.

Necessity, ingenuity and the love of adventure have led many to brave the waters of the earth in all sorts of craft from Noah's ark to a naphtha launch, but for poetic originality Capt. Moindron's project stands alone. Capt. Moindron loves France as the land of his birth and California as the home of his choice, and for the honor of both he wishes to show to the people who gather at Paris in 1900 to look on the wonders of the world and the achievements of nations a proof of one of the marvels of this new world.

Capt. Moindron is a hardy sailor-man. Man and boy for 40 years he has gone down to the sea in ships and worked his way from fo'castle to quarterdeck.

One of the rugged giants that has watched the children of the red man and the white man come and go he will take from its bed in the forest and ride it 16,000 miles to the gates of the busy city.

"I will build," he says, "a schooner from one of the largest trees in Humboldt county. The hull shall be one solid piece--simply the trunk of the tree hollowed out and heven into shape. I will take a tree from 22 feet to 24 feet in diameter for my boat. She will be 48 feet long, 15 feet beam and 10 feet deep and will be rigged as a schooner. I will make my boat in Humboldt county, where the big trees are, and I figure that it will take me from two to three months to make it. I will sail from here, around Cape Horn or through the straits of Magellan, across the Atlantic and down the Seine to Paris. I want to be ready to start in time to reach Cape Horn about the last of December of this year, so that I will arrive at Paris by May of 1900.

"This model I have made I am not afraid to show to anyone--nor would I hesitate to trust myself to a boat on those lines."

Capt. Moindron is all enthusiasm about his unique project. "I think," he said, "of sailing 16,000 miles in the trunk of a tree. To do that and show all the world at the exposition what California can produce I am willing to risk my life."--N. Y. Sun.

RENEWED THE GRUDGE.

After the Lapse of Fifty Years the Quarrel of Boyhood Was Resumed.

Even an old score will give its owner a twinge if it is roughly handled. Two elderly men met at a reception one evening, and after they had been introduced to each other, one of them said:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Yarty, but are you related to the family of that name who lived in Plattston about 50 years ago?"

"I am a member of the identical family," replied the other. "I resided there myself 50 years ago."

"Then you are Columbus Yarty?"

"Yes."

"I am delighted to meet you again. Do you remember Wesley Weston, with whom you played when a little boy?"

"Surely! Are you he?"

"I am."

They shook hands again, and after a little pause, Mr. Weston said:

"You remember we had a quarrel about something or other the last time we met, and you pushed me over into a tan-vat and ruined a suit of clothes for me?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. Ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! We can afford to laugh at it now, but it was a serious matter to me then. I have thought of it many times since, and made up my mind long ago that if we ever met again I would tell you I freely and fully forgive you for the mean little trick."

"But as I remember it, you were entirely to blame in the matter."

"Not at all. I hadn't done anything to you. However, as I said before, I don't hold any spite over it now. I forgive you--"

"But I don't want your forgiveness, sir! I won't have it! I told you--"

"Sir!"

"Sir! Good evening, sir!"

"Good evening!"

And the grudge of 50 years ago resumed business, so to speak, at the old stand.--Youth's Companion.

Public Fountains Well Patronized.

One of Boston's municipal officials, who is especially interested in the establishment of free ice water fountains in that city, hired a man to watch one of the drinking places the other day from six a. m. to ten p. m., for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it was well patronized. Between the hours named exactly 2,335 persons drank at the city's expense. The fountain has four faucets.--Chicago Chronicle.

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CONTEST NOTICE Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon. Nov. 27th, 1899. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by GEORGE B. LAMB, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 11225, made August 15th, 1904, for W 1/4 Sec 14 and E 1/4 Sec 15, Section 24, Township 1 S, Range 8 W, by ANNA A. STEINER, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Anna A. Steiner during the year 1896, wholly abandoned said premises described in said homestead entry and changed her residence therefrom, and that she has not resided upon nor cultivated said premises since said year 1896, and that the said Anna A. Steiner is not now residing upon, nor cultivating said premises in any manner, whatever, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to her employment in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, or marine during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged, said parties are hereby notified to appear and offer evidence touching said allegations at 10 o'clock a. m., on January 15th, 1900, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Oregon City, Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed Nov. 27th, 1899, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. WILLIAM GALLOWAY, Receiver.

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NOTICE. To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts or contracts entered into or incurred on account of any of my interests in Tillamook county, by any person whatsoever, unless the same be authorized in writing by me. SAMUEL ELMORE

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