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COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral, speak and say"—
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite;
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, "On and on!"
—Joaquin Miller in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

AN AWKWARD HERO.

"I can't see what brought him here anyway. None of us asked him to come, I am sure."

"Unless it was Denzil. He is always so soft hearted about such people. If he looked as if he wanted to come, you may be certain Denzil gave him an invitation."

"Yes," said Denzil quietly. "I did ask him to come."

"I can't tell what you did it for, then," responded the one who had first spoken; "for of all disagreeable, stupid creatures Caleb Orton is the most disagreeable and the most stupid."

"Never says a word all day long, but just sits and stares, for all the world like one of those wooden images before tobacco shops."

"Yesterday," said a girl's voice, "I was trying to cross the brook on the stepping stones, which, as you know, are very slippery. Master Caleb happened to come along, and without saying a word he picked me up and carried me across as if I had been a bundle. When he saw I was angry, he turned very red, muttered something about 'being afraid I might wet my feet,' and went off, looking more sheepish than ever."

"He does nothing but ride around the country on that bicycle of his, and"—

"Now, look here, fellows, and you, Mollie," interrupted Denzil, "you are all mistaken about Caleb Orton. Tell me, did you ever know of his saying or doing a mean thing?"

"N-o," reluctantly from several of the party.

"Well, then, I tell you that Caleb Orton is a true gentleman at heart. He may be slow and awkward. I don't deny that. You may not like his looks. That is a matter of taste. But in spite of his queer, shy ways he is one of the best fellows that ever lived."

And all this time Caleb Orton himself stood in the shadow of the hazel hedge, not ten steps distant from where the party of girls and boys sat upon the lawn. He had meant to join them, but had paused where he was, with an unhappy sense that he would not be welcome among them, and while debating with himself he heard all.

Caleb was slow, as Denzil had said, but he could not help seeing that his young companions, except Denzil Graham, avoided him. He had often wondered why. He liked and admired them all. They were so bright and clever that he would have been satisfied just to sit with them and listen to their talk. But he noticed that they became cold and silent the moment he joined them. He had tried very hard to gain their good will, but everything he did only seemed to make matters worse.

Sitting by himself in his room, or wandering off alone in the woods, he had many times pondered over this, with a very sore heart. What was wrong with him? What had he done to offend them? Now he understood.

He hesitated a moment, drawing his rough red hand over his eyes, then without knowing very clearly what he meant to do he pushed his way through the hazels and stood before the party.

Instantly silence fell upon the group. Those who had been talking against him looked a little uncomfortable; for there was something in the boy's face which they had never seen there before.

"No," said Caleb, as Denzil beckoned him to a place beside himself on the settee. "No, Denzil; I only came to say that I heard all. I did not mean to listen, but I know now why none of you like me. I'm not angry, only very sorry. I am clumsy and dull. I can't talk like the rest of you. I can't do things that other boys can. *I* wanted to make friends with you, but somehow I couldn't. It wasn't your fault. I suppose I am different from other fellows. I am going away tomorrow, and—and I hope you will forgive me."

He spoke hurriedly, in a choked voice, and broke down at the end. He was ashamed of the tears he felt spring to his eyes and turned away quickly, without waiting for any reply. He had taken a few steps when he felt a hand upon his shoulder and Denzil Graham joined him. The two boys walked on in silence side by side for a short distance, then Denzil said earnestly:

"Look here, Caleb, you don't mean what you said about going away tomorrow?"

"Yes," answered Caleb. "You see I didn't know they hated me or I wouldn't have staid so long."

"They don't hate you," said Denzil. "It's just their talk. They don't know you as I do, that's all."

"You spoke up for me like a brick, Denzil," and Caleb's coarse, honest face lighted up with an affectionate smile: "I thank you, but I must go."

"I will come to your room this afternoon," said Denzil. "I'm going back to the others now, but I think I shall have something to say to you then that will alter your feelings."

The two boys shook hands warmly; Denzil returned to the party on the lawn, while Caleb went to the carriage house where his bicycle was, and mounting it rode away at great speed.

Denzil Graham had invited a number of boy and girl friends to spend a part of the vacation at his father's place, the Mill Farm, situated in a beautiful little valley among the Laconic mountains. Among others he had asked his classmate, Caleb Orton, to come. Poor Caleb had few friends, but Denzil had learned to know what a sterling good fellow there was hidden under the boy's uncouth exterior, and he believed that the rest of the party would soon come to like him as warmly as he himself did. But the result had been quite contrary to Denzil's expectations, and Caleb's first week at Mill Farm had been one of the unhappiest of his life.

For a few moments as Caleb rode along the silent country road his reflections were very sorrowful; then gradually he forgot his own troubles in a discovery which he believed he had made a day or two before. The Mill Farm had received its name from the saw mill which stood some distance from the house, on the bank of the brook which ran through the midst of the valley. Half a mile above the dwelling a heavy stone dam had been built across the stream, making a pond of some acres in extent, which supplied power to the mill. Riding about the country alone on his bicycle, Caleb had found this dam and had visited it frequently.

There had been a heavy rainstorm at the beginning of the week and the water in the pond had risen to the very brink of the dam. The structure was old, and the pressure of the water had started a number of seams in the masonry. This was Caleb's discovery.

He had spoken of this to Mr. Graham, who had laughed at his fears, saying that the old dam had lasted fifty years and would last another fifty. But Caleb had not been satisfied. He had made a journey to the pond every day and had seen that the cracks in the wall were surely growing wider, while the escaping water was increasing in quantity. On the previous afternoon he had found a new crack in the stonework, near the middle, from which a small torrent was rushing. Though Mr. Graham certainly out to know best, Caleb felt uneasy about it. He was sure there must be danger of the old wall crumbling away.

When he reached the pond, and leaving his bicycle in the road climbed down to the foot of the dam, he was startled first by a loud roaring sound and then by the sight of a mass of brown water pouring through a large gap in the wall which had not been there on the day before. Wide cracks seamed the masonry in every direction. As he rested his hand against the stones he felt them tremble as under a succession of heavy blows.

While he stood there aghast there came a loud report and another crack opened in the wall from top to bottom. Almost at the same moment a huge block of masonry fell out, followed by a tremendous rush of water. Every instant smaller pieces crumbled down and new jets of water burst forth. The dam was going!

Poor, slow Caleb stood clutching a sapling, wondering what he ought to do. He knew that the Mill Farm dwelling was in the very center of the narrow valley and if this great mass of water were to rush down upon it suddenly it must surely be swept away with all in or near it.

In the midst of his doubt and terror another section of the wall gave way, and driven by a blind impulse Caleb climbed the bank, mounted his bicycle and raced down the road like the wind. Behind him he could hear the deepening roar of the water, and as he turned into the gate at Mill Farm, shaking with fatigue and alarm, there came a dull, heavy boom that seemed to shake the pond. The dam had given way!

A number of the boys and girls were sitting upon the porch. He did not pause to see who they were, but mounted the steps, shouting:

"The dam, the dam! It has burst! Run for your lives."

In a moment all was confusion. Girls, boys, servants and inmates ran hither and thither, crying out in vague terror, and utterly incapable of caring for their own safety.

Caleb seemed to be the only one there with presence of mind. Raising his voice above the uproar, he shouted:

"Run for the top of the hill! Quick, don't wait for anything."

With a courage and coolness for which no one had ever given him credit he got the frightened crowd together and started them up the hill, following behind to urge them on. They had nearly reached the top when Caleb stopped and looked back.

"Where is Denzil?" he cried. "He is not here."

"I saw him down by the brook a few minutes ago," answered one of the number.

"Go on then," answered Caleb; "you are safe now."

"What are you going to do?" asked a terrified voice.

"To find Denzil," replied Caleb, turning back and running swiftly down the hill.

The water was now swirling and roaring down the middle of the valley, rising and increasing in violence every instant, and bearing upon its muddy surface uprooted trees, planks and rubbish.

"Denzil! Denzil!" cried Caleb wildly. "Oh, Denzil, where are you?"

"Here I am," came the reply, and Caleb saw the slight figure of his friend standing upon the point of a rock projecting out of the flood which boiled and thundered above him.

Without a moment's hesitation, Caleb plunged into the water, which rose to his armpits, and battled his way toward the rock. Seizing Denzil around the waist, he drew him down, and supporting him by one arm struck out for the high ground. The water had now risen above the boys' heads and they could only hope to escape by swimming.

Denzil could not swim, and if left to himself in that raging torrent would have drowned in a moment. But he was light of weight and Caleb was the strongest boy in the school.

"Keep cool, Denzil," he panted, as they struggled on.

"All right," was the response, "I understand."

It was literally a battle for life for both boys; for while Caleb could have saved himself by abandoning his friend, he never even thought of it. If ideas came slowly into poor Caleb's brain, they staid, once there. He had resolved to rescue Denzil and he would do it.

As the minutes went by the terrible strain began to tell upon Caleb's strength. In order to keep Denzil's head above the water he was swimming on his side, overhand, which, with Denzil's weight, forced his own head under at every stroke. Moreover, he was bleeding from a blow on the temple from a piece of passing wreck. Skillful and vigorous as he was, he felt himself growing very weak. Should he fail after all? Poor Denzil! It was like him to think only of his friend even at that terrible crisis.

But he would not fail! He set his teeth grimly and battled on. Denzil could hear his breath come in sobs and see the suffering in his wild eyes and drawn features.

"Oh, Caleb!" he cried, "you are killing yourself for me."

"It—is—tough," came the gasping reply, "but I'll do it."

Those who watched them breathlessly from the bank above many times believed the boys lost, as the yellow waves rose over their heads and hid them from sight. But the next moment they would reappear, and the hope would be renewed in the anxious hearts of the spectators.

Poor, dull Caleb! They will never laugh at you again. Everything was forgotten in love and admiration for the gallant boy struggling for the life of his friend in the clutch of the flood. How they hung upon every stroke of that strong right arm! How they groaned and wept as they saw him growing weaker and weaker, moving slower and slower. Yet he still held on.

"One more stroke! Another! Hurrah! Saved—saved!"

Caleb heard the words as in a dream. He felt his feet touch the ground. Eager arms seized him. There was a wild, exultant cry. Some one called his name; then he knew no more.

When he came to himself again he found that he was lying upon the ground, his head supported upon Denzil's knee, while around him stood boys and girls, men and women, some shedding tears, and all talking together like crazy creatures.

"Caleb," said Denzil brokenly, "it is no use trying to say anything"—

"Then don't," answered Caleb, smiling faintly. "It's all right."

"And I," cried Mollie, sobbing. "Oh, Caleb, I am so ashamed."

"Don't," said Caleb again. "It's all right."

When the flood subsided it was found that only the lower portion of the house had been damaged. The upper rooms were still habitable. At Denzil's request, the party remained at Mill Farm, and three days later an open air feast was given in honor of Caleb Orton, and every one there heartily agreed with Denzil when he concluded a neat little speech with the words:

"Caleb Orton, honest as gold, true as steel and brave as a lion."—Charles Lotin Hildreth in Philadelphia Press.

An Artist's Wife.

Of the great artist, Domenichino, it is told that he married a lady of high birth and great beauty, who was such a virago that it is believed she poisoned him.—Writer.

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or any lung, throat, or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your mynoy refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at Dan'l J. Fry's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

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LANDING IN THE BREAKERS.

Sailors in a Small Boat Must Fight Hard to Reach the Shore.

Selecting a landing place, the men wait for an opportunity. By lying outside and watching the breakers they find that after a certain number of heavy ones there is a quiet interval, and after several counts they know when to expect this interval and take advantage of it. If there are but two or three lines of bad breakers near a seemingly steep beach, a bold dash, bows on, during this interval of quiet, will probably land them high and dry.

Much more frequently, however, the water will shoal far out from the shore, and many lines of breakers will have to be passed. The quiet interval will be too short to allow a boat to reach the shore. Only courage, coolness, quickness and good judgment can save the men in the battle for life which must then be fought. They select a place where the breakers seem to roll in parallel to the beach and not slantingly, and then they row toward them as close as they can with safety, and turn the boat's bow out to sea. Next, they back in rapidly when the quiet time comes, but keep the boat's bow pointed squarely at the breakers.

The lull is too soon over, and the battle begins. A mountainous sea comes rolling in and mounting upward from a rounded crest to a thin green edge, which tumbles above them. Then the nearer side seems to pause, and from the green edge sweeps hissing backward a curling, feathery spray, as the farther side of the wave seems to rush over the nearer, and descend with a crushing roar in overwhelming volumes of whitened surf. If the little boat is caught in this deluge, she may be thrown end over end, or slued so far around that the next sea will roll her over and over; and even if skillful managemement should keep her head to sea she would soon be completely swamped. These points where the seas break must then be eluded as often as possible, but only experience and judgment can tell how to pass them with more than occasional success.

By pulling a few strokes toward the sea, a wave may pass under the boat just before it breaks. Then what a ride they have! More swiftly than by express train they are shot shoreward by a mighty power utterly beyond control. The roar around them is frightful, and the swirling, broken water terrifying; but while that speeding lasts they are safe. Every effort is always made to keep on the back of that shore rushing wave. It was an enemy a moment before, but now it is a guiding friend. The boatmen back in upon it with all their might, but watching all the time for the next wave to rise and form for attack.

When the welcome shore is close at hand the helmsman presses down the loom or shaft of the steering oar; otherwise the blade would suddenly catch in the sand, the boat would rush over it, and as it pivoted in the oarlock the oar would fling the man far astern. Lucky would he be if there was still water to fall upon!

When the boat touches bottom all hands spring overboard, and seizing her gunwales rush her high up on the beach; otherwise the waves would do this for them, probably broadside on, and in a very ruthless manner, perhaps breaking bones and crushing the boat, as if angry at the men's escape.—John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

Common Names of the Lilac.

Even in so small a place as England, of which it is said that a man may land on one side in the morning and fall off the cliffs of the other side before night, the lilac is known by different names, traveling every few score miles. In one place it is called the May plant, in another it is the princess feather flower, in another it is called duck's bills, while laylock is a common variation in those localities where it should be known as lilac. Possibly if one were to search in other countries than England he should find it with a score or so of other names.

The great difficulty with English names for flowers is not that their English names are improper, but there is no authority as to which one should be generally adopted. No system for the general adoption of any one particular name has ever been suggested.—Meehan's Monthly.

An Awkward Mistake.

A handsomely dressed young woman stepped up to a clerk in one of our leading dry goods stores, and laying a package on the counter said with dignity, "I would like to have you exchange these goods." A moment later a soiled shirt and several pairs of stockings met the clerk's gaze. Before he could rally from his astonishment the young woman had gathered up the bundle and with a face of scarlet rushed from the store. The next time she starts out to exchange goods she will be sure she hasn't got her brother's laundry.—Springfield Homestead.

Meat the Most Expensive Food.

Twenty-two acres of land are needed to sustain a man on flesh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds 42 people; under oats, 88 people; under potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 people, and under the plantain or bread fruit tree, over 6,000 people.—New York Journal.

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TILMON FORD, attorney at law, Salem, Oregon. Office up stairs in Patton's block.

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Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nerve and Brain treatment; loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. **Price $3.00 per Box.**

Tonic and Nervine, Sent everywhere, C. O. D., securely packed per express.

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509 & 511 MARKET ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.
MAIL ORDERS SENT FREE

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Warm Meals at All Hours of the Day

None but white labor employed in the establishment.

A good substantial meal served in first-class style.

Twenty-five cents per meal

RED FRONT

Court street, between Opera House and Minto's Livery

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA

Southern Pacific Route

Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.				Nor.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	7:20 a. m.
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	5:20 a. m.
8:45 a. m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.	7:00 p. m.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	4:30 p. m.
11:17 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	1:40 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.	7:00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

4:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.	7:34 a. m.
8:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.	6:30 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.
Second Class Sleeping Cars.

For accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	5:50 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	12:35 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	12:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	9:45 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't.
R. KOEHLER, Manager.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take

To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars.)
Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment

TOURIST

Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeping car reservations can be secured in advance of any agent of the road.

Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent.
No. 251 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 36 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays.)

Leave Albany		5:00 P M
Leave Corvallis		5:45 P M
Arrive Yaquina		8:30 P M
Leave Yaquina		8:00 A M
Leave Corvallis		10:45 A M
Arrive Albany		11:30 A M

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the Lowest. For information apply to Messrs HULMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE, Act Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 204 Montgomery st., San Francisco.