ow is laid Arthur's bend, known earth above him mount im sleep his spleadid knights, th whose names the world res-ad giorisis flown delights! ak 'mid rumors of old warsh re they reveied, deep they sleep the wild Atlantic shores.

intagel's fortressed walls, addy built, the lond sea scorning, the moving moonlight fails; mugh their rents the wind goes

ing.

Bee, ye knights, your ancient home,
Chafed and spoiled and fallen asunder!

Hear ye now, as then of old,
Waters rolled and wrathful foam,
Whore the waves, beneath your graves,
Bnow thomselves abroad in thunder!

—Laurence Binyon in London Academy

MEETING A POET.

I was busy one bright September g packing my trunks for my fall removal from my uncle's house in the intry to the marble fronted hotel on adway that numbered me each winer among its inmates, when my consin Adelaide came dancing into the room and commanded me to give up all ughts of a journey for three months

"And why, pray?" I asked. "You know I have to go out west after I reach New York. Come what may, I must see an Indian summer on the prairies." "Bother the prairies and the Indian summer, too!" cried Adelaide, taking a

letter from her apron pocket and waving it in the air. "Look at the signature."

I did look, and I might have been looking to this day for all the information I got: but Adelaide grew impatient, and snatching the letter from my hand

"Listen, you goose," and read the let-

" 'MY DEAR FRIEND-I am coming into the country for a month or two; my doctor positively forbids my staying New York during the fall. Remember ing our old schoolboy league I have selected W— as the place of my exile, and shall be there on the 20th—wind and weather permitting."

"What do you think of that?" asked

"What do you think of that?" asked Adelaide, making large eyes at me over the top of the letter, "I have not heard anything yet to

make me postpone my journey."
"Wait a moment—I'll finish. 'I am, "Wait a moment—I'll hinsh. 'I am,
as ever, yours faithfully'"—

"Well, go on."

"James Quitman.'"

"James Quitman! You are mad, Ad-

-he can never be coming here."
"There is the letter—father has always

known him, it seems; it is the poet, and we are to have him stay here all the time. Father is to meet him at the station tonight, and not let him go to the

I closed the lid of my trunk in the twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so often longed to see, the man over whose tender verses I had made myself a Niobe scores of times—was it possible that the same roof was going to shelter us both?

Dinner was a thing unthought of in the house that day, and my uncle lunched meekly at one of the china closets off cold meat and bread and preserved strawborries, while Addie and I actually strawborries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream as a suitable pendant to the work in which we were engaged. Nothing less ethereal would we partake while fitting up that

By 4 o'clock that afternoon our labors were ended. The house was like a bed of roses; they blushed and bloomed everywhere, and their fragrance was delicious in the upper chamber. My favorite pictures had been unpacked and arranged upon the parlor walls. Everything was perfect. The tea table sparkled with silver and cut glass; flowers wreathed the dishes of preserved fruit, and cake and wine for the evening were ready on the sideboard, to say nothing of some delicately tinted ice cream which was still undergoing the process of "freezation" in the cellar.

Of course the train was late that night. Trains always are late when we are expecting any one by them, and Addie and I had time to work ourselves into a feverish state that gave us some very becoming red cheeks. We heard the whistle of the train, and five minutes afterward a carriage stopped before the gate. The poet had come!

He climbed out of the carriage like a crab-sidewise-and, coming up the graveled walk toward the front door, resented to our admiring eyes the figure dark eyes and hair and a very pleasant smile. He did not wear a Spanish cloak and a sombrero—he was clad in linen garments and thatched with a rough looking straw hat that had evidently seen service. We heard him as he came

up the walk.

"Very pretty house, Tom; very pretty house. Those girls your daughters, hey? I see they've got those horrid city fashions—low neck and short sleeves. If I had a daughter I'd sew her dress to

Addie and I looked at each other in consternation and barely managed to give him a civil greeting as he crossed the threshold. Was this the man who had raved about his Lydia—

That bosom, white and fond and fair, I would I were the enumered air, To faint and fall in passing there. necks, indeed! I sat beside him at

Low secks, indeed! I sat beside him at the tea table, as had been previously ar-ranged, and saw that all things were within his reach. Never did Hindoo idol tax his votary more severely. I had hardly time to suatch a mouthful my-self—though, for the matter of that, his though, for the matter of that, his site quite took away my own. He a regular DF. Johnson for tea—bishop asked of a pretty soubrette the matter preserves pleased him, and a bisoults vanished before his attack grean things before the march of a ud of locusts. Heaven knows he had a ud of locusts. Heaven knows he had a qualification—a stomach!

The neophyte blushed and hesitate then she atsummered out:

and then to himself, and finally tossed it back carelessly.

whispered Addie in my ear, just as he turned upon us.

"Who owns this book?" I modestly answered that I had that great pleasure.

"Great pleasure, hey? She calls it a pleasure, Tom! Hem! I suppose 1 eight to feel complimented; but I don't, Young lady, will you do me one favor?"

"Put that stupid trash into the fire."
"Stupid trash!" cried Addie, aghast. natching up the volume.

"Yes, I wrote it. I was a boy-and by George, my publishers took it out of my desk and went mad over it, while they actually turned up their noses at my report of the poor laws—would you believe it?"

My uncle looked sympathizing. Addie rranged the ice cream glasses before him without a word. "But, sir, look at the fame you have

von," I remarked. "Hem! fame-it's a rag fluttering on a bush; I wouldn't give a button for it. Five thousand dollars a year will keep you well clothed and well fed-fame

He helped himself to an ice.

There was no reply. The two gentle-nen resumed their political discussion, waxing so warm in the defense of their favorite views that they were in a fair way to clear the tray between them. Addie caught up the contemned volume of poems and vanished from the room. I followed her. She fled up the stairs like a fairy, and I found her in the poet's chamber, stripping the roses from the vases with frantic baste.

"What on earth are you about?" I asked, halting on the threshold in amaze-

"He shall not have one of them," she said, half crying. "His curtains shall not be looped up with them—I have a great mind to tie them back with rope yarn. To think how we worked all the lay to give him pleasure, and after all pute. Such was the case with the tale he only cares about eating and drinking, of Joel Goodhope's wrecking. For and being an alderman. Oh, it is too

I burst out laughing and ran down stairs. The contrast between our dreams of the poet and the poet as he was was rich. I had to wait a moment and the final striking of the vessel upon in the hall to get my face into "company | the shore. order," and then, pushing open the half closed door, I went back into the parlor At first sight I thought it was empty. The chairs were pushed away from the table, and there was a faint smell of cigars—had they actually been smoking there? No; I heard my uncle pacing up and down the garden, as was his wont each evening, and the fragrance of the

weed came that way, but he was alone. Where was the poet? caught sight of him at last, aitting hotel on any account. Won't people at the open window with the rose col- food enough." stare when we walk into church next ored curtains falling in soft folds around burday?" him. The moon was up, shining gloriously upon the grassy yard beneath him: the night wind rustled in the leaves of the maples above his head, Addie, coming into the room, paused at | cap'n wanted her?" persisted the stranthe sight of my uplifted finger on the ger.

threshold. It had been all a "sham" then! Our poet, though a hearty eater, still retained his love of the beautiful. What on earth had made him talk such heresy, when he sat rapped in enjoyment, never stirring, scarcely breathing, as he watched that glorious moon? I would steal softly to his side, pause, try to formation, "you live putty nigh right convict him and make him recant all on the beach; you couldn't got very wet the fibs he had told about these beauti-

ful blossomings of his youth—the poems. The carpet was thick and soft, and it the dry state. muffled my footfall effectually, and I stood beside him unnoticed. His face pause, "I call that a tolerable comf't was hidden by his arm. I heard a chok- able wreckin." ing sound-he was weeping. My heart melted in a gush of pity; I laid my hand | Joel went out and shut the door quietly, upon his shoulder as sympathizingly as feeling that somehow he had been I could; he started a little; his head set-robbed.—Youth's Companion. tled down upon one side, exposing his face; the mouth opened, and-he snored!

The next morning I started on my trip to the west, and from that day to this I have never met a "poet."—M. W. G. in New York News.

A farmer's wife dreamed that she was walking near the house of a rejected lover-one O'Flanagan-attended by a beautiful hound, of which she was fond, when a raven dashed at him, killed him, and tearing out his heart flew away with it. She next imagined that she was running home, and met a funeral, and from the coffin blood flowed upon the ground. The bearers placed it at her feet, opened the lid and exhibited a stoutish, middle aged man, with her husband, murdered and his heart torn out. She awoke, as might be expected, in great terror. But here fellows the most incomprehensible part of the narrative. Her husband entertained an idiot cousin in the house, and he in doggeral rhyme repeated the very same dream to a gossip to whom the farmer's wife had related hers.

That very night the farmer was mur dered, and the next morning the poor idiot, to the horror of all, exclaimed, as he rose from his bed: "Ulick"—Ulick do you suppose your marrying him will Maguire was the farmer's name—"is really save him from it?—New York Maguire was the farmer's name-"is kilt! Shamus dhu More kilt him"
[Shamus dhu More O'Flanagan—big
black James] "and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden. I dreamed it last night-every word of it." Search was made at the spot indicated by the dream, and the body was found with the skull nearly cleft in two. In the meantime O'Flan-agan abscended and enlisted, but was subsequently arrested, confessed his crime and was executed.—Pall Mall

A Neophyte's Answer.

At a confirmation at Strassburg the hishop asked of a pretty soubrette the usual question of the Heidelberg cate-

"My dear," called out Mrs. Fourthly from the head of the stairway, "what

time does the train leave?" Great drops of perspiration broke out on the Rev. Dr. Fourthly's brow. His wife had just gone up stairs to dress. The train was due in two hours, and her customary time was two hours. If he told her "7 o'clock" they would miss the train. The case was desperate. She must not know the exact hour. And yet he could not tell a lie. He was

man of truth. "My dear," he responded in a loud, alm, commanding voice, "the train will leave precisely at six-ty minutes after 6!" he added in a trembling whisper.-Chicago Tribune.

At the Menagerie,



Mr. Bolsover-Look at that snake who is tying himself into a knot! Miss Vere-He probably has some thing he wants to remember .- Harper's

Comfortably Wrecked.

It is a lamentable fact that constant repetition tends to strengthen belief in a story until it grows into a sort of tradition that no one dares or cares to dis years he had spun his yarn before the fire in the little shoemaker's shop, and the village youth had listened with eyes extended, thrilling at the thought

To Joel's credit it may be said that his account never varied, not even in the appalling inflection of his tones. A stranger came into the village, and one dreadful evening, never to be forgotten by Joel, sat with the others before the cobbler's cheering blaze. They were listening once more to Joel's nar-

"Had ye been long outen provisions?" inquired the stranger.
"Well, no," replied Joel; "we had

"You was a-coming to Squam, anyway, wasn't yer?" "Yes, we were coming to Squam, said the unsuspecting Joel.

"She landed putty near where the "Well, yes, bout ten foot from the

wharf," said Joel, growing a little net-"You say you run along the bowsprit

and jumped off. Did yer git wet any?"
"No; I landed in a sand heap-happened to." "Well," pursued the seeker after in

running home? Joel was obliged to acknowledge to

"Well," said the stranger after a long A silence fell on the listeners, and

A Useless Animal. A Detroit man who takes great delight

afternoon while he was rapidly driving along Jefferson avenue.

"I can't stop," he sung out; "I've got to catch that 2:50 train," About half an hour later the friend met him again.

"Hello," he exclaimed, "I thought you were going away on that 2:50 train? "I was, but I missed it."

The friend became grave.

"Why don't you sell that horse?" he inquired. "What do I want to sell him for?" asked the owner indignantly.

"For anything you can get." "Come off! What do you mean?" "I mean I'd sell him. I wouldn't keep a 2:30 horse that couldn't catch a 2:50 train."-Detroit Free Press.

Might Have More Cause. Maud-He was really hopelessly in love with me. When he proposed he declared that if I did not marry him he would commit suicide. Marie-How perfectly dreadful! But

Saving Time. Wool-I struck a lazy man up country this year. He patched a leaky roof for me and I told him as soon as the shingles rotted out I would let him put on all new

Van Pelt-Well?

Wool-He said he would wait.-Truth. The Usual Way. Whyte-Fm going off on a little trip

tomorrow.

Browne—Going to take Mrs. Whyte with you?

Whyte—Oh, yes: I want her along to carry the baby, don't you know.—Somerville Journal.

"We'll start a prison paper," said one to convict to another. life convict to another.

"We will, and our motto shall be,
"No, our motto shall be, 'We have
come to stay."—How York Sun.



A REPORTER'S REVENGE.

as a Complimentary Paragraph, but It Got in Its Deadly Work.

There is a man in this city who, like the original Hamlet was reputed to be, is fat and scant of breath, but, unlike the melancholy Dane, he is also exceedingly vain and pompous. He occupies a position of some little prominence, and solely on that account newspaper men resort to him for views and information. Laboring under the delusion that he really possesses a profound knowledge of public questions, and that on that account his utterances are occasionally quoted, he sometimes puts on airs and adopts a manner toward the interviewer which is exceedingly disagreeable and even positively insulting.

"I'm really tired of thinking for you fellows," he remarked some time ago to a reporter who had asked his opinion concerning some proposed legislation. "I wish you would do some thinking for yourselves and not come bothering me with questions.' "I am much obliged to you for the

hint," said the reporter, with some difficulty checking an impulse to give free vent to his feelings then and there. "I will do a little thinking for myself."

Then he went away and did some thinking and hatched a scheme of re

He wrote a neat and highly eulogistic little paragraph about the vain and pompous individual, complimenting him highly upon his courteous manners and concluding with the statement that he made it a rule never to sit down when riding on the "L" while there was a woman in the same car unprovided with

"Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot," he remarked gleefully when he had finished. It did work.

The little paragraph was extensively copied in society weeklies, which always keep a sharp lookout for little personal squibs. The V. and P. individual found himself suddenly possessed of a reputation which he had done nothing to deserve. But he had to live up to it. He had always been in the habit of seizing the first seat he could catch on an 'L" train and sticking to it no matter how many women might be standing up near him, while he devoured the contents of his favorite morning or afternoon newspaper. He could do that no

As he lives up in Harlem and his office fat and scant of breath, as I have before remarked, the physical discomfort which he endures daily can be better imagined than described. And he hasn't even the approval of his own conscience to make it easier for him, for he knows that he doesn't do it from any desire to save women the inconvenience of standing in the cars, but merely because he is afraia that if he doesn't do it some people will think that he doesn't deserve the reputation with which he has been publicly

And whenever that reporter sees the V. and P. individual hanging on to a strap in an "L" car and looking supremely miserable he just hugs himself for joy. Perhaps he ought to be sorry for having written what wasn't strictly truthful about him, but he isn't a bit, Great is the power of the press and sweet is revenge.—New York Herald.

Cold Storage for Salmon.

It is well known that by arrangement among the salmon packers on the Pacific coast the catch of salmon has been restricted to the requirements of the market under existing conditions. Better facilities for preserving the fish are now being realized, with the result that this delicious food fish is likely to find a much larger distribution in a fresh state than ever before. Late dispatches from Victoria, B. C., announce that a cold storage system has lately been completed by San Francisco parties for the Cunningham cannery on the Skeena river.

Into these refrigerators the fish are placed as soon as taken from the water and subjected to a temperature or 20 degs. below zero. Here they remain six or seven hours, and are then removed to another room with a zero temperature, where they are held some two weeks, and then hermetically sealed in cases for shipment. The general introduction of cold warehouses adjacent to the fishing grounds is destined to effect a notable change in the salmon industry, enabling canners and others to utilize the heaviest runs, instead of being restricted in their catch to the number they are able to use up from day to day. The fish may now be caught in larger quantity and stored in cold rooms for future treatment in the intervals between large "runs."-California Fruit Grower.

International Postage. The actual cost of carrying letters is small enough to be ignored. At the rate of one penny per ounce, a ton of letters all up to the full weight would produce almost £150, while the mere cost of conyeyance would certainly not be five pounds or one-thirtieth part of the re-ceipts. The real charges are those of collection and distribution and the main-tenance of offices, the cost of which is equal on all letters. It is in the exten-tion of this principle to interpretion. sion of this principle to international postage that the greatest advance in the future may be expected.—Public

Struck by Lightning Tu lee. John Shavor, seventy-nine years old, of Schenectady, N. Y., has been struck by lightning twice this year. The first shock was received about two months ago, and the recend on Saturday, the latter killing him instantly. When struck the second time he was sitting at the same place where he received the first shock. Electric Flytrap.

A New York pharmacist has a novel flytrap in his store window. It is run by a little electric motor and gathers in the flies with great celerity and absolute certainty. A piece of strong brown paper, about four inches wide and fifteen inches long, is fastened in a continuous band around two rollers, which are kept revolving at a slow rate by the motor. The band is slightly smeared with a sweet substance. Two-thirds of the length of the band is freely exposed, but at the other roller it runs under a wire cone and then against a brush. The flies alight on the slowly moving band, and unsuspectingly remain there sipping the sweets until brushed off, when they fly up into the cone, from which they can find

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