

HUMOR

NO OTHER WAY.

My Both Agreed That There Must Be a Wedding.
The delicate young heiress looked thoughtfully out of the window.
"My case is one that requires constant care," and watchfulness, is it?" she said.
"It is," replied the young physician.
"And I am habitually careless of myself and likely to counteract the effect of your prescriptions without constant oversight?"
"I did not put it quite so strongly as that, but if you will pardon my saying so you have stated the situation correctly."

"Hm—and I am alone in the world, with no one attached to me by ties of kindred?" she mused.
The young doctor coughed discreetly and said nothing.

"With this constant watchfulness you think my 'naturally strong constitution' would run in time and my health be fully restored?"

"I am sure of it, Miss Welloph."

"Do you think I could trust myself in the care of a mere hireling whose faithfulness would be of a purely mercenary character?"

"I should be exceedingly to see a case in which—as a professional man imperiled by such a condition."

"And yet how can the difficulty be surmounted?"

"It is necessary that I should be under the constant guardianship of somebody upon whose fidelity and regard I can depend with absolute certainty."

"I cannot be a universal for the result otherwise."

"And one whose patient watchfulness must be guided by intelligence, skill and thorough knowledge of my case, I presume you would say."

"You are right."

"And yet I am practically alone in the world."

Again the handsome young physician coughed decorously, but said nothing, and the shadows danced up and down and to and fro on the wall, and the Maltese cat asleep on the rug stretched itself, yawned and stole softly out of the room.

"Dr. Goode," said the young woman, with a slight tremor in her voice, "you must prescribe for me in this matter."

"Do I?" he echoed impulsively, yet hesitatingly. "Oh, yes, but—"

He stopped, pale and trembling.

"Well?"

In the glow of the firelight her face seemed to flush with the rosy hue of returning health already.

"Nothing, Miss Welloph."

"You were about to say, doctor, that you knew of some one who could—"

"I—I was about to say nothing of the kind, Miss Welloph. If—if a wild hope for a moment occurred to me—"

"Yes?"

"But not!"

"Did I not tell you, Dr. Goode, that you must prescribe for me as to this—this guardian?"

"Do you know, Vera Welloph," he said, with a wild yearning in his look and voice, "what you are driving me to say?"

"I think I do, doctor," she whispered, "but—but I don't see any other way out of it, do you?"

The cards are out.—Chicago Tribune.

That Big Feller.
A middle aged man whose business keeps him away from home on all days except Sunday had occasion to chastise his eldest son one Sabbath about three weeks ago. As soon as the shingle scene was over the child ran crying into the house.

"Why, Johnnie, what is the matter?" asked the mother in alarm.

"That big feller's been licking me," whimpered the boy.

"What fellow do you mean, Johnnie?"

"That feller who stays here every Sunday," replied the urchin with a gulp.—Texas Sittings.

A Matter of Necessity.
Head of Firm—Penwiper, we shall have to reduce your salary after the 1st.

Penwiper—What's the matter, sir? Business, I am sure, is good.

Head of Firm—Yes, but we are taking a new man into the firm.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Both.

Spellman—Are you going south on business or—

Mr. Setrich—Well, business and pleasure combined. It's to attend the funeral of the uncle who left me a fortune.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Possibility.

George—I wonder why Ethel calls me her caryatidum?

Binks—She may have discovered the fact that you haven't a cent.—Brooklyn Life.

A Great Baby.

"That's a fine baby of yours, Mawson."

"Yes, you ought to hear him at night. He cries like twins."—Truth.

BEARDED PARSONS.

Reflections on the Tendency of Clergymen to Hireate Adornment.

An attack has been made in the columns of a religious contemporary upon the growing tendency among clergymen to adorn themselves with beards.

The author of the spirited onslaught admits that he is a layman, and he treats the matter from a purely lay point of view.

Being present at a recent ordination, he declares that the gentlemen presented for holy orders "could in no wise be accused of being a company of 'beardless boys' on the contrary, every hireute facial adornment possible was to be found among them, from flowing mustache to luxuriant side whiskers and beard."

He further wishes that the clergy could hear their lay critics on the subject of "hairy parsons," as in that case he fancies that they could not continue to treat it as a trivial matter, and he finishes up his letter by the extraordinary remark that the wearing of whiskers and beard "just makes the difference between looking like a gentleman or the reverse."

This is certainly rather hard on the hundreds and thousands of gentlemen who have abjured the use of the razor.

Would the critic maintain that they have all suffered a fatal degeneracy of appearance by this conduct? No doubt there may be people who still hold to the superstition that a gentleman ought to shave, just as it was believed by our ancestors that persons desirous of being considered to belong to "the quality" must wear wig.

The custom of wearing the hair on the face, however, has become so general in every profession that it might have been imagined that it had won an established position by this time, secure from the onslaughts either of clerical or laymen.

The critic obviously forgets that it may be just as damaging to a clergyman's influence over his parishioners to be called a "beardless boy" as to be called a "hairy parson."

And, after all, it is hardly the most manly and earnest section of churchmen who think that a clergyman's principal duty is to look nice in a surplice. It may somewhat allay the discontent of this friend of the barber if he remembers that not all the gentlemen who are ordained become at once rectors, or even curates. Perhaps when they take upon themselves active spiritual duties they may see fit to alter their facial appearance, and thus their first shave would immediately precede their first sermon.—London Telegraph.

Indian Legends to Order.
The American Folklore society charges that college students who serve as waiters at Maine summer resort hotels are trying to supply the demand for Indian legends connected with each rock, hill and stream by manufacturing them, making the legend fit the name instead of the name fit the legend, and proposes to see what can be done about it.

But college students should not be charged with a monopoly of this business, even if they are guilty at all. It was long before the days of student waiters that the absurd story of the derivation of monogamy, from the pigeon English, "man-be-gone," instead of from the real Indian words, "menahen," an island, and "kigan," land in the great sea, was circulated, and the other equally ridiculous attempt to translate moose-egg-mung into "moose-be-look-my-gun-tick."

At the meeting of the Folklore society, where the charge against the students was made, one speaker noted that Beaver Island in Maine was so called because a beaver crawled out of a lake on that island at the command of the great spirit. Is "beaver" an Indian word?—Lewiston Journal.

In the Same Chair.
In the years of his highest reputation Daniel Webster was favored with a degree of personal adulation and "foudrying" which was not altogether agreeable to him.

It is related that on one occasion when a public reception was given to him at a hotel in Boston a particularly obsequious old office seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster and ground his own ax, bowing and scraping until the great man was tired of him, and bidding him good day settled down heavily into the nearest chair. But the man, instead of passing on and giving a chance to the next comer, lingered near and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very bluish.

Webster observed this and said not very good naturedly, "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?"

"Oh—oh, no!" said the man, smiling. "Only perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster."

Webster said, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tall beaver hat and crushed it out of shape.—Yankee Blade.

The Smallest Yet.
Quality rather than quantity was the principle upon which a Washington bride planned her trousseau. The marriage, which could only be classed under the head of runaways, was undoubtedly the subject of much deep thought beforehand, inasmuch as the accessories of toilet to be carried upon the eventful trip were reduced to a minimum. The wedding took place in the summer, and the conventional traveling bag was replaced by a white lace parasol. This was carried furled, the filmy white flounces serving as a receptacle for the trousseau—a pair of curling tongs and a toothbrush.—Kate Field's Washington.

In No Danger.
Amateur Sportman (in the Maine woods)—Aw, I say, mah man, are bear very dangerous?

Guide—You needn't have no fear, sir. Bears don't never turn on a man until they've been hit, an' you'd most likely miss 'em.—New York Weekly.

Didn't Want to Be a "Good Girl."
Little Marion was told to include the petition "and make me a good girl" in her evening prayers.

"What!" she cried, "and eat up all the crusts? Well, I guess not."—Philadelphia Times.

BREVITIES

MEN AND WOMEN.

Bishop Doane of the cathedral of Albany will have one of the finest carved oak thrones in the country, the gift of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn.

Mrs. Mary Hall, attorney at law, conducts a class in "civil government" at Woodside seminary at Hartford. Politics, the tariff, etc., are discussed.

According to a paper published in Bristol, England, Lady Henry Somerset, the temperance advocate, is the owner of 14 buildings which are now being used as saloons.

Mrs. Mary King, 65 years old, a native of England and a resident of this country for nearly half a century, was naturalized in the court at Mobile, so as to enable her to make a homestead entry.

Major General Sir George Stewart White, who is to succeed Lord Roberts as commander in chief in India, has been 38 years in the British army, most of that time having been spent in that country.

Mrs. A. S. Oakley of Newburg owns the village street roller and sprinkler business of that town. She has conducted it for 17 years. Mrs. Oakley superintends the work herself and does her own collecting.

Father Antoine de Padone, whose recent death at a Trappist monastery in France has been reported by cable, was none other than Prince Malatesta, who fought as an ally of Louis Bonaparte against the pontifical troops in Italy.

Lady Florence Dixie, who is an expert in the use of rod and rifle, and who has done her share in shooting big game, has provoked the wrath of her sporting compatriots by denouncing fox hunting and rabbit coursing as wanton cruelty.

Ex-Speaker Reed doesn't conceal from any one his opinion that Bourke Cockran is by far the ablest man "on the other side of the house," and Bourke Cockran expresses the same view of Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed and Mr. Cockran are two of the closest cronies in the house.

STAGE GLINTS.
A sister of Robert Downing has adopted the stage.

Amy Busby has joined William H. Crane's company.

Arthur Hayden has joined the Charles Frohman stock company.

Henry Guy Carleton is writing a new play for Nat Goodwin, but it will not be used for one year.

Fanny McIntyre has been engaged to play the leading part, Bess Marks, in "The Lights of London."

C. M. S. McLellan, the librettist of "Puritania," denies the report that he will write the score of another opera.

"The Actors' Holiday" is the name of a new farce comedy by a well known author. It is to be produced next fall.

In May, at the end of the season of "Aristocracy," Blanche Walsh will sail for Europe to be gone about two months.

Alice Fischer has ended her engagement with Joseph Jefferson and has made up her mind to remain in New York to take special engagements.

Henry P. Mawson, author of "A Fair Rebel," is writing a spectacular drama around the Mardi Gras festival of New Orleans. The play will be called "New Orleans."

A Minneapolis girl named Exie de Lambert declares that she was the model for the Montana silver statue. She says she posed six hours a day for weeks for its most feminine outlines.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.
J. W. Thatcher, a veteran engineer of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, has been appointed trainmaster of the Kansas City division.

The next step in the way of advancement the Union Pacific will make will be the extension of the Red River branch 10 miles along that river. The work will be commenced next spring.

It has been stated by President McLeod of the Boston and Maine that it is the purpose of the company to build a passenger station in Boston that will be large enough to fill all requirements.

The new engines which the Big Four is receiving from the Richmond locomotive works are performing very satisfactorily, hauling from five to seven more cars than the mugal engines. The engine without tank weighs 65 tons.

The Wabash has issued orders closing eight of the telegraph offices at Cornell, McDowell, Galeville, Ritchie, Blue Ridge, Preston, Osman and Fossiland. This leaves only one telegraph office between Fairbury and Streator, a distance of 35 miles.

When the Lehigh Valley company opened its new lake line to Toronto, the sleeping cars on the 7:30 p.m. and 12:50 p.m. trains did not run Sundays. The success of the lake route, however, has prompted the company to run sleeping cars through to Toronto every day in the week on these trains.

AROUND THE THRONES.
Alexander and Julius Caesar were both accustomed to whip their wives on the slightest provocation.

Fausta, the wife of Constantine the Great, was so bad that the emperor had her smothered in a hot bath.

Now that Prince Ferdinand of Roumania and Princess Marie of Edinburgh are married, it is said King Charles of Roumania will not abdicate in Ferdinand's favor as promised.

The emperor of Germany has ordered that the bones of the whales which were killed during his whaling expedition last summer shall be manufactured into furniture. Franklin Berg has been commanded by his majesty to paint the various incidents of the chase upon the bones.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Who is happy without a sister?
Tar on sugar is good for weak lungs.
The father of Marshal Soult was a peasant farmer.

The first cast iron plow was made by Newbold in 1797.

Furnaces for puddling iron were invented by Cort in 1781.

The richest man is the careful man; the poorest is the miser.

Preparations among the prehistoric men had a therapeutic motive.

Behrens in 1805 built the first "dry pile" of 80 pairs of plates.

Charles Kingsley and Emerson thought class distinctions essentially wrong.

The popular "return ball" yielded the patentee an income of \$50,000 a year.

Wheatstone patented his system of alphabetical printing telegraph in 1841.

Toads are regularly sold in Paris and conveyed to gardens as insect destroyers.

Flower farming for the manufacture of perfume is being carried on in Australia.

Tell me with whom thou art found, and I will tell thee who thou art.—Goethe.

Dried seeds of the sunflower are eaten by the poorer natives of Bengal and Bombay.

France will spend nearly \$2,000,000 for arms and ammunition for the cavalry alone this year.

A Waldoboro (Me.) woman treasures a blue edged plate upon which 953 pies have been baked.

Let young folks be hopeful, expectant of great things; in some good sense of the word, impatient.

Scald rhubarb before cooking it. It takes much less sugar, and yet it seems to have lost none of its acid.

Do not grumble because your correspondent writes an illegible hand. As like as not he doesn't know how to spell.

The meanest man in the world will agree to everything you say about him as long as he thinks you are talking about somebody else.

They Got There In Time.
The following story in The Christian Leader, told of Hosea Ballou by his son, the late Rev. Massena Ballou, shows how a wise driver will regulate his speed by the quality of his horse:

Father and son were in the same vehicle, bound for a religious meeting to be held at some distance from their home, at the time in Barnard, Vt. The father was apparently in no hurry and permitted the horse to move on at an easy trot.

The son, growing fearful lest the place of meeting would not be reached in season, said to his father in a somewhat anxious tone, "Father, do you think we shall get there in season?"

The answer was, "Yes, Massena, if we don't hurry."

The son "saw the point." Only so much could he get out of the horse. If at the outset he was forced, his vitality being exhausted he would be compelled "to slow down" at the other end of the route, and this might be fatal to the journey's purpose. By permitting him to fall back upon his natural strength he would be as vigorous at the finish as at the start, and his natural strength was equal to the occasion.

The result proved the wisdom of the remark.

Two Bright Minds In Collision.
General Butler had charge of a bill, and in the time allotted to him for closing the debate he was answering seriatim the members who had opposed him. He treated them all with respect until he came to Mr. Cox, whom he answered last.

"And now," said he, "as to the gentleman from New York who sits on my right. My answer shall be very brief and very simple. It is whistled by the bootblacks on the street; it is sung by the chambermaids in the hotels; it is in everybody's mouth—Shoo, fly; don't bother me!"

Butler struck the action to the word by drawing his right hand rapidly across his ear as if aimed at an intruding fly, and took his seat amid the laughter of the house.

A short time afterward Cox got partly even. He (Cox) had the floor and was alluding to a remark made in debate by a Massachusetts member. Butler jumped up and asked Cox if he (Butler) was the person meant.

"No, sir," said Cox; "I said the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts," putting great emphasis on the adjective.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Children Recite Longfellow.
"What child in the public schools knows anything about Longfellow?" asked Dr. Stamm at the recent meeting of the board of education when the question of taking up a collection for the World's fair Minnesota statue, at the request of Mrs. L. P. Hunt, was under consideration.

The proposition is to permit each pupil in the public schools to donate any sum not to exceed 10 cents each for the purpose, and at the conclusion of the exposition the statue so purchased shall become the permanent property of the schools of St. Paul.

"A great many," was the prompt reply offered by Superintendent Gilbert. "I assure you, doctor, that I have heard school children recite pages of 'Hiawatha.'"—St. Paul Globe.

Boys Caught a Wildcat.
Warren Whiteside, son of Major Whiteside, and other boys went hunting Saturday. Thinking they might run across a rabbit or two, they took along Dennis Forsyth's foxhounds. In one of the ravines near the post the dogs chased a wildcat into the limbs of a scrub oak tree, when one of the dogs made a running jump and landed on the cat's back, pulling her to the ground, where she was quickly put to death by the boys. The cat measured 4 feet 11 inches. This is the first time a foxhound was ever known to jump into a tree for a wildcat.—Junction City Republican.

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HUMOR



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Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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My case was a severe one. I was stricken down with heart disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain, much pain.

THOUSANDS
In the region of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throbb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicine without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles of your Nervine. My pulse is normal, the throbbing of my heart is gone, the burning in the chest, the choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, the oppression in the chest, the pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility are all cured. I am a well man. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Restorative. *Remedies can be cured.*

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