LITTLE ALL ALONEY.

Little All Aloney's feet
  Pitter patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet
  Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
  Yet what danger shall he fear
  When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call,
    "All Aloney?"

Little All Aloney's face
  It is all aglow with glee,
As around that romping place
At a terrifying pace
  Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
  All unconscious of our cheers—
  Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly,
    "All Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
  Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
  In that noisy hall,
Neither threatening bump nor fall
  Little All Aloney fears,
  But with sweet bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call,
    "All Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
  When he shares of sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome,
  And his heart is sore,
Would that he could hear once more
  The gentle voice he used to hear—
  Divine with mother love and cheer—
Calling from yonder spirit shore,
    "All, all alone!"
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

PAUL'S PROMISE.

Twenty miles below Ogdensburg on the American side of the St. Lawrence river a long point of land juts out into the stream. At about 8 in the evening of a starlight August night two men rowed a boat along the shore, anchored near this point and got ready their fishing tackle.

They lighted pipes and began to talk. The shore was a desolate one. No living things save bats and nighthawks were stirring, and there seemed little danger of listeners. Yet if it had not been quite so dark the fishermen might have seen that there were two living things near them.

A big tree had blown down on the shore years before, and its barkless trunk still stretched over the water close to the surface. On this log were two boys.

Being also fishermen, they were about to give a friendly greeting to the newcomers when something that was being said caught their attention, and they kept quiet.

Though the men spoke in low tones, the night was still so that their voices were carried distinctly over the water. The boys on the log could hear and understand.

"It's an easy way of makin money if it's done right—as I do it," one of the men was saying. "We'd make a good thing out of this. There's a lot of the opium, an there isn't much danger either."

"Don't know 'bout that—seems to me there's danger enough," muttered the other.

"There's not much," went on the first speaker, who sat in the boat's stern. "The officers at the patrol station are a careless lot—asleep half the time, and the people about here are afraid of me. They'd rather see any amount of smugglin than do anything can get me down on them. Make up your mind, Sandy, for the sooner we do it the better. Let's say tomorrow night. There's no moon now to trouble us. This is a good place to slip over, right here. We'll only be a few minutes rowin across, and there'll be a horse an wagon waitin for us on the Yankee shore."

Sandy finally gave his assent, and after some more talk the man who seemed the leader said, "All right, then. Now let's leave this fishin. I only came because I wanted a quiet little talk with you."

The anchor was drawn up, and if it had not been for a black bass the boat would have moved quietly off into the night.

This black bass as it swam along by the shore happened to notice the bait on one of the hooks that were in the water near the big log. It seized the bait, and being an active fish, like all black bass, it gave the line a sudden, sharp jerk. The pole was loosely held, for just then the boys were thinking little of their fishing, and this jerk caused it to fall from the boy's hand and strike the log. The owner's endeavor to catch the pole only added to the noise.

"Hold on!" cried the man in the boat's stern, "what was that? Quick, Sandy! row up to that log, there's something movin on it!"

The boys tried to scramble ashore and might have succeeded had not one of them in his haste slipped and fallen into the water. His companion stopped to pull him out and both were captured.

The men lighted a lantern they had with them and examined their prisoners. "This one that's just had a duckin is Master Dugro, an the other one is young Hardie," said the man in the boat's stern. "Now, boys, I suppose you know me, Joe McGregor, an you know I'm not a man to meddle with. You've heard our talk, an now you've got to promise to keep quiet about it, an if you break your promise I'll make you wish you'd never heard of me! I'm going right along as if you hadn't been here tonight, and you see that you do too. Do you understand! Now promise!"

The boys were so completely in the power of this man—whom they knew to be a desperate fellow, suspected of all sorts of crimes—that they did not hesitate. Both took a solemn oath of secrecy.

"Remember," said McGregor as they were allowed to jump ashore, "if I hear of any informing I'll know who has done it, an I'll have my revenge. You'll learn what it is to get Joe McGregor down on you!"

The boys hurried over the field toward the village.

"Well, we're in luck," said George Hardie, the larger boy. "I expected McGregor to drown us, after catching us listening in that way. He's equal to anything!"

Phil Dugro, a slender lad of 15, was trembling violently. He had had a chilling bath in the river and besides he was greatly excited. "I wish we hadn't been forced to promise!" he exclaimed. "McGregor's smuggling ought to be stopped."

"Oh, I don't worry about that. The government can stand it. This is not a case where patriotism comes in. If necessary, I'd fight for my country—quick as any one. But this is different. It's no business of ours."

"Well, however that is," said Phil, "we've promised to keep quiet about it, so now there's nothing that we can do."

But after they had parted in the outskirts of the village, Phil continued to feel uncomfortable. It seemed as if he were almost a traitor to his country.

Phil Dugro was the son of a lieutenant of cavalry, who upon leaving West Point had married in his native village on the St. Lawrence. When he was ordered to join a regiment in the west, his young wife went with him. Finally, after having had two years of almost constant Indian fighting, Lieutenant Dugro was shot and killed in one of the skirmishes. His widow came back to her eastern home, bringing with her the baby who had grown into this stripling of 15.

Her pension made Mrs. Dugro independent, and she chose to live alone with her son and the memory of her husband. To her, Lieutenant Dugro had been a hero equal to "the chief with the yellow hair" himself; only his untimely death, she thought, had prevented his gaining the fame of a General Custer. She hoped that the son might in some degree be worthy of his soldier father.

Phil's imagination had been stirred by his mother's stories of Indian wars—stories in which her husband was always the central figure, and all that boyish enthusiasm which in most lads finds an outlet through the romances of knighthood was concentrated in devotion to the country in the service of which his father had died. He shared in his mother's desire that he should go to West Point, but at that time political influence was necessary, and Mrs. Dugro feared that the appointment could not be brought about.

On the night of the meeting with McGregor, Phil slept uneasily, being troubled with many dreams—fights with smugglers on the river, with Indians on the plains.

The next day he was restless. In the afternoon he saw George Hardie, who assured him that it was best to forget all about the night before. After supper he and his mother were on the piazza.

"Did my father ever have anything to do with smugglers?" suddenly asked Phil. He was thinking it was almost time for McGregor to be starting out across the river.

Mrs. Dugro thought not.

"Would he have considered it as necessary to fight smugglers as hostile Indians or invading soldiers?" he went on.

"Perhaps not. Still one ought always to try to prevent lawbreaking. The government looks out for us in many ways, and we should defend its rights whenever we have the opportunity. Your father believed in this principle very strongly. I hope, Phil, you will never forget it. In this country the government's interests are our interests, and we should always be careful to protect them—in small matters as well as in great."

A few minutes later Phil was hurrying down to the river's bank. He took a boat and rowed out to the middle of the stream, opposite the place where he and George had encountered the smugglers. He floated there, holding the boat up against the current. It had grown so dark that he could scarcely make out the line of the low shore. He sat there vaguely waiting. His mother's words made him ashamed of having given that promise to McGregor. A promise was not to be broken—still, one course was open. He would do his best, silent, single handed. In his determination he felt ready for danger. No promise, though sealing his lips, could free him from duty toward the law and the government.

McGregor had called the custom house officers a careless lot of fellows, but he was mistaken. The officers suspected that there was opium on the Canadian side waiting to be smuggled across, and this night they were on the watch, and three boats, each holding two men armed with rifles, were patroling the river.

A heavy mist now hung over the water, and it was very dark. Suddenly a boat loomed up, moving with muffled oars.

"Who's there!" cried Phil.

The boat stopped and a voice, which Phil recognized, replied: "Two gentlemen out rowing. It's so dark we got turned round. We're trying to find the Canada shore."

"You'd better go back there," said Phil. "I know you, McGregor, and I mean to stop your smuggling!"

A lantern was flashed in his face.

"It's young Mr. Dugro, is it? Well, my fine fellow, if you don't row right home and keep your lips tight shut you'll know me still better—better than you want to. Do you hear? I'll have no nonsense!"

"I'm not afraid of you," said Phil.

"Better catch 'im an gag 'im an throw 'im overboard," muttered McGregor's companion. "We can't have 'im makin a noise now or tellin on us afterward."

"All right. Get hold of him," said McGregor in the same low tone. "Then let me try scaring him. You know, Sandy, I don't like killing people when it's not necessary."

Though Phil had not heard this, he saw the boat start toward him. Knowing that he would be at their mercy in a fight at close quarters, and that his only hope of preventing the smuggling was by delaying it, Phil pulled toward the shore shouting for help.

The unequal race was soon ended, the pursuers crashed alongside and Sandy grasped Phil by the arm. The boy twisted himself free, and brandishing an oar, sprang up in the boat. He continued to shout at the top of his voice.

"Quick!" cried McGregor, "jump into his boat and stop that yelling!"

Sandy sprang to obey. He parried the blow aimed at him, wrenched away the oar, and was just seizing Phil when he caught a glimpse of a boat swiftly bearing down upon them. Without an instant's hesitation he turned and slid silently into the water and disappeared.

Startled at this, McGregor glanced around, and in a flash he, too, saw the danger, but too late to follow Sandy's example. A dark lantern blinded him, and he was ordered to hold up his hands.

"McGregor, you're caught at last," cried one of the officers from the patrol boat. "We suspected you'd be mixed up in this opium business."

The prisoner made no reply to the charge and submitted sullenly to the handcuffs.

It appeared that Phil's shouts for help had been heard by the patrol, who had hurried to learn their cause. But for their meeting with Phil, the smugglers would probably have succeeded in crossing the river unobserved. In McGregor's boat was a large quantity of contraband opium, and the officers, after landing Phil, returned to their station well pleased with the night's work.

The authorities at Washington probably heard of Phil's part in the capture of the man who had so long defied the laws along the St. Lawrence river; at any rate, the next year he received an appointment to West Point.

That Phil Dugro will ever become a war hero and die in battle for his country is fortunately not probable. But it is probable, nay certain, that his having learned when a boy that the people of a country should support its laws—even in cases of seeming small importance, and at the sacrifice of personal comfort and safety—will make him a better soldier and a better citizen.—Washington News.

Oscar Wilde's Watercress Sandwich.

Recently Oscar Wilde entered a certain restaurant in the Haymarket and was heard to ask for a watercress sandwich.

In due course the watercress sandwich was brought to him; no slight, diaphanous thing, such as would naturally find favor with the "amateur of beautiful things and the dilettante of things delightful," but a stout, wholesome slab of food for the hungry.

This Mr. Wilde ate with assumed disgust, but evident relish, and in paying the waiter addressed him:

"Tell the cook, with my compliments—the compliments of Mr. Oscar Wilde—that these are the very worst sandwiches in the whole world, and that when I ask for a sandwich of watercresses I do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it. Do you understand?"—London Gentleman.

The new congressional library in Washington will, Librarian Spofford believes, accommodate copies of all the books of the world for 100 years to come and still leave seven-eighths of its available space applicable for other purposes.

An English journal some time ago contained the following announcement: "To be sold, 130 lawsuits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

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The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago. The whole is of pure gold (except the settings) and weighs 9 marks 6 ounces (almost exactly 14 pounds). The settings above alluded to consist of 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 338 pearls. It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious adornments. This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them "unlucky."

The Edge of a Windstorm.

A curious example of how sharply the edge of a windstorm may be defined is reported by the captain of the bark Peter Tredell. When off Valparaiso recently, the captain says, a whirlwind came along and passed over the stern of the vessel. A great sea accompanied the wind, and every sail and movable thing on the after part of the ship were carried away. The forward part of the vessel was untouched by the storm, which passed away in the distance, leaving a train of foam in its wake.—New York Tribune.

She Swallowed an Umbrella.

A New Castle correspondent to the Pittsburg Times is responsible for this story: Several days ago a cow belonging to Thomas Jennings of West New Castle became very ill. She refused to eat and seemed to suffer extreme pain. Dr. W. Coleman, a veterinary surgeon, concluded the cow was suffering from the effects of some foreign substance in her stomach. He made a large incision in the cow's side, and in doing so his knife scraped an iron substance. After some little work he succeeded in removing an entire umbrella. The ribs had become loose from the handle and worked their way through the lining of the stomach. They were easily pulled out. The handle was next recovered, and to it was clinging the cover of a 24 inch umbrella. How the cow managed to swallow it is a mystery. The cow will recover.

Park Squirrels as Pets.

An interesting scene is witnessed at the Central park zoo at 7 o'clock every morning. Punctually at that hour, rain or shine, a tall, gray haired man of military bearing approaches the wooded lawn just north of the Dannemouth arch and raps loudly with his cane on the wire railing that borders the path. In an instant a dozen or more nimble gray squirrels spryly climb down the neighboring trees and skip across the grass to the feet of the man who seems to thus exercise a peculiar power over them. The secret of his charm is soon divulged, for he pulls out a handful of peanuts from a capacious pocket and scatters them among his visitors.—New York Letter

MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

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DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint. I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until I began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

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Maps for the use of farmers, describing the chemical qualities of the land in various parts of the country, and naming the best manures for each section, have been proposed in France.

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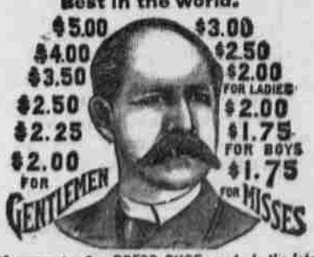

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Attached to all through trains.
West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:
DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7.30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	6.30 p. m.
12.15 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	1.30 p. m.

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

4.40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	9.25 a. m
7.35 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.	6.50 a. m

THROUGH TICKETS
To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. SKINNER, Agent, Salem.
R. KOEHLER, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Ag't
R. KOEHLER, Manager.