

THE LONELINESS OF DEATH.

The silent chariot standeth at the door; The horse is hushed and still from roof to floor.

No clanging bit, no tramp of pawing steed; All dark and silent up and down the street.

And yet thou mayst not keep it waiting there For one last kiss or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange other inter- changed, Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged.

With things that are not fraught, or things that are, Fade like a sun struck star.

And then, too weak and agonized to lift Thy cup to quench thy dying thirst or shift Thy pillow, none without our help must rise

From our ministrations. Then, loved and cherished, must go forth alone. None see thee fondly to the door, not one. None is turned to see thee go; we stay Where thou art not and pray.

No panel bars thy white, restless feet; Our walls are mist to thee, out on the street. It waits for thee, for thee alone, Arise, let us begone!

Alone, alone upon thine awful way! Do any show thee kindness, any stay Thy heart, or does the silent charioteer Whisper, "Be of good cheer?"

We know not, none may follow thee afar. None hear the sound of thy departing car. Only vast silence, like a strong black sea, Rolls on 'twixt me and thee.

—Blaise Pascal.

Frans Hals' Visitor.

A story is told of a visit paid to Frans Hals, the famous old Dutch painter, by Vandyke. The latter was then 22, Hals 15 years his senior.

As a pleasanter Vandyke suppressed his name, announcing himself as a wealthy stranger who wished to sit for his portrait, but who had only a couple of hours to spare.

Hals instantly detected that the person before him was no stranger to the brush. He speculated in vain as to who he might be.

But when the second portrait was finished in still less time than the first the mystery was solved. Rushing to his guest, he clasped him in a fraternal embrace.

"The man who can do that," he cried, "must be either Vandyke or the devil."—Popular Magazine.

Freemasonry of Trade.

The Freemasonry of trade appears to be extending all round this jolly earth. The time may come when it will be possible to have one's apparel, purchased in New York, put in order free wherever one may happen to be.

Here is a hatter who announces that his silk hats can be ironed free of charge in 67 cities located in 27 American states and territories and three foreign countries.

There does not appear to be any good reason why a man should not have a button sewed on his New York shoe in Kalamazoo or Timbuctoo, and it is by no means improbable that he may one day have his metropolitan coat pressed free of charge in Yokohama or in Melbourne, to say nothing of Constantinople and Canadaigua.

—New York Sun.

Dean Stanley's Father.

Bishop Stanley, the dean's father, was disappointed in his wish to be a sailor, for which he was admirably fitted. He ruled Alderley exactly as a captain rules his ship.

Indefinite Sentences For Criminals.

"The transformation of the criminal into a serviceable member of society," says Professor Charles A. Collin, "is the only effective protection of society against him.

The mere temporary caging of the criminal as a wild beast is a protection to society for the time being, it is true. But if, when he is let out of his cage, he is worse than when he went in, he may be more wary and cunning hereafter, but he will be more dangerous to society than before he was caged."

Under the present system the convict is discharged at the end of a fixed term, with a new suit of clothes and a few dollars in his pocket.

"How many graduates of Harvard university," Professor Collin asks, "dropped upon the world in such a fashion, with all the benefits in character, ability and reputation which Harvard can give them, with no friends except such as beckon them to haunts of vice and criminal ways of earning a living—how many Harvard graduates under such circumstances would get through the next two years without being compelled to beg, borrow or steal?"

"How then can you expect the discharged prison convict, with the firmest of good resolutions (as many at that moment have), but with no satisfactory references to previous employment, with no friends of whom he can borrow, intoxicated with the sudden sense of freedom, to avoid the commission of new crimes before he can earn an honest living?"—Boston Commonwealth.

Betty Green's Closeness. Old Wall street men tell innumerable stories about Betty Green's closeness and about her wonderful success on the street. She was in Philadelphia one day when the market suddenly changed, and she found that unless she reached New York before the close of the Stock Exchange she would miss a chance to make several thousand dollars.

No train would bring her here in time, and she opened negotiations for a special engine. A price was named for an engine and one car, and after haggling some few minutes Mrs. Green made this final proposition: "Take off the car and make it \$5 less. I'll ride in the locomotive cab."

She had a dusty but a speedy ride to this city, and she reached Wall street in time to make a successful turn. At another time she had a large amount of Reading securities which she had ordered her brokers to transfer to Philadelphia for her. When she learned that they would have to pay the express company a rate in proportion to the value of the securities, she was horrified.

"What pay \$100 for taking that bundle to Philadelphia! I can go there myself and back for \$4 and save \$96." She gathered up the securities in her black bag and carried them over to Philadelphia herself.—New York World.

Fond of Ghostly Company. It is strange in what a matter of fact way persons who have investigated spirit forces consider the originators of them. I know a lady who has been a widow for 15 years who thinks no more of conversing with the spirit form of her dead husband than she does of sitting down at the table to eat.

She tells me that all most nightly, while alone in a room of her home, she looks up and sees the form of her husband quite at ease. He never begins the conversation, but waits until his wife speaks.

She told me that she did not doubt that he frequently sat there a long time before she noticed him, as she often became so interested in books or sewing that she never thought of her surroundings. When one once becomes interested in spiritualism, the dread of ghostlike forms becomes unknown. I do not know a spiritualist who would not rather meet his best dead friend than his best living one. Spiritualists believe that persons retain the same characteristics in spirit life that they had in earth life, so they think of them merely as they were when alive.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Universities in America. In a lecture before students of the Johns Hopkins university President Gilman proved pretty conclusively that Professor von Holst was incorrect when he stated that there were no universities in America. There are universities in this country which will soon be, if they are not already, the peers of any in the world.

HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

How Ex-Congressman Ranney Hit Himself a Troublesome Bedfellow. Ex-Congressman A. A. Ranney of Massachusetts, who is accredited with the leadership of the Boston bar, gave evidence very early in life of the strength of purpose which has characterized his subsequent career.

As a boy it was decreed by his stern old father that he and an elder brother should occupy the same bedroom and share the same bed. The future congressman disliked this arrangement exceedingly, for the substantial reason that his brother possessed a constitutional tendency to kick the person with whom he chanced to be sleeping out of bed.

On cold winter nights young Ranney would awaken shivering, to find that his restless bedfellow had acquired in the course of an erratic slumber all the bed-clothes and was wrapped up in them like an Indian papoose. The boy bore this infliction uncomplainingly for many weeks. Never a word said he in the family circle of the kicks he was obliged to submit to, or the cold baths of freezing temperature which roused him so often from pleasant dreams.

One night, shortly after 12 strokes had rung from the deep toned bell in the tower of the Town hall, the household was awakened by a loud hammering, which seemed to proceed from an upper room. Father Ranney hurriedly donned his trousers and taking a good, stout club for protection stole up stairs to take the thief unawares. The hammering grew louder as he approached the room occupied by his sons. He crept softly to the door and listened. Bang went the hammer again and yet again, and with each stroke a heavy nail seemed to have been driven further home.

Ranney here waited no longer, but threw the door wide open. A strange spectacle confronted him. His elder son lay fast asleep and snoring on one side of the bed. On the opposite side the future congressman was kneeling on the floor, busily engaged in nailing the bedclothing to the sideboard of the couch.

"What are you doing there?" roared the irate father. "Why," replied this extraordinary boy calmly, "I was just fixing these bedclothes so that he couldn't kick 'em off, as he has been doing for the last six weeks."

Then there was a scene, but the boy did not lose his temper, although he complied with his father's command to remove the nails he had driven into the bed. But it is worth noting that shortly afterward he was given a bed to himself.—New York Herald.

The "Cruel Plant." In one of the papers of the Canadian institute I find two excellent articles upon a species of cannibalistic plant, known to the residents of the tropical portions of America as the "cruel weed," or "strangler." The scientific name of this botanic oddity is Physanthus allens, and it is indigenous only to the western hemisphere. The flowers of this queer plant are provided with five pairs of jaws, which are so arranged as to quickly close upon the proboscis or head of any unsuspecting moth or other insect which may attempt to extract honey from the blossom.

To make sure of its prey this cruel flower holds fast as long as the insect struggles, slowly releasing its grasp as soon as the writhings of the dying creature cease.

According to the botanists, it belongs to the milkweed family (tribe or order of asclepiads). The flowers are pure white and very fragrant and much like the tuberoses in general appearance. Those who may wish to know more about this curiosity will find a very readable and instructive article on the subject in Henderson's "Handbook of Plants," article "Physanthus."—St. Louis Republic.

Talkativeness and Divorce in Japan. Mr. Hanniker Heaton has been gathering some very interesting marriage statistics concerning the customs in vogue in different countries, from which one reads with amusement, and perhaps with a certain degree of amazement, that throughout Japan a man may get a divorce if his wife talks too much. Ordinary people may suppose that this harsh law will have the effect of curbing loquacity, but it has not. Japanese ladies are the most talkative of their sex, and divorces are common among them. In Tibet a woman is entitled to three husbands. In Melbourne a man may secure a divorce if his wife gets drunk three times, or if she habitually neglects her household duties.

Pearl Oysters. It has been found by Saville-Kent that the pearl oyster reaches maturity in a shorter time than was formerly supposed. He thinks that under favorable conditions a period not exceeding three years suffices for the shell to attain to the marketable size of 8 or 9 inches in diameter, and that the heavy shells of five pound or six pound weight per pair may be the product of five years' growth.—Public Opinion.

Necessary to Baptism. "What must precede baptism?" asked the rector when catechizing the Sunday school. "A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating self evident truth.—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of Short Naps.

If I mistake not, Sir James Crichton Brown, in the course of a recent address, remarked upon the curious elasticity of our brain as regards sleep. He cited the cases of people who rarely slept well or much and who nevertheless are able to carry on intellectual work with ease and ability.

I suppose there is a "habit" of brain, in the matter of sleep as in other respects, and while ordinarily we demand a fair quantum of absolute rest some of us contrive as a habit to get along with a minimum of somnolent repose. This subject was lately recalled to mind when I happened to be dining alone with a well known surgeon in busy practice.

My friend is a man who, like myself, journeys over the length and breadth of the land. He had just returned from a long and tedious journey, tired and fatigued. We sat down to dinner. Between the courses he fell sound asleep, let us say for three minutes—not more, certainly. After each nap he woke up, ate his quantum and went off again into slumber. I said nothing, but watched him closely. I observed that after each awakening he grew brighter, the tired look disappeared, and by the time dinner was at an end Richard was himself again. I joked him on his instalments of sleep. His reply was characteristic. "Don't you know," said he, "that it isn't a long sleep which is needed to refresh an active brain? Nerve tissue is repaired easily with very little sleep if you also take food."

"Of my own experience the remark holds good, and it reveals a very curious and in some respects anomalous condition of the brain and its ways."—London Illustrated News.

Judge Riner's Opinion. Judge Riner of Colorado is quoted as saying: "I am now an ardent advocate of woman suffrage and believe it will prove an inestimable blessing to Colorado. It brings politics to the fireside and is a constant incentive to education on the great subject of government."

When Artemus Ward died, the press of England and America was filled with tributes to his memory. In New York a meeting of newspaper people was held, at which it was resolved that his memory should be perpetuated in an amusingly illustrated story told in Harper's Magazine some years ago. Whether or not the anecdote would be true today, we do not know.

A few summers ago I passed a week's vacation at Waterford, Me., and during my visit went to the village graveyard to view the final resting place of Artemus Ward.

With some trouble I found the grave, there being nothing about the plain white slab to distinguish it from many similar ones around. While thinking and wondering that no monument had ever been erected to the humorist, a countryman approached, to whom I said: "My friend, can you tell me why it is that Artemus never has had a monument erected to his memory?"

"Well, stranger, I guess I kin," was the reply. "You see, arter Artemus died 300 or 400 printer fellows down in New York city got together and passed some beautiful resolutions, saying that Artemus should have a monument, and they would pay for it then and there, and then they took up a collection, which amounted to \$20.00, so I'm told, and since then this town hasn't seen either the monument or the money; but, stranger, we did get a copy of the resolutions."—Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Millions. The human family living on earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 souls—not fewer, probably more. These are distributed literally all over the earth's surface, there being no considerable spot on the globe where man has not found a foothold. In Asia, the so called "cradle of the human race," there are now about 800,000,000 people densely crowded on an average of about 120 to every square mile.

In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded as Asia, but everywhere dense, and in many places overpopulated. In Africa there are, approximately, 210,000,000, and in the Americas—North, South and Central—110,000,000, these latter of course relatively thinly scattered over broad areas. On the islands, large and small, there are probably 10,000,000 more.

The extremes of the blacks and the whites are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate, brown, yellow and tawny in color. Of the entire race 800,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind that will cover nakedness—250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover the middle part of the body, 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, the remaining 250,000,000 virtually having no place to lay their heads.—Philadelphia Call.

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IN THE FIELDS.

I strolled amidst the numerous clover blooms. With the soft air wafting over my face, With tremors of bird songs and sweet perfume, And scents of delicate essences, that trace Their birth in verdant meadows and fair groves, Where clustering thrushes sing and down voiced doves.

The sunbeams started from the morning skies, And every mistle in the valley wide Was hushed and still, where it lies Among the green hills, hushed its lingering sigh. And sleeping in certain peace upland, Amid the hazy haze of an untroubled child.

I knew not why, but over my spirit there A wildness fell that bowed my soul in woe; The mad songs came like dirges through the air. The daisied banks appeared like drifted snow. The dove's soft and murmur of the bees Were wafted of lost hopes and dead memories. Then, swiftly whirling from the south, fell The lark's clear, sharp, sharp, sharp, and full.

Far and wide were settled over the dell— It seemed as if the very life had slipped— And far and wide were scattered, scattered, scattered, And with the voices of each bird, And with the voices of each bird, And with the voices of each bird.

Tennessee's Attractions. There is a growing inquiry for farming lands in Tennessee. People are leaving the bleak northwest and seeking homes in other parts where the conditions of life are not so hard. Tennessee has extraordinary attractions, because of the variety of employment its natural resources afford.

On a Lefty Lineup. A young couple were married in Justice McNeill's court room recently. The justice forgot a very essential part of the ceremony—he neglected to inquire the names of the witnesses.

He Was Stuck. Gentleman—See here! You are the boy who came whining around last night, saying you were stuck on some papers, and I bought them.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, propose to improve Liberty street, from the south line of Cheneketa street to the center of Trade street, by establishing a grade and bringing the street to that grade, by grading the roadway eight inches deep, and by constructing the necessary crosswalks and drains.

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BALD HEADS! What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald. Skookum Root Hair Grower. THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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