

JUST A WORD.

In the midst of life's reverses, When the pathway all seems dark, Black as midnight, unlighted...

MR. HURD'S HOLIDAY.

"No business tomorrow, my dear," Mr. Hurd announced cheerfully to his better half as he stepped into the sitting room...

"Why, to be sure," she responded, brightening up. "I had almost forgotten that it will be a holiday."

There are a number of things about the house which I am intending to look into tomorrow; it is only a few days ago that you were complaining that I was not more domestic...

"Are you sure that you are feeling as well as usual, Theodore?" his wife inquired, watching him in anxious astonishment while she recalled her many fruitless efforts in the past to awaken in him a desire to help about some slight household detail...

"Never better, my dear," he answered, unrolling a bottle of glue and setting it upon the mantelpiece. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, you see, Theodore, it is such a new departure for you that—I—couldn't help wondering if—"

"If anything were the matter—if you were quite yourself, you're not feverish, are you, Theodore?" she concluded, running her fingers over his forehead.

Mr. Hurd smiled benignly as he produced a small can of paint and a brush, which he set down next to the glue. "I'll tell you just how it happened, my dear," he said.

"Oh, what has happened?" she called out in agonized tones. "Are you killed, Theodore?"

Mr. Hurd rushed frantically down stairs in time to catch sight of her husband picking himself up from the floor, where he had apparently been seated amid shattered fragments of several glass globes...

"I have reformed, my dear," he concluded, opening the last of the paper bundles. "as you will see tomorrow. Here are half a dozen new tools which I find I need if I am to do anything of the sort really well."

Mrs. Hurd gazed at her husband, while tears rose to her eyes. Theodore, she said huskily, "you have realized one of my dearest hopes. With all your faults, you have always been far ahead of other men, and now—now I am almost afraid you are too perfect."

The following morning Mr. Hurd began to carry out his good resolutions immediately after breakfast, and when the younger children urged him to go for a walk he informed them that "father had some very important work to do, but that they might watch him if they liked."

Mrs. Hurd met him soon afterward mounting the attic stairs, followed by a procession of willing helpers. "Where are you going, Theodore?" she inquired.

"It is a long time since we had the tank cleaned out," he responded, "and I see no need of paying an incompetent and expensive plumber, who brings another man to stand around and look at him, for doing a simple thing like that."

"Very well, dear," his wife said encouragingly, "only are you sure that you understand all about it?"

"Of course I do," he replied a trifle indignantly, and Mrs. Hurd, realizing that she ought to have more confidence in him than to suggest such a possibility, retired meekly to her own room, where she quietly settled herself to her embroidery.

in these little household matters," she murmured contentedly. "It is an education for the children, too," she meditated as she listened to them running up and down stairs to bring their father first one thing and then another and heard his voice from above instructing them to start all the faucets running in the bathroom and to bring him a pail and two or three sponges.

In the course of five minutes her youngest son appeared at her elbow. "What is it, Johnny?" she questioned. "Father wants his other pair of glasses," he announced; "he's just smashed his best ones."

"What those beautiful new pebbles?" Mrs. Hurd cried regretfully. "How did it happen?"

"Oh, he was just looking down into the tank and they dropped off and struck on a piece of lead pipe," Johnny answered, skipping gayly away with the other pair of glasses. To him these little casualties added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

In a short space of time a rap at Mrs. Hurd's door caused her to look up from her work. In the doorway stood the cook, apparently much agitated. "Oh, mum," she gasped breathlessly, "somethin's a leekin. Will yez come down to the kitchen? Sure an the ceiling's all wet an drippin down on me."

Mrs. Hurd sprang up. "They must have let the bathtub overflow," she exclaimed. "Come, we must all turn to with mops, cloths and all the sponges we can get hold of."

"I suppose you know, Theodore, that you have flooded the house," she called up stairs, adding, "quick, Johnny, bring me down all those sponges this very minute."

As Johnny came leisurely down stairs with the necessary sponges, he remarked gleefully: "Pa, couldn't clean it out much of any, after all. He says that no one but the plumber can get at it." At this point, having reached his mother's side, he whispered, "He's broken his other glasses, too, but he said we needn't say anything to you about it."

A little later in the morning, when the household had once more resumed its usual atmosphere of tranquillity, Mr. Hurd entered the sitting room, with an air of quiet determination. "I am going to adjust that new gas burner that I bought so long ago," he remarked, displaying it.

"Oh, Theodore, don't you think you had better leave it till the gas man comes?" his wife remonstrated. "Nonsense," he responded. "I should hope that I could screw on a simple fixture like that. Boys," he added, "just run down cellar and bring me up the tallest step, and then ask Jane if she knows where that monkey wrench was put."

Mrs. Hurd withdrew once more to the seclusion of her own apartments, after a timid protest regarding the danger of allowing the gas to escape too freely. She embroidered peacefully for a few moments and was beginning to congratulate herself that all was well, when a dull thud accompanied by a crash, caused her to spring to her feet.

"Oh, what has happened?" she called out in agonized tones. "Are you killed, Theodore?"

Mrs. Hurd rushed frantically down stairs in time to catch sight of her husband picking himself up from the floor, where he had apparently been seated amid shattered fragments of several glass globes which had accompanied his sudden descent, while the voices of the children questioned anxiously: "Have you hurt yourself, papa?"

Before his family could ascertain how badly he had been injured, he rose majestically, swelling with righteous indignation, and even refusing to allow Mrs. Hurd to examine the cut on his left wrist, which was bleeding freely from too close contact with one of the defunct gas globes.

"It is shameful to keep a pair of steps like that in the cellar of any respectable house," he thundered, crunching the broken glass under foot. "They are only fit for landing wood! They should have been chopped up long ago, long ago! I never in my life saw such a shiftless set of people. Nobody takes a bit of interest in anything about the house, but everything is left for me to attend to, and I—I have nothing more important to do than to spend my time regulating the contents of the attic and the cellar. And now look at that!"

And he pointed upward to the half-adjusted gas fixture. Mrs. Hurd turned her eyes in that direction and allowed them to rest regretfully on the chandelier, which was bent far out from its usual position and no longer hung at right angles from the ceiling.

"Never mind that, Theodore," she said consolingly. "I'm thankful that it broke your fall. We shall have to get the gas man here to fix it, and he can finish adjusting the new burner at the same time. So please say you won't attempt to do anything more to it just now, won't you, Theodore?"

After luncheon, Mrs. Hurd urged that it would be a good chance for them to make a long talk of call on their new neighbors across the way.

"I've been waiting for you to go with me, Theodore," she ventured persuasively, but he shook his head and insisted that he didn't feel like making calls.

"Then I will run over without you," she said resignedly, thinking

that he might be feeling somewhat lame after his fall from "the tallest step."

"I shan't be gone long," she said pleasantly, looking into the library, where her husband was settled comfortably with his pipe and one of the magazines. "Why don't you take a nap while I'm gone?" she suggested, nipping with her hand on the front door knob. Then she went cheerfully on her way.

When Mrs. Hurd returned, three-quarters of an hour later, a strong odor of paint greeted her nostrils, mingled with another unmistakably like benzine. "Johnny," she inquired of her youngest boy, who was buried in a book in a distant corner of the library, "where is your father?"

"Oh, he's up stairs painting the back entry," he responded. "I was helping him, but I got some paint on me, and he sent me down here."

"On you," his mother exclaimed, scrutinizing him hastily, "say, rather, all over your lovely new suit. Oh, Johnny, how could you be so careless!"

Mrs. Hurd hurried up stairs, guided by an increasing odor of paint, which plainly bespoke the continuance of Mr. Hurd's good resolutions. As she opened the door into the back entry her husband's voice called to her to "look out for paint. I've painted the door on both sides," he concluded, but this warning came too late, for already her velvet cape had swept against the newly coated surface.

This was more than flesh and blood could withstand, and Mrs. Hurd's pent up indignation burst forth. "I should think that you had done enough harm for one day, Theodore," she exclaimed reproachfully; "my best cape is entirely ruined, and you know it isn't paid for yet! I mean to have to tell you that the bill for it came in only yesterday."

"Go back, don't come out here, my dear," Mr. Hurd cried excitedly. "We've just met with an accident. They will happen in the best regulated families, you know." Here his voice took on a more persuasive tone as he cast a hurried look at his wife, who stood like some avenging spirit in the doorway, and then he stooped down and continued to rub the carpet energetically with a roll of cloth which he held in one hand.

"Have you decided to paint the entry carpet with a whole roll of my emergency bandages, Theodore?" Mrs. Hurd said coldly. "I thought you had bought yourself a new brush for that purpose." Then she relented slightly at sight of his dejected countenance as he knelt upon the floor.

"What was the catastrophe this time?" she questioned mournfully. "I was opening that largest pot of paint, and very excellent paint it is, too," he responded volubly, "when Johnny knocked my elbow, wholly by accident, and sent the contents all over the floor. So we have had rather bad work here with it, but it's pretty much all up now," he announced, with an effort at great cheerfulness, as he gave a final rub with the emergency bandage.

"After all, this carpet is about worn out," Mr. Hurd went on, "so a little paint on it doesn't matter. Moreover, I told the boys that they might as well begin to take it right up, and I would see about getting a new one tomorrow. They're workers, I can tell you! Why, they have taken out all the tacks already—and, by the way, Johnny stepped on one and ran it into his foot, and I told him that he had better let you look at the place to see if there was any danger of his having lockjaw or anything of that sort."

"I will go and bathe his foot in hot water at once," she replied, turning to depart. Then she paused and looked across the back entry at her husband, who stood confronting her in his shirt sleeves. "May I ask why the stopper is out of that bottle of benzine?" she queried.

"Oh, he answered meekly, putting in the cork, "I got a little paint on my own coat, and I thought that benzine would take it off. I've heard you say that it was the best thing!"

Mrs. Hurd lifted her skirts gingerly and stepped across the entry carpet. "I will take your coat and get off the paint, Theodore," she said reassuringly, "if you will promise me one thing. Promise me that you will under no circumstances help any more about the house."

"Very well," he assented, "then I won't melt up any of that glue I brought home to mend the chairs with."

"No, no, indeed," she protested earnestly. "If you have any love for me, Theodore, say that you will do nothing of the sort. It is all very well for ordinary men—men who haven't your talents and ability—to do such things, but with you it is quite different. You are capable of something better. Spend your holidays anyway you like. Go to the club, go fishing, eat, smoke, play billiards, but give me your word that whatever happens you will never be helpful about the house again!"

And with his hand upon the benzine bottle Mr. Hurd took a solemn oath that he never would.—Caroline Ticknor in Boston Transcript.

AFRAID OF FIRE. "Have you had your new house insured, Mrs. Dwight?" "Yes. Your husband is afraid of fire, then?" "Mercy, yes. He will leave the house any time before he will make one."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How they wrote. Bofion studied in an old tower in his garden, and whenever at a loss for an idea left his room and took a walk among the flowers.

Boethius wrote the "Consolations of Philosophy" in prison, and in order to keep the manuscript from the jailer hid it in his bed.

Defoe always wrote in a hurry, and the fact explains the innumerable mistakes and discrepancies in his "Robinson Crusoe" and other works.

Chaucer talked over the stories of his Canterbury series with his friends, and after getting the narrative to suit him at once wrote it.

Buchanan's paraphrase of the Psalms of David was composed in a prison of the Portuguese inquisition as a penance imposed by the monks.

Kant wrote 8 or 10 hours every day, with an occasional glass of beer as inspiration. His manuscripts are very clear, showing few changes.

THE INDEPENDENT STEAMER ELWOOD, Leaves Portland for Salem and Corvallis on Sundays & Wednesdays 6 A. M.

Leaves Salem for Portland Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M. Passenger rate Salem to Port \$1.

REDUCED RATES to San Francisco. E. J. Smith, Agent, Trade St. Dock.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Dr. J. B. ...

PATENTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MESSRS. ...

E. M. WATSON PRINTING CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS. Legal Blank Publishers. Bash's New Brick over the bank. Good street

HOUSE PAINTING, DECORATING, Hard Wood Finishing. Can give good references. Estimates furnished. Address, Geo. Eschscholtz, Salem. Best place to buy ...

FOR SALE OR TRADE. One 8-room and one 5-room cottage in Oak Lawn Addition, with two good lots. Will be sold separately or together. An unusually good bargain. Apply to W. B. ...

Capital National Bank, OF SALEM. Transacts a general banking business. Prompts attend to and collect notes. Loans made. Exchange bought and sold on the principal cities of the world.

FROEBEL SCHOOLS—4th Year. SALEM KINDERGARTEN. Infant, Connecting and Primary classes every week day from 9 a. m. to 12 m. except Saturday.

MISS O. BALLOU, - Principal. TRAINING CLASSES for teachers' daily practice work from 9 a. m. to 12 p. m. in Kindergarten. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 to 4 p. m. Classes meet for study of Froebel system. Mrs. F. S. Knight, Principal.

MOTHER'S CLASS. Meets Friday from 2 to 4 p. m. with training class, conducted by Mrs. Knight and Miss Ballou. For terms or information apply at Kindergarten rooms, corner Court and Liberty streets.

RECEIVERS. W. H. HUBBARD, Asst. G. F. A. 24 Washington St., Cor. 2d St. Portland, Ore.

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.

Ed. C. Cross, Choice Meats. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats of all kinds. 95 Court and 110 State Streets.

S. W. THOMPSON & Co., Always Keep on hand a large stock of loose and unmounted Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires and imported Opals. 221 Commercial Street.

HAVE YOU TRIED DRUGS AND FAILED TO FIND A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, KIDNEY, LIVER and BLADDER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, LAME-BACK, &c.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT. DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT with Electro Magnetic Suspension. DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT is the most perfect of all the electrical devices which have been invented for the treatment of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Complaints, Dyspepsia, Lame-Back, &c.

THE DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT. In a complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or street, and it gives complete prolonged currents which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or the worst cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Complaints, Dyspepsia, Lame-Back, &c.

Through East and South THE SHASTA ROUTE Southern Pacific Company. TICKETS TO DENVER, SALT LAKE, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, EASTERN CITIES!

Dining Cars on Ogden Route PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS Second Class Sleeping Cars Attached to all through trains. West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.

THROUGH TICKETS. To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rate and through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS. F. H. DARBY, GEO. O. BINGHAM, D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law, 141 State Street, Portland, Oregon.

The CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY. Travelers "make a note on it!"

This Great Railway System Connects ST. PAUL and OMAHA. With all transcontinental lines, giving direct and swift communication to all EAST AND SOUTHERN PORTS.

Electric Lighted and Steam Heated. Vastly improved trains of elegant Sleeping, Parlor, Dining and Buffet Cars.

From Terminal or Interior Points the Northern Pacific Railroad. To all Points East and South. It is the dining car route. It runs through vast tracts of country every day in the year to ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.

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.

Steamer Altona. FOR PORTLAND. Leaves Boise's dock Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 7:35 a. m.

Thoroughbred Poultry for Sale. I have the following fine stock thoroughbred poultry for sale at prices stated, raised ready for shipment, purchased by best experts.

THE WILLAMETTE, SALEM, OREGON. Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day. The best hotel between Portland and San Francisco. First-class in all its appointments. Its tables are served with the choicest fruits grown in the Willamette Valley.