PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND MOSES.

Whin Pharaoh's daughter Wint down to the water Fhure there was young Moses a swimmin

Wid his basket all handy

And a stick of swate candy To kape him from cryin until he was found,

Sex she to a maiden: Bring here the young haythen. Your trotters be shakin, ye lazy colleen. If the water once wets him, Or the alligators gets him, It's no crocodile's tears you'll be sheddin, I

So whin from his swimmin Faith it shows how the blarney's a female's

chief joy. A nate bow he was makin, Just as shure as I'm spakin, a,"says she, "he's the broth of a boy." -Jack Haven in University Courier.

I SMELL SMOKE.

Mr. Snoodle is an inveterate smoker and has a most reprehensible habit of smoking in bed, but Mrs. Snoodle, though she allows him to smoke anywhere else, very properly forbids him to indulge in such a dangerous practice? However, as Mrs. Snoodle is a remarkably sound sleeper Mr. Snoodle frequent ly manages to enjoy a few stolen whiffs.

One night when in bed Mr. Snoodle had an irresistible desire for a pipe, which he in vain endeavored to combat. His wife was fast asleep, so he cautiously stretched out his hand for his pipe. which lay on a little table by the bedside. Then with equal cantion he fille: it, lighted up and was puffing away with intense relish when Mrs. Snoodle turned over and gave two or three snorts

"I believe she's going to wake up." thought Mr. Snoodle and hastily took his pipe from his mouth and placed it on the table.

Mrs. Snoodle gave a few more snortand woke up. Then she gave a series a sniffs, and Mr. Snoodle trembled, for the room was pregnant with tobacco smoke.

"John, are you smoking?" asked his wife sternly.

"Cortainly not, my dear. Whateve: makes you think so?" he innocently inquired.

'Because I can smell tobacco," she replied. "Phew, how strong it is! Don't you smell it, John?"

"Can't say I do, Martha. I've got bit of a cold.

"Open your eyes, man, and then you snapped Mrs. Snoodle. will.

"I don't smell with my eyes, " giggled Mr. Snoodle.

"What I mean is wake up properly and sniff hard. Now, can't you smell it?"

"Well-er-I think there is a faint odor of tobacco," admitted the culprit. "Think-faint odor! Why, the place

reeks with it! I tell you what it is, John, there's somebody smoking in the house," declared his wife.

"Do you think Jane indulges in a pipe on the sly?" suggested Mr. Snoodle.

"Nonsense!" "Well, my dear, the only other living thing in the house is the cat, and I

never heard of cats smoking." "Don't talk rubbish, John. It's a serions matter. It's my firm belief there's a

burglar smoking in the house." And Mrs. Snoodle shivered. "Ah, very likely," replied Mr. Snoo-

idiot of a Jana forget to lock the back door. I'll give it to her in the morning!" "The silly girl! How many burglars

"Two. One great fellow over 6 feet, and another bigger, if anything, but I caught one a crack on the head that must have pretty well smashed it, and I'm sure I've broken the other one's leg."

declared the mendacious Mr. Snoodle. "Then I wonder he could run away, remarked his wife.

"He doesn't run with his arms, Martin.

"No, but you said you'd broken his leg, John.'

"Oh, I meant arm." "I suppose the place is covered with

Pool? queried Mrs. Snoodle. "No, they took that away with 'em -I mean they ran away so quickly that I don't think it had time to drop. "I'm glad of that. I hope you haven't

jot any internal injuries, John?" asked Mrs. Snoodle anxiously. "Well, dear," he laughed, "I have a

strange empty feeling about the stomich, but I dare say a little whisky and water will put that all right."

"John," exclaimed his wife, gazing at him admiringly, "I never felt so proud of you as I do at this moment. ancy you tackling two great burglars and putting them to flight without geting a scratch yourself! I always hought you were rather a coward. Forgive me, darling, for having thought so, or now I know you are the bravest of he brave!"

"I don't know about that, Martha. but I think I have my share of coarage," said Mr. Snoodle modestly.

"You're a perfect hero!" exclaimed drs. Snoodle enthusiastically. "Would ou not like a pipe, dearest? You haven't and a smoke since supper time, and I'm are you deserve one after your terrible xertions. As you know, John, I never object to your smoking anywhere, exept in bed. That I will not allow." 'Quite right, Martha. There's no elling what such a practice might lead

," remarked Mr. Snoodle thoughtfuly, lighting his pipe. "Fancy, John," said Mrs. Snoodle, fancy me smelling those burglars smokng! What impudence they've got! How-

ver, if I hadn't smelled the smoke, we houldn't have discovered the burglars. 50 we may say our property was saved y a pipe, may we not?"

"We may indeed, Martha," replied Mr. Snoodle, and he meant it.-London l'it-Bits.

Gold Digging.

Perhaps it was not an ald "fortyiner" who gave the following descripion, but it was a man who knew the work in question. Like most enthusiists, however, he underrates the trial and disappointment involved:

It's the prettiest work I ever did. It's he fascination of it, when you've struck it pretty rich and see your gold sight in front of you, when you're pilng it up every half hour of the day, with a nugget now and again as big as bullet to cheer you.

And then when the evening comes and you count it up and find it a hunired odd dollars just picked out o' the arth that day-well, there's nothing like it!

Then when you don't strike it you al-

Speaking Franch A Tennessee chaplain, the Rev. J. H.

MoNeilly, says that at Port Hudson his regiment was encamped next to the Thirtieth Louisiana, which was made up of French speaking men. The French language, naturally enough, was a mystery to most of the rural Tennesseeans. One night all hands were in the trenches. Farragut's fleet was in the river, and an attack by land was also expected. The Tennessee boys, who were close to the boys from Louisiana, noticed that the frogs in the numerous

ponds were croaking incessantly in a kind of low, continuous chatter. "Hark, boys!" said one fellow. These frogs have been camped so long

by the Thirtieth Louisiana that they are all talking French!" At another time some of the men were lounging by the riverside when they heard some French speaking wom-

on, who were engaged in washing, talking to each other. Suddenly one of the boys called to another, who was noted for his slowness of speech:

"Come here quick, Sam, and hear this woman talk! She can give just one flutter of her tongue and say more in a minute than you can in a week."-Youth's Companion.

Politeness.

Politeness means much. A cable car was humming up Broadway and collided with an express wagon at Tenth street. "D- your eyes!" yelled the "D- your own eyes!" andriver. swered the gripman, after which the air was blue with profanities and vulgarities, which ought to have resulted in

some head punching, and probably would had it not been for the interference of a policeman, who, oddly enough, turned up at the right time. After that everybody went along out of temper, cross, red faced and rufiled. Not long after that a hack was rumbling along Fourteenth street and nearly upset a light wagon in which two young sports were speeding The pole of the hack caught between the spokes of the wagon wheel and would have caused considerable damage, but the quick eye of one of the young men saw the danger. "Ah, there, Johnnie!" said he good natured-"Look out, old man, or you'll break

the same vein, and away they went, laughing, each about his own affairs. Yes, molasses is better than vinegar, and politeness is the grease of the hu-

one of the largest of the Canary group. This island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found within its boundaries, yet there grows a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed, and falling in drops keeps the cisterns placed under it constantly full. In this manner the natives of Fierro obtain water, and as the supply is limited the population must of necessity be limited

also.-Philadelphia Press.

Singular Bookkeeping. The following is vouched for by a cor-

ways think you're going to next day, respondent as being extracted verbatim and it's just as exciting hearing other from a list of stores wanted by the

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND OLD SORES CATARRH, MALARIA PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM KIDNEY TROUBLES and **DYSPEPSIA Marvelous** Cures Are entirely removed by P.P.P. -Prickly Ash, Poke Noot and Potas-stum, the greatest blood purifier on in Blood Poison Rheumatism

Makes

and Scrofula

earth. Anwannew, O., July 21, 1891. Mussime Lippman Buos., Savannah, Ga.: Dizak Sims-1 bought a bottle of your P. P. An Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three mouths' treatment at the Hot Springs. Bend three bottles C. O. D. Respectfully yours. JAS M. NEWTON, Aberdeen, Brown County, O. Capt. J. D. Johnston.

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, shared happings and the patient health and happings and lasticate first prevailed. To all when it may concern: I have by tostify to the wonderful properties of P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I raffered for several years with an un-sightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known rema-dy but in vain.until P. P. was used, and an now entirely oursd. (Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON, Savannab, Ge. For primary, secondary and tertilary synhilis, for blood poisoning, mercu-rial poison, malaria, dyspepaia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic nicers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelan, ecsema-we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. b. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Skin Cancer Cured.

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Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tes. Bagurs, Tex., January 14, 1593, Mmsans, Lipraxa Bios, Savannah, Ga.; Genilemen-I have tried your P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, anually known 's skin cancer, of thirty years' tranding, and found great relief; it perflexes the blood and removes all tr-ritation from the sest of the disease and prevents any apreading of the orors. Thave taken five or six bottles more from the sest of the disease will effect a core. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach troubles. Your truty. CART. W. M. RUST, Attornay at Law. Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condi-tion, due to menstrual irregriarities, are peculiarly benefited by the won-derful tonic and blood cleansing prop-erties of P. P. P. - Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

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Root and Potassium. Eventworrst.D. No. , Aug. 14th, 1893. —I can speak is the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal throwiedge. I was suffected with heart disease, pleuriny and thoumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dol-lars, tried every known remedy with-inding relief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can obserfully say it has done me more wood thas anything I have ever taken. Tean recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases. MRS.M. M. YEARY. Springfield, Green County, Mo. an's Block, Savannah, Ga

SE""LEMIER

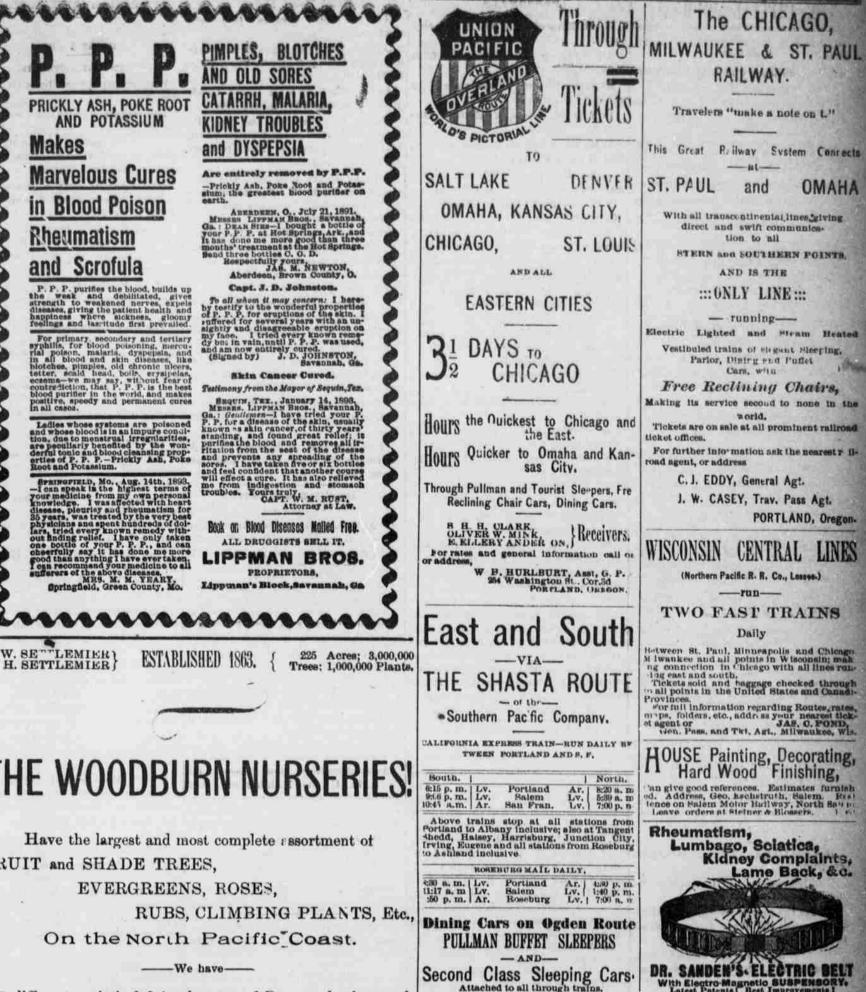
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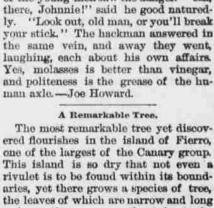


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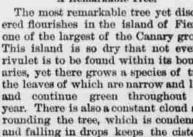
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RE

CTS



ly. man axle .- Joe Howard.



and continue green throughout the

dle, thankful for his lucky escape and preparing to go to sleep again. "John, are you going to sleep and let

the house be ransacked?" asked his wife

indignantly. "Certainly not, my dear."

"Then why don't you go down stairs

and catch the burglar?"

Mr. Snoodle very reluctantly got out of the warm bed into the cold air, sleepily lighted a candle and moved toward the door.

"Aren't you going to take some weapon of defense?" asked his wife. "Do you want to be killed? I never saw such a man!"

Mr. Snoodle rather sulkily seized the poker and muttered that "if he found a burglar he'd make it smoking hot for him

He had got half way down stairs and was thinking of anything but burglars when he suddenly saw a man dart out of the dining room and bolt down the kitchen stairs. Mr. Snoodle's first impulse was instant flight, for lie was an arrant coward, but he was so astounded and petrified with fear that he was utterly unable to either move or speak He simply stood still, holding the candle nearly upside down, with his mouth wide open. Then he heard the back door without a enlogy, than a life without bang and knew that the burglar was gone, so thought it was about time for action and to earn a little cheap glory.

So he roared out: "Yoa villains! I'll murder you! I'll scalp you as clean as a whistle!" and rushed down stairs. He had never before felt so heroic in his life. He bounded into the dining room and fought fiercely with the furniture, especially the fender, as he could bang into that without injuring it much until he was quite exhausted.

"John, John, come up stairs!" screamed Mrs. Snoodle. "You'll be killed!"

"It's all right, Martha!" shouted back Mr. Snoodle.

"Have you got the rascals safely bound then?"

"No, they've got away. But I've nearly killed 'em!" "Thank heaven! Come up stairs and

let me dress your wounds, dear," said Mrs. Snoodle solicitously.

Mr. Snoodle, after securing the back door, which the servant had omitted to to adopt it among themselves. The lock, and undoing the bundle of plate that the burglar had left behind in his hurry to escape, went up stairs, "Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Snoodle

on beholding him, "then you're not dead?"

"No, dear," he said, mopping his brow. "But it was a terrible fight." brow. "But it was a terrible fight." "I'm sure it was. I never heard such an awful row. Did they take anything?" "Only their hook," grinned Mr. Snoodle. "I was just in time to prevent 'em carrying off the best part of our plate. It was all tied up ready. That

men tell in the evening what they've steward of a Tyne steamship: "Stoars pulled out as it is counting over your wonted; 2 doyan egs, 1 am, 14 pund lon't give a man time to think how hard up he is!-Youth's Companion.

A Creed of Love.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their cars can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flow-

ers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way. -George W. Childs.

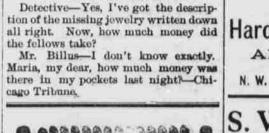
The Designing Woman.

It is true that we read a good deal about "the designing woman" in novels written by ladies. It gives them pleasnre to describe these dexterons and wily creatures doing such mischief among the other sex. Mothers, too, believe that their pure and innocent sons are always in danger from these unprincipled young persons. And yet the fact is that at 27 none of them can hold a candle for evil intention to any ordinary youth of 17. The hypocrisy with which for their own ends men affect to fall in with the female view of flirtation and "the designing woman" is contemptible. Even the most impudent of them seldom venture tongue in their check is too obvious .--James Payn in London Illustrated News.

Bruin Restarers.

Milk and cheese have been placed in the list of brain restorers by members of the Paris Academy of Medicine. Experiments have shown that absolutely pure caseine contains 758 parts out of 1,000 of organic phosphorus. The welsh rabbit may now be eaten late at night with a clear conscience .- Kate Field's Wash-Ington.

own. Why, I've been three or four bakon, 2 tins sasinger, 6 tins supe, months at a time without making a dol- 2 tins biled meet, 2 tins motin, 1/2 100 lar and without a cent in my pocket; wate potaes, 6 lofes sofe bred, 1 blather but, gee whittaker, the excitement of it lard, 1 smole cheas, sum fresh meet & vegables, & sum Karirts and turmits, 2 tins serdeens, 2 tins histers (oysters) to try, 2 notmegs, 2 tins samin, 2 tins frute, 1 tin marmalaid, 6 pund solt fisin."-Newcastle (England) Newa The Day After the Burglary.





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