

CONTENTMENT.

Happy face beneath the tattered bonnet, Merry eyes watching the ribbon on his...

Her kingdom, the billows meadows fair; Her subjects, the birds and butterflies there...

To those who are blest with wealth untold, Comes not such joy as her life doth hold...

The sweet content her eyes reveal; We may find if we search through all the land...

A queen beneath a tattered bonnet, Good Housekeeping.

PETEY'S CALL.

Pete sat half asleep on the little bench set apart for the messenger boys thinking...

Pete didn't relish the idea of going on again—he was not a "regular" and had not...

Just when his meditations were assuming a chaotic mixture in which the actual and the fancied were strangely combined...

"Here you, what's your number?" "Eighty-six," drawled Pete, still almost too sleepy to answer.

"This call is from 617 North Blank street. Do you know where it is?" "Yes, sir," said Pete, whose rare knowledge...

"Well, here's your car fare; don't forget the tariff, got out." Clapping his hat on his towed head...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall."

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall."

"Somehow the adventure of 'Mark, the Cowboy,' failed to interest him today, the jingle of the bells, the steady drip, drip...

"Some one passing by had suggested that it was hungry, and though that a pin was sticking into it and a third was certain...

"He thought it all over again, the day that he went for the undertaker; the maiden lady he escorted to the theater, as she...

"The car by this time was nearing the neighborhood where he wished to alight, so he swung off with that easy grace that the children of the streets are quick to acquire...

"A trim little maid with a snowy cap and apron opened the door and told him to wait in the hall while she informed her...

"The time was too short for him to secure another cab, but that did not matter much, as he had often before this rested on the back of a carriage and jolted over the...

knew that the original of the picture was before him. "How long you have been!" was the first greeting that he received from the lady...

"I came as soon as I could," apologized Pete. "It's a long way from the office. He didn't think it necessary to tell of the stolen ride on the sauntering prairie to it."

"Try me, ma'am," enthusiastically responded Pete, hoping, however, that it was not another baby. "You haven't any uniform," noting for the first time this lack on the boy's part.

"No, ma'am; I ain't a regular—only took for de holidays." "So much the better. You won't look unlike a hundred other boys who play in the streets and will attract less attention on that account."

"You see, ma'am," he said, "I'm not a regular, but I'm a regular in the way of the conservatory, and Pete, nothing loath, followed in the wake of the trailing silken gown."

"You see that large building opposite, across the square? That is a clubhouse. I want you to wait here with me until a tall, fair man, with a long coat, comes out of it."

"What will you think when I don't show up?" "Oh, that'll be all right!" replied the lady in the inconsequent way rich people have of looking at the affairs of others not so well off in the world.

"There," she suddenly exclaimed, "there he is now! Go at once, and do not lose sight of him for an instant." In less than that it takes to tell Pete of his case, across the square and following in the wake of a tall, broad shouldered man...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

stones for many a mile in that uncomfortable position. Therefore he but waited for the start to hang on behind, half sitting, at times running, and ever anxious lest some evasions boy would give the warning cry, "Cut behind," and he would have to walk.

Fortune favored him, however, and he rode on over the stones undisturbed, and was sprung enough to jump off before the fare alighted at a great station, where the puff of the engines told of the ever ebbing and flowing tide of travel.

The small one but a few steps behind, and stepped out into the waiting crowd just as a train drew into the station. From the number of passengers that passed through the gates a lady, heavily veiled, stepped aside, and the tall man made a little quick rush toward her, and without more ado hurried her down stairs again to the waiting cab.

Pete was not close enough to hear the words, but there was no mistaking the warmth of the greeting. "Ah, ha," thought Pete, "I see which way the lady lays. Yesterday she bird buys dimints, and today he meets a lady what's closely veiled. I see it all," and with another chuckle he resumed his position on the back of the cab.

On and on they go, the street they are coming to is familiar to the amateur detective, and before he has time to recover from his surprise the cab draws up before 617. "Here's a go," he says to himself, as the passengers alight. "Men what meets ladies don't bring them to their house. Leadwise, I wouldn't if it was me. But" and here a light beams on Pete's clouded brain.

"My, but he's foxy," is the involuntary homage that he pays the man he has watched for two days. "The mischief is away. It couldn't be safer. He knows a thing or two, does that one. He's a dandy, he is. Well, I'll just scot around and tell what's going on, and then hang around and see the fun."

The house he went to was almost as handsome as the one he just left. In answer to his inquiry for Mrs. Bryde she was shown a room on the second floor, and he glanced involuntarily at the other lady. "Oh, that's all right, speak out. You see," she says, turning to her friend, "even this boy has some delicacy about mentioning the horrible discoveries he has made. My dear, I need your sympathy and your friendship now as I never needed it before."

"Well, ma'am," commenced Pete, "somebody ought to have happened today," and he pauses like a trained actor to note the effect of his words. "I knew it," sobbed the wife, while the other, despite her friendly interest, looked keenly alive to the revelation she was about to listen to.

"He didn't do nothing such this mornin', but this afternoon, ma'am, he took a cab and drove to the station, where he met a veiled lady, and I'll be blowed if he didn't take her to your house, and she's there now," he concluded in a positive whirlwind of satisfaction as he noted the sensation he had produced.

"Alice, you hear—you, dear, will be witness—little boy, I can never thank you enough. At my house, did you say? Alice, did you ever hear of anything so shameless! I will go around there now and show him I am not the meek mouse he takes me for. And the woman—just wait until she hears what I have to say to her! Oh, it is awful, awful!" and she rocked herself to and fro in the very frenzy of her grief while her friend planned on her hat.

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

"The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Pete was left outside in the hall. What was he doing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Pete could glance in now and then...

THE RUSSIAN AUTOGRAT.

Will His Hatred of Germany Overcome His Horror of War? The situation is strange, lurid and in a sense humiliating. Armed Europe waits upon the ultimate mandate of one man.

"The heaven for heights," says Solomon, "the earth for depth, and the heart of kings has two ruling emotions—a horror of war and a hatred of Germany. The problem is, which passion in him shall conquer the other? Trammelled by no parliament, influenced neither by responsible ministers nor by personal favorites, the big, lonely despot is wrestling out the problem single handed. It is an awful position."

There is no real public opinion in Russia whose voice might sway the autocrat. He must fight out his own battle with himself. Probably no solution would better please him individually than a general disarmament, but that is hopeless. We must leave him to his wranglings with himself. Meanwhile, at all events, there is a period of reasonable assured respite. Russia is never quite ready, and the millennium will probably surprise her in her chronic attitude of unreadiness. At present she is swapping not horses, but rifles. A year ago there was not a magazine rifle in the Russian army, and the great majority of her soldiers are still armed with the improved "Berdan," a very inferior weapon both to the German and the Austrian rifle.

But Russia retains still the warning memory of her fearful losses before Plevna from the Remingtons, which America placed in the hands of the Turks, and with which her obsolete Krunkes could not cope. After much tedious experimenting, a year ago a definite selection was made of a weapon known as the "three line" rifle, and the production and issue of this firearm are being pushed forward with great energy. But you cannot order in 2,500,000 rifles as you can a bundle of toothpicks. I believe that about a third of the requisite quantity is now delivered.

It is absolutely impossible that the equipment can be completed and the troops trained to the use of the new weapon within the present year. It seems extremely improbable that this result can be attained before the spring of 1906. The opportunity for war—I do not say the certainty of war—will come when Russia shall have completed the equipment of her hosts with the "three line" rifle.—Archibald Forbes in North-American Review.

Secretary Palmer's Greek Sign. Ever since the secretary of state's office was removed from the old statehouse at the corner of Eagle and Pine streets to the new capitol the clerks and the secretary on the Washington avenue side have looked out on that little paintshop and the sign "John Palmer, Painter." About six years ago one stormy day in winter, the monotony of the sight was suddenly broken. A great cloud of black smoke burst from the windows and doors of the paintshop. Fire had started among the pots and oil cans, and of the establishment nothing was left in a few minutes but the old front wall.

While deploring the loss the proprietor had met with, the clerks in the secretary of state's office were glad to have removed John Palmer's office window, which consisted of one large pane of glass on which was inscribed in finely ornamented capital letters the Greek word for "painter." The word had greatly annoyed the clerks. Those who could not translate it were sorry their classical education had been neglected, and those who could felt that it belonged on the secretary of state's window instead of on the little paint shop across the way. When the building was repaired, the paint shop looked just the same as it did before, but the annoying Greek word was not restored.—Syracuse Herald.

rare Morgue Statistics. That center of greswome interest, the Paris morgue, yields curious statistics. The official report for 1898 shows that 909 corpses were received, a few more than women. Of these 215 died by drowning, 76 by hanging, 68 by firearms, 41 by stabs and 62 by poisoning. There had been 109 sudden deaths. Of other fatal cases 64 were attributed to suffocation and 83 to falls. More bodies are taken to the morgue during the summer than at other seasons of the year.—New York World.

The Cook's Puzzle. How to avoid sodden pastry? The PROBLEM is SOLVED by the production of our NEW SHORTENING COTTOLENE. Which makes light, crisp, healthful, wholesome pastry. Mrs. McBride, Marion Harland, and other expert cooking authorities endorse COTTOLENE. You can't afford to do without COTTOLENE.

Refuse all substitutes. N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

P. P. P. PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism and Scrofula

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, expels disease, giving the patient health and happiness where weakness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed.

For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, malarial fever, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, eczema, scabies, psoriasis, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelas, etc., etc. P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful and blood-purifying properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke root and Potassium.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 14th, 1898. I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was afflicted with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. They only gave me one bottle of your P. P. P., and can honestly say it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases. MRS. M. M. YEARY, Springfield, Green County, Mo.

F. W. SETTLEMIER, ESTABLISHED 1863. 225 Acres; 3,000,000 Trees; 1,000,000 Plants.

THE WOODBURN NURSERIES!

Have the largest and most complete assortment of FRUIT and SHADE TREES, EVERGREENS, ROSES, RUBS, CLIMBING PLANTS, Etc., On the North Pacific Coast.

145 different varieties of Apples, 167 of Roses and other stock in proportion. Send for Catalogue.

J. H. Settlemier & Son, Woodburn, Oregon.

GRAY BROS., Hardware, Wagons, Carts, Road Machinery AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

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

J. RUBINSTEIN, Merchant Tailor. Suits Made to Order. ALL STYLES SUITS made to order. Also Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing.

See? I make a Specialty of fitting the Eye with Glasses. I have had thirty-five years' experience, which, with my French Trial Case, enables me to correctly fit the Eye. There is no charge for my services. I carry a large line of Optical Goods and can fit your Eyes at one sitting. W. W. MARTIN, Optician

HOPS AND WOOL. Capital National Bank, OF SALEM.

WM. BROWN & Co., 220 Commercial St., SALEM, OR.

CLUB STABLES. Full supply of horses, buggies and hacks. Best of care given to transient stock and boarding. Coffee, Fruit and Liberty allowed. Specialties of taking parties to coast of mountains.

UNION PACIFIC Through Tickets. SALT LAKE; DENVER. OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND ALL.

3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO. Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East. Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.

Receivers. S. H. CLARK, OLIVER W. MINK, E. KILBERRY AND ON.

East and South THE SHASTA ROUTE Southern Pacific Company.

THE WOODBURN NURSERIES! Have the largest and most complete assortment of FRUIT and SHADE TREES, EVERGREENS, ROSES, RUBS, CLIMBING PLANTS, Etc., On the North Pacific Coast.

J. H. Settlemier & Son, Woodburn, Oregon. Hardware, Wagons, Carts, Road Machinery AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

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

J. RUBINSTEIN, Merchant Tailor. Suits Made to Order. ALL STYLES SUITS made to order. Also Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing.

See? I make a Specialty of fitting the Eye with Glasses. I have had thirty-five years' experience, which, with my French Trial Case, enables me to correctly fit the Eye. There is no charge for my services. I carry a large line of Optical Goods and can fit your Eyes at one sitting. W. W. MARTIN, Optician

HOPS AND WOOL. Capital National Bank, OF SALEM.

WM. BROWN & Co., 220 Commercial St., SALEM, OR.

CLUB STABLES. Full supply of horses, buggies and hacks. Best of care given to transient stock and boarding. Coffee, Fruit and Liberty allowed. Specialties of taking parties to coast of mountains.

THROUGH TICKETS. CHICAGO WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK BOSTON and all Points East end South.

DRESSMAKING. LATEST FASHIONABLE STYLES. Special attention given to CHILDREN'S STYLES. CUTTING AND FITTING A SPECIALTY. Shop in W.C.T.U. Bldg., Court St. MRS. F. M. STEELE.