

A SERGEANT'S SACRIFICE.

(Original.)
"Sergeant," said Major Swayne of the —th United States Infantry, "a scout has just come in and reports that the Indians have broken loose, murdering and pillaging. My wife and children are at Stoughton's ranch. I want you to take four men and bring them in."

"I'll get them in, sir."
Sergeant Kimball saluted and left the room. The major controlled himself till the man was gone, then paced the floor in agony.

Kimball was one of those men occasionally to be found in the ranks of the army who are understood to be gentlemen, but about whom nothing is known prior to their enlistment. He had shown himself careless of danger; hence the major's selection of him for the task.

That afternoon the sergeant and his four men rode into Stoughton's ranch, and Kimball told Mrs. Swayne that her husband desired her to return to the fort, though his object in sending her was concealed. A wagon and horses were taken from the barn and the family placed in it, and, attended by the escort, the journey was begun. One soldier rode ahead, one on each side the wagon and one directly behind. A mile in the rear rode Sergeant Kimball.

Half of the journey had been accomplished when the sergeant, standing at the summit of a pass between two hills and looking backward, saw Indians emerging from a wood and making for the road. There were more than a hundred of them, and he could see by their gaudy trappings that they were on the warpath. He watched them till they struck the road, and when they turned in his direction he knew that they would soon overtake the wagon. The color died out of his face, but a desperate resolve settled there instead. Casting about for loose timber, he made a pretense for a barricade across the road. Then, lying on his stomach, with his Winchester pointed across a log, he waited the coming of the Indians.

This man who was about to die that others might live was in a strange condition of mind. He remembered one who, born of the same mother, had fallen under temptation, one whose punishment he had taken upon himself. He recalled having been dropped by his friends, the contemptuous, averted look of the girl he loved. These were in his thoughts confused with sounds of the tramp of bootes, the guttural mutterings of Indians coming up the road and the creak of the wagon lumbering toward the fort borne back on the wind.

"They'll hear the firing," he said to himself, "and move on at full speed, better give the signal now and save time."

Selecting one of the Indians, he fired, emptying a saddle. The savages halted, ceased their fargon and looked up.

May.
Oh, month of May,
When all the earth is bright
And life a fair delight;
When the grasses' fold
The dandelions seem
To dimple all the green
With flowers of gold;
And the bees thro' clover humming
Seem to croon,
"Summer comes, is coming,
With glad June."

In month of May,
The first white butterfly,
His scented wings to try,
Steers out upon the breeze;
Steals color from each flower,
And wanders by the hour.
In fragrant peace;
Hears a star-eyed fowl's ret murmur,
Soft her plea,
"Forget me not!" and the Pansy,
"Think of me."

Making a Man.
Anonymous
Hurry the baby as fast as you can;
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants;

the road when the scout had come. Kimball fired three more shots in rapid succession, dropping a man each time. Then the Indians took to cover. Again the wind brought back the sound of the creaking wagon, this time louder and accompanied by the gallop of horses. Kimball knew that every moment he could delay the inevitable advance of the Indians over his body would add to the chances for the lives of the women and children.

The Indians below were quiet. The sergeant was familiar with their tactics and knew they were stealing upon him and around him. Presently there was a shot from his left. A bullet sang by his ears; then all was still again. But what he still hesitated, insects were humming; birds were on the wing, occasionally pouring forth harmonious notes, then a far, faint creaking of the wagon, now doubtless nearing the fort. As sure as the sun shone mildly on that autumn afternoon, as sure as the leaves rustled in the breeze, death was creeping up on the man who was waiting for it.

Kimball knew the Indians were puzzled. They could not get into a position where they could see behind his little fortification, for he was screened by trees on both flanks. He saw an Indian creeping out on the limb of a tree close to his right. His rifle cracked, and the man pitched headlong to the ground.

Meanwhile there was another sound coming from the rear, the gallop of horses. Kimball knew that he had saved his charge and that in time success would come, but he also knew that when it arrived all would be over with him. Since hills lay between the Indians and the coming horsemen the former did not hear for a time, and the soldiers were enabled to come within a short distance before they were discovered. Then the redskins, knowing that relief was at hand, poured a fire from a hundred rifles into Kimball's little fortress and, mounting their horses, galloped away.

Major Swayne, followed by his men, coming like the wind, spurred his horse to the crest of the hill where the sergeant had made his defense. There lay Kimball, still alive, but bleeding from many wounds. The major dismounted and bent over him to thank him for the lives of his wife and children, but words would not come. The sergeant saw tears streaming from his commander's eyes and knew what he would say.

"Major," he whispered, "when you are again transferred to the east, find Margaret Miller. Tell her that John took upon himself Frank's sin. She will understand."

When they had lain him away in the burial ground near the fort, the music as in the return from all military funerals, was gay, but on every heart it fell like a wall.

DUANE C. STARKWEATHER.

Feed him on brain foods and make him advance;
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Hurry him, hurry him, hurry him with talk.

Fill his poor head full of figures and facts.
Keep on jamming them in till it cracks;
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait!
Hurry him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a grab.

Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a moustache.
Let him forget that he was ever a boy.
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy;
Keep him hustling and clear out of breath,
Until he wins nervous prostration and death.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Sears the Signature of Dr. H. H. P. P.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

Then said a soldier, "My life-blood was flowing;
Into the future this sad soul was going.
Darkest of robes my crushed spirit was wearing!
What had I left, but eternal despairing?
Then to the scene this evangelist brought
Prayers that my parents had taught;
Then with sweet hymns she my anguish beguiled—
Hymns I had loved when a child.
Then did this saint, with fond eyes bending o'er,
Sing of the sweet 'Shining Shore.'
Then came the Land of the Blessed to my seeing;
Then a bright future pervaded by being;
Then did the pangs of my pain cease to cumber;
Then did I glide into blisses of alumber.
Slept with that soul-thrilling voice in my ear,
Full of enchantment and cheer;
Slept till I journeyed from Night into Day,
Dreaming that song all the way.
So did she soothe me as could but one other—
"Sanctified Sister and Mother!"
—Extract from Will Carleton's "The Passing of the Mother," in May Every Where.

John Wesley's Dream.
It is reported that John Wesley once in the crisis of the night, found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked and asked who were within.
"Are there any Protestants here?" he asked.
"Yes," was the answer, "a great many."
"Any Roman Catholics?"
"Yes, a great many."
"Any Church of England men?"
"Yes, a great many."
"Any Presbyterians?"
"Yes, a great many."
"Any Wesleyans?"
"Yes, a great many."
Disappointed and discouraged, especially at the last reply, he traced his steps upward, found himself at the gates of Paradise, and here he repeated the same questions.
"Any Wesleyans here?"
"No."
"Any Presbyterians?"
"No."
"Any Church of England men?"
"No."
"Any Roman Catholics?"
"No."
"Any Protestants?"
"No."
"Whom have you, then, here?" he asked in astonishment.
"We know nobody here," was the reply, "of any of the names you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is 'Christian.' We are all Christians here, and of those we have a great multitude (which no man can number) of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues."
—New York Observer.

His Opillar's Worth.
"Here's a dollar for yer paper one year," said the new subscriber.
"Yes," replied the editor.
"An' I want that new sewin' machine you throw in as a premium."
"Of course."
"An' a free chance at that bicycle you offer?"
"Exactly."
"An' if you can let the gold premium watch come my way maybe I'll git you another subscriber."
"Yes, Anything else you want?"
"Nuthin' I kin think of, Good mornin'!"
And after he departed the editor sighed, "Thank heaven, he didn't ask for the building and a town lot!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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BAD WEATHER

WHAT IT DID TO A FARMER IN OREGON

Its Effects Lasted for Several Years—He Tells How He Finally Got on His Feet Again After a Series of Reverses

"It was all due to the weather," said Mr. John Lee, a farmer of Greenville, Oregon, in relating a recent experience to a reporter.

"The weather," he continued, "plays an important part in a farmer's life, and in this instance its effects upon mine lasted several years. It was the spring of 1895. Working in the fields during a long stretch of cold and rain brought on an attack of the grip. It took right hold of me, and I suffered terribly with it. When that finally went away it left me with the ague. Several doctors prescribed for me, but their medicine did me no good. My head ached, and I was dizzy; my blood was very bad, and I was so very nervous that every little sound annoyed and worried me, and my appetite was poor. It would be impossible for me to describe my misery."

"But how did you get relief?" asked the reporter.

"Well, one day I got hold of a booklet telling of a cure of a case similar to mine by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thought I would try them. I felt better after taking a part of a box, so I kept on until cured. About three boxes did it, and now I am as well as ever I was."

It is of the utmost importance to your health if you have suffered from the grip, that you should cleanse the system of the lingering germs, and put it in condition to resist, and ward off disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific, not only for the after-effects of the grip, but also for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, clastic, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

First Oregon Hanging Anniversary.
I. E. Stevens informs a Guard reporter that fifty years ago today the first legal hanging, or rather hanging by organized society, took place in Oregon. The scene of the hanging was on the Rickreaf, Polk county.

Two men killed another and while one was hung the other was sold to the highest bidder for \$300 as a punishment. The man hung was raised from a small boy by Senator Nesmith's mother-in-law. She was present at the hanging, so Mr. Stevens relates, and asked him on the scaffold if her care and teaching were in any way responsible for the terrible condition he was in. The doomed man assured the people about that it was by not following his foster mother's advice that he stood on the scaffold in the presence of death.—Eugene Guard.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S QUEUE.

It Had a Luxuriant Suit of Straight and Very Dark Hair.
The father of his country concealed a luxuriant suit of hair beneath his queue wig. Many now wish the old fashion were in vogue, to conceal thinned hair or baldness. Yet no one need have thin hair nor be bald, if he cure the dandruff that causes both. Dandruff cannot be cured by scouring the scalp, because it is a germ disease and the germ has to be killed. Newbro's Herpicide kills the dandruff germ—no other hair preparation will. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." There's no cure for dandruff but to kill the germ.

"The Book of the Presidents."
By General Charles H. Grosvenor, 29 years member of Congress. Pronounced the most sumptuous and magnificently beautiful book ever issued in the United States. Contains 25 large full page Photogravure Portraits, reproduced from the best paintings in the White House, the Congressional Library, the Corcoran Art Gallery of Washington and the Capitol Building. Both President McKinley and President Roosevelt posed specially in the White House for their portraits to be used only and exclusively in this work. This is the greatest honor conferred on any publication ever issued in this country. It is a work that will reflect credit upon the nation. Every patriotic American citizen will buy it. High class men and women employed on commission or part salary and part commission, \$1500 guaranteed for a year's work. Also manager wanted to have charge of agents and correspondence, look after the advertising and other work. Fortunes can be made on this publication within the next three years, for terms and circulars, Address THE CONTINENTAL PRESS, Corcoran Building, Opposite United States Treasury, Washington, D. C. 4-11-w-2

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Author With a Record.

Edwin Owings Towne, the author of the polite comedy, "Too Rich To Marry," which will be seen at the Grand Opera House Tuesday, May 13th, is an author with a record to be proud of. Mr. Towne's first comedy was "By Wits Outwitted," and was an instant success. The comedy was on the boards continuously for six years, and was seen throughout the country.



His next stage production was "A Game of Wits," played by the five Castellians, and it scored the greatest success ever known in vaudeville. He received for it the highest royalty ever paid for a one-act play. "Other People's Money," by the same author, was first produced at Hoyt's theatre in New York, that home of so many comedy successes, and stood for years at the head of its class. In "Too Rich To Marry" the author has done his best work.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE

Deafness and Paralysis Cured After All Other Methods Failed.

Another Salem Testimonial.
Mr. Editor: Thirteen years ago Dr. Darrin visited Salem and cured my daughter, Martha Dove, of diabetes. She was unable to retain urine and had to get up many times night and day. Dr. Darrin cured her so she never had any return of the symptoms. I reside three miles south of Salem on Route 3, and can be seen by any one. My daughter resides in West Salem. B. G. DOVE.

To the Editor: Since 13 years old (I am now 29) I have been troubled with deafness. Of late I could scarcely hear anything from one ear, and the other was partially deaf. The cause of the deafness was discharging ears. All remedies known to science failed to cure me, until Dr. Darrin treated me with electricity and other remedies. I was perfectly cured of deafness and ringing noises in my ears. Refer to me at Ballston, Oregon, where I am working on a farm for Mr. Noah Grove.
J. S. McALLISTER.

State of Oregon, County of Multnomah
I, J. S. McAllister, first being duly sworn, depose and say that the foregoing statement signed by me is true.
J. S. McALLISTER.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of May, 1890.
C. J. Mc DOUGALL,
A Notary Public for said county and state.

Another Ashland Cure.
To the Editor: For some time my girl has been suffering with partial paralysis, extending to her hands, feet and bladder so she could hardly pass urine. Through Dr. Darrin's electrical and medical treatment she has recovered. I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Darrin's method of curing the sick. My husband is employed by John Cherry, who is getting out wood for the Ashland mine. I will gladly talk to anyone in regard to the cure. Address Ashland, Ore.
MRS. JONES FATTIG.

Discharging Ears Cured.
Dr. Darrin—Dear Sir: I write to inform you that my son David is cured. I received your medicine by letter the 13th of April and commenced treatment the 14th, and his ears quit running in a few days and he can hear just as good as any child. I shall never forget your kindness and benefit to my child. Please accept my gratitude. Refer to me at The Dalles, Oregon.
A. L. NOKER.

According to his custom Dr. Darrin will give treatment to the worthy poor free, except medicines, from 10 to 11 daily. Regular office hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evenings 7 to 8. Sundays 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. The afflicted should not miss the opportunity to consult this eminent physician while here. All business relations strictly confidential.
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