

West Shore

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The WEST SHORE offers the Best Medium for Advertisers of any publication on the Pacific Coast.

Saturday, May 31, 1890.

WHAT are the states of the northwest going to do to properly represent themselves at the World's Fair in Chicago? Already California, with her usual enterprise and her custom of doing things on a grand scale, has begun the work of preparation. The state board of trade has taken hold of the matter and is laying the foundation for a display of the state's resources that will command universal attention. Even Nevada has begun to move in the matter. Let the Portland chamber of commerce, as the largest body of representative men in the state, invite other cities to send delegates to a preliminary conference, at which the general character and scope of the display to be made can be discussed and a systematic effort set in motion. Seattle, Tacoma or Spokane can in a similar way take the initiative in Washington, Butte or Helena in Montana, while in Idaho it naturally falls to the lot of Boise City to take the lead in this movement. This ought to be done, and done now. There is none too much time, if it be desirable to do something that will attract attention in such a gathering of the world's products as will be seen in Chicago. To go to the World's Fair with such a handful of stuff as Oregon sent to New Orleans would be like emptying a cup of water into Niagara's mighty flood. Let us see for once if we can not get near the head of the procession instead of following along behind it in the dust.

The visit of Charles Francis Adams to the Pacific coast has been a most important one. He has looked carefully over the field covered or coveted by the Union Pacific, and has inaugurated measures that will aid materially in the development of the northwest. Perhaps the most important feature is the definite decision to extend the Union Pacific to Puget sound, under the

name of the Portland & Puget Sound railroad. Right of way and extensive water front and terminal facilities have been secured in both Tacoma and Seattle, and the latter city will, for a time at least, be the farthest point north on Puget sound reached by the Union Pacific. Machine shops for that end of the line will be built at Seattle. The bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver, including the trestle on the island, will be more than a mile long. Work on the road will be commenced in a few days, and will be pushed with the energy always displayed by that powerful corporation. That Portland will gain immensely by a new line to the sound is very evident. It adds one more spoke to the railroad wheel of which she is the hub. That Tacoma, Seattle and other sound points that will be reached will reap great benefit from having a new transcontinental road enter their limits over its own track is equally patent. The Union Pacific has determined to cover Oregon and Washington with its gigantic system, and wealth, population and industry will spring up in its path.

A special counsel employed to collect forfeited bail bonds in San Francisco Chinese habeas corpus cases, has reported that in most cases the bondsmen are purely fictitious, and in others are "execution proof." He advises that cash bail only be received in Chinese cases. The fault is not with the Chinamen, as an examination of the bail bonds of other criminals will amply show. It lies with the dishonest practices of members of the bar and the perfunctory way in which judges discharge their duties in this particular. And this brings us down to the root of the difficulty—the dishonest and criminal practices of attorneys, which could be, and ought to be, stopped by the bench and more respectable portion of the bar. Every railroad wrecked, every trust legally betrayed, every jury bribed, every straw bondsman put up, every perjured witness placed upon the stand, is directly chargeable to the bar as a sin of commission and often to the bench as a sin of omission. The legal profession supplies the brain that conceives these crimes against society and the knowledge that renders them effective and "legally" safe. So far has this gone that "law" has ceased to be a synonym of "justice," and the blind goddess, instead of being represented with sword and scales, should be depicted bound to the rocks with the bands of the law and in the power of the dragon as embodied in the person of lawyers who work "strictly for coin."

One of George Francis Train's criticisms upon San Francisco is that "she is too respectable." Of course, to be sure; but, then, just give her a little more time and the "pugilists' paradise" will remedy that great defect.

Next Monday is election day in Oregon, when the free born and naturalized American citizens of the state will wield the powerful weapon of white. Voters will be divided into three classes—those who vote for party, those who vote for principle and those who vote for \$5.00. Low and degraded as is the man who will sell his manhood, in the form of a vote, the man who buys it is the worse enemy of honest government. The danger to American institutions comes from the bribe-giver rather than the bribe-taker. The scum, the ignorant, the degraded, the improvident, the men who sell their votes, constitute an element of danger that can be kept in check by the arm of the law; but the intelligent, the educated debaser of his fellowman is a powerful but insidious force that overthrows law by weakening the public sense of right and justice and honor and true love of country upon which it rests. Let every man who is tempted to be the medium through which is to be poured a golden stream of corruption next Monday think of this and ask himself whether as a man or as a loyal American citizen he can so debase himself.

Opposition to the Bennett law in Wisconsin is very bitter, and frantic appeals to "stand by the church" are being made by those opposed to this effort to make Americans out of the rising generation. It may be that a combination of ecclesiasticism and anti-Americanism by naturalized citizens who ought never to have been naturalized may be temporarily successful in defeating this effort for the supremacy of American ideas in the education of those who are to become citizens, but it can not be so always. The war cry of "stand by the church" is yearly becoming less potent to rally a host to war against the public schools, and there are symptoms of a new policy in the matter of naturalization that will diminish the stream of foreign ignorance that is defiling the purity of American institutions.

Apropos of Rev. LeRoy's claim upon the suffrage of the people of Oregon because he was one of the "Six Hundred," it might be asked—admitting the claim to be true, though it appears shadowy—whether it is the men who charged at Balaklava or those who breasted the storm of battle at Gettysburg that should receive recognition by the people of the United States. It might also be asked why a military career should be advanced at all as a qualification for an office that has nothing of a military flavor connected with it. There is altogether too much demagogy about these appeals to "the soldiers," "the people," "the working-men," etc. On general principles it is safe to assume that the man who boasts of what he has done is unable to furnish the necessary corroborative evidence.

When a member of congress says that the United States does not require a navy because she will never have use for one, we simply question his ability to read the lessons of history aright; but when a man gets up in the senate chamber, as did Senator Voorhees the other day, and emits a bombastic, spread eagle speech about the ability of Americans to rise to all emergencies without any preparation, he simply makes an ass of himself. The United States did rise to an emergency once, but at a fearful cost, and she had to do it without Senator Voorhees's help. Let some one boast whose record is better.

Mr. Hermann is to be congratulated that he had the good sense and high regard for duty that have kept him at his post in Washington attending to the many important interests of Oregon intrusted to his keeping. And, by the way, "Colonel" Miller would have displayed better judgment had he confined himself to the issues of the campaign instead of calling marked attention to the fact that his opponent did not leave his post of duty even to secure his own election.

Alarmed at the fact that the French army is larger than their own, the German military authorities are pressing through the reichstag a bill providing for the military training of every able bodied man in Germany. Even this will not place them in the lead, and the young emperor will be compelled to conscript the negroes in his recently acquired African dominions or resort to some other equally desperate means to increase the military burden of his country.

There is now good prospect that the land grant of the Northern Pacific down the Columbia will be forfeited. This would have been done long ago if a few demagogues in congress would have permitted such a bill to pass without loading it down with efforts to forfeit grants where the road was actually built. Settlers who have been kept on the ragged edge for years have their own special and self-constituted champions to thank for their troubles.

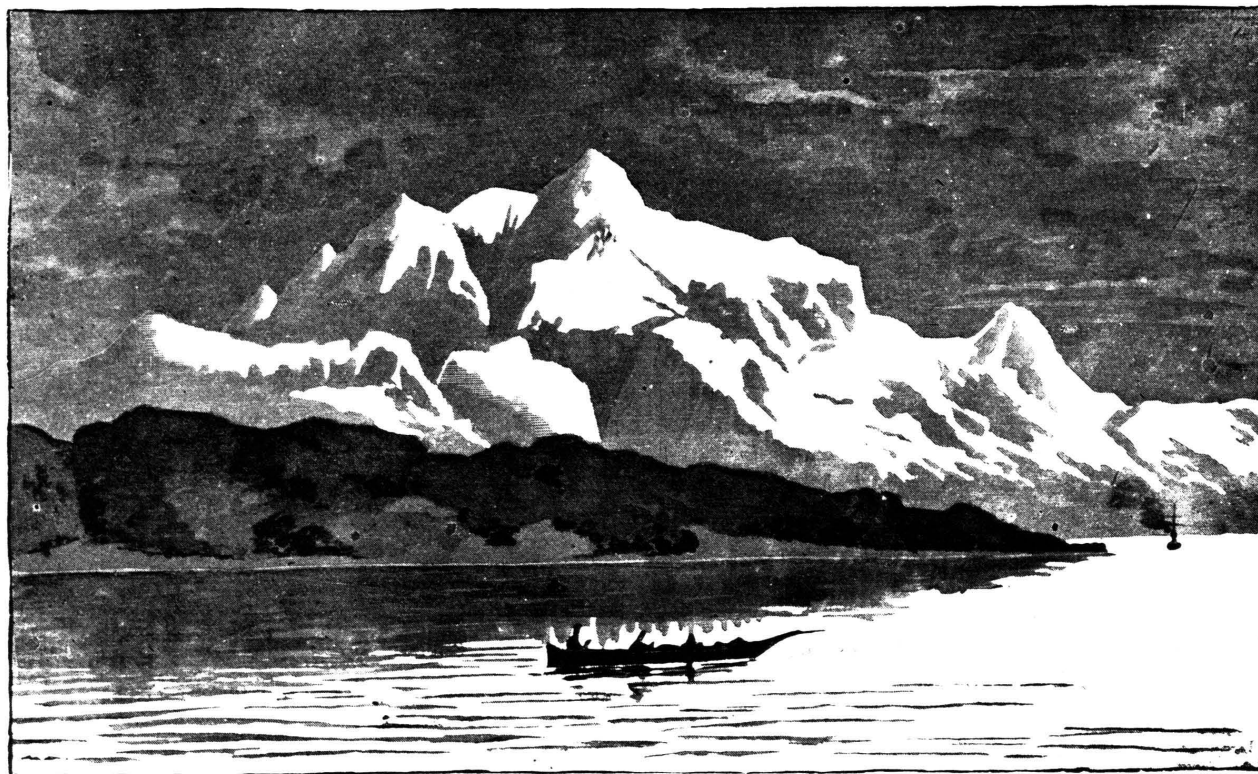
About the silliest thing that has come to light in this "merry month of May" is the filibustering scheme in Southern California. The people of the United States will not countenance, nor the government permit, any armed invasion of the peaceful territory of neighboring states, either by bands of hired toughs or half Americanized foreigners.

The *Orting Oracle* has been sued for \$30,000 damages for libel. A man must be pretty valuable if he has been damaged as badly as that and enough been left of him to run a law suit.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

THE highest mountain in North America is surrounded by the darkest mystery. It towers out of an unknown land, where no human foot has ever trod. It fronts upon an unfrequented and dangerous coast, seemingly at the confines of the Arctic regions. In lonely grandeur, in awfulness, and white splendor, St. Elias is not equaled. Nowhere else is there an alp nearly four miles high, robed down to the very base in eternal snow, and pending above the deep, dark azure of the sea. And very rarely is the mountain seen, for the warm and moisture-laden winds

that same island Aliaska, filling the Pacific down to the forty-eighth parallel, as he had said. Therefore, these wiseacres drew a map, setting forth how the island ought to be. An expedition was equipped under one Vitus Behring, a Dane, and took two years before launching its little squadron on Pacific waters. The land was coasted right north to Behring straits, but there it began to trend westward again. So, at last, there set out the memorable second expedition. I think it was in 1741. Behring and Tschirikoff, in their little ships *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, sailed into the unknown east—and found nothing. They coasted about just where the island ought to be, but it wasn't



ALASKA—MOUNT ST. ELIAS, 19,000 FEET HIGH.

of the Pacific break upon these mighty heights of ice and shroud them in almost perpetual cloud.

In the beginning of the last century rumors reached the court of Russia that, from the last confines of Siberia there had been described by natives an island—Aliaska, a great land, from which trees came drifting upon the coast. The Empress Catherine called her geographers together. Nothing, they said, was known of the Pacific to the northward of California, which was then a Mexican colony. There was, indeed, the legend, told by that old Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, of the Straits of Anian, that began at the forty-eighth parallel and led through Meta Incognita to the Atlantic; and, north of said Straits of Anian, the land must be

there. The world was not laid out correctly and in accordance with the charts, and provisions were running short. Behring still cruised about in search of the runaway island. Tschirikoff slipped away one night and sailed to the north and west, until, at last, he came to Cross straits, and was thus the discoverer of Alaska. Seeing natives, he landed a boat's crew for water; but the boat vanished behind a point and was seen no more. Heart sick, he sent another boat's crew, and that vanished behind the point and was seen no more. After long delay he sailed, and, in defiance of thirst and scurvy, through wonderful adventures on the south coast of Alaska, got back alive to Siberia.

And Behring, at last, gave up the search for the lands plainly charted out for him to discover, and made so rapid a passage to the north that, only a few hours later than his lieutenant, he also sighted land. At first he could not believe his senses. The dense clouds were riven asunder at the time of sunset, and in the gap there shone, all roseate in the evening light, the most tremendous mountain in the world. No wonder, then, that on his knees he named the height after that awful prophet of God—Elijah. We have no time to follow Behring home, through those long wanderings among the bewildering island chains that skirt the continent westward. Through cloud and storm he blundered on until, at last, only two days' sail from the Kamtchatka coast, he was cast away on Behring island. At that time most of the crew were dead, and he himself dying of scurvy. They laid him in a rift of the rocks, and before he died the sand had drifted over half his body. He said he liked the sand drift, for it kept him warm. The survivors of that ill fated voyage reached the mainland in a sloop built from the wreckage of their ship. Such is the romantic story of the discovery of Mount St. Elias.

If there were space, the narratives of Cook, of La Perouse, of Vancouver, and of the "voyage of the *Sulphur*," might be quoted at great length about this famous mountain; but none of these early explorations really added much to our knowledge of the subject. The illustration of this article is copied from the last named work, written about 1837.

The height of St. Elias is about 19,000 feet, and it rises from a range, here about 10,000 feet high, and skirting the coast from Cross sound to the western limits of Alaska. These alps of St. Elias are of volcanic origin, and probably quite recent, many of the summits being still in active eruption. In 1888 a party of Englishmen attempted to scale St. Elias, and managed to reach a height of 11,300 feet. Their account of the trip makes it appear that for thirty-five miles inland from Icy bay the country is nearly flat, almost devoid of vegetation, and consists wholly of glacier gravel from the moraines. At the base of the mountain, however, there are low foot hills, with some brush, where the explorers found a great quantity of wild strawberries. The fact that St. Elias is behind the "shore strip" of the United States is a curious one, as it deprives Uncle Sam of all claim to the great

mountain and assigns it to the Northwest Territory of Canada. This fresh interpretation of the treaty will make Uncle Sam tear his hair, as his reputation depends upon his having all the biggest things on earth, whether they be cyclones, circuses or swindles. The American eagle will, however, be able to console himself with the thought that "there is no money in it anyway."

Two great explorations are to be made in the regions behind St. Elias during this summer. One is the Frank Leslie expedition, which left Victoria a few days ago on the U. S. S. *Patterson*. This party comprises a most distinguished staff of scientific men and great travelers, and two or three years will be consumed by their researches in the Copper river and Upper Yukon basins to the eastward of the great alps. The expedition of Lieutenant Seton-Karr left for Juneau at the same time, and will enter the same country by the Chilcat portage. We may hope for very wonderful discoveries in the mysterious regions whence come down the White river, so named from its thick, glacier mud, the gigantic Tanana and other affluents of the Yukon. Vast deposits of copper are spoken of, active volcanoes only second to Mounts St. Elias and Wrangell (19,000), and climatic conditions quite unlike those of any other part of the world. So, at last, the great mystery of North American geography may be solved.

H. R. A. Pocock.



THE ZIEGLER BLOCK, SPOKANE FALLS, WASH.

FAIRHAVEN'S PROGRESS.

THE re-organization and consolidation of the towns on Bellingham bay place the phenomenal young city of Fairhaven on a better basis than before for growth. Until its recent incorporation there was no concerted method of making public improvements. The incorporated city of Fairhaven includes what was formerly the old town of Bellingham, so the municipality now embraces an area of about nine square miles, with a population estimated at 2,800. The new city government has been put in working order and streets are being graded, sidewalks built, drainage facilities provided, a police force organized and a fire department is being equipped for service. All this has been accomplished in the past four weeks. Before the year closes Fairhaven will present a metropolitan aspect that will surprise visitors of to-day.

Some time ago WEST SHORE presented views showing the great change that had been wrought in the town in three months. Later a picture of the fine hotel that had just been begun was given. The hotel is now nearly completed. To-day some of the residences of the city are shown. The home of J. F. Wardner, the man who first made known to the world the mineral riches of the Cœur d'Alenes, in Northern Idaho, cost \$17,000. It is situated on a pleasant site 200 feet above the harbor and overlooking most of the city. The interior arrangements and furnishings are the best that money and good taste can provide. The comfortable and pretty cottage of A. Riedel, with the improvement of the site, cost more than \$6,000. One does not expect to find such houses as these in so young a city as Fairhaven—considerably less than a year old. But plans are now in course of preparation for other palatial residences, among them being one for A. H. Clarke to cost about \$20,000, one for E. M. Wilson for \$17,000 and one for E. B. Hill to cost \$10,000. Governor Black, Judge Gasley and a number of others contemplate building this year, but no estimate of their cost can yet be made. The new school house, just completed, cost nearly \$10,000. It has four school rooms capable of accommodating 300 pupils, and it is so constructed that an addition of two rooms can be made at small expense. The addition will be erected before the end of the year. The building is supplied with modern school furniture.

But the construction of business blocks is also progressing rapidly. Nearly a score of large brick and wood buildings are now under construction, a number of which are just receiving their finishing touches. Preparations for several to cost from \$20,000 to \$30,000 are now being made. Nearly all these buildings will be of brick and stone. The Chuckanut quarry, just south of the city, and the Fairhaven quarry, to the

east, furnish the finest of brown sandstone for building. This stone finds market all along the Pacific coast. Two brick kilns are now in operation and more will be started in a few days to supply the demand for building in Fairhaven, one firm being under contract to furnish 6,000,000 bricks this season. The second large saw mill in the city, having a capacity of 100,000 feet of lumber daily, was recently put in operation, and there will shortly be started in that part of Fairhaven that was formerly Bellingham the largest lumber mill on the bay. This mill fell into the hands of the lumber syndicate some years ago and was closed. The contract with the syndicate has just expired and the mill will soon be adding to the volume of lumber that is so much needed in the building up of Fairhaven. The problem of how to get materials as fast as needed in such a rapidly-growing town is often difficult of solution; but the enterprising business men who early became interested in the city were prompt to take measures to supply the demand, and the lack of materials is felt less than in many towns having much less rapid growth.

Fairhaven is a very pleasant residence town. The natural beauty of the place was always apparent and now that the metropolitan conveniences are being provided all the desirable features seem to unite there. The water service has just been established. The supply is from Lake Padden, a large reservoir of pure water situated only two and a half miles east of the town and 318 feet above it. The system cost less than \$100,000 and it could scarcely be bettered. Without expensive pumping plants or storage reservoirs in the city a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch can be obtained direct from the lake. The city has a model service and it is secured by the minimum of expenditure. The city is also lighted by electricity—both arc and incandescent circuits being run. The next important improvement will be a street railway and steps have already been taken for the inauguration of that enterprise.

Every shrewd business man who inspects the advantages of Fairhaven is warm in praise of its location and the intelligent enterprise of its people. This matchless harbor is the most natural outlet—indeed the only one—for the rich mineral, agricultural and timber products of the interior country. The Fairhaven & Southern railway is now in operation to the Skagit river and rail communication through to Seattle will be opened in about two weeks. The same road will, in a few weeks, have connection with the Canadian Pacific at New Westminster. It is understood that the Great Northern railway will make Fairhaven one of its western seaports and most likely the chief one because of its being most accessible from the ocean.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Go, softly tread the grassy aisles among,
 Where peaceful lies the dust of Freedom's dead.
 Let roses fair on every shaft be hung,
 That marks the grave of those whose blood was shed
 That the young limbs of millions yet unborn
 The galling bonds of slavery might not feel;
 That Freedom's land, in deadly conflict torn,
 Might with their lives its bleeding gashes heal.
 Yes, softly tread, with rev'rent thought and slow,
 Strew Nature's choicest blooms above their bed,
 Sweet buds of ever quick'ning love, to show
 Their deeds live on tho' they themselves be dead.

HARRY L. WELLS.

The skies are soft and clear and blue,
 The birds sing sweet across the bay;
 And all the lovely, happy flowers
 Give up their tender lives to-day.

With grieving flags and muffled drums,
 The long procession winds away,
 To lay its flowers and its tears
 On soldiers' graves this solemn day.

But I and my sad heart—ah, me!
 We turn aside—alone! alone!
 To where a quiet, grass-grown grave,
 Holds what was once our very own.

No nation's slaughtered hero he!
 They have no flowers above him strown;
 And only my sad heart and I
 Leave bitter tears upon our own.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

This red rose's flame
 Lights up the gloom that broodeth o'er
 A stranger's grave. What was his name?
 I do not know; nor on what shore
 His early days of joy were spent,
 With never thought of future strife,
 Or frown of smoky battlement,
 Or the mad field where his red life
 Poured out like wine! It matters not;
 Never a soldier is forgot.

My country stands
 On memory's marbled fields to-day,
 And all the flowers in her hands
 Seem but forget-me-nots. And May
 Licks through dead April's tearful eyes
 Upon whose sorrow-blinded gaze
 Dim breaks a forest of the skies,
 And through the soft, blue, melting haze
 Long lines of soldiers clad in white.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

THE DRAMA, MUSIC AND ART.

There is enough material in Boucicault's "After Dark," as produced at the Marquam this week, to construct two or three plays, with something left over. While the play is a melo-drama of the most pronounced type, there are spiritualistic touches about it that give an unusual effect to the performance. The heroine is constantly attended by unseen hands. When a light is required, presto matches appear from the wings and the heroine avails herself. Again, when small articles of stage furniture, bottles etc., have performed their part they are coolly handed off the stage into these mystic, unseen hands. Mr. Drady, as Old Tom, won the hearts of the gallery by several intervals of rant. Mr. J. W. McConnell is excellent in his part of Gordon Chumley, in short he is sufficiently good to be out of place where water tanks and other realistic machinery form the chief attraction. Miss Marie Rene makes the most of her opportunity in the concert hall scene to do some violent dancing. Her Spanish Fandango was well danced.

Mr. Locke Richardson at Masonic hall was one of the refreshing features of the week and deserved far better patronage from people who enjoy an intelligent and refined entertainment. Monday he gave Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol," and Thursday night "Macbeth." Mr. Richardson is so generally acknowledged par excellence, that it is impossible to add any word of praise that has not already been bestowed.

"Soap Bubble" at the New Park theatre is unfortunate in not bursting sooner than it does. Charles Jerome is not an humorist, he is not even passively so, and therefore can not even interpret humor. Some of the incidents of the performance are ridiculously funny. Miss Julia Macey and Miss Dolly Davenport would grace a much better play.

Whatever may be thought of "The Dumb Man of Manchester" as a whole at Cordray's, it certainly was made an interesting performance by the acting of Mr. Charles Constantine. To be sure, his gestures remind one of calisthenics done to music, but in the third act his portrayal of the murder scene is very realistic. Mr. Caine, as Edward Wilton, does the "heavy villain" act rather too strongly. But there is a traditional heavy stage villain, utterly unlike anything in real life, and doubtless he is the man Mr. Caine is after. It is somewhat incongruous to see an English officer of the law dressed as a corporal in the United States army, with American District Telegraph messenger pants on; also to see the same composite suit adorn the person of the turnkey. It is not considered

necessary to dress elaborately or expensively, but an actor ought at least to have a little regard in his dress for the character he is undertaking to represent. The other characters were presentable.

The *London Court Journal* tells the following of Irving, as told against his old friend Toole. Many years ago, when the art of advertising was in its infancy, Toole was not above taking a little advertisement, though he now declares himself to be too modest to enter into competition with professors of the art. On one occasion he was out walking, when he observed a crowd standing round a man who was apparently pretending to be in a fit. "Let me pass," cried Johnnie, elbowing his way through the crowd; "I am a doctor." The crowd "fell back to right and left," and the self-appointed physician found himself opposite his patient. His measures were somewhat heroic, for, after punching and pinching the sufferer, he took something out of his pocket and stuck it on the man's forehead, jamming his hat over it, "to keep it from the air," as he said. "The effect of the plaster will be simply magical. Take off his hat in a few minutes and he will be completely recovered. I am pressed for time." With these words he made his escape. The crowd became denser every minute, waiting to see the effects of the wonderful cure; and after the necessary time had elapsed the patient's hat was removed. With surprise the people gazed at the "plaster." It was a piece of white paper, on which was inscribed in large, red capitals, "Go and see Toole in 'Dearer than Life.'"

The oldest piano in America is said to be now 144 years old. It was made by Johannes Christian Schreiber in the year 1745 (which date is engraved on the name board). The case is of solid mahogany, inlaid with boxwood. Its compass is four and one-third octaves, one string to each note; length, four feet and seven inches; width, twenty-two inches; and has a pedal which is in the left hand compartment, and is merely pulled by the hand. The legs are capped near the insertion with a broad brass band, handsomely figured, about two inches wide. They are neatly turned, with raised and hollow rings, and taper toward the bottom, where they are mortised with brass castors. "We believe," says Mr. Slief, the owner, "it to be the oldest piano in America, and the most perfect of its age in all the world. The gentleman's father from whom we received the instrument obtained it from Michael Balfe, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," and it was once, we believe, the property of the composer Ludwig Beethoven."

To enjoy singing it is necessary to understand it. One must be able to discriminate, not only between

good singers and bad singers, but between the good and bad which are mingled in any one artist. Indefinite conceptions are stumbling blocks in the path of intelligent enjoyment. People whose ideas as to what constitutes good singing are hazy believe that it is all a matter of opinion. Mrs. Jones says she "likes" Herr Kalisch; Mrs. Smith says she does not "like" Herr Kalisch, and that settles the question. The fact is that whether an artist sings well or badly is not a matter of opinion at all; it is a matter of fact. The elementary laws of good singing are pretty thoroughly established, and it is within the power of every person who attends musical entertainments to become acquainted with them. The auditor who is equipped with this knowledge will have little difficulty in perceiving what is good and what is bad in the singing which comes under his notice. There are many patrons of opera and concerts who know good singing when they hear it. Unfortunately there are, also, many who do not. It would be a very good thing for those who are uncertain about this important matter to purchase an elementary treatise on the art of singing, and find out what constitutes a well trained voice and a polished method. There are scores of excellent works within easy reach of every lover of music. For those who desire to know what the human voice is, and how it is to be used to the best advantage, we can recommend as introductory volumes Albert B. Bach's "On Musical Education and Voice Culture" and Sir Morell Mackenzie's "Hygiene of the Vocal Organs." Those who wish to pursue the subject further might read the "Hygiene de la Voix" by Dr. Mandl, "The Voice in Singing" by Wm. Seiler, of Philadelphia, and Emil Behnke's "Mechanism of the Human Voice." Even from vocal text books, such as Randegger's excellent "Primer of Singing," valuable knowledge can be acquired by persons who do not sing but wish to listen intelligently. Good criticism, even of singers no longer to be heard, has its use, and every lover of music should read such works as Chorley's "Recollections."

Hayden liked to dine alone, and he was such a great eater that he was sometimes called the "greedy musician." It was his custom to order dinner for five persons at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. "Serve dinner," he ordered on one occasion to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself. "The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but, sir, the company has not come." "The company!" Hayden retorted contemptuously. "Pooh! The company! I am the company!" The dinner for five was forthwith put before "the company," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.—*Epoch*.



It was something very funny, and a joke we *do* enjoy;
We played it on a fellow on the pier at Chatteroix.
Whenever we recall that joke we smile with quite a vim,
To think about the clever way we got the laugh on him.

The boys were all in swimming and we waited on the pier,
(We never learned to swim, ourself, we ought to mention here).
A fellow stood upon a pile to breathe a moment, when,
According to the routine, he would take a dive again.

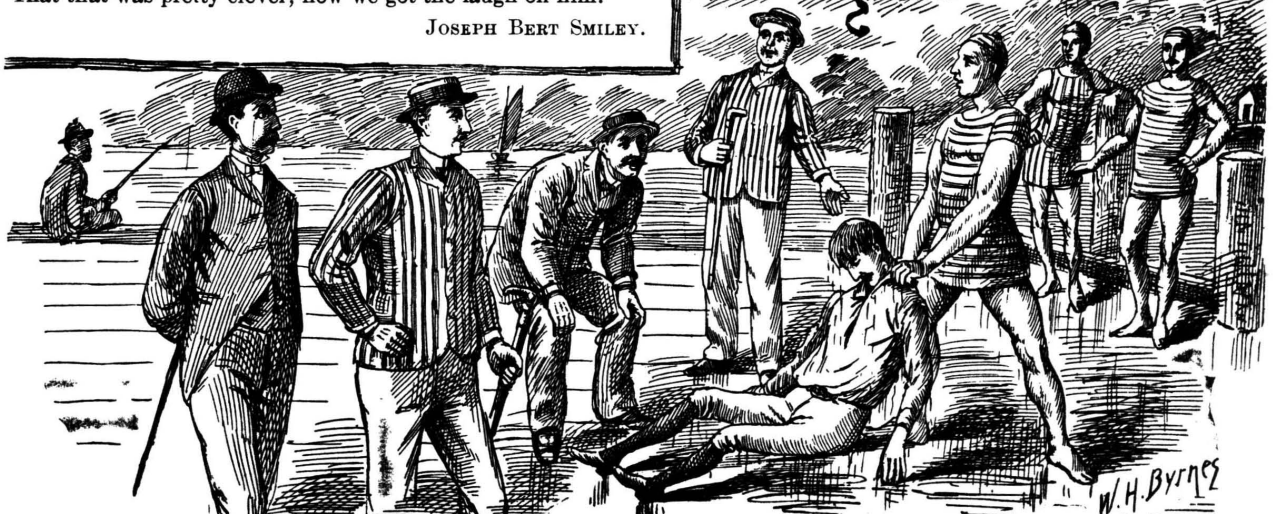
It happened then that we conceived the idea of a joke
That would amuse the boys, and, too, much merriment provoke.
We gave this man a sudden jerk, and then we smiled to think
How very funny he would look a-sprawling in the drink.

He lost his balance, staggered, then he made a sudden spurt,
And grabbed us by the bosom of our flannel tennis-shirt,
And, quicker than our breath could come, or we a scream could give,
We were 'way down in the water where the little fishes live.

The fellow swam ashore with us and set us on the ground,
And we sat still and shivered while the crowd all stood around.
We drained the water from our ears and tried, with quite a fuss,
To cough up several gallons that had got inside of us.

We then got up and ambled home—our cottage was near by—
And went to bed the while our clothes were hanging up to dry.
But oft as we recall that joke we've always got a whim
That that was pretty clever, how we got the laugh on him.

JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.



ONLY A YANK: A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

THE village of M—— was directly in the line of Sherman's march to the sea, and had been the scene of a light skirmish between two small detachments of troops that had crossed each other's path after the main army had swept by. When the tide of battle rolled on there lay a score or more of men on the trampled, blood-stained sward, some in gray and some in blue. Of the former, the dead were laid out in decent form and the wounded tenderly cared for; of the latter, the dead were hurried under ground and the wounded—there was but one, a mere boy—was left to himself.

"Curse him 'n' all the other ornery blue coats!" the few men of the village said, and the women (they can be more cruel and unjust than men when once they set themselves) scorned him as he lay there under an old elm, so white and suffering.

But he did not complain, he was too proud, though it seemed he must have water at any cost.

The skirmish had taken place in the early dawn, and the noonday sun rode high ere relief came to the wounded soldier lad, whose life blood was fast ebbing away.

All that forenoon there had raged a contest in the big white house on the hill overlooking the common.

The LaVeres were the aristocrats of the town, and rebels of the deepest dye. Father and two sons were in the service, and in the house there only remained Valeria LaVere, the father's sister, and little Gwen, the only daughter and the idol of the men folks.

"Aunt Val" was not so blind, however, to the girl's failings, as she termed any trait that did not suit her, and poor Gwen was none too fond of the haughty, arbitrary lady who ruled her father's establishment with a high hand.

On this particular morning Gwen had cried until her pretty eyes were dim and her rosy face tear-sodden and swollen.

"I tell you, Aunt Val. I must go down and see if there is anything the poor fellow needs. See him lying there so helpless, and I am sure he is suffering."

"Gwen LaVere, you will do no such thing! Aint you ashamed to suggest it? It would be maidenly, wouldn't it? Besides, he ought to suffer, and die, too, if he wants to, for being such a monster; and you're a pretty filial daughter, aint you—your father's life in jeopardy every moment at the hands of just such men, and you wanting to go down there and cosset that one back to life? He will get well and go into the army, and your father or brother may die by a bullet from his gun."

"But I can not let him die there that way; I would feel like a murderer always. It is so different from

being in battle. I must at least send Mose to give him some water."

"You shall do no such thing, miss. I have said it; and when the LaVeres speak they mean it. You are all Swinton, just like your puny mother—"

Valeria LaVere had gone a step too far.

"Thank heaven if I am like my beautiful lady mamma, rather than like you! But you will find that I am all LaVere to-day, and mean just what I say," cried the girl in a fury, and before her aunt could reply she had dashed from the room and was calling imperiously—

"Mose, Mose!"

"Here, missie."

"Get some water and come with me to the wounded soldier down there. Hurry!"

"Lawd, missie!"

"Mind me." Then changing her tone she said something hurriedly that made the old negro trot off promptly to obey her.

"Gwen, Gwen LaVere!" Aunt Valeria was shrieking; but that little lady only hurried out of doors, catching her sun hat from its hook as she crossed the hall.

Five minutes later the wounded youth felt, rather than saw, that some one was beside him.

"Want some watah, massa?"

"Great heaven, yes!"

The voice was faint, but fervent. Some one held a cup to his lips, while a pair of sinewy arms held him up. The draught revived him, and lifting his heavy lids he started a little at sight of the pretty, girlish face with tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips.

"Do you feel very bad, are you hurt much?" she asked, all reserve melting at sight of his suffering.

"I guess I am done for; but no matter now, if you will only leave the water."

He tried to speak bravely, but a spasm of pain distorted his countenance.

"Oh, I pity you so!" she cried, impulsively, "and I don't care if you are 'only a Yank!'"

Again the big, black eyes opened and scanned her face, something akin to a smile of amusement flitting over his own, but it was only momentary.

"Mose, what can we do? Aunt Val will die or kill me, I guess, if we take him to the house; but I can't leave him here."

The negro scratched his head, muttering—

"I donno, Missie Gwen, I 'clar I don'."

"Oh, Mose, I have it! Don't you think Mammy Sue would let us take him there?"

"Lawd, now, Missie Gwen, like ez nuf."

"You stay and I'll go and see," she said, quickly.

She was gone but a few minutes, but it seemed to the wounded boy like an age.

"Yes, Mose, she is willing, if I will give her Liza my red merino dress." This was intended for an aside, but the youth heard it distinctly, also the suppressed giggle following it.

"Mammy Sue has always had a weakness for that gorgeous 'gownd,' as she calls it; but how can we move him? Say, Mose, you harness Debby to that old long wagon as quick as ever you can, and call Tom to help lift him in. I'll run to the house and get something for a sort of bed."

Once more she bent over the soldier, wiping his forehead with her handkerchief and smoothing back the dark, curling hair.

"My mother would bless you if she knew," he murmured, faintly.

"Keep up courage, sir, and we will soon have you in comfortable quarters, but not elegant ones. Now, I must leave you a few minutes."

Brave little Gwen was ready to faint with fright when she saw her *protege* lying in a swoon on the impromptu bed in the long wagon. Aunt Valeria, from her window, saw all and ground her teeth in rage.

"The little vixen! I'll teach her who is mistress at the LaVere mansion; she shall pay for this."

But Gwen did not trouble her aunt much during the days following, she was too much absorbed in her patient, to whose side she had finally induced the decrepit, old village doctor to come.

No one could long withstand the charm of Lee Leighton's manner, both alike honest, innocent and winning, and Doctor Sill had to admit that, being only a boy, he might not be so much to blame.

Leighton was not, in reality, near so young as he looked, but he did not undeceive them. Mammy Sue called him a "bressed angel," and Gwen, in her heart, echoed the words. Mose, too, was ready to do or die for him.

Meanwhile, Aunt Valeria raged; but all the satisfaction she got out of Gwen was—

"I am a LaVere and I mean what I say." And she seemed to.

Valeria was almost afraid of her, but she wrote long, complaining letters to her brother.

A fortnight passed and Doctor Sill pronounced his patient out of danger. Early one morning, when Gwen went to Mammy Sue's, she found Leighton dressed and sitting by an open window.

"Oh, you are looking splendidly, and Doctor Sill says you will soon be well," she said, blushing prettily, as she always did when he fixed those dark, fascinating eyes upon her. He smiled a little, then bade her bring a chair and sit close.

"Miss LaVere—may I call you Gwen just this once?"

She nodded, sitting very silent and demure, indeed, for Gwen LaVere; but her heart rioted about so that she felt stifled.

"What ails me?" she thought.

"Well, then, dear Gwen, you have behaved nobly; you are, in fact, a perfect heroine, and you have tried hard to save the life of an enemy. And now I want to tell you of a girl, barely eighteen, with a wealth of curls the color of the crocus flower, and lips and cheeks like roses. She lives away in the north, and even at this moment, I know, is waiting and watching for me—for me, her unworthy lover."

He paused, as every vestige of color had died out of his hearer's face, and she involuntarily pressed her hand to her heart.

"Dear, little friend, do not let my words pain you. I shall never see her face again, and yours will be the hand to smooth my dying pillow and send her word."

"Oh, Mr. Leighton! What do you mean?"

"I mean, Gwen, that Doctor Sill knows not what he is talking of. I am not getting better, as he seems to think. My days—my hours, for aught I know—are numbered."

At this poor Gwen burst into tears. He let her cry a little while, then gently besought her to listen to him.

"When I am gone would you mind writing to Clemmie telling her all about it?"

She sobbingly promised.

"Tell her to tell my folks, especially mother, that I longed to see them once again; but be sure and say, for me, that I lacked for nothing, that an angel ministered unto me. Tell them, too, that I was not afraid to die, that a soldier's God was with me."

Suddenly he seemed to collapse, and his head sunk low upon his breast. Gwen called Mammy Sue. In terror they got him on the bed and Gwen sent for the doctor. When he came he shook his head and looked perplexed.

"I did not expect this, but it must be that his nervous system was worse shocked than I supposed. His case is now hopeless; he will probably not last through the day."

A sudden thought aroused Gwen from her apathy of terror, and going to his side she whispered—

"Her name and address, Lee, tell me, or—"

One moment he looked in her face, vainly he tried to move his lips; there was a convulsive tremor, and all was over. Eagerly the poor girl sought in his pockets for some clue by which she might send his message. There were only two letters there, both in one envelope. The postmark on the latter was blurred and illegible, save the name of the state—Ohio. One of the letters began "Home, May 10, 18—." My own Soldier Boy:" and was signed "Your waiting, loving

Clementine." The other was headed "The Corners, May 16, 18—" and was signed "Mother."

Gwen's romantic course had roused great excitement in the village and two factions had formed, one siding with Aunt Valeria the other with her niece.

Mose and Mammy Sue wanted to have a "great funeral," but Gwen would not hear to it. Late the next afternoon she had them bury him on a sunny hillside belonging to her father, and she, Mammy Sue and the latter's daughter Liza were all who followed him to the grave.

Gwen wrote a number of times to "Mrs. Leighton, The Corners, Ohio," but all her letters were returned uncalled for, and she had to give up.

From the time Gwen mutinied until the war ended and her father came home there was strife between her and her aunt, and it was a pale, drooping maiden that greeted the returned soldier, instead of the rosy, rollicking Gwen that he left. Aunt Valeria had written him most exaggerated accounts of "the child's goings-on," and met him with a martyr's expression.

"What is all this row, darling?" he asked of Gwen when they were alone, "and why are you so thin and sad?"

She blushed a little at this, but throwing herself in his arms told, with sobs and tears, of all the trouble.

"But Valeria counted him a dangerous enemy; you know we all hate the detested Yanks, especially since they've beaten us—curse 'em!"

"Yes, but papa, suppose it had been you or Dick or Thad lying in a northern town dying of wounds and lack of water—"

Here she broke down completely and became quite hysterical.

"Well, well dear, of course you did perfectly right. There, now, don't worry so; Valeria must let you alone, you are quite nervous."

"And think of the poor mother waiting and watching all this time and not knowing her boy's fate!"

"But you say you have written and the letters came back unopened. What more can you do?"

"I do not know, papa, but it seems to me if I only could go there—to Ohio—I might find her."

"Hardly likely, but when things are in a more settled condition I may take you up there. Meanwhile, dismiss the matter, pet, and let us have the roses back."

Gwen smiled a little. She had never told anyone about Clementine—she could not.

There was a stormy interview between Justin La Vere and his sister, but Gwen was left in peace.

Five years sped by and still one thing and another had delayed the trip to Ohio; but Gwen held resolutely to her purpose to go. She was changed from the

pretty child of seventeen; she was more mature but not less lovely; nor was she wanting for suitors, but on all she smiled indifferently. Her heart had known but one king. She had loved the young soldier in the blue uniform from the moment she had rested her cool hand on his forehead and met the gaze of the dark, deep eyes, and that love abided with her; she could not forget nor learn to love another. And yet, she never thought of him as belonging to her; no, he was another's, he loved another. It made it hard, but with her "It were better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

But it came at last, the hour for which she had longed, and she and her father were northward bound. The latter had business in Philadelphia, but Gwen stopped in Cincinnati and engaged a detective to assist her in her search. At her hotel she made a great many friends, and finally went into the country as the guest of a lady whose husband had died recently and who was "so lonesome," and here the day observed as Decoration or Memorial day found her.

There were many soldiers buried in the village cemetery, and the strewing of flowers on their graves by loving, as well as stranger, hands was a solemn and noteworthy event.

Gwen watched the preparations with interest, all the while thinking of Clementine's lover, and longing to be at home that she might deck the lonely grave on the hillside.

There were music, banners, flowers, marching, singing, speaking, smiles and tears. To Gwen it brought strange, conflicting emotions. She could not be one of them, for she was the daughter of a rebel, and for aught she knew, a bullet sent by her father or brother might have laid some of these men low; and yet, there was a feeling of kinship, for Lee Leighton had been one of them, these were his people.

She had told her story to no one save the detective; even her friend knew nothing of the real motive of her "summer at the north," so in silence she watched and listened.

Her hostess was introducing some friends.

"And this is Mrs. Laymer; Clementine, my friend Miss LaVere."

Gwen paled and trembled as she heard the name and noted the blonde woman before her.

"Curls the color of the crocus flower and lips and cheeks like roses." How well she remembered the description, but she controlled herself by a mighty effort. The little party moved here and there, but Gwen never lost sight of Mrs. Laymer.

"Mrs. Laymer!" she kept saying to herself. "Can it be possible she has married!"

"I must speak with her, at all events," she told herself, and finally the chance came.

"Mrs. Laymer, may I ask if you ever knew a Mrs. Leighton?"

Clementine Laymer's face flushed crimson as she gasped out—

"Why, yes, I—I know her very well; she and my mother were old school mates."

"Did you know her son, Lee?" Gwen was pitiless, now.

Clementine reached out her hand and took hold of a willow bough by her side, answering in a low tone—

"Yes, I knew him; but why, may I ask in turn, these questions—were they friends of yours?"

Gwen was deathly white now and every nerve quivered. The hour had come of which she had dreamed day and night. She was standing face to face with Lee's betrothed and must tell her all. She shrank from it, however; Clementine was not quite what she had expected to find, not quite what Lee had seemed to think her.

"Let us walk a little way," she said, "I have a message for you—that is, if you are the 'Clemmie' Lee Leighton loved."

Mrs. Laymer was very white and trembled visibly.

"Did you know him? Can you tell me whether he is dead?"

Seated apart from the throng on a grassy ledge, Gwen told of his death and last request, told it all in a low, constrained tone that did not escape the notice of her listener, though the latter was sobbing bitterly.

"You must come home with me to-night and see his mother," she said; then, after a moment's silence, she continued—

"Yes, Lee and I were lovers from childhood, and had he come back when the war was ended I should now, doubtless, be his wife; but I waited a year and he did not come, so I married Mr. Laymer. One can not mourn forever, you know, though I felt terribly at the time."

Gwen looked away, repeating to herself, "One can not mourn forever." She seemed likely to.

"I say, Clem, what's all this?"

The voice was masculine and abrupt. Turning, Gwen saw a portly, flashily-dressed individual.

"Why, Walter, how you startle one! I thought you were not coming. Let me introduce you to my new friend, Miss LaVere; Miss LaVere, my husband."

Instinctively Gwen shrank from the bold, admiring stare and familiar handshake. Presently the gentleman turned again to his wife.

"What the deuce have you been crying about?"

"Nothing, much. Can't a woman cry when she's tired and out of sorts without being quizzed?" She spoke impatiently and evasively, then added—

"Miss LaVere is a friend of Mrs. Leighton, and is going out to The Corners with me to-night."

Gwen gladly went back to her friend until evening, when Mrs. Laymer sought her out. Gwen let the little deception stand that she was an old friend of Mrs. Leighton.

It was still early when they reached The Corners, as the cross roads was called in the neighborhood, and Gwen asked to go alone to Mrs. Leighton's. Clementine was only too willing that she should. The gentle rap at the door was answered by a tall, delicate-looking woman with silvery hair and dark, melting eyes—Lee's eyes.

"Are you Mrs. Leighton?" the girl asked.

"I am. Come in, please."

Gwen put out her hand and the next moment had burst into tears.

"Why, my dear girl, what is it, what ails you?"

Gently the elder lady had led her companion into the house and seated her in a cosy arm-chair.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Leighton, but I have looked forward to this meeting for years, and I bring a message to you from Lee."

"Lee! Lee!" cried the mother, falling on her knees before her. "Where is he—my boy, my idol?"

Impulsively Gwen threw her arms about her neck, sobbing—

"He talked of you that last morning, and said tell you the soldier's God was with him."

For hours the two women talked on, utterly heedless of time or surroundings, and Mrs. Leighton learned Gwen's secret, but the latter knew it not.

"I suppose it was unreasonable, but I could not help feeling hurt when Clementine married so soon, and before she knew that Lee was really dead," the mother said.

"How could she?" Gwen shuddered.

The girl spent a fortnight at Lee's old home, and a feast it was to her. Lee's home, his mother, Lee's pony, Lee's room and boyish belongings—how sacred they all were to her, and how much more he seemed all her own since she had seen Clementine. The latter seemed rather to avoid the farm at "The Corners," evidently feeling ill at ease with the two women; besides rumor said that her husband was terribly jealous at the mere mention of Lee's name.

When Gwen and her father returned home they were accompanied by Mrs. Leighton; and many were the hours spent by Lee's grave by the two women who truly loved him.

Mrs. Leighton sold her Ohio home soon after, for Mr. LaVere insisted that she remain south—as his wife. It made it pleasant for Gwen, and, then, together they could tend the grave of the one they both loved.

Aunt Valeria left in high dudgeon, declaring that that a dead Yank was bad enough, but a live one was worse.

VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

Fact and Fancy for Women.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

REACH THEM A HAND.

It is never too late, my dearie,
To reach downward a helping hand;
To heal some smart, or to cheer some heart,
Or help trembling feet to stand.

For people grow weary of sinning,
Or groping in darkness and night;
Of wrong's galling ties, of heart-aches, of lies,
And turn longing eyes to the right.

So reach them a hand, my dearie,
With a cheerful word and a smile;
If you only save one soul from the grave,
It will be well worth your while.

A half dozen merry-hearted women were drinking tea together one afternoon, when the conversation drifted around to husbands. Some advanced the reckless opinion that it was easier to win a husband than to keep him afterward. The question was discussed with considerable warmth on both sides. Finally, one—a gay, fashionably-gowned, coquettish-eyed woman whose husband, by the by, was known to be very attentive to other women when his wife was not present—leaned luxuriously back in her easy chair and said, with a little, soft wickedness in her eyes—

“The trouble is, my dears, you do not one of you know how to manage a husband.”

“O, Belle,” they all cried eagerly (her name, however, was not Belle). “Do tell us how to manage ‘em! We do so want to know!”

“Well,” said Madam Belle, with a shrewd look in her velvety eyes, “it is very simple. You must not let your lover or husband feel too sure of you. Make him understand that if he flirts, you will flirt to get even; if he stays out nights, you will find a place to go, also—and so on, right through. It is a great mistake to let a man know how much you think of him.”

We all looked at each other in silence, decidedly aghast at this novel and startling idea. Had we, then, been making such a monstrous mistake in the handling of the marital reins? Presently some one asked a little, demure woman over in the corner what she thought about it. We awaited her reply with breathless attention, because we all, away down in our hearts, felt the liveliest kind of envy because of the attention she received always from her husband. He seemed to possess the ideal husband-love—strong and passionate, pure and tender; never sentimental, but ever watchful and thoughtful of her comfort and safety; when his eyes rested upon her, there was always a tender, reverent expression in them; he might be deeply engaged in conversation with some one else, but let her drop a book or kerchief and it was restored to her almost before she observed it; he took off his hat to her on the street as courteously as though she had been—h’m—er—well, some other man’s wife; it was not in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant that he had ever been known to scowl at her—as we had heard in the vaguest kind of way that some men do. So it was only natural and to be expected that we should turn to her in an alert manner to hear how she managed this desirable husband.

“Why, to tell you the truth,” she said, with a sweet, reflective smile, “I had never thought of it before; but since you mention it, I must confess that my ideas on the subject are

directly opposite to Belle’s. I could neither love nor honor a man who did not trust me with his whole soul; who did not know that my every thought and hope was for him; who ever looked at me—even once—with a shadow of doubt or suspicion in his eyes. Woman’s nature is purer than man’s, and until he has been loved purely and passionately by a good woman he does not know what life holds for him. Arts and artifices and wiles may hold a man for a while in a nervous, uncertain way; but there is no tie under heaven—not even a little, innocent child—so strong to hold a man true and constant as a woman’s pure, deep, trusting love, and the knowledge that, however merry and light-hearted and fun-loving she may be, she is his, and his only. For myself,” and she smiled kindly at Belle, “I could not, in the first place, care for a man who required managing; nor for one who could not love me unless he felt as sure of me as the sands feel that the ebbing tide will come back again.”

Belle’s face was a study for an artist as she slowly put down her teacup, twisted her boa about her pretty, round throat, and rising, with a pitiful attempt at indifference and languor, declared that she was so sorry, but, indeed, she must leave us now.

Thrice blessed is the young girl who has a happy home; not a great, barren house in which to sleep and eat, but a real home where father and mother not only love her, but love, also, each other. If possible, give your daughter, first of all, such a home. Then teach her, by precept and example, to look on the bright side of life; not that the shower will follow the sunshine, but that the sunshine will follow the shower; that smiles will come after tears, kind words after harsh ones, sweet peace after great sorrow. Check in her any tendency toward nervousness, restlessness or feverish excitability. Cultivate in her a love of home and of home pleasures, but do not forget to see that she learns to do one thing, at least, by which she might earn a living if necessary, and to do it well, and to be proud of it. Teach her that true courtesy is not born of a desire to appear well, but of genuine kind-heartedness toward all. I saw a lovely young girl once, at whom one could not look without admiration and pleasure; she was white and soft and pure looking, with the loveliest color lying in her cheeks and lips; she was exquisitely dressed, and easy and graceful; she was one of those girls who look like flowers. But right while I was lost in admiration of her many charms and her apparent amiability, an old, country woman approached, with a heavy basket on her arm. She wore a queer, cotton gown and a faded, brown shawl, while her rustic bonnet was a veritable garden of many-colored flowers; but she had a timid, deprecating look, as though she knew how odd she was and hoped that no one would laugh at her. She was looking about her in a gentle, uncertain way, when suddenly she stumbled and dropped her basket. Out of it tumbled straightway a lot of odds and ends—hairpins, thread, scissors, parcels, oranges, and finally a ham sandwich. The young girl whom I had admired took in the situation at a glance, and, to my utter disgust and disenchantment, burst into a peal of heartless laughter and open ridicule. Trembling and blushing, the old woman stooped to pick up the parcels, when, to increase her confusion, her glasses fell off. There was a quick movement, and a little,

plain, homely girl whom I had not noticed stepped quietly to her and restored the glasses. "Let me help you," she said in a voice that, I think, must have seemed like that of an angel to the poor, old, lonely woman; and she deftly picked up everything—even the ham sandwich—and placed them in the basket. Teach your girl that it is an unpardonable sin to maliciously, or even thoughtlessly, ridicule any one. Try to make her understand that contentment is something that most rich men would give all their riches to possess. And, of all things, teach her to never excuse one fault in herself, but to be ever generous and lenient toward the faults of others. These lessons, well learned, will be like roses along her way.

Mr. George W. Childs says that the secret of success is "the doing good and being kind to others. It is so easy to set out right in this world, and to form character by training one's self to acts of generosity and kindness. Presently it becomes natural to do good and be unselfish."

This sounds pretty, but Mr. Childs makes the common mistake of successful people—he either forgets or takes it for granted that all circumstances are the same as those which attended his own "setting out" in life. It is *not* easy to set out right in this world for a good many of us; on the contrary, it is very difficult. That is the reason why we so often make mistakes that cause our hearts to ache ever afterward when we think of them. The rest of his advice is all right, of course; but take a child from the middle class whose parents are uneducated, easy moraled people—working, grasping, hoarding, with no thought save for "getting along" in the world; who is taught to eat and drink and sleep, and to say his prayers, yet who never hears a prayer said; that he must not swear, by parents who themselves swear and use coarse language; that he must not deceive, by parents who are openly deceptive; that he must neither lie nor quarrel, by parents who do both daily. You may find such children all about you. Is it "so easy" for them to set out right? Is it "so easy" for them to avoid mistakes and errors and wrongs? Is it "so easy" for them to form characters by training themselves in acts of generosity kindness? No; it is not easy. They may come to a comprehension of their mistakes as they grow older, they may work their way into the right and good path of life, and look back to their childhood, shuddering at the real dangers they so narrowly escaped; but the "setting out" is hard—hard and bitter and disheartening.

If those who are blessed with flowers would remember those who are not, they would brighten many a lonely hour. I have seen the faces of the roughest, coarsest men soften at sight of a flower; then, how much more must a refined woman-nature long for their sweetness and purity. O, you who have flowers, spare a few from your luxuriant gardens! Do not deem it a waste to pluck them to lie upon some restless, lonely bosom. Send them into little, close sewing-rooms where young girls sit, stifling, with all innocent pleasure crowded out of their lives; into dusty printing offices, where even men, stooping over their cases, will see the eyes of sister, mother or sweetheart looking out of a violet, reminding them of promises long forgotten and prayers long said; send them, if you can, into saloons—they are so pure that, even there, there is nothing that can defile them or harm them, and—who knows—they may do a little good; they may, like a pure, strong love that will not die, that will not give up or falter, by their very purity and breath of heaven, hold some man back from the brink of ruin, and steady his feet for a fresh start. And do not forget the tired mother who sits at home alone, working for the absent ones—often

without appreciation, often without remembrance, often without love; the dear, weary home-keeper who works for all, who bears the burdens for all, and who often and often can not see the work in her lap for the hopeless tears that well up to her eyes and fall down upon her tired hands. When she dies, the ones she has toiled for will cover her with flowers and kind words; but just now they are forgotten. So, you who have flowers, send her some now while she may enjoy them.

The Duchess of Aosta has the distinction of possessing the most elaborate mourning cloak that the genius of Paris could devise. It is made of very heavy, lustreless silk, trimmed with flat bands of the richest ostrich plumes, headed by bands of costly, dull jet.

Is one's sorrow to be gauged by the elaborate richness and originality of one's mourning costumes? Would it not be well to put aside the mockery of "grief clothes" altogether? It is only a barbarous fashion which, in many, many cases, outlives the grief of the wearer. What is so incongruous as a laughing face framed in habiliments of woe? Yet how frequently it is seen. It has become a hackneyed jest that the deeper the widow's mourning costume and the greater the length of her veil the sooner will she be reconciled. It is not in accordance with nature's laws that we should grieve always. After a time we must eat, drink and sleep; we must take up life's burden, and, for the sake of those about us, we must be cheerful and strive to throw off the selfishness of our sorrow. By and by, before we are aware of it, we will be smiling, we will be unconsciously leaning unto a new to-morrow in which our dead has no place save that of remembrance, and then—*then*—when we once more take pleasure in our friendships, in flowers, in music, in laughter, in life itself, our clothes of woe will arise and confront us with stern eyes of reproach.

A writer in a late number of a household magazine says: "Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly. Remember he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of the girls who has a sweetheart here, and one there, and gives a little love to this one, and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom has gone from the peach and she can not give him what he offers her."

The advice is beautiful—beautiful. But, O, if she had only stopped when she got to the peach! The last sentence is too utterly ridiculous. Can not give him what he offers her! Take a man and a woman whom the world calls good; let them love—marry, if you will—and tell me what gift does she receive from him that will in the smallest degree compare with the gift she makes to him. Let the women answer—down in their hearts.

"What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its power? It would seem to be simply this: To approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong."

O, certainly; but conscience is nearly always approving—sometimes, indeed, lauding us to the very skies. It is not her fault, though, that she does not censure oftener; it is ours, because we always persuade ourselves that whatever we do is right, while this same right in others would be wrong.

According to Mme. Modjeska, if a woman wishes to subdue the color in her cheeks she should wear a red gown or plenty of red ribbons about her throat; on the other hand, if she wishes to give her face a certain touch of color, let her wear red above her face, in hat or flowers. It may be added that no color so touches up and warms a sallow skin as deep, rich red.



MEMORIAL DAY—"Strew Nature's Choicest Blooms above their Bed."—See Page 679.

The Light Side of Life

I was detailed the other evening to report the play, "The Miner's Oath," which was on the boards at Cordray's. I took Jack Lawson with me. Jack had never been to a theatre before, having spent the last ten years of his life as a cowboy in Montana. Next morning I handed in the following report, which, though serious, was crowded out of the dramatic department into the "Light Side of Life."

"The Miner's Oath" is a clever bit of profanity in which the players seemed quite at home. They were never so earnest as when swearing. Mr. French, as Bob Lester, got there in great shape, not so much by virtue of his acting as that he is just so shaped he can not get there in any other way. He is well put up from the ground. Jack wanted to go up and shake hands with him at the close of the first scene, but I told him this was not the state of Montana. Miss Essie Tittell, as Mary Turrill, did pretty well considering that Mary Turrill did very badly. When Jack saw sorrow written in her sad, sweet face, he turned to me and said, "I now believe that bible story about the angel once falling." He drew his red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his suffused eyes, which for ten long years had looked out upon the gray stretch of plains and the distant, cold, white peaks—symbols of the barrenness and hardship of his recent life. Miss Minnie Tittell, as Grace Turrill, took all she could of a woman's part, leaving the rest. Her costume was about the only thing grown-up about her, and that was brand new and of recent growth. Jack said he thought she was playing a little ahead of her time, and that she was a regular heart breaker. I told him I didn't know how regular she was in that, but that I wished I was Sam Bolter—James Devlin—who seemed to have a lean on her chair. Josiah Briggs—George Berry—makes a good villain, and it doesn't seem put on, either. So realistic was his acting that Jack forgot it was a play and drew his six-shooter. I happened to see him in the act and caught his arm, and told him that Briggs was one of the nicest fellows in Portland. But for this George Berry would have made his final exit. You see, I was afraid he would hit Miss Essie. Mr. Gray, as Wing Lung, makes a first-rate heathen—something rarer off the stage than on it. Miss Marshall did herself nicely and Major Landon more so. The Major stumbled over some money and fell in love with her, and it was a great fall. Don't think he ever struck bottom. The villain, Josiah Briggs, was caught by Wing Lung finding his shirt. It was unfortunate he had on one when he slew Mark Meredith. It seems strange to me that no Wing Lung ever returns a fellow's boiled shirt unless a fellow be guilty. I forgot to say in the proper place that when Bob Lester knocked the villain down Jack cried, "Give him— Here I slapped my hand over Jack's mouth. I do not know what Jack was going to prescribe, but am satisfied he thought the villain desperately sick.

According to the recent decision of the federal supreme court, *Hell*, raised in other states, can be shipped into prohibition states so it be sent in in "original packages."

Every now and then we hear of a "coming poet," and it often turns out that all he lacked was an ability to arrive.

If the average letter were printed, it would make more interesting reading than many articles written especially for the press. A letter from a friend of mine to a friend of mine, and a friendly letter it is, begins thus: "How very early it gets late now. * * * How delightful everything seems just now. It is so pleasant out of doors, and everything looks so fresh and green that it makes even the practical member of our family try to think of something that rhymes with spring. There are some drawbacks to this sort of weather though. The house looks so dusty and dirty, and I guess the neighbors' homes look the same, from the mattresses out airing and the clouds of dust from carpets which 'can't be beat.'" I know you would like the whole letter; but I'm afraid I shall catch fits, without a remedy, for giving you so much of it.

RETIRED EDITOR (to applicant)—You say you have an amiable disposition?

APPLICANT—Yes, sir; here's my reference.

It ran: "This certifies that the bearer was in our newspaper office for three days, during which time no one had occasion to thrash him.—(Signed) THE GUNNER."

RETIRED EDITOR—Consider yourself employed.

A man was recently "fined" for going to sleep in a Russian theatre during the performance of a play. The wonder is he wasn't sent to Siberia or killed outright. He was fortunate, however, in being able to take a nap under such circumstances.

The *Snohomish Sun* asks whether George Francis Train is a genius or a crank. If the alternative must be chosen, we conclude the gentleman is a genius, for, it seems, no one can turn him.

A few days since the faculty and students of the Collegiate Institute, of Olympia, were taken to the insane asylum, at Steilacoom, by the steamer *Emma Hayward* on an excursion.

Few things add so much importance to a man as having been in a railroad accident.

UNKIND.

"I see our exchange has improved."

"How so?"

"There isn't so much of it."

QUITE A MISTAKE.

HE—Somehow I despise that fellow's looks.

SHE—And think! Only yesterday I mistook him for you.

SECOND CHOICE.

SHE—What do you take me for?

HE—Because you were left.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOLES.

Alas! Alack! 'Tis sad, indeed!
 What are we coming to?
 When no one seems to be at work
 Tho' there's so much to do.

The carpenter says he'll no more carp
 Till he gets eight hours a day;
 The bricklayer, like a setting hen,
 Has completely ceased to lay.

The mason's trowel hangs on the wall,
 A man of leisure he,
 As useless a mason as e'er was found
 In lodge of the "Ancient and Free."

The plasterer is plastic and will not set
 He is so badly mixed.
 The lather vows he'll lath no more
 Till the eight hour day is fixed.

Meanwhile the clock goes right ahead
 And works for twenty-four hours,
 And the almanac keeps up its lick,
 Mixing the sunshine and showers.

But soon this must end. The lather will lath,
 The bricklayer work on the block,
 The carpenter carp, the plasterer plast;
 And nothing will strike but the clock.

W.

Two young clerks in a publishing house in San Francisco, not having the funds to buy fifty cent tickets with which to go out to the cruiser *Charleston*, borrowed a small whitehall and went out independent of the tugs. As they came up alongside, the sea was heavy and drove them against the *Charleston* with a thud. Instantly a grizzled head in official uniform was thrust out from a near port hole. "Say!" said a gruff voice, "what are you two dodgasted hoodlums about? Do you want to stave a hole in the side of this vessel?"

A summer complaint—It's too hot.
 A health resort—Quinine.
 Ode to May—Whatever she claims.
 A rose—John, when his father went up stairs with a switch.

The *Big Bend Empire* pays the following rather dubious compliment to a recent federal appointee in Eastern Washington: "Joe, old boy, accept our congra'ulations. The virtuous are seldom rewarded."

The explanation of why George Francis Train was able to get around the world quicker than Nellie Bly is because Mother Earth is a woman.

It takes a full man for empty talk.

THE BLIND BOY'S REPLY.

The publisher relates a story full of pathos. A little, blind boy, of Detroit, Wash., was the happy recipient of a collection. One of the bystanders asked the little fellow to loan the money to him. "I would," replied the unfortunate, "but I don't know when I'd see you again."



NOT A PARALLEL CASE.

MR. OLDBOY—My dear, I think we ought to take Lucy and her husband back and forgive them for eloping.

MRS. O.—No.

MR. O.—You know your father forgave us in two days.

MRS. O.—Yes, but he thought I was sufficiently punished by marrying you.

COULDN'T STAND A LOAN.

GAZZAM—I never saw a man lose his strength as rapidly as Dolly did the other day.

MADDOX—How was that?

GAZZAM—I asked him to lend me ten dollars, when straightway he declared he was unable to stand alone.

WHAT "ORANGEBLOSSOM" IS DOING.

LARKIN—I haven't heard anything of Mulhatten for a long time.

GAZZAM—O, he's affidavit editor on a New York daily newspaper now.

A BETTER NAME.

"I see," remarked Fangle, "that a new and powerful explosive has been named extralite."

"Yes," said Cumso; when extra heavy would seem to be more appropriate."

HE WAS RIGHT, TOO.

"What do you think of it?" asked an old member of a secret society of a newly initiated one.

"O, it's all rite," was the reply.

GROUND JUST A LITTLE.

"What's that?" asked a man, referring to a dude whose arm had been crushed by a wagon.

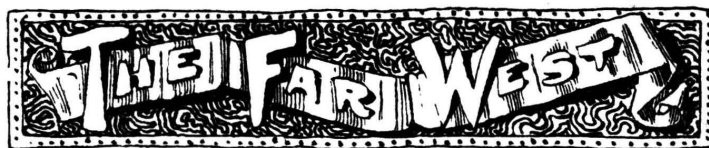
"That," was the reply, "is a ground swell."

ALL IT WAS.

MRS. CUMSO—What o'clock is it?

CUMSO—O, that is a mere question of time.

WM. H. SIVITER.



CHOTEAU COUNTY MINES.

The fact is now established beyond the domain of doubt that the Sweet Grass hills contain a large number of first class ore bodies, several of which are being rapidly developed into excellent mining properties. Specimens from the east butte indicate the existence of rich lodes of silver and copper in that district, and prospecting is being carried on with the object of definitely locating them. In a word, the evidences of great mineral wealth being locked up within these hills are so convincing that sales of mining properties at good figures are the rule and not the exception. What the hills now need is railroad connection with Fort Benton and reduction works in this city to treat the millions of tons of ores which will be extracted from its mines. With such means of transportation and facilities for reducing its ores the Sweet Grass hills would soon be developed into one of the first mining localities in the state. There is no question of this.

Here is an opportunity for Fort Benton which its enterprising citizens should not overlook. The place possesses all the prime essentials for a successful reduction plant—an abundance of water, water power if needed, and cheap fuel from contiguous coal fields. There is absolutely nothing to stand in the way of success in this direction. The means for building the road can doubtless be found in the millions of unemployed eastern capital which is seeking investment in reasonably hopeful enterprises. The hills are naturally tributary to this city, the richness and value of its mineral deposits are assured beyond doubt, the facilities for producing ores here are apparent, and the prospects for doing a prosperous business are unclouded. If these facts be properly presented to capitalists there can be little doubt about raising the necessary means to build the road and erect a reduction plant. The possibility of success warrants an effort in this direction upon the part of Fort Benton's citizens.—*Benton, Mon., River Press.*

Very little has ever been published regarding the Bennett coal mines in Skagit county, Wash., which are of more value to Nelson Bennett and his associates than all their railroads, store and steamboats put together. In fact the monetary value of these wonderful coal deposits runs up into the millions, and ere long thousands of men will be employed in mining and transporting the coal to salt water, from whence it will be shipped to every part of the globe. There are seven veins, running from two and a half to thirty-eight feet in width. All of these veins run from ten to twenty degrees north of west, and have been thoroughly proven by running drifts at right angles with the main drifts, tunnels and shafts of each coal vein. The company is putting in a good graded freight road to the mouth of the main tunnel, where a town is being laid out for offices, bunkers and miners. Each miner will have a home for himself and family, and a piece of land for a garden. The houses will be one hundred feet apart each way to give ample protection from fire. The company is at work clearing the site now. The main tunnel will be 1,000 feet long, tapping five veins, and connecting with air shaft tunnel No. 1, four hundred feet below the surface, which will give plenty of ventilation to the mines for a long time. The tunnel will be large enough for a double track for the empty and loaded coal cars to pass each other.

At the mouth of the main tunnel will be erected immense coal bunkers, to which the Fairhaven & Southern railroad has already located a road to connect with the main line. The company has a sawmill, which will be put up near the town site. Superintendent Jennings, of the Bennett mines, has opened six coal veins within two years, and is, without doubt, the best authority on coal formations in this county. Mr. Jennings says that within six months he can furnish the bunkers with 1,000 tons of coal per day from the big vein alone. All of the coal has been pronounced by chemists to be of a superior quality of bituminous coal, and by a practical test makes an excellent quality of coke. Bennett has also purchased the Connor iron and coal mines, and the development of these mines will be under the charge of Mr. Jennings, who will push the work as rapidly as possible. When all of these mining enterprises are in full blast, what an immense amount of wealth it will add to our grand county!—*Skagit News.*

There was great excitement at Murray on Sunday when the new strike near Sullivan was made public. S. W. Darling and George P. Carter, locaters and owners of the Barton claim, three and a half miles east of Murray, on the south side of Prichard creek, after long and persistent work, struck a body of ore that proves beyond a doubt that the north side will become as noted for its lead and silver ores as the camps on the south fork. The ledge has been uncovered for over 1,500 feet, is from two to ten feet in width on the surface, and is extremely rich in carbonates, galena, crystalized lead and silver. Experts claim that the ore will go over forty per cent. in lead and very high in silver. This discovery, in connection with that of George Chapman, on the Forsaken group, which, by the way, is a parallel one and shows the same ores, demonstrates the fact that there is an immense silver and lead belt crossing Prichard creek.

Mr. John A. Finch, of Gem, said: "It is an immense thing, and insures a railroad up the North Fork. In fact, I have seen no better surface showing in the Cœur d'Alenes, unless, perhaps, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan."

A very rich strike was also made in the Nellie, about one mile from the Osburn, on Saturday last. Messrs. Alger and Knight were running an upraise from number four tunnel and uncovered a body of ore twenty-five inches wide and heavily charged with native silver, so much so, in fact, that the surface of the specimens seen by us were literally covered with it. The ore is chiefly gray copper, and assays up into the thousands.—*Cœur d'Alene Statesman.*

Although much has been written concerning the Oro Fino mining district, there is still a vast number of people whose attention has never been directed to the promising prospects being developed in this new district which are worthy of extended mention. The town of Champion, so frequently brought to public notice within the last year, seems to have received but little attention outside the radius of the Champion mine, from which the town derives its name and distinction. The Gospel mountain, upon the crest of which the town and mine are situated, also contains the greater proportion of the mineral deposits of the Oro Fino district, and is an inexhaustible store-

house of wealth, practically unexplored as yet. It is the general opinion of mining men of large experience that eventually this district will develop into one of the richest mining sections in this country. What is needed most, however, is outside capital, and plenty of it. The prosperity of this camp depends almost entirely upon the success of the working of the Champion mine, it being the only producer as yet, and naturally the very life of the district. It was incorporated in 1888. The equipment of this company consists of a 1,000 feet capacity hoist and a twenty-stamp mill. The shaft has now reached the depth of 400 feet. The Champion shipped three bars of bullion from the mill last week, amounting to over \$3,500. There are many other promising properties here which are practically only prospects as yet, but destined to develop into producers before long.—*Helena Independent*.

Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday in the county clerk's office of the Montana Western & Pacific railway company. The incorporators are J. R. Boyce, Jr., Green Majors, J. H. Curtis, C. H. Palmer, Thomas Couch and Willard Thompson, all of Butte, and D. Cohen, Jr., F. A. Wyman and R. R. Rae, of Anaconda. The object of the corporation is to construct and maintain railroads and transact business along the line of such roads. The capital stock is named at \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$100. The road named to be constructed is to extend from Anaconda, the starting point, and built westerly to the Bitter Root range of mountains, thence northerly to the city of Missoula. The next meeting of the board of directors, which consists of the gentlemen named as incorporators, will be held in Anaconda on the 11th day of August, 1890, and annually thereafter.—*The Missoulian*.

The vessel being constructed on Snake river to ply between Huntington and the mining districts down the river, has been christened *Norma*. She is 175 feet long, thirty-five feet beam, and 300 tons capacity. The builders are Albert Kleinschmidt, of Helena, and Jacob Kamm, of Portland. The *Norma* is designed chiefly to transport the ore of the Albert Kleinschmidt copper mine, in the wonderful Seven Devils district, to the Union Pacific railroad at Helena. She will also carry passengers, mail and freight for Mineral, Pine Creek, Cornucopia, Ruthburg and other points on both sides of Snake river. She will be commanded by Capt. J. D. Miller and will be completed early in June.

One of the largest sales of mining property ever effected in this country was closed a few days ago at Oroville, Cal. The sale embraces the Cape, Union Cape and Greek mining companies' property in the bed of the Feather river, commencing at the southern boundary of the town and extending up the river nearly two miles. The upper ground was formerly known as Cape Claim, and was flumed in 1868, at which time \$1,000,000 was taken out. An English company are the purchasers. The company proposes to open a vast tract of adjacent country by a great irrigating canal.

From S. E. King we learn that good mines are being worked near the mouth of the Grande Ronde river, about the boundary line between Oregon and Washington. A steamer recently came up the Snake river to a point near the mines, and a quantity of the ore was shipped off to be worked. Recent discoveries in this new district are said to be valuable, and doubtless the old question of building a wagon road from this point to the mouth of Grande Ronde river can now be profitably revived.—*Wallowa Chieftain*.

The Tramway lode claim has been bonded for a large amount by Robert C. Burton. The property is owned by "Doc" Darkin and William J. McNamera, and adjoins the Mountain view and the Anaconda properties on the east. Since Mr. Burton bonded the Tramway he has been engaged exposing the vein by means of cuts along the surface extensions of the two great ledges that pass through the Mountain View. There is no mistaking this fact. Besides the vein matter itself, the hanging and footwalls of the veins are plainly visible in the surface cuts, which have been made in several different places. The south vein is about thirty-five feet wide, and the north one about thirty feet. There has never been any attempt made to open up the Tramway and make a mine of it, although it is a better location than many of the developed mines of the camp. It is in the very heart of the copper belt. The two Colusas with their mammoth veins of copper-silver are on the north; the Rarus directly south and the Mountain View west. It is estimated by conservative men that there are, at least calculation, 800,000 tons of ore in sight in the Mountain View alone, and the property is being only prospected. In the Rarus a large body of ore was recently encountered in the 400-foot level, since which time shipments have been regularly made. It has been patent to mining men for years that the property bonded by Mr. Burton was valuable ground, and many of them have endeavored at various times to bond it. Burton, however, has for seven months been cognizant of the existence of the two large veins on the property; has worked incessantly for the end he has achieved, and deserves to make the million dollars, which is the lowest of its value.—*Butte Miner*.

Bogoslov, the Alaskan volcano, is again in eruption. The eruption began on February 10, and has continued at intervals. On the 17th and 22d there were signs of great activity, smoke and flame pouring from the lofty and lonely crater and rising to a great height. The sky for weeks was clouded with ashes, and these fell in literal showers in the town of Illiuriuk, forty-four away miles to the eastward. Just twelve miles back of the settlement, and between it and Bogoslov, rises the volcano of Makurhiu, 5,691 feet high. That the eruption of Bogoslov could be seen over this lofty obstruction gives some idea as to the height to which the smoke and ashes rose. Professor Davidson, of the coast survey, estimates that the volcanic pillar must have been sent up to a height of at least four miles above the sea. Captain Everett, of the steam whaler *Orca*, passed near the scene soon after the eruption. He stated that four new islets, each detached but near the volcano island, had risen from the depths. As the ocean bottom right off Bogoslov sounds 844 fathoms, and there is a depth of 1,200 fathoms about twelve miles away, an idea may be gained of the tremendous energy required to raise an islet from the ocean bottom to and above the surface. It is understood that the eruption had somewhat subsided when the news was sent from Illiuriuk towards the latter part of April. Bogoslov is above, or northwest of, the general curve on which the Aleutian islands are located.

Some little excitement has taken place in the past few days about some specimens of ore which have been taken from the mountains near this city. If some of our citizens who have the staying qualities would form a prospecting company, with a reasonable amount of money, and employ two or three men, and send them out in the mountains, and let them prospect the entire country, they would be amply rewarded for their outlay. And as sure as this is done by competent men, we feel sure of some good paying mines. The different specimens that the *Courier's* mining man has seen assure him that rich mines are somewhere in the hills. Get together and start the ball to rolling. About the first of June is a good time to start out.—*Goldendale Courier*.

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He is king indeed who has much royal good will.—*Salem Evening Journal*.

Emile Zola answered an offer to come here and deliver forty lectures at \$250 a night, by asking: "Where and what is the United States?" He should have been told that it is a country that pays the highest prices in the world for freaks and monstrosities.—*Boston Pilot*.

"It just beats all. I never saw the like."

"Like of what?"

"The sickness that water causes in prohibition states."—*Ashland Press*.

"There will probably be some persons we don't care for in heaven," says the *Journalist*. But don't stay away on that account.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

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It was in the campaign of 1889, in Western New York. The orator stalked forth: "My subject, fellow citizens," he said, "is tariff reform; but before I begin let me impress upon you—let me fix firmly in your minds—that 'in the beginning the Lord made heaven and earth.' Yes, fellow citizens, the Lord made heaven and earth. I say this now, once again, for to-morrow night our republican friends are coming to speak here to you, and they will try hard to prove that it was the protective tariff."—*Life*.

KIND OF DONKEY HE PREFERRED.

ALGIE DUDSON (who has been carrying little Tommy on his shoulder)—There, Tommy, how did you like that?

TOMMY—Pretty good; but I had more fun the other day riding on a real donkey.—*Light*.

MAN WANTED SALARY \$75 to \$100, to locally represent a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of tact, Salary \$40, to enroll members (\$5,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References. Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1610, N. Y.

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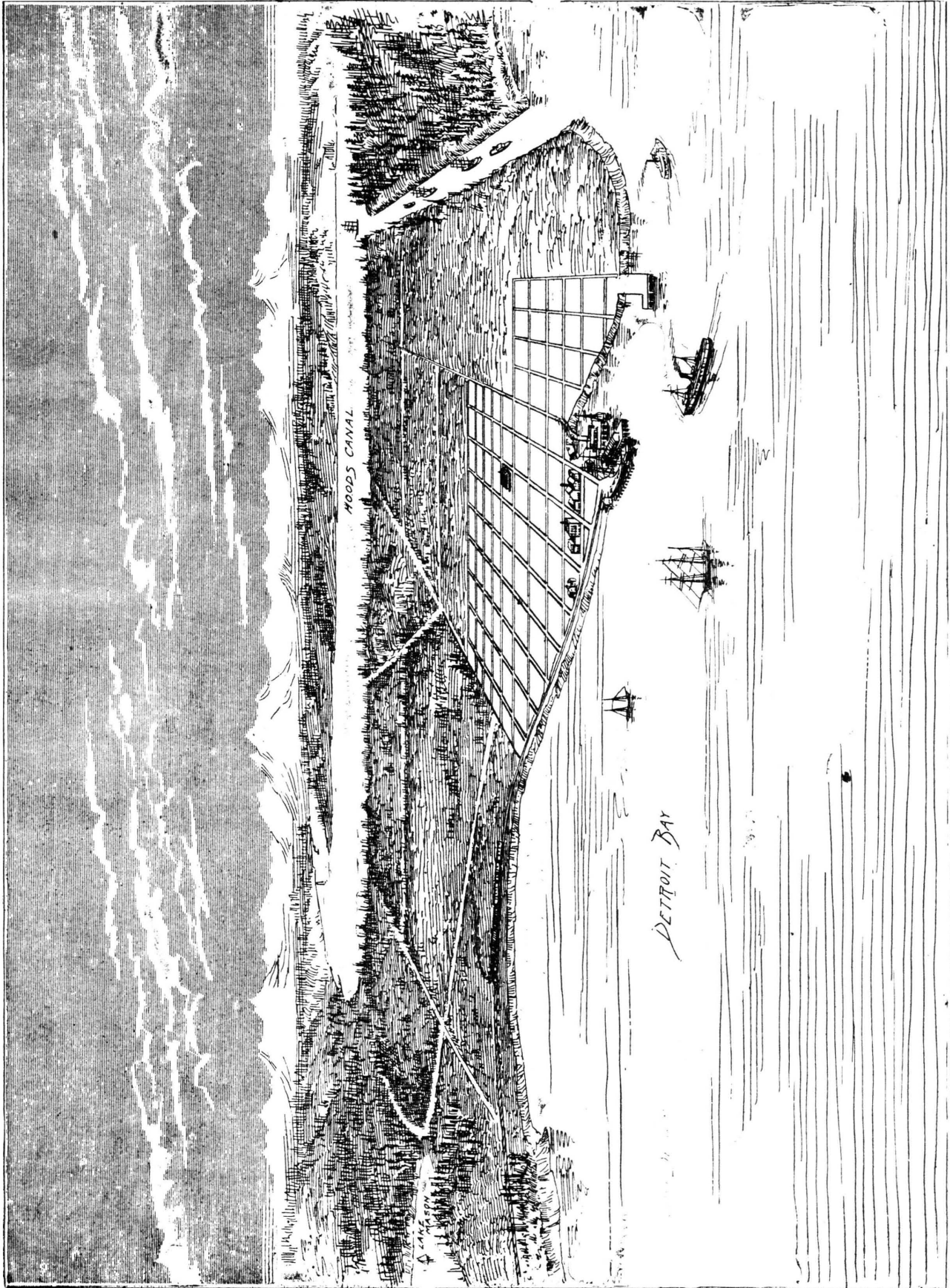
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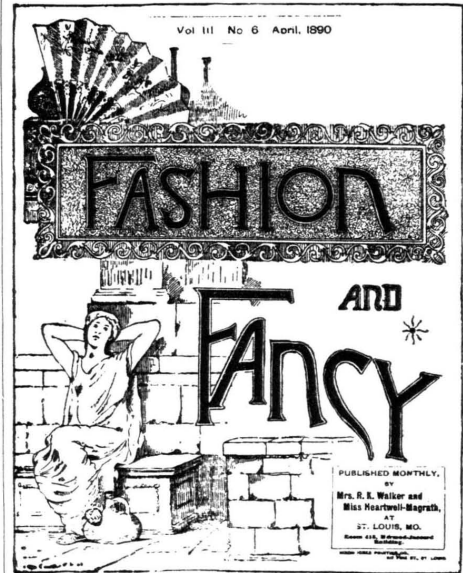
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State.....	Friday	" 6
Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 10
Columbia.....	Saturday	" 14
State.....	Wednesday	" 18
Oregon.....	Sunday	" 22
Columbia.....	Thursday	" 26
State.....	Monday	" 30

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Oregon.....	Tuesday	" 17
Columbia.....	Saturday	" 21
State.....	Wednesday	" 25
Oregon.....	Sunday	" 29

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San Fran.....	7:00 p. m.	Portland.....	10:45 a. m.
Local Passenger Daily, (Except Sunday).			
LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland.....	8:00 a. m.	Eugene.....	2:40 p. m.
Eugene.....	9:00 a. m.	Portland.....	3:45 p. m.

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Corvallis.....	1:30 p. m.	Portland.....	6:20 p. m.

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St. Paul.....	7:30 p. m.

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Milwaukee.....	7:25 a. m.
Chicago.....	9:00 a. m.

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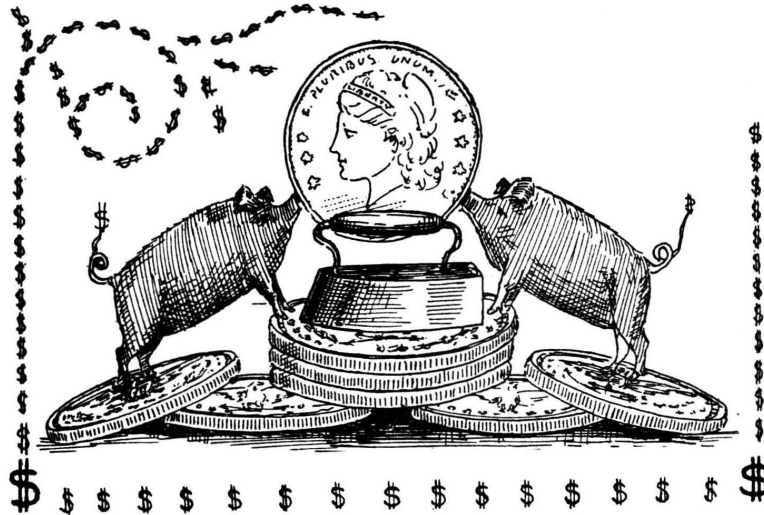
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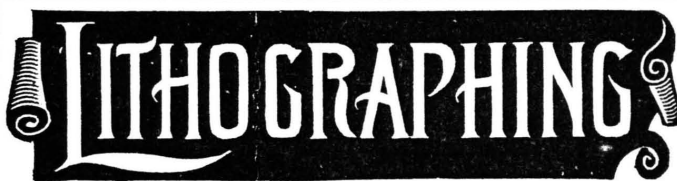
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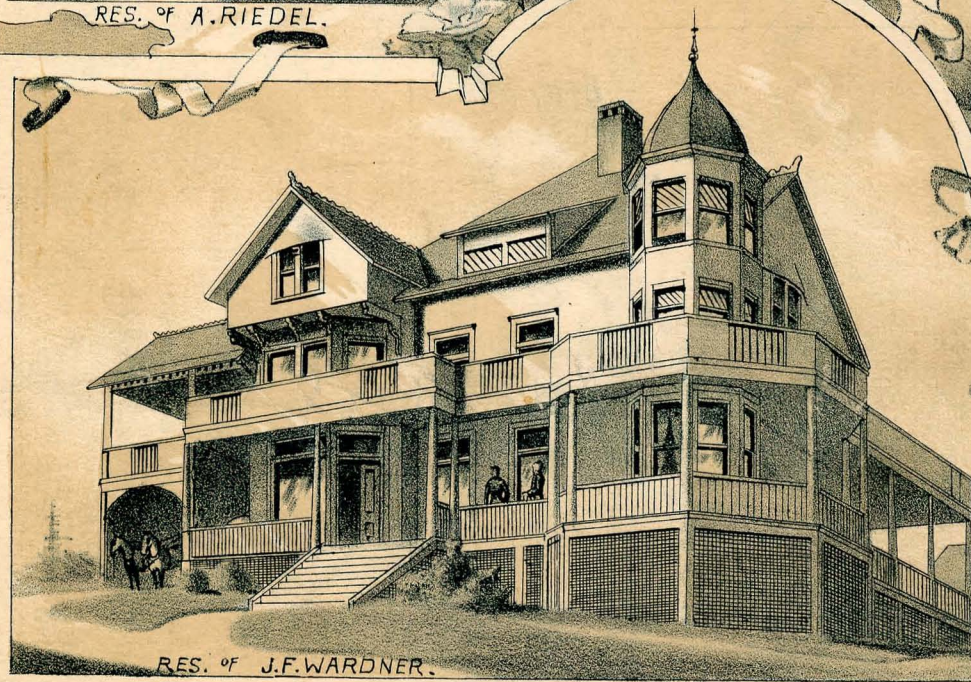
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