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7:30 A. M. Lv Portland At 8:30 P. M. 12:15 P. M. Lv Corvallis At 12:50 P. M.

"When My Ship Comes In."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song. "I'll have things shall I do With the strength of my wealth and the joy of my throng. Of friends and un-learned true!" He watches and waits "neath storm and sun By the side of his life's broad sea, And he says of his youth are quickly run, Yet never a sail splices he.

ESQUIMAU TOYS.

HOW THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE NORTH AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Dolls of Bone, Wooden Wallems with Fierce Mustaches, and Ghostly Birds with Unobscured Dignity.

Did you ever see a group of children get together on the sidewalk and play the fascinating game of "Esquimaux"? It is not unlike the "Muffin Man," but then it requires different words, and so it certainly is another game entirely.

All the youngsters gather in a ring and slowly jig around and around while half of them shrill in a queer sing-song:

Oh, do you know the Esquimaux? The Esquimaux, The Esquimaux, Of ice and snow, Of ice and snow, Of ice and snow, Of ice and snow.

Then the whole band hop solemnly in simulation of the supposed antics of the Esquimaux.

The funniest part of it all, according to a gentleman who has recently returned to the city from the Esquimaux regions, is that the little Esquimaux youngsters have an almost identical game—singing an odd little tune of their own and going through queer antics, unsubstantiated by any exact representation of the children of the far-away North.

You would think that so much of the little Esquimaux time would be spent trying to keep the city from being spoiled by great deal for play. But those little far-clad tots in the ice and snow are having more fun than a circus and summer vacations rolled into one.

They tag around after their male relatives just as the small boys do here, and they dig their sub-nosed mamma almost to death by stealing off among the icebergs in a little bit of a tippy cranky way when a bigger boy shouts "Polar bear!" They shriek to their relatives, just as if they lived in a California street or somewhere in the mission.

The Esquimaux small boy is amazing, like other small boys. He's round-faced and brown-cheeked and chubby beyond belief. He wears queer garments of skins and of leathers. He doesn't know what a hat is, and he wears a point of candy or a dish of terebinth in his life, and he never hears of a baseball game, but he's lots like other boys for all that.

As for the girl, she is precisely like the faintest notion how good whole's blubber is. She knows just the same kind of games. When one brown tot goes visiting another brown tot she brings her favorite doll with her, and then she sits right down in the dark little hut and begins to "play house."

That doll of hers is a strange-looking being. It has a flat face made of wood or bone, and it has a joint of arms and legs, not a joint in the face, and it's a lucky doll that has a hair on its head; but little Miss Esquimaux never thinks of a thing, and she turns its head, but Miss Esquimaux doesn't mind that a bit. She just dresses and undresses her and whips her and cries over her dreadful misdeeds quite as if her name was Maude.

Albeit Van Buren instead of the unpronounceable thing in consonants and a grant. She has a good many goods, too, like little Miss Esquimaux. Why, there's a pair of shoes, and a pair of stockings, and her outer sledge get-up, and her sealskin cloak, and finest of all her feather dress. Pretty things they are, these gay skin garments. They are wonderfully made, delicately sewed, and sometimes they are wondrously embroidered with quills from the fretful porcupine.

Those bright little beetle boys have never heard of Noah's ark, but they have a substitute for it, and that is a wooden box with wheels and animals among their toys. Wooden wallems, with fierce mustaches, and ghostly birds, whose unbending dignity suggests the splendid reserve of those familiar patriarchs, Shen Han, and Japhet, so distinctly that you look around for the little green trees and spotted dogs that always stand guard over the ark.

They don't have trains of cars to play with, those blue-nosed chivers; they wouldn't know what to do with them if they had, but they have a jolly substitute. There's a tiny sledge of bone, drawn by four sleigh-like dogs, and there are bold forerunners going on before and daring hunters walking nonchalantly behind. There's a toy for you. There's something even better than that, though. There's a regular Santa Claus of a doll, sitting in a sledge and driving four beautifully snarling dogs.

When the long winter dark comes on the boys sit in the low huts and make tiny boats of fish skin cunningly stretched over a skeleton of firm wood. While they are tinkering away at these pretty boats the smaller sister sits beside them on the bearskin and make soft little foot hoots for her doll.

The mother is close by making notes or trimming a robe with a delicate border of porcupine quills. She can tell the loveliest fairy tales, and that little bit of fat, roly-poly mother—

How She Served the Summons.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a lawyer's office the other day and asked for work. "What can you do?" "Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this summons."

"I might," said she. "May I look at it?" "If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all posted. However you may try it. You can afford to lose a little conceit, and the lawyer smiled grimly.

"At 10 the next morning the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in again. "Thought you'd give it up, eh? Found him too slippery for you?"

"The paper is served," said she. "He went there to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair. "Served the— How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. I called at his place of business, looked around, and found some materials and then asked if he was in."

"No," said the salesman, "but I can do as well." "I think not," I said quietly. "He has served me before, and he understands just what I want."

"Oh, in that case you might call at his house. He will be in to dinner." "I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my name, and he appeared promptly."

"Mr. —" said I, rising. "Yes, you wished to see me on business?" "I hear you are interested in property in the street?"

"Well, I have a paper which will interest you concerning it," offering him the summons, which he took with a smile. He looked at it and flushed crimson. "Oh, I. Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door."

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment. —N. Y. World.

Not a Happy Lot

"I'll tell you of a curious device or two for evading the law that would make you feel creepy if you were to put on my badge and go into some back street and appear behind the counter, then put it back and defend him to find it. And he couldn't either."

"If you go into a place to get a drink, and a bartender had taken a bottle from someone behind the counter, then put it back and defend him to find it. And he couldn't either."

"There is one place where the officer, as he enters, is pitched down through a trap-door into the cellar, and he is coming up again the stuff is poured into the sink and ammonia kills all traces of it."

"He got his license. "Boss, is this here place where yer boys licenses get pitted, married by?" asked a young negro of Clerk Meigs at the city hall yesterday afternoon.

"This is the place, young man," the general clerk replied. "What is your name?" "Taint for myself dat I wants it for. 'Deed yer wrong dar, boss. I wants it for fer ren of mine over in Georgetown, where is gon' ter marry Liza Jones, de girl de dar an' de law again marry'n' Fridays. Sim Smith, he 'lows dat dar is. But I tol' him dat law didn't teen Georgetown folks, nowise. An' he right, ain't I, boss?"

PRIVATE SECRETARIES.

"Never be any man's private secretary. It will land you for all work of responsibility."

So said the president of one of the largest banks in this city to a reporter one day last week. Perhaps this is good advice, and it is well heeded by a young man who intends to enter some commercial pursuit, says the N. Y. News; but in the business of practical politics the private secretary stands a remarkable good chance for advancement provided that he is made out of the right kind of material, and if he is not successful there is no start in life that will do him any good.

Col. John Hay, the author, poet, and editor, made his first reputation as one of the private secretaries of President Lincoln. He subsequently married the daughter of Amasa Stone, a many times millionaire of Cleveland, O., and she has since then been one of a source of gratification that of income to him. John G. Nicolay owes whatever of greatness he can lay claim to his service as chief private secretary to President Lincoln.

Another well-known ex-Private Secretary Col. Daniel Lamont. Although he may, and probably is, a millionaire and a potent factor in the big white Standard Oil building, he is always remembered as the chief man in the office of the white house during Mr. Cleveland's incumbency of that historic mansion.

Being a private secretary certainly has ruined him in work of responsibility. In other lines of business than politics the private secretary does not fill so large a place. With the exception of Horace C. Duval, who is the private secretary of Chaney M. Depew, it would be difficult to recall the name of a single private secretary to a commercial man who is generally known to the public of this city. There are, however, a few instances of men not even in the largest corporations, who are generally known.

Mr. Rockefeller's private secretary may be a very important man in the big Standard Oil building, but when the public hears anything about Mr. Rockefeller or his doings, the information comes from his direct, or from one of his brother officers. When it comes to the Wall street private secretary it is not in it."

It is rare, too, to find in the business part of this city many successful business men who started out in active life as private secretaries. The business man is secretive, as a rule, and does not confide his secrets to his private secretary. He needs some one to represent him in minor matters, to run errands, to buy groceries, to handle his ordinary correspondence. The important letters the shrewd business man answers himself. The important ones he sends himself in cipher to the proper authorities, but he tends to do the business man in person.

The private secretary in such a place, if he be shrewd and has tact and good sense, is not a man of fixed value. He is invaluable about as a private secretary, but he never will be promoted to a post of higher responsibility and trust. He is too much of a man of the world, and he knows everything that any one wants to know, but he is still a private secretary and he always will be one and his salary today is just \$15 a week and that was thirty-five years ago.

Gave Orders to the King of Corea.

Arthur Fraser of Philadelphia—Capt. Lee, who died suddenly at the Hoffman house the other day, you remember, was one of the most intrepid of men. He once ordered the king and cabinet of Corea off their own parade ground because they tried to dictate to him concerning the Korean troops.

Half way through the shanty-door my strength gave out, and I could go no farther. Again dislodging the ants and tightening my bandages, I settled myself to await the coming of the boys.

It seemed an hour since I had signalled them, the pain made me drag so. Would they never get there? Surely it was time I heard them, any way; and yet there was no sound of them. My throat was dry, and pains—first dull, then sharp and agonizing—shot through my wound. Altogether, I had never before so longed for the presence of my fellow-beings.

Raising myself upon one elbow, I looked eagerly in the direction of the sound to see who the first comer was, and saw—no man, but a panther!

The sleek, tawny brute was coming slowly toward me, his head so low that his nose seemed to touch the ground as he came. Wonderfully I looked closer, and then I understood his strange movements. He was following my trail, from the place where I fell when shot, and was lapping the blood which marked my course.

What my fate would be, when he reached me, unless the boys got there first, it was not at all difficult to guess. The gnawing of the vicious ants was now forgotten.

I had no thoughts now eyes for anything but the panther. Weak as I was, I managed to keep my head elevated, first on one arm and then on the other, so I could watch every movement of his approaching foe.

When he was within ten feet of me, I began counting the seconds which were likely to elapse before he reached my wounded side.

No longer felt the pains in the wound—I was only conscious of one thing in the universe—the panther. Fear and horror came to me, with a pang of regretfulness as to how far away the source of his enjoyment might be. At last, either a glimpse at me, or a sudden realization that he was uncomfortably near the abiding-place of man, caused him to pause and settle backward on his haunches, with a slight growl.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

Love is dead: Give him burial like a king, Let the minister death bells ring, And with sable hang the wall For a monarch's funeral.

At his head Lay what he also made dear, April's sunshine and his tears, May's bright blossoms with their And midsummer's golden morn.

At his feet Put all sweetness once was his, Key-blossom and rapunzel hair, And the daisy's golden ray, That a lover once found fair.

Looking out I saw a flock of ducks, some five hundred yards away, swimming and fluttering about, as if half-mad at the joy of new-found water.

For an hour I had been wondering what new dish I could surprise the boys with, at supper-time, and here now was my very chance, close at hand.

Catching up a shotgun and a few loaded cartridges, I went a little way down the lake-shore, where my game would be in easy reach.

So intently were my eyes fixed upon the ducks that I did not see a low-lying snarl of wiry vines, just before me. Catching my feet in them, I was thrown face downward upon the ground, so violently that one barrel of my gun went off, the charge tearing an ugly hole in my right thigh.

A sickening sense of pain and weakness swept over me, but by making powerful resistance, I escaped losing consciousness.

Though mortally wounded, a torrent of blood rushed out of my lacerated member, which I staunches as well as I could with shreds and bandages, torn from my flannel hunting-shirt.

Then I reflected upon the situation. In an hour the boys would come to my rescue, as it was a strict regulation of theirs to get back to camp at sunset. But to stay where I had fallen, until then, was out of the question; for the ground was covered with myriads of ants, which would devour me in a few minutes.

Brushing off the murderous ants, which were causing me the most excruciating agony by setting their strong jaws in the edges of my wound, I again pressed on toward camp, leaving a trail of blood behind me as I went.

The sleek, tawny brute was coming slowly toward me, his head so low that his nose seemed to touch the ground as he came.

Wonderfully I looked closer, and then I understood his strange movements. He was following my trail, from the place where I fell when shot, and was lapping the blood which marked my course.

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A LONG MOMENT.

Copyright 1911, by The United Press. It was my day in camp for the first time, in that quarter of the Adirondacks, to leave one of my possessions very long unattended.

For an hour I had been wondering what new dish I could surprise the boys with, at supper-time, and here now was my very chance, close at hand.

Catching up a shotgun and a few loaded cartridges, I went a little way down the lake-shore, where my game would be in easy reach.

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Women's World.

Old-Time Babies Were Happy. Me. FURRO: One would think, on reading an article on "Fortunate Babies" in the Sunday Chronicle of Dec. 29, that it is a marvel that there are any babies now and that the ancestors of the babies of to-day did not all perish from neglect before they grew large enough to wear short dresses.

The Chronicle's correspondent runs on in the following style: "Time was when the baby was relegated to a very inferior position—when he was required to take a back seat, as it were. He or she, as the case might be, was regarded as a sort of necessary nuisance, on whose account or for whose behoof it was not incumbent that any adult should for a moment discompose himself."

"Instead of having a nurse to care for it, or instead of receiving the constant attention of members of the family, it would have been crowded to one side and left largely to its own devices. Instead of the handsome rattle or the ornamental wooden rocker or cradle it had a clumsy sort of ark, made of rough lumber, with a great, ugly wooden seat over one end, and mounted on low rockers, in which it was roughly rolled to and fro until syncope set in and there was a period of something called sleep, but which in reality more closely resembled the effects of a temporary paralysis of the brain."

"When the infant of fifty years ago was taken out for an airing, does any one suppose that his majesty was enthroned in one of those poems in upholstery and wickerwork that are now to be found in the great baby carriage establishments all over the land? Far from it."

"Instead he was in good luck if he were the owner by hereditary descent of a clumsy two-wheeled cart without springs or cushions, into which he was dumped unceremoniously and bumped over the stones and holes at the imminent risk of his tender limbs and fragile bones."

"Instead of a patent adjustable sunshade, made of silk and fringed and embroidered in gorgeous shape, a hideous sunbonnet, about seventeen sizes, was wrapped around the infant's head, and thus attire he was dismissed with scant ceremony to take his chances with the calves and geese and other farmyard occupants."

"When the luckless youngster, by the advent of a companion in misery, was forced to abandon his coffin-like hooded cradle, was he given one of those handsome pieces of art in polished brass that adorn the nurseries of to-day? By no manner of means. A 'trundle-bed' made of rough boards, with a tick filled with straw and covered with patchwork quilts of the log-cabin, sunrise, hit-or-miss, or no pattern at all, was the luxurious couch upon which he reposed his aching limbs, this trundle-bed by the way usually accommodating anywhere from two to half a dozen of the smaller members of the family."

"Contrast the toys and playthings of the babe or child of the last generation with those of which there is such a superfluity for the enjoyment of the modern infant. A doll made of rags, a broomstick, a box of rough blocks, did duty for an entire family in those times. But the baby-jumpers, the perambulators, the adjustable high-chairs, the thousand and one things now made for the use or pleasure of the infant fall testify to the high estimation in which that individual is held and the prominent place that has by common consent been accorded him in every-day life."

I cannot agree with the writer of the Chronicle's article that the babies of the present day have anything more to be thankful for than those of the happy days of old. The mothers of old times, instead of regarding their babies as a "sort of necessary nuisance" loved them with a love as strong as any mother now can feel, and cared for them better than the mothers of to-day could do if they would. There were strong, healthy mothers in those days, who would think nothing of picking up the baby and walking three or four miles through the woods for an afternoon's chat, who carried, spun and knitted or did all the household work; who supplied nature's food to the little one from a healthy body and could not have been persuaded to trust him to the hands of a hired nurse."

The baby's rough cradle, those days was as much an abode of bliss and a haven of rest to him as the most artistic contrivance of to-day could be, and instead of being spoiled and pampered and brought up a dependent, helpless dandy or dudine, he grew up a sturdy man or woman, broad-chested, big-lunged, well-knit and stupp.

The stout-hearted six or seven-foot men of revolutionary and later days were the product of the old-time treatment. Pity we couldn't exchange a few millions of the fat-chested, can-snacking, cigarette-smoking little twoglegged nuisances produced by the modern style of bringing up babies for as many men like those of the olden time. The proof of a pudding is in the eating. By their works we may know them. Contrast the procession of stunted, pale-faced runts one sees on the streets of any of our cities to-day with the healthy, well-developed manhood of the past and ask yourself if the modern has more to be thankful for than had George Washington and his contemporaries in those days when he chopped the cherry tree.

TARHEEL ANNE HIGGINS. The Russian government has ordered four new ironclads.

A Queer Inscription. Bronson—That was a queer inscription Enquet put on his wife's tombstone. Longbecker—What was it? Bronson—The better to know how and last than never to have lost at all.—N. Y. Herald.

The man who tries to avoid mountains will have a very crooked nose, and a woman's stool so that the electricity will not pass through the body to the earth, and then heavily charge the body with electricity and every hair of the head, even a woman's long hair, will stand out like iron spikes or the steel hair of the Cressian snow girl. No doubt if the electric charge should be increased it would drive every hair out of the head, and this is the reason that so many chickens are stripped by tornadoes.—Fort Worth Gazette.

Was it the boys? Oh, if it was only them!—I help were only at hand! I dared not attempt raising myself to see, the panther was now so near; and I pressed every energy into the business of listening.

But aside from the slight noise made by the breathing of the blood-lapping brute, I could hear nothing. Nearest and nearest yet came the panther—now less than two feet away. O, why didn't they shoot, if the boys

Such slight breeze as there was blew toward me from him, foul with the nauseous odors of his fetid breath. Again a twig snapped. Was it the boys? Oh, if it was only them!—I help were only at hand!

I dared not attempt raising myself to see, the panther was now so near; and I pressed every energy into the business of listening. But aside from the slight noise made by the breathing of the blood-lapping brute, I could hear nothing.