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THE REFORM SCHOOL.

The State Board should not think of erecting temporary scattered buildings at the State Reform School. The main building should be finished. It was a mistake of the legislature to have put up such a building as it did for only fifty boys which, was crowded at once.

A fine fireproof building to hold 200 should be finished at once. The school is crowded to overflowing and as the state makes the brick there is no reason why there should be any small cottages erected and leave the large building unfinished. That is poor enconomy.

AN UNFORTUNATE CLASS.

It is not laboring men alone who are unfortunate in being thrown out of work by the industrial depression. They are bad off, to be sure But there is another class who are often overlooked. They are the clerical employes in banks and other financial and manufacturing institutions.

They are incapable of taking up heavy labor and are lost when outside of a counting room. Their work is specilist employment largely, which is slowly acquired by years of experience and largely unfits them for any other employment.

A FOUR-BIT VACATION.

If you cannot go to the mountains or seashore do not despair. You can rig up a four-bit summer resort at home that will do you quite as well and perhaps rest you a great deal more.

Find a cool place in the house or out of doors in the shade. Put down a big easy couch, if nothing more than clean, new straw or hay with a blanket over it, and a few good pillows. Then rig a screen of tarletan to keep off that peaky house-fly and you are fixed. It is adapted to young or old.

A siesta of an hour or two will do you more good in the coo' evening after the heat and toil of the day than you imagine. A good book, a new magizine or a ONE CENT DAILY will entertain you with the best thoughts and freshest news of the day. Try it.

THANKS FOR NO GIRAFFES.

Whoever has observed the facility with which a cow will get her head through a fence, or reach over and eat everything within seven feet will feel thankful that there are no giraffes in Oregon. The town cow is evolution in that direction.

With the long neck of the giraffe, it would not be possible to raise a crop on an ordinary lot. A common cow will take a swath of nearly a halfroad all around your garden. The giraffe would complete the job. The average suburban residents feel thankful that their purses, or tastes, or the climate, or providence or what-not forbids their neighbors, who now keep cows at large in the night cannot keep giraffes. Giraffes would be worse than the town cow.

THE PEFFERIAN PLAN.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, with Congressman Herman, of Oregon, proposes to demonetize gold as a remedy for legislation against silver. He is insane enough to imagine that the action of Congress could effect the value of an universal world metal.

It is doubtful whether the action of congress can affect the bullion value of silver. Its market price in London is fixed by the demand. The defect of the Sherman law is that while it stimulates the production of silver it did not provide for its going into circulation. It is difficult to get silver enough now to make up a payroll for any large factory.

The suggestion to help silver by demonetizing gold is senseless and chaotic. It is Pefferian in the extreme. It is the wild wish of the demogog to say something that shall terrify the plutocrat and please the unthinking voter. It is a failure.

SUGGESTED COMMENT.

This is the time of year to have a well dug. Give the well diggers a chance to live.

Not a cloud in the sky for a month and not a hot day or warm day! Isn't that luscious?

No man ever yet succeeded in becoming a candidate for congress, or anything else but the poorhouse, by tearing down the character of his principal rival.

Only a terrible accident on that $82,000 bridge will convince people that it is unsafe for travel. Have we no one to look after the property of our county?

THE HOLLYHOCK.

This romantic flower grows rankest by the side of the smallest cottage and is now in its full glory. In Oregon the cultivated garden hollyhock has stalks ten feet high, with brilliant columns of flowers as large as small cabbages.

Oregon is the home of several wild hollyhocks. The common meadow mallow just out of bloom grows from three to seven feet high. It has tall spikes of most delicate white and creamy pink-tinted blossoms, arranged like branching candlesticks. There is a smaller one, grows in wet places with wine-colored flowers on red stems.

A home without hollyhocks is incomplete. These tall sentinels of the floral kingdom are the guardians of innocence and peace to palace and cottage.

THE ONE CENT DAILY.

While other papers are cutting down their telegraph service on account of hard times the ONE CENT DAILY is increasing the volume of its dispatches. It is doing a good safe paying business and meeting the hard times with a hard times offer that suits all classes of people. The JOURNAL has now the only complete and reliable Associated Press report of any evening paper in Oregon and it will give the people all the news all the time and print it the same day it occurs.

THE DAILY MAIL JOURNAL at $3 00 a year is a success. Twenty to forty names a day are added to the lists. The day a subscription expires it is taken off. At this cash in advance rate by mail no accounts are kept, we save expense of carrying and collecting, subscribers get a cheap paper and it pays us. The JOURNAL by carrier is still 50 cts. a month and at that price is the cheapest daily carried in Salem. It is sent to any address by mail at 25 cts. a month postpaid.

Good Company.

It is often those who are most poetic and sensitive who best appreciate the homely joy of practical cares. "I love to have her come," said a farmer's wife of an artist friend who was accustomed to make her a summer visit. "She seems to enjoy everything so! It's a real pleasure to see her shell peas and wipe the dishes!"—Youth's Companion.

DOLLY.

Dear little Dolly, pink and white,
Plays with her kitten from morn till night.
Over and under the chairs it steals,
Wars with a handkerchief, runs with reels,
Purrs as she fondles its plumy hair—
Never was seen such a pretty pair.

Dear little Doll, you're a woman grown
Listen, and let your kitten alone;
What you are, how you come to be—
That is the puzzle that puzzles me.

Hair the color of blossomed lime
Matches blue eyes like rhyme and rhyme.
Pink little bud of a mouth—'tis choice
For such a sweet little fluty voice.
These are appropriate, I'll allow;
Then why should you have that classic brow?
Delicate feet for tripping toes—
But how do you come by a Roman nose?
That profile for a fay like you!
Had Lucretia a kitten too?

How shall I best express your sweetness?
How shall I render its incompleteness?
What comparison must I fetch?
Shall I say you are just a sketch?
Only a sketch. To spoil were crime.
Who shall finish it? Love or Time?

Time, my dear, is a painter Dutch,
Owns a very laborious touch,
Very minute effects he tries,
With a deal of drawing about the eyes.
Not one touch of his work he'll slur
And never misses the character,
But he works so slowly that all the bloom
Dies off a peach in his painting room.

Love belongs to a different school,
Works regardless of every rule,
But let his critics say what they list,
Love is a grand impressionist,
Handles the sketch, and hour by hour
Glows the canvas with growing power.
The picture's finished within a day—
No sooner finished than given away.

Only, Dolly, when all is told,
And the picture mounted (in black or gold),
When all are praising the flawless face
And quaint precision of dainty grace,
Shall I wish—when wishing is all in vain—
To see the sweet little sketch again?

—S. L. Gwynn in London Spectator.

OLD ROSES.

It was in a barren country, and Wadgery was generally shriveled with heat, but he always had roses in his garden, on his window sill or in his buttonhole. Growing flowers under difficulties was his recreation. That was why he was called Old Roses. It was not otherwise inapt, for there was something antique about him, though he wasn't old—a flavor, and old fashioned repose and self possession. He was inspector of tanks in this God forsaken country. Apart from his duties he kept mostly to himself, though when not traveling he went down to O'Fallen's hotel once a day for a glass of whisky and water—whisky kept especially for him—and as he drank this slowly he talked to Vic, the barmaid, or to any chance visitors whom he knew. He never drank with any one nor asked any one to drink, and, strange to say, no one resented this. As Vic said, "He was different." Dicky Merritt, the solicitor, who was hail fellow with squatter, homestead lessee, cockatoo farmer and shearer, called him "a lively old buffer." It was he indeed who gave him the name of Old Roses. Dicky sometimes went over to Long Neck Billabong, where Old Roses lived, for a reel, as he put it, and he always carried away a deep impression of the inspector's qualities. "Had his day," said Dicky in O'Fallen's sitting room one night, "in marble halls, or I'm a Jack. Run neck and neck with almighty swells once. Might live here for a thousand years and he'd still be the nonesuch of the back blocks. I'd patent him—file my caveat for him tomorrow if I could—bully Old Roses!"

Victoria Dowling, the barmaid, lifted her chin slightly from her hands as she leaned through the opening between the bar and the sitting room and said, "Mr. Merritt, Old Roses is a gentleman, and a gentleman is a gentleman till he"——

"Right you are, Victoria, right you are again! You do the Jumping Sandhills credit. Old Roses has the root of the matter in him—and there you have it."

Dicky had a profound admiration for Vic. She had brains, was perfectly fearless, no man had ever taken a liberty with her, and every one in the Wadgery country who visited O'Fallen's had a wholesome respect for her opinion.

About this time news came that the governor, Lord Malice, would pass through Wadgery on his tour up the back blocks. A great function was necessary. It was arranged. Then came the question of the address of welcome to be delivered at the banquet. Dicky Merritt and the local doctor were proposed as composers, but they both declared they'd only "make rot of it," and suggested Old Roses.

They went to lay the thing before him. They found him in his garden. He greeted them, smiling in his quiet, enigmatical way and listened. While Dickey spoke a flush slowly passed over him and then immediately left him pale, but he stood perfectly still, his hand leaning against a sandal tree, and the coldness of his face warmed up again slowly. His head having been bent attentively as he listened, they did not see anything unusual.

After a moment of silence and inscrutable deliberation, he answered that he would do as they wished. Dicky hinted that he would require some information about Lord Malice's past career and his family history, but he assured them that he did not need it, and his eyes idled somewhat ironically with Dicky's face.

When the two had gone, Old Roses sat in his room, a handful of letters, a photograph and a couple of decorations spread out before him, his fingers resting on them and his look engaged with a very far horizon.

The governor came. He was met outside the township by the citizens and escorted in—a dusty and numerous cavalcade. They passed the inspector's house. The garden was blooming, and on the roof a flag was flying. Struck by the singular character of the place, Lord Malice asked who lived there and proposed stopping for a moment to make the acquaintance of its owner, adding with some slight sarcasm, that if the officers of the government were too busy to pay their respects to their governor their governor must pay his respects to them. But Old Roses was not in the garden nor the house, and they left without seeing him. He was sitting under a willow at Billabong, reading over and over to himself the address to be delivered before the governor in the evening. And as he read his face had a wintry and inhospitable look.

The night came. Old Roses entered the dining room quietly with the crowd, far in the governor's wake. According to his request, he was given a seat in a distant corner where he was quite inconspicuous. Most of the men present were in evening dress. He wore a plain tweed suit, but carried a handsome rose in his buttonhole. It was impossible to put him at a disadvantage. He looked distinguished as he was. He appeared to be much interested in Lord Malice. The early proceedings were cordial, for the governor and his suite made themselves most agreeable, and talk flowed amiably. After a time there was a rattle of knives and forks, and the chairman rose. Then after a chorus of "hear, hear," there was a general silence. The doorways of the room were filled by the woman servants of the hotel. Chief among them was Vic, who kept her eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew that he was to read the address and speak, and she was more interested in him and his success than in Lord Malice and suite. Her admiration of him was great. He had always treated her as a lady and had done her good. He had looked earnestly and kindly into her brown eyes, and——

"And I call upon Mr. Adam Sherwood to speak to the health of his excellency, Lord Malice."

In his modest corner Old Roses stretched to his feet. The governor glanced over carelessly. He only saw a figure in gray with a rose at buttonhole. The chairman whispered that it was the owner of the house and garden which had interested his excellency that afternoon. His excellency looked a little closer, but saw only a rim of iron gray hair above the paper held before Old Roses' face.

Then a voice came from behind the paper, "Your excellency, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen"——

At the first word the governor started, and his eyes flashed searchingly, curiously at the paper that walled the face and at the iron gray hair. The voice rose distinct and clear, with modulated emphasis. It had a peculiarly penetrating quality. A few in the room—and particularly Vic—were struck by something in the voice—that it resembled another. She soon found the trail. Her eyes also fastened on the paper. Then she moved and went to another door. Here she could see behind the paper at an angle. Her eyes ran from the screened face to that of the governor. His excellency had dropped the lower part of his face in his hand, and he was listening intently. Vic noticed that his eyes were painfully grave and concerned. She also noticed other things.

The address was strange. It had been submitted to the committee, and though it struck them as out of the way it had been approved. It seemed different when read as Old Roses was reading it. The words sounded so inclement as they were chiseled out by the speaker's voice. Dicky Merritt afterward declared that many phrases were interpolated by Old Roses at the moment.

The speaker referred intimately and with peculiar knowledge to the family history of Lord Malice, to certain more or less private matters which did not concern the public, to the antiquity of the name and the high duty devolving upon one who bore the earldom of Malice. He dwelt upon the personal character of his excellency's antecedents and praised their honorable services to the country. He referred to the death of Lord Malice's eldest brother in Burmah, but he did it strangely. Then, with acute incisiveness, he drew a picture of what a person in so exalted a position as a governor should be and should not be. His voice assuredly had at this point a fine edge of scorn. The aids-de-camp were nervous, the chairman apprehensive, the committee ill at ease. But the governor now was perfectly still, though, as Vic Dowling thought, rather pinched and old looking. His fingers toyed with a wineglass, but his eyes never wavered from that paper nor the gray hair.

Presently the voice of the speaker changed.

"But," said he, "in Lord Malice we have—the perfect governor, a man of blameless and enviable life and possessed abundantly of discreetness, judgment, administrative ability and power—the absolute type of English nobility and British character!"

Then he dropped the paper from before his face, and his eyes met those of the governor and staid. Lord Malice let go a long, choking breath, which sounded very like immeasurable relief. During the rest of the speech—delivered in a fine tempered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet his eyes intently upon the other, who now seemed to recite rather than read. He thrilled all by the pleasant resonance of his tones and sent the blood aching delightfully through Vic Dowling's veins.

When he sat down, there was an immense applause. The governor rose in reply. He spoke in a low voice, but any one listening outside would have said that Old Roses was still speaking. By this resemblance the girl, Vic, had trailed to others. It was now apparent to many, but Dickey said afterward that it was simply a case of birth and breeding—men used to walking red carpet grew alike, just as stud owners and rabbit catchers did.

The last words of the governor's reply were delivered in a very convincing tone as his eyes hung on Old Roses' face. "And, as I am indebted to you, gentlemen, for the feelings of loyalty to the throne which prompted this reception and address just delivered, so I am indebted to Mr. – Adam Sherwood for his admirable language and the unusual sincerity of his speaking, and to both you and him for most notable kindness." Immediately after the governor's speech Old Roses stole out, but as he passed through the door where Vic stood his hand brushed against hers. Feeling its touch, he grasped it eagerly for an instant as though he was glad of the friendliness in her eyes.

It was just before dawn of the morning that the governor knocked at the door of the house by Long Neck Billabong. The door opened almost at once, and he entered without a word.

He and Old Roses stood face to face. His face was drawn and worn, the other's cold and calm.

"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we thought you were dead"——

"That is, Edward, having left me to my fate in Burmah—you were only a half mile away with a column of stout soldiers and hillmen—you waited till my death was reported and seemed assured, and then came on to England for two things—to take the title, just vacant by our father's death, and to marry my intended wife, who, God knows, appeared to have little care which brother it was. You got both. I was long a prisoner. When I got free, I knew—I waited. I was waiting till you had a child. Twelve years have gone—you have no child. But I shall spare you yet awhile. If your wife should die or you should yet have a child, I shall return."

The governor lifted his head wearily from the table where he now sat. "Tom," he said in a low, heavy voice. "I was always something of a scoundrel, but I've repented of that thing every day of my life since. It has been knives—knives all the way. I am glad—I can't tell you how glad—that you are alive."

He stretched out his hand with a motion of great relief. "I was afraid you were going to speak tonight—to tell all, even though I was your brother. You spared me for the sake"——

"For the sake of our name," the other interjected stonily.

"For the sake of our name. But I would have taken my punishment—taken it in thankfulness because you are alive."

"Taken it like a man, your excellency," was the low rejoinder.

"You will not wipe the thing out, Tom?" said the other anxiously.

Tom Hallwood dried the perspiration from his forehead.

"It can never be wiped out, for you shook all my faith in my old world. That's the worst thing that can happen a man. I only believe in the very common people now—those who are not put upon their honor. One doesn't expect it of them, and, unlikely as it is, one isn't often deceived in them. I think we'd better talk no more about it."

"You mean I had better go, Tom?"

"I think so. I am going to marry soon." The other started nervously. "You needn't be so shocked. I'll come back one day, but not till your wife dies, or you have a child, as I said."

The governor rose to his feet and went to the door. "Whom do you intend marrying?" he asked in a voice far from regal or vice regal, only humbled and disturbed. The reply was instant and keen, "A barmaid."

The other's hand dropped from the door. But Old Roses, passing over, opened it, and, mutely waiting for the other to pass through, said: "I do not at all doubt but there will be issue. Good day, my lord!"

The governor passed out from the pale light of the lamp into the gray and morning. He turned at a point where the house would be lost to view and saw the other still standing there. The voice of Old Roses kept ringing in his ears sardonically. He knew that his punishment must go on and on.

And it did. Old Roses married Victoria Dowling from the Jumping Sandhills and there was comely issue, and that issue is now at Eton, for Esau came into his birthright, as he hinted he would, at his own time. But he and his wife have a way of being indifferent to the gay, astonished world. And, uncommon as it may seem, he has not tired of her.—Gilbert Parker in Speaker.