

JENNIE'S DOOR.

My pathway through the meadow ran. Where divers tones sweet chorus made; The meadowlark his plaint re-told; The bumblebee his trombone played; But not on bird or bee my thoughts; My heart with joy was running o'er; For well I knew that well-worn path Would bring me soon to Jennie's door.

I hastened down the woodland path, Unheeding every devious turn, Beneath the mighty maple trees, Among the nodding, feathery fern, Unseeing, I the way pursued; Nor panned its beauties to explore, For well I knew this winding course Would bring me soon to Jennie's door.

Long years have come and gone since then, And time my feet hath widely led; Through many strange and wild ways Where weeds and thorns were thickly spread.

Yet, now, when lower dips the sun, I hasten as I did of yore To tread with lightened steps the path That leads to mine and Jennie's door!

Mrs. Polk's New Bonnet.

66 It does seem like some folks has everything in this world and other folks has nothin'. Mrs. Tom Polk shaded her eyes with her hand as she watched a carriage and pair of horses climb the hill on which her home stood. The sole occupant of the vehicle gave her a pleasant bow in passing.

"See them plumes on her hat? They're real ostridge, I know, an' here I've got to wear that 'o' sailor every time I set foot off the place."

"She looks so sad," spoke up Mrs. Polk's mother from the doorway. "She must 'a' been through a heap of trouble."

"I'd like to know what call she's got to look sad," tarty rejoined Mrs. Polk, still gazing after the carriage as it rolled on down the road. "Livin' in that great house, 'n' not a chick nor child to bother her. If she was like us, strugglin' along to keep our heads above water, an' more mouths to fill than vittles to put in 'em, she might have reason for lookin' sad."

"Marthy Polk! What has come across you? I do believe it's because Ann Foss had on a new bunnet in meetin' Sunday that you've been so snappish all the week."

"Well, it does go agin me," reluctantly confessed her daughter. "If I hadn't wore my 'ol hat three years already, I wouldn't say a word. Ann in such a hand to brag an' put on airs anyhow, an' when she tol' me Sunday after preachin', that she knowed me a mile off by my hat, it was the straw too much for me."

At that moment the youngest Polk bumped his head against the table leg, filling the air with a succession of shrieks which the grandmother tried to hush on her capacious bosom, while Mrs. Polk picked up her neglected iron and went to the stove for a hot one.

"I s'pose 'tain't no use frettin'," she said, "but there's Sam needs a coat, an' Sarah Jane's got no shoes, an' the twins is nigh naked, an'—Oh! Lord, but the por has troubles enuff," and Mrs. Polk groaned and banged the iron down on the coarse shirt she was ironing.

Outside, the twins made mud pies, blissfully unconscious of their parents' woes, and Bobby lay flat on his back in the doorway, blinking up at the sky, but watchful lest his mother step over him and thereby check his growth. It was Bobby's ambition to be tall, like Lemuel Flek, who ran the scow up at the ferry, and every week he measured himself against the end of the house, where a number of lines scratched with a mussel shell showed how much he gained.

"She might've let Tom built that new-fangled hen house fer her, 'stead o' havin' carpenters out from town," Mrs. Polk went on, in an injured tone.

"Sakes alive! Mis' Thornton ain't been moved out here two months yet, what'd she know about Tom?"

"She knew 'em," snapped Mrs. Polk. "Tom heard she was goin' to build it, an' he went to see her, an' she tol' him she'd partly engaged a fellow from town. He had done promised me the money to buy the children some things an' me a new bunnet, but that's the way it always is."

Bobby rolled over on his stomach and eyed his mother inquiringly. She was crying, and he didn't remember ever seeing her cry but once before in his life—that was when the twins caught fire at butchering time, she cried that day when all was over and she found they weren't much hurt.

"I jes' had my heart set on that bunnet; I had planned it all out, red roses an' ribbon streamers an' all, then Tom didn't get the job." She wiped her eyes on her apron, and Bobby swung himself out the door and went around to the wood-pile, where he sat down. He poked his bare toes in the loose chip dirt and grew thoughtful.

He was very fond of his mother; indeed, people sometimes taxed her with showing partiality to Bobby. He was a round-faced little chap, with rosy cheeks and eyes blue as the skies, and a mop of curly brown hair that was the bane of his own life and his mother's pride. A tuft of it protruded now through the torn crown of his hat.

Perhaps if he went up to the big house Mrs. Thornton would give his mother a bunnet; she seemed such a kind lady. He had seen her one day at the ferry, and she smiled and patted his head as she asked: "Whose little man are you?"

His twinkling eyes fastened on a white Bantam hen scratching away in the dirt not far from him. A bright idea dawned on him; he would take Mrs. Thornton his bantams, then the bunnet would be a certainty. All the afternoon he hugged the delightful thought to his bosom; at night he captured his chickens and stowed them under a coop out of sight, and the first thing in the morning he was up and away over the fields by the short cut, his pets under his arm.

"There's the raggedest little boy here to see you, ma'am," said the maid, when Mrs. Thornton came into the breakfast room. "He's got two chickens."

"Let him come in here," Mrs. Thor-

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Continuation of Washington Boundary Commissioners—Old Ship Channel in the Line.

F. L. Rice, of South Bend, and J. B. Nice, of Cathlamet, who compose the Washington state boundary commission appointed by Governor Rogers to investigate the disputed boundary line between Oregon and Washington, have completed their work from the mouth of the Columbia river to Tongue Point. They find that vast and valuable tracts of tide lands besides valuable fishing and seining grounds, which are now claimed and taxed by Oregon, are in Washington according to the law establishing the territory of Washington and defining the boundary line between it and Oregon to be the center of the main ship channel of the Columbia river. The initial point at the mouth of the Columbia is two miles from Fort Stevens and four miles from Fort Canby on a line across the river connecting these two points. Thence the line follows the center of the main ship channel, which has remained practically the same since the boundary was defined first, until the confines of Washington country are reached, where the commission lays claim to considerable territory now held by Oregon.

Off Wahiakium county the main channel was formerly up Woody's channel through the Cordell channel and thence into Woody's channel. This was buoyed by the government as early as 1853 and ran close to the Oregon shore. These channels are not now in use, as the construction of the jetty, which was expected, according to the United States engineer's report, to scour them out, in reality filled them up and threw the main channel over on the Washington shore. This shifting of the channel has formed valuable tide lands, including the well-known Miller and Oliver sands, which the commission claims for Washington on the ground that the old channel and not the new one should be taken as the dividing line. This construction also throws into Washington territory the Deadman and Middle sands which have never before been claimed by this state.

The commission has made a preliminary inspection of the boundary line up the river to a point above The Dalles and from all their information it would appear that Oregon claims and taxes everything in sight, including some lands which have as high as 100 families living on them.

If the contention of the commission proves to be correct, over 90 per cent of gillnetting ground and nearly all of the seining grounds on the Columbia belong to Washington, and Oregon has no foundation to its claim of jurisdiction over Sand Island, which has been the cause even of bloodshed in years past.

Mr. Nice, the member of the commission from Cathlamet, has lived on the river for over 30 years, and his personal knowledge of the location of the old channels and his wide acquaintance with the old-timers on the river are proving of great value.

Ship Oranges in Liquid Air. The Fay Fruit Company, of Los Angeles, has made arrangements with Charles E. Tripler to use his processes and appliances for the manufacture and employment of liquid air. The object is to equip the refrigerator cars of the company so that liquid air can take the place of ice. Since the company sends East yearly over 2,000 carloads of citrus fruit, vegetables, dried fruits and nuts, and the great bulk of its shipments must be made in refrigerated cars, this matter is highly important. The plant which will be installed for liquifying air will also supply magno substance for use in every other conceivable way.

The New Steamer Line. Captain W. J. Ellis, of the steamer Bay City, has a plan on foot which, if consummated, will insure to Bellingham bay for years to come a first-class steamboat service. Captain Ellis proposes to organize a steamboat stock company, composed of New Whatcom people, with stock subscribed to the amount of \$65,000 or \$75,000. He will take a large block of this stock, turning over in payment thereof the steamer Bay City, valued at \$20,000. A new steamer to cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000 would be built this winter and placed on the Whatcom-Seattle-Tacoma run.

Snake River Valley. T. A. Harris, immigration agent for the Union Pacific and region Short Line, tells the Omaha Bee that the Snake river valley in Idaho is "the richest agricultural region in the West." It is being rapidly settled up, and the Short Line has just begun the extension of a line from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony, 40 miles distant, which will be completed in time to handle this fall's crops.

Ice Companies Amalgamated. It will now become necessary for the people of Butte, Mont., to solve the question of whether ice is a luxury or a necessity. This decision is made necessary by the amalgamation of the different companies supplying ice, or rather the majority of these firms have been bought out by the Butte Ice Company.

Northwest News Notes. Everett has a Sunday closing movement on hand. Walla Walla's assessed valuation increased \$500,000 in a year. Lewiston, Idaho, has 3,000 more people than three years ago. Alaskan railways have forfeited their rights of way through inattention to requirements of the grants. The Southern Pacific tie plant, which was formerly operated at Latham, Or., has been removed to California. Governor Rogers proposes gun metal medals for Washington volunteers.

The Ricker flouring mill, in Polk county, which has a capacity of 150 barrels, is now running night and day. They are now grinding 5,000 sacks of flour for export to China. A great amount of speculation is being indulged in regarding a coast railroad, and it is the general impression that a road will be built along the coast in a very short time. It is said the proposition leading to its construction is a competing road, and that the Santa Fe Company is to be the builder.

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