## THE CLIFFS.

se iron rifted cliffs that o'er the deep ave worn and thunder scarred, o

are worn and thunder scarred, coloridou lower, and like the work of some primeral power, an or Demiturgos, that would keep m ward forever o'w the bastioned steep f turnet crowned Beltard, or mightiest Moher, alnly beneath, as though they would devour srooted rocks before them, reel and leap beschong waves; and as a plumed phalanz, runhed in the assault of some strong ottadel, omitable still, its shattered ranks ers to the breach again, and yet again, o from the bastling blives bursts the swell a more awful combat than of men, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ de Vere.

## DECIDED BY CHANCE.

The sun, a great glowing ball of fire, had just descended behind the fringe of elm trees on Meadow Hill, and the parched summer world was free to eathe at last. Wayne Hillard, finishing his sketch of the fern shaded pool in the glen, dropped his pencil and inflated his lungs with the fragrant oxygen. Mrs. Mix, cleaning trout for the mor-row's breakfast, in the kitchen, sighed a sigh of infinite relief. "One more day's gone!" said she; and Kitty and Tilly, kimming cream in the cool cellar, made haste with their work so as to finish without the light of a candle, and as they worked they talked and laughed lightly, as girls will do.

Who were Kitty and Tilly? Why, they were Mrs. Mix's "hired help"-the rosy daughters of impecunious neighbors, who were more than glad to eke out their slender allowance of pocket money by assisting the harassed land-lady in "busy times." Kitty was a ra-diant blonde, with hair just warmed with red, eyes of mischievous gray, and a complexion that would have been perfect were it not for the sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of the saucy nose. Tilly, on the contrary, was pale and dark, with big, solemn eyes full of jetty lights, and a small head set with mperial grace on her slim shoulders; and their voices sounded like the indis-tinct twitter of orioles as they talked and skimmed great leathery sheets of cream and strained the "night's milk"

"I think he's splendid!" said Kitty. "So do I!" said Tilly, enthusiastically. "I mean to have him!" said Kitty waving her skimmer above a fresh pan. "I like that!" ironically observed Tilly "I've always pined to be an artist"

bride," said Kitty. "Yes," interrupted Tilly, "and I have made up my mind to a city life. This

country vegetation don't suit me! I must marry a city man!" Kitty covered up the stone cream jar

with a little clink. "Well, how are we going to settle this

matter?" said she, with a laugh. "We both want Wayne Hillard! We're both determined to have him." "Draw lots," suggested Tilly. "Noth-

ing like chance for determing a question like this. Oh! I say, Kitty, this pan leaks. Give me one of the new ones. 1 do like a new milk pan-it makes one think of sheets of silver." "No, we won't do that-it's too hack-

neyed," said Kitty. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Tilly, Mr. Hillard never comes into the house without going straight into the milk room for a drink of new milk. Mrs. Mix always leaves a little brown pitcher there for him. Well, we'll leave two pitchers, one white for you, the other blue for me. The one that he selects shall decide the question. If it's blue-then he's mine! If it's white -I cheerfully give him up to you!"

"Girls, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourselves!" Tilly gave a great start: Kitty colored

feebly uttered Kitty.

mured Tilly.

sharply.

Gear out, and remember for the ruture the next day he would go to Charing Cross. The types had it "chasing never to tattle. Tom Mix retired much discomfited Crows." and Wayne Hillard began to paint, but

as he painted he pondered. "If I'm really the sport of battle," said Jan figured rather prominently. One "If I'm really the sportor pattice, says of an ingured rather prominently. One he, "I ought to surrender myself at once. Pretty little beauties they are fair and dark, like a sunbeam and a shadow, side word. He glanced at it, and with an

by side! "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away. Kitty Farrar is my possessor, eh? I do really think I ought to have given that young marplot the fishing rod after all." He laughed as the idea grew in his mind; yet more and more he liked it. He had noticed Kitty and Tilly oftener than they had dreamed of. He knew that Kitty was the clergyman's niece, of course knew there was no such. and that Tilly's dead father had been a he changed the p to a y, making i colonel in the civil war. He was quite "syringes." The man who set the take aware that they were pretty and grace-ful, with sweet low voices, and a pictur-miliar with the line, but the most he

esque way of wearing flowers in their hair. "They began a joke," said he to him-self. "Till finish it!" "are in the ine, but the most he could effect with the proofreader was a compromise. The p was let stand, but the e had to come out, and so it went

Kitty Farrar was spreading table napkins out to bleach on the grass beyond rial so much as for fear of encroaching the lawn tennis court. Tilly stood holding the basket for her when Mr. Hill the feat of a printer who, in an article ard approached. But the instant they describing a mendicant, said he wore a saw him a gentle ice of indescribable dignity froze around them. They recog-nized his greeting as two young duch-

esses might have done. "I can't do it," he told himself, and "I can't do it," he told himself, and fell to talking about the weather. How put him into his field to work. After a he wished that scapegrace Tom had held while the planter came along and accost-his tongue. But after that he observed ed the new hand:

Kitty quietly and often. "She is a violet in the shade," he thought. "A dewdrop hiding from the a while ago?" sun. Yes, I really think I shall ask her was a gray hoss and de odder was a roam to marry me, but I would like my Uncle Churchill to see her first." Uncle Churchill arrived on the scene -a handsome middle aged lawyer, with dark eyes and a shrewd mouth. "Which is it?" said he

"Oh, you must decide that for yourself," laughed Wayne.

"That's hardly fair," said Mr. Churchhill

"It's so important that you should be entirely free from bias or prejudice," pleaded Wayne, "At the end of a week let me know what you think." At the end of the week Uncle Church ill reported. "It can only be Tilly Grey." said he "She is perfect-simply perfect!" "Tilly Grey!" repeated Wayne. "She

is a very pretty girl, I admit; but as com-pared to Kitty Farrar"----"I can only say what I think," said Uncle Churchill.

"Take another week to consider it, said Hillard.

"I will," said Uncle Churchill.

sotto voce.

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imprecation on the "fool operator who President .....J. S. COOPER don't know what month it is," he pro-Vice President, L. W. ROBERTSON ceeded to erect it thus: "Mahmoud, Dec 5."-making a date line of it. Cashler ....... W. H. HAWLEY One of the finest breaks I ever saw was

made by a proofreader. He came across the line: Aye, springes to catch woodcocl He was not up on "Hamlet," and never having seen the word "springes"

Hall's burgiar proof safe secured by Tal I will close this, not for want of mate

too much on your space, by recounting the feat of a printer who, in an article "threadbone coat" and had on his face a

Saw Too Much

"Did you see a coach go down the road

"Indeed, I did, boss. One ob de hosse and lame in his off leg." "I thought I heard some hunters over there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes, boss. One ob dem was Col. Jones; he was the tall one. De second one was Maj. Peters and the third one was Tom McSnifter. Col. Jones had one ob dem new fangled breech loadin' A. J. Goodman, H. Hirschberg one ob dem new fangled breech loadin' guns what breaks in two." "Did you see those wild pigeons fly

over just now." "See 'em? Gness I did! Dar was nineteen ob 'em. Dey lit in dat old corn- THE POLK COUNTY, BANK

field down yender." "Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep

you."-Exchange.

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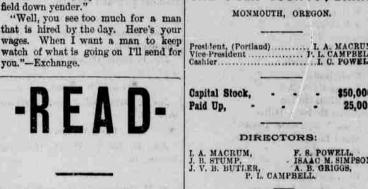
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"Do you suppose she did hear it all?" said Tilly breathlessly. "It isn't a hanging matter if she did," declared Kitty. "Quick-get the pitch-ers! Take them in the back way. I hear him coming now." "Oh, if it's come to your knowing his "Do hold your tongue, Tilly!" On the whitely scoured milk room shelf stood the two little pitchers, one of old "flowing blue," the other a squatty white ware specimen, with a crystal clear tumbler beside them. In Kitty's haste she had forgotten to fill but one, and as the two dimpled faces peeped from the twilight darkness at the head of the cellar stairs they could see Wayne Hillard come direct to the little milk

room and take up the white pitcher. "There!" whispered Tilly, spasmol-ically squeezing Kitty's round little arm. But the white pitcher was empty. He set it down with a smothered exclamation of impatience, and seizing the flowing blue poured out a glass of cool, foaming milk and drank it. Then he walked out again. "There !" retorted Kitty.

my pitcher after all." "But he took mine first."

"Don't be shabby, Tilly. If ever anything was rejected your pitcher was.

"Nonsense, Kit! By all the rules of love and war he belongs to me." "I mean to have him, anyhow." "I'll see about that," said Tilly reso-

htely. "Hush!" cried Kitty. "What's that?

Some one giggling. It's Tom." "No, it isn't. Tom has been sent up to Spotswood farm for half a dozen ducks

for Sunday's dinner. It's your guilty conscience, Kit, that's all."

"I'll tell ye, mister," said Tom, yon'll promise never to let on who it was, and if you'll gimme that 'ere j'inted fahin' pole o' yourn as ye don't use ne

"I don't think I care much about your news, Tom," said Mr. Hillard, who was just settling himself for a morning's sketching by the river heights.

"Oh, but you will when you hear it," said Tom. "Mother says, says she, 'Girls, you'd orter'd be ashamed of your-selves.' And Kit Farrar she said she eolves.' And Kit Farrar she said she knowed your step, and Tilly Grey she said she Towed to marry a city feller like you, and then they agreed to chance it. And there was something about two colored pitchers—I don't rightly under-stand that; but I ruther think you fell to Kitty's lot, and she was awful tickled

"Look here, Tom," said Mr. Hillard, leisurely turning over his tubes of color, "don't it strike you that this is very like telling tales out of school? It isn't like-ly the young ladies meant you to repeat these little jokes!"

"But they was dead in earnest," wheezed Tom.

