as a Family and General News-

"So I hearn," said the sheriff: "an' you

"Pil bet you fifteen dollars, Bill, that

"I'll take that bet, but in the mean

time if you don' take yo' arms offen that

fence I'll drop you right in yo' tracks."

"That's the way I like to hear a man

talk, Bill. Say, last night the jailer and

his two sons went 'possum huntin'. They

called up the dogs-and they have got

some of the finest hounds you ever saw-

and here they came with brightness in

their eves an' deep music in their voices.

You ought to have heard them go 'ounk.

ounk, cunk, Well, they went out, an

about midnight they came back with

yon ever saw. Well, they dressed them

go up in the mountains.

that you may share the feast.'

me take my rifle along.

view of yo'cell.

New York World.

a wealthy widow.

sharpers.

several persons were injured.

are sick at Chicago with pneum

Capt W. F. Dowell, one of the

week, broke windows in the

to railroad interests.

manufacture of tin plate.

part in the funeral of Lincoh

There will be a meeting in Omaha

The St. Louis Stamping company pro

Gen. James A. Ekin of the United

States army died at Louisville. He was

a member of the commission which

The will of the late Secretary Windom

leaves the family residence and furni-

ture and one-third of the estate, after

died at that city of pneumonia after a

The idea of annexing Newfoundland

colony to our possession, is scouted by

all the leading members of the adminis

After two years quiet work and the

tration at Washington.

tried Mrs. Surratt, and took a prominent

has just been licensed at Columbus,

trifle with my feelin's, air you?"

air not comin' with me?

"That's what I ain't."

VOL. VIII.

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How does Strike you? all expectin' you." "Yas, the boys up the river expected."

A SMALL WISH.

If I might do one deed of good.
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought, that should
Haroafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
lie lost in death's unnumbered dust.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed

Upon the careless wind to carth,
Of its short life has only need.
To find the germ fit place for birth;
For one swift moment of delight.
It whire, then withers out of sight.

F. W. Bourdillo

BILL KINNY, OF DRY FORK

Bill Kinny, of Dry Fork, killed a prom next man of the community, and the authorities, after some little medita tion, decided that he ought to be arrest ed. But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies and so painfully wounded the other two Grove court house. Several days later. while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and lazily placed his arms on the top rail. Bill eached back and took up his rifle.

"Good mornin', Bill." "Hi Mark." "Had a good bit of frost last night." "Yas, ruther. Which way you trav-

elin', Mark?"

feller is he's apt to get lonesome once in a while, 'specially this time of the year. "I reckon that's true," Bill replied Some fellers come out here the other day, and one of them got so lonesome that he just natchally had to lay down. "So I hearn," said the sheriff. "By the way," he added, "them fellers that

you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?" "Yas, they lowed that a jedge down thar wanted to make my acquaint ance."

"You don't say sof" exclaimed the shoriff. "W'y, the jedge is a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him Bill

"I would, but you see I ain't in so ciety this year." "Sorter retired, air you?" "Yas, thought I was a gettin' a leetle

too old fur the bright foolishness an' yal ler trimmins of this here life." "Yes, that mout be," the sheriff re-plied. "A feller does withdraw might-"A feller does withdraw might-

ily as he gets along in age; but, say, the jedge is a friend of mine an' I want you "No. I'm obleeged to you. I never hankered after these here fellers that

pride themselves on their book larnin'." "I don't exactly crave them," the sheriff rejoined, "walloping" his tobacco There about in his mouth, "but still I think Illinois. we ought to meet them once in a while. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to sailors were drowned. meet."

"Sam Powers." "He's the jailor, ain't he?" "Yes, an' the best one you ever seen. "So they say," Bill replied, fondling

Who is he?

his rifle. "In fact, them fellers that was here the other day wanted me to "So I hearn," said the sheriff: "but lowed that mebby they didn't extend the invertation in a soft and gentle

enough way. "Oh, I didn't bave no fault to find with the invertation. I jest didn't wanter go, an' sorter pulled back a little, an' then one of them laid down an' the other two

limped might'ly." "So I hearn," said the sheriff. "Still I thought there mout be a easier an' smoother way of puttin' the invertation. Gentleness always pays. You can sometimes lead a man with a string of beads when you couldn't drive him with a hoop pole. You recollec old Wash Bowles, that was once the sheriff of this

county, don't you? "Mighty well." "Ah, ha! Well, that old feller had more gentleness and consideration for the feelins of other folks than any man Lever seen. One time he had to hang a feller named Brice, an' Brice sorter kicked against it, bein' a feller that was hard to please anyhow, so Wash, in that soft way of hisn, stepped up to put on the rope, an' says, 'Brice, you'll please excuse me, but I'll not detain you but a moment.' So I thought that if I'd come pere today with strong consideration an' smooth gentleness you mout accept the

sailer's invertation to come an' spend a while with him." I'm obleeged to you. I don't care about goin' today. I've got to go over the ridge an' whip a feller tomorrer, an' if I don't do it I'm afeered he mout be disappointed. Well, now, better be shovin' along."

Mark," he added, "ef you ain't got no further business with me I reckon you'd "But I have got some further business with you. Bill. I want you to go

with me an' see the jailer." "Wall, I ain't goin'.

"I 'lowed you would, Bill.' "You don't say so."

"Yas, an' I want you to go with me, "How many men did you bring with you?"
"None at all, but you air a-goin'."

"Mebbe; after all these here cartridges is shot off." "No, I thought you would go with me without having to waste any of the brief illness.

cartridges. You know the price of brass an' powder hav riz mighty of late." "Oh, now here, Mark, I don't care nothin' for expenses. I don't mind shootin' a few balls into a feller that wants to put me in jail and afterward

Some of the boys over at the store said that you was mighty economical, but I'm glad to see you ain't. It hurts man mightily, you know, to have it norated around that he is close." "I know that, Mark, and I'm allus tryin' hard to keep that charge from

"I am glad you ain't stingy, Bill

bein' flung agin my reputation.' "I'm pleased to know you think so much of yo'self; but say, I told the boys over at Shady Grove that you would

come back with me, an' I wish you would." "Pd like to accommodate you, Mark but I don't feel like strollin' today." "Sorry to hear that, for I told the boys

that I'd have you in jail by 12 o'clock today."
"I wish you hadn't told them, Mark an' you oughtenter done it, fur you

didn't know how busy I mout be." "Yas, mebbe I done wrong," said the sheriff, "but I didn't know after all that

of buildings and a gravity railroad, the production of Portland cement, fully

equal to the imported article and some authorities say even better, has com menced in earnest from the Jamul Portland cement works in San Diego county, Cal. This marks a new era in Califor nia's resources. The works are running night and day.

Why, Indeed? Little Minnie-When was it, mor mer, that you had four eyes? Mommer-Don't talk nonsense,

nie. I never had four eyes. Little Minnie-Then, why does every one say I got my eyes from you?-Jewel-

The oldest traveling passenger agent in the land is Capt. May, who has been retired by the Pennsylvania railroad on half pay for the remainder of his days. He is a white haired man of 70, six feet tall, straight and strong.

Gineral Jackson once, but he didn't WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT!

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt

faith
Possessed itself screensly safe from death;
If I deay the things past finding out,
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelf in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?
—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

The Connaught Castle had arrived in New York. The cabin passengers had gone ashore. The steerage people were being carried away by their friends or by the boarding house keepers who altwo of the biggest and fattest 'possums ways lie in wait for them. Those yet uncalled for sat about the decks. Wist right thar an' then, an' put them out on the top of the house so the frost could ful eyes turned shoreward, anxious to fall on them, an' this marnun' they took see a familiar face and form among all them down an' began to bake them along those strange ones.

with some sweet potatoes. Then the Pat Nolan had come aboard in all his jailer's son he says, says he, 'Pop, we bravery-a new blue cost flung open. ain't got no regular wildcat licker to go that it might not conceal the shining with these here 'possums.' So the old chain dangling from his vest man, havin' a mighty eye for art, gave a pocket, his hat tipped to one side in true jug to the young feller an' told him to Connaught fashion, with a mighty show of white collar and cuffs and blue neck-"The young feller went, but he couldn't tie, and his boots for once polished by find no licker, an' at last he seen a ole an "Eyetalian." He threw his shoulders back and looked his best, for "didn't he feller drivin' a wagin, an' when he asked the ole feller if he could git any licker come aboard to bring his sweetheart. Annie O'Brien, home, and wasn't she he swore that he didn't know nothin' about it; 'but,' says he, 'if you will take the purtiest girl in ten counties, and a jug up the billside an' put a dollar unhadn't she crossed the ocean for der it I don't know what mout happen,

but when you come back I don't believe Pat felt as though every one who saw the dollar will be there.' Wall, he went him must know his business there. up on the mountain side an' put a dollar Standing still he looked about him, ex under a jug an' went away, but bless yo pecting to see his little Annie somewhere life when he came back the dollar was

gone, but the jug was filled with the "Sure, an' wouldn't she be as anxious best licker that had passed its teens. to mate him as he would be to mate An' so at dinner today they are goin' to her?" But strange to say he could not have them possums an sweet potatoes an' that old licker that's got a bead on it

He was a little late, for there had been like a dewdrop; an' say, the jailer says a delay of the train in which he came down from the place where he was work-"Look here, Mark, you ain't tryin' to ing as coachman and gardener. Bu surely Annie would never have gone "No. I'm tellin' the Lord's truth; an' ashore without him. He walked about say, that ain't all. The Perdue boys for full ten minutes, looking everywhere, caught a big bear down in the bottoms. but still missing the face he wanted. an' after dinner they air goin' to set the Every now and then a gay ribbon or

dogs on him in the jail yard right in full view of yo' cell. Think of that." bright coil of hair would make his heart dance, but it was never Annie's hair or "Look here, Mark, I am about con-Annie's bonnet. At last he made up his verted, an' I'll go with you if you'll let mind that she had gone ashore; but in that case she had left word for him, of "No, can't do that, Bill, an' besides I'll have to handcuff you. Possum, course-word where she had betaken herself. sweet potatoes, licker with a bead on it "I beg pardon, sir," he said, stepping like a dewdrop an' a bear fight in full np to a man who wore a gold band upon

his cap, and was presumably an officer-"Mark," said Bill, as he put down his "I beg pardon, sir, but I'm Pat Nolan. rifle, "fetch on yo' handcuffs. Blamed is there a bit of a message left for me, if I ain't with you."-Opie P. Read in do you know, sir?" "Not that I am aware," the officer re-

There are still 114 log school houses in "It was Annie O'Brien," said Pat. "She came over on this steamer; she expected The Norwegian bark Dictator was me to mate her. We're to be married, wrecked off the Virginia coast. Eight you know, sir, and she'd lave word where she is gone-Annie O'Brien." Sir Gerald Stuart, an Irish baronet, gaze upon him.

to marry Miss Mand Hutchinson of that teerage passenger? coorse, sir," said Pat. "She's been arrested for inveigling forty-three comin' over to marry me, and she's a men into marriage. She advertised as workin' girl. We're nayther iv us rich."

The officer looked at him again. An explosion of natural gas caused a "I know the name," he said. panic in the St. Joseph Catholic church "You couldn't help noticing the girl," at Detroit, and during the excitement said Pat. "She's a purty crayther, is Annie, wid eyes like the sky and goolden Nearly a quarter of a million of people hair, and a waist ye could span wid yer two hands-barrin' she wouldn't permit Over 900 deaths were reported last week ve to do it-and a foot light as a hird's upon the floor. A little jewel is my An--the largest in the history of the city.

Pearl Starr, the 18-year-old daughter nie. You'd not fail to notice her. "Sit down a moment, Mr. Nolan, of Belle Starr, the notorious horse thief, has been arrested at Quanah, Tex., for said the officer. "I will make some inquiries. Wait here for me." horse stealing. She is said to be very

"A mighty polite gentleman, though he's as solemn as a funeral," said Pat to himself. "I hope he'll not delay long. ing fartiers and state treasurer of the Farmers' Alliance of Arkansas, has I'm wild to see Annie. Oh, the divil fly away wid the cars that kept me from been lancoed out of \$3,000 by three her! I wonder is she cryin' her eyes out for not seein' me? It was what she had The Boston Pilot announces that a right to expect—the first one aboord." George Parsons Lathrop, the author. The officer was returning and his wife who is a daughter of

He looked more serious than ever. Nathaniel Hawthorne have become 'Mr. Nolan," he said gravely, "the captain would like to speak to you. I J. Harry Martin, the stenson of Senawill take you to him. We have had a tor Vance, who, while on a spree last very stormy voyage, as winter voyages often are.

House, will probably get off with a light "But you've come into port on as pleasant a day as there is in the calendar," Pat said cheerfully. "A Christthis week to organize an association of mas couldn't be brighter.

"But we have had a very unpleasan railroad men in all branches of the servoyage," said the officer gravely. vice and to advise legislation favorable He opened the door of the

Pat entered with his hat in his hand. poses to establish a mammoth steel mill The captain, a grave, bronzed man and iron foundry just north of Madison, with iron gray hair, sat at a table before Ill., to turn out all sheets used in the an open book, on which his hand lay.

"Sit down," he said. "Thank you, sir. It's as easy standing," said Pat, with a bow. "You had better sit down," said "I may have to talk to you for captain. ome minutes. I have something very particular to say if you are the right

man. Your name is'

"Pat Nolan," said Pat, beginning to the payment of debts, to Mrs. Windom, feel astonished, but then perhaps the captain, knowing that he was to be marand the remainder to the three children. Norman T. Gasette, a prominent Maried that evening, wanted to congratu late him, to offer him a glast of some son, and one of the leaders in the movething, or perhaps it was the way of th ment resulting in the construction of captains of ocean steamers to be slow the great Masonic Temple at Chicago. and solemn, not thinking how he kept people from their sweethearts. So Pa sat down, put his hat on the floor, and not knowing just what to do cracked al to the United States, even if England his knuckles one after the other as he would consent to relinquish her oldest waited.

"Your name is Patrick Nolan," said the captain again, "and you came on board to find a young woman-a friend expenditure of large sums of money in My sweetheart promised to me. the purchase of machinery, the erection

are to be married today," said Pat.
"If God wills it," said the captain. "Ay, sir; we can do nothing widout that, I well know," said Pat. "The good Lord above and Father Dunn will me; but I'll do the best I can to furder i myself.

The captain looked down upon the pages of the book before him. "And the name of the young girl you

are asking for?" he said. "Annie O'Brien," said Pat, beginning

to think the captain very stupid—"Annie O'Brien. She's the Widdy O'Brien's daughter-a dacent woman is the widdy and well respected. They are neighbors there at home in the ould country." The captain ran his finger down a long

olumn of names, and stopped at last and looked at Pat again. "We had a very unpleasant voyage," he

said slowly-"a very, very unpleasant The other gentleman was telling me

weather and tell him something about "Bad weather must be a threat

on the say," he said, in order to be polite.
"And wid all thim passengers to be watchin' and carin' fer—worse than a stableful of bastes!" "Yes," said the captain, "we try to

care for our passengers, but the steerage is a little crowded. They are often very "Yes, sir. I was that sick myself I

thought I be dyin'," said Pat, "Some are severely ill," said the cap This time Pat made no answer, but

stared at him with a hot flush rising to they die," the captain went on. "Deli-cate women, you know-little children

Pat still looked at him in silence. "When I said that we had a very unpleasant voyage I meant," said the captain, "that we had serious illness-that we had death on board. Two steerage

passengers died. One was William O'Rourke, an old man coming over to live with his son." "God rest his soul!" said Pat, crossing

"The other, who was very ill, was a woman," said the captain, "a young woman, and very pretty. Mr. Nolan, we have to prepare for storms in this life-we have to brace up and bear them as well as we can. They are very hard to bear. I have had a great many myself. At my age that goes without say ing; but you are young and full of hope am very sorry to say that I am afraid you are about to suffer a terrible shock. It is a painful task to tell you. Brace up, my lad. The other passenger was a

young woman, and her name, as we have it written here, was Annie O'Brien." All the color had gone out of Pat's face by this time. It was white, lips and all He dropped his arms on the table and hid his face on them, and great sobs shook his frame

The captain wiped the tears from his "Talk does no good," he said. "Time only can comfort you." "It seems as if I could not believe it captain," Pat cried, lifting his tear swol-

len face. "Annie-my little Annie! Are ye sure it was Annie?" "There was but one Annie O'Brien on our list," said the captain. "She gave her name just before she breathed her last. The only steerage passenger of the name of O'Brien died on the voyage of a fever. The doctor cared for her as well as he knew how. The women nursed her kindly. We buried her at sea, and the burial service was said by a Catholic clergyman who was on board. You might like to know that, so I tell

"My Annie-my Annie at the bottom of the say!" moaned poor Nolan. "An' I'll niver see her again; niver kiss her red lips; niver feel her two arms about me neck! Ah, Annie, I won't live after you-I won't live after you! Life is too hard to bear wid that to think of. It's turned me to a woman, sir, I'm thinkin'; but it's the worst blow I iver had in me

There was a knock at the door just Pat hid his tear stained face again

"I didn't mane to come in, place, sir," said a sweet voice, "but I'd like to spake to ye, captain, af ye'll let me. I'm waitin' this long time till me frind comes aboord to bring me home, and I'm gettin' anxions, fearin' something has happened him. What will I do, sir? 1 know no one in Americay. Perhaps he might be on boord and me not know it. He'd be askin' for Annie O'Brien, and he'd be Pat Nolan, that I'm promised to.

Would ve"-But the captain had flung wide the door, and Pat was on his feet, and with a roar like that of a buffalo had flung his arms about her.

"Glory be to God and all the saints!" he cried. "You're not dead at all! You're alive! I've got you safe and sound! They've been tellin' me you were dead. God help the man that put the thrick on me, for I'll lave but the bones av him!"

"Quiet, there!" shouted the captain. "Down with your fists, or I'll put you in irons! What did you mean by asking for Annie O'Brien, a steerage passenger when you wanted Annie Bailey, a first cabin passenger? That is the girl that stands there. That is the name she gave us-Annie Bailey."

"Captain, dear," cried Annie, clutching her Pat by the coat tails, "captain, darlin', Pat niver knew-he did not Since writin' him, my mother-a widdy -married again wid Mr. Peter Bailey, that kapes a foine tavern in our town. So long as I was goin' from her, and he proposin' to her, why wouldn't she? And he, havin' money to spare, said I should come like a lady, and paid me passage in the foinest place; and out iv compliment to him-being my mother's husband and so generous to me-1 sailed as Annie Bailey. That is the way it was, captain; and indade all the throuble arose from it-for I wanted Pat to find me sated in the illigant saloon, and remained there waitin' for him."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Pat, bowing low, "on account of what I've been

"All right, my man," the captain answered; and then Pat threw his arm about his Annie and led her away, the happiest fellow alive.-Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

The city person, it is well known, is often as much a "greenhorn" in the country as the country person is in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and exclusive parks, whose high barred gates were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through the lanes and fields by her mother when the sun set.

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time do they close the country, anyway?" It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a

moment with great wonder and then remarked: "Is that where you keep your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country who, being taken to a peach tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to

help himself, remarked somewhat lofti. that, sir," said Pat, wishing that this old until the sentleman would stop talking about the panion. until they are canned!"-Youth's Com-

DR .J. K. LOCKE,