

THE SOUL OF A LYRIC.

With words that flutter through the air,
Winged thoughts for the world to hear.

THE BIG QUICKSAND.

"Papa, I don't like the way those men
huddle together forward. They are up to
some mischief, you can depend upon it."

"Nothing of the kind, papa," protested
Ella, although she blushed rosily.

"Well, I don't want his suggestion!"
bellowed the captain. "I'm commander
of the Peerless, and have sailed these
waters long enough to know my business."

"What did he say?" he asked in an
eager whisper.

"Bob-pooled the whole thing as to a
silly girl's foolish fancy, and stalked into
the cabin, red with anger, when I men-
tioned your name."

"He feared as much," said the young
man sadly. "He is blind to the daily
machinations of those copper faced rascals,
and it is no use giving him advice."

"That scar faced scoundrel, Manuel
Rosario, has learned that we have a
cargo of arms, ammunition and general
stores for the troops at Fort Yuma, and
his knowledge has excited his cupidity."

"When we stopped for water at San
Francisco island he met an agent of the
insurgents, and was promised a liberal
sum if he would capture the vessel and
turn it and the cargo over to them."

"He does not know that I overheard
him plotting," said the young man
sadly. "He is blind to the daily
machinations of those copper faced rascals,
and it is no use giving him advice."

"Oh, Frank!" cried Ella, and her
beautiful face paled with apprehension.
"Do be careful and watchful for my sake?"

"I will!" was his response, "and as
your father will not take the precaution
to checkmate any move these ruffians
may make I will perfect my plans so
that we can escape from the bark in case
Rosario and his men mutiny and seize
her."

"And papa?" faltered Ella.
"Will force him to go with us. Now
don't you see that I feel able
to cope with these rascals when the time
for action comes?"

Rosario released Ella, whom he had
seized, and shouted for assistance.
Reversing his heavy six shooter Mate
Edwards brought the butt down upon
Rosario's head with a force that sent
him moaning and half senseless to the
deck.

"Quick!" he cried, seizing Ella's arm.
"Over the stern! There is a ladder
drop into the boat. I will keep
these other ruffians at bay."

He began firing into the horde of ad-
vancing mutineers.
By the time his revolver was emptied
Captain Myers and Ella had reached the
boat.

During the afternoon he had cleaned
the captain's double barreled shotgun,
heavily charged it with slugs and con-
cealed it on deck under a tarpaulin.

With a yell of defiance he caught it up
and discharged both barrels in the very
faces of the mutineers.

They recoiled before this terrible fire,
and taking advantage of their discom-
fiture, Frank slipped over the rail and
cut the boat adrift.

Before he could seize the oars the first
big wave of the tide was upon them and
they were hurried on past the vessel and
far up the river with frightful velocity.

Then came the recall and they drifted
back toward the Peerless.
Frank pulled toward a little island on
the right hand side of the channel and
succeeded in making a landing.

He made fast the boat painter to a
heavy rock, and the three, retreating,
were above high water mark when the
second wave swept up the stream.

Rosario, maddened at the blow he had
received, staggered to his feet as the
dingy swept by the vessel and ordered
the long boat.

Into it he leaped with his followers to
pursue.
The second wave swept them toward
the fugitives, and when the recall came
they were within 300 yards of the island.

"After them!" shouted Rosario, leaping
upon the beach as soon as the boat
grounded.

Suddenly they began to flounder and
sink in the sand.
"A quicksand!" they cried, and made
desperate efforts to reach firm ground.
In vain!

The more they struggled the deeper
they sank, and when the next wave
swept up the river they were engulfed in
ten feet of water.

UNCONQUERED.

High up on the city's rocks a stern hero
glared,
Bathed in the white without a hair,
Yet island father, ever true.

"It ain't no use in a grain's agit you
pa, Jennie—his had his own way round
here continual, for more'n thirty years,
an' you'll jest hev to give in; no use
talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wus."

Poor little Mr. Olcott had been ac-
customed during the whole of her mar-
ried life to "give in," and her only
change of peace was in yielding to her
selfishly determined husband and al-
lowing him to carry his point without
opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted.
She inherited her father's strong will,
and he had, much to his surprise, will-
ed around an opposing force in his
youngest child.

She had been away from home for
nearly three years—this pretty, brown
haired girl with the determined face
and graceful carriage, and the father secretly
admired and almost feared her.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity
to enlighten Jennie as to her duty to-
ward his new friend, and with a twinkle
in her eye she promised to do her best to
please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan
were very happy. The days were de-
lightful ones to them, and the old farmer
rubbed his hands at the success of his
scheme, and gave consent to an early
marriage with no hesitation.

It was May and the country wore one
glad smile, and Jennie bailed with her
will the prospect of a visit to her home,
assuming very willingly the responsi-
bility of housekeeping while her two un-
married sisters attended the wedding of
a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking and
with her apron rolled above her elbow
stood beside the kitchen table. In one
hand she held an earthen plate while
the clip, clip, of a fork sounded
noisily as she whipped some eggs to a
froth.

"Your sisters had to marry to suit him,
walled the nervous little woman, "an'
you'll hev to, too; you don't hev no
awful fuses, so you'd best better give
in."

"That morning the father had spoken
to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he
termed a "likely catch." She had ex-
pressed her opinion of him in so decided
a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the
safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to point to the kitchen
as a marvelous example of the patriarch.
"Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep
'er household beneath yer feet; govern
'an' will, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judg-
ment so stung him that his anger had
not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs.
Olcott knew it would come, and so after
her husband's rebuke she had pleaded with
the girl to "give in." Jennie
had been very thoughtful during the
little woman's appeal, but now she was
resolved, and it was the Olcott in her
nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry
Jordan Mogg's though father should
threaten to murder us."

The egg were stiff now, and as she
set the plate down on the table she
turned from her mother and busied her-
self among the ingredients for cake bak-
ing which were before her. Jennie was
blushing as she began softly. "There is
some one in Poole I like very much,
mother, and he's coming out here to—"

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"There is a young man in town who
I know very well, and if he should
meet her I think something would come
of it." Very quietly, yet with the ut-
most caution, she made this statement.

"The old man was interested. "Rich"
he inquired, rubbing his hands gently
together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she
went on:
"Of course it's so very uncertain.
Hiram, you see, Jennie might refuse
to have a word to say to him, and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted
the thoroughly excited old man, as he
drew his chair nearer hers and em-
phasized his words with decisive ges-
tures.

"If I like that young man I'll jest take
him out looking with me, an' I'll like
to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'!"

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's
coming, and of the little deception
in which she was to play her part. She
met him as if he were a stranger, while
her father secretly rejoiced at the thought
of subduing his proud young daughter.

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to enlighten Jennie as to her duty to-
ward his new friend, and with a twinkle
in her eye she promised to do her best to
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threaten to murder us."

THE FLOWERY ALGHEMIST.

Hic, oh, hic!
My pretty pale young violet,
Lift that head of fallen hair,
And my lips once more I'll give
Against the dew ball of thine eye.

So a lady whisper said,
"Admire a wondrous shade,
Gaze the lady's bosom's lover
'Twas the flowery Alchemist,
Thou stinging, gay, intriguing fellow,
The wit low laid in black and yellow."

Hic, oh, hic!
My pretty pale young violet
Thou woman's lightning blind me
When I leave my lady's embrace,
When I traitorously forget,
Thy cerulean baby's grace.

The very next night he told the tale
to a number of the val-
And the poor young violet died of shame.
Oh, he, the flowery Alchemist!
Thou stinging, gay, intriguing fellow,
Thou wilt low lay in black and yellow!"

At the time of "the great earthquake
of '88," said Mr. Swidder—William
Swidder, of Calaveras—I was at Arica,
Peru. I have not a map by me, and am
not certain that Arica is not in Chili, but
it can't make much difference; there was
an earthquake all along there.

Sam Baxter was with us; I think he
had gone from San Francisco to make a
railway or something. On the morning
of the quake, Sam and I had gone down
to the beach to bathe. We had shed our
boots and began to moult, when there
was a slight tremor of the earth, and the
elephants who supports it was pushing
upward, or lying down and getting up
again. The straws, which were fasten-
ing themselves upon the sand and
dragging away such trifles as they could
lay hold of, began racing out seaward, as
if they had received a dispatch that some-
body was not expected to live. This was
needless, for we did not expect to live.

When the sea had receded entirely out
of sight we started after it, for, it will
be remembered, I tell you, the whole thing's
turned"—From Collected Sketches.

A Saved Man Cries for His Hat.
"Yes," said an old lake captain, "a
drowning man will catch at a straw. I
have seen many illustrations thereof.
Most people think the old proverb is
merely a figure of speech, but it is a living
truth."

"Is it true, captain," he asked, "that
the first thing a rescued man thinks of is
his hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, his
face lighting up, "that is a fact, too. I
have seen it emphasized many times in
the course of my experience. Over and
over again I have been called to the as-
sistance of a drowning man. I would
plunge in and rescue him just, let us say,
at the last instant. Dragged on the
deck, gasping for breath, his voice
choked with water, the man, if he fol-
lows his instincts, will, as soon as he re-
gains the least degree of strength, sud-
denly rise from his prostrate posture
and stretch his arms toward his head,
then, missing his hat (usually lost in the
struggle), he will cry out desperately,
pointing to his hat floating down the
river, 'Oh, save my hat! save my hat!'"

"And he will never think of himself,
captain?"

"But seldom, sir," was the reply. "A
rescued man is the most obstinate and
selfish being imaginable. He wants to
do all sorts of foolish things. He gener-
ally wants to rush up and be away be-
fore he has had time to recover his
strength. He means well enough, no
doubt, but he nearly always forgets to
present his obligations in tangible form."

Who Originated the Upright Tree?
Perhaps the dearest article in the de-
partment of fabrication was George
Stevens, the Shakespearean commenta-
tor. Animated by an impish spirit of
trickery, to which jealousy of rival au-
thorities may have lent a spice of malice,
he industriously devised cunning
snares for their feet. He would, for ex-
ample, disseminate fictitious illustra-
tions of Shakespeare's text in order that
Malone, who was his chief butt, might
be entrapped into adopting them, and
give him the gratification of correcting
the blunder in his next edition. Under
the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner
he would insert paragraphs in the daily
press purporting to be curious extracts
from rare books, copies of which no one
who wished to verify the passages ever
succeeded in discovering.

Among these curiosities was the roman-
tic story (that has found its way into
Todd's "Life of Milton") of the poet
having been seen asleep under a tree by
a lady who became enamored of his
beauty and placed in his hand some im-
mortal verses of his own, which, when
he awoke, so fired his fancy that he
made a journey to Italy in the hope
of tracing her. Another was the story
of the dead body of a man, who had
long obtained credit as one of the fairy
tales of science.—Nineteenth Century.

than the parrot stepped up with book
and pencil—"Tobacco, gentlemen."
"Wait," said his lady's any tobacco,
and he ordered us to be set about in a
boat. It was recommended to him that
this was quite impossible under the cir-
cumstances; but he replied that he had
nothing to do with circumstances—did
not know anything about circumstances.
Nothing would move him till the cap-
tain, who was really a kind hearted
man, came on deck and knuckled him
overboard. We were now stripped of
our clothing, chafed all over with stiff
brushes, rolled on our stomachs, wrapped
in flannels, laid before a hot stove in the
saloon and strangled with scalding
brandy. We had not been wet, nor had
we swallowed any sea water, but the
surgeon said this was the proper treat-
ment. It is uncertain what he might
have done to us if the tender hearted
captain had not thrashed him into his
cabin and told us to go on deck.

By this time the ship was passing the
town of Arica, and we were about to
go ashore and fish a little, when she
grounded on a hill top. The captain
hove out all the anchors he had about
him, and when the water went swirling
back to its legal level, taking the town
along for company, there we were, in
the midst of a charming agricultural coun-
try, but at some distance from any sea-
port.

At sunrise next morning we were all
on deck. Sam staggered off to the bil-
lage, and I sat carefully upon the
compass and uttered an ejaculation of
astonishment.

"Tell you, captain," he called out,
"this has been a drier convulsion of na-
ture than you have any idea. Every-
thing's been screwed right round. No
doubt you're so!"

"Why, you lubber!" growled the skip-
per, taking me down, "it plain d'eadly to
lubber, an' there's a d'eadly d'eadly!"

Sam turned and confronted him with
a steady gaze of ineffable contempt.

"Now who said it wasn't d'eadly ahead!"
told me that. Shows how much you
know about earthquakes. 'Course I
didn't mean just this continent, nor just
this sea, I tell you, the whole thing's
turned!"—From Collected Sketches.

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Cut graduate the speed of wheel as low as 10
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With this Company, as they are daily
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ing desirable property before the res-
idents of the East.
JAMES GIBSON, President.
J. W. KIRKLAND, Secretary.

H. M. LINES, FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND UNDERTAKER,
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.
There are three human trains in the
Washington museum which were found
in the gravel at Trenton, one several feet
below the surface and the others near
the surface. The skulls, which are of
remarkable uniformity, are of small size
and of oval shape, differing from all other
skulls in the museum. In fact they are
of a distinct type, and hence of the great-
est importance. So far as they go they
indicate that the paleolithic man was ex-
tinct, or has become lost by admix-
ture with others during the many thou-
sand years which have passed since he
inhabited the Delaware valley.—Wash-
ington Letter.

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Runs high at the drug stores in this
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is using it for catarrh, of stomach, dys-
pepsia, constipation and impure blood,
and to build up the system it certainly
possesses wonderful merit when all speak
so well of it.
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ized to offer twenty-two feet front on
Main street Independence for the sum
of \$500—Location valuable. Terms
easy. Apply to Independence National
Bank. 21

NOTES ABOUT MEN.
Ex-Postmaster General James began life
as a newspaper man, and later as a
Charles Dickens, son of the great author,
is a prosperous London printer.
Rev. Henry Roodinger officiated at the
second marriage of his mother recently at
Bethlehem, Pa.
Many a lawyer envies Joseph H. Choate
for his cool manner and self possession
in the courtroom.
Charles Tebo, of Barre, Vt., is eighty-five
years of age, has twenty-nine living chil-
dren and works for his living in a stone
quarry.
John Jay Knox finds the post of bank
president more exacting and less exciting
than that of controller of the currency at
Washington.
As president of the Drexel institute of
Philadelphia at \$10,000 a year, Professor
MacAlister is the best paid teacher in the
United States.
Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World,
has much improved in health, and he ex-
pects to resume his personal management
of the paper at no distant day.
Congressman Miller, of South Carolina,
has little to mark him as a colored man,
but he is a fine looking man, with a perfectly
straight nose, and a fine, well defined
mouth.
Jesse Steel, of Nicholson, Pa., has a re-
markable record as an American voter.
Mr. Steel is 102 years old and cast his first
presidential ballot in 1812 for James Mad-
ison.
Henry W. Denison, who is now legal ad-
viser to the nikado of Japan, formerly re-
sided in Lancaster, N. H. Mr. Denison
has lived in Japan about twenty-three
years.
Manager Toney of the New York Central
is one of the most competent railroad
men in the country. He has served in
every position from fireman to his present
position.
Secretary Foster is a youthful looking
gentleman, with a thin nose and a fine
hair and dark eyes. He has easy and
engaging manners and is affable and
approachable.
The late Mr. Bradford had a most im-
portant view of living. It was his habit
to get a little more together by writing
and writing, and then to live on it until it
was almost exhausted.
President Harrison signed the copyright
bill with the quill of an American eagle,
which was furnished by Robert U. John-
son, of New York, secretary of the Inter-
national Copyright League. Mr. Johnson
now has the quill.
The Hon. H. S. Sanford, minister to Bel-
gium under Lincoln's administration, lives
in a fine house in New York, where he
owns an orange grove. Mr. Sanford has
crossed the Atlantic eighty-six times.
QUEER EXCHANGE ADS.
A handsome new dress in exchange for
a bookcase three feet high, with glass
doors, also a hat table and occasional
chair.
I have top hunting boots, small sights,
very good; will take a Stilton cheese or a
dozen bottles of sherry in exchange. Army
Officer.
Wanted—New boots for family of seven;
good exchange given, or arrangements can
be made for instruction in bicycling and
French.
"A sponge bath" for sale cheap; have no
further use for it. Will take half a dozen
new or a dozen second hand silk pocket
handkerchiefs.
Grandmother's clock, oak case, eight-day,
will take half a dozen underthings. Apply
the Rev. —, Cleveland, Yorkshire.
I am ill. Will anybody take my handsome
gold watch bought from me? It cost me
thirty-five dollars. I will sell it for twelve
dollars, or I will take two quarts of cod-
liver oil, a packet of mustard plasters, and
100 quinine pills in exchange.
I have a complete set, dozens of each, of
ladies' underclothing, best make, carefully
made and perfectly trimmed, which I will
give to any lady in exchange for a month's
board and lodging in London; a comfort-
able bed and a neat breakfast expected.—
London Exchange and Mart.
Anything useful to the value of one
pound to be gratuitously accepted by a re-
spected young man who wishes to part
with his dress coat and vest; plain cloth,
new; would suit person of 5 feet 8 inches,
with cuffs of 17 inches; do not care about
pieces of jewelry, billiard balls or cigars.
PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.
Robert J. Burdette admits in a very good
poem that he is forty-five.
James Payn, the English novelist, has
joined the staff of Punch.
B. L. Fagerson, the English author,
writes all his novels on a typewriter.
He is a small man, with a jolly round face.
He has two brothers in business in America.
One thousand dollars per square inch is
the estimate placed on all Meissen's
pictures now on exhibition in London, and
this is the calculation of a very conserva-
tive critic.
Henry Waterston, the brilliant journal-
ist, applied to be a pianist when a boy, and
appeared in a number of concerts, but a
fellow robbed him of his thumb and he
changed his career.
Mr. James R. Gilmore, of New York,
better known under his pen name of "The
Pencil," has given a valuable collection
of over 1,000 letters and autographs of
prominent Americans to the historical
museum of Johns Hopkins university.