Der kedger! Who gife der ball von taus bik tvist. Unt meige it valse in air, So, ven der padder hite it hard. Der sheebskhin iss nod dere? Der pidger!

to, ven der padder bangs der ball ut on his stomsch schildes, nes down on him mit Trilby feet Unt puds him oud pesides?

Fuesrt bas

Who taigs hot liners-kedges fliess-Iss always left fieldt, and center

Tond know vat he'ss apoud? Unt ven der home team maigs a hit Teclares "Der striker's oud?"

Who vands ter preag dot umbire's neg Unt kig his lungs off, too? Who neffer pays but kigs unt tells Der players vat ter do?

Who is der pest team in der leek Mitoud der ghreat Chon Vard? Who'll sphid upon deir hands unt vi Dot pennand ass revart?

#### MISS BETTIE.

HEN we bought Nine acres, we bought the furalture with it. Well, Nineacres was just so much land, with a house attached—not a farm house, nor a cottage, exactly. After awhile, we

age, and that the clergyman who had lived there had died at an advanced age, having had charge of the same church for fifty years. The church was gone now; and else where rose another parsonage, new and prim. And the house and its belongings, its nine acres of field and meadow and orchard, bad become ours. The place was very shady, the furniture neither old nor new enough to be fashionable, but we liked

long clock in the corner, the tall straight-backed chairs, and the high desk book-case were as delightful as they were queer. Here we would ne every summer, leaving the city behind us, for all those months be-tween June and October, and rusticate to our soul's content. Most of all, we liked the little octagonal low-windowed library.

We were in this room one morning arranging the books, when there was sound at the door, and, looking about, we saw a tall woman in that mysteriously hideous article of raiment, a shaker-hood. She wore a black alpaca dress, cut sparely, and a little checked shawl. She appeared to be inspecting the room rather than lettle said, "to rest her most of anyabout, we saw a tall woman in that its occupants, though three of us sat thing." And, indeed, there was still expect no outside observation can be it was so like her.

ide, and out of its depth came a voic-

no Nobody to put things tidy, and I sat at the book-case, one night, and turned over the yellow letter-unless they've got someone to put 'em paper, and the boxes of red wafers. in mind of things, and he hadn't-no.

Two of the group vanished. Left to do the honors, I stood up and of-forty years and began thus: fered a chair. Miss Bettle Darke took Dear Bettle:—Ten years ago, we fell it and having done so, removed her shaker-hood, and I saw the face of a dainty wave and curl. A neat cap head, and she wore at her throat a litnains of a very pretty woman, and not a vulgar one either, was Miss Bet-

She shook her head. she said. "It used to be warmer in I took it to Miss Bettie then and there this month I think. When the Domthey were ripe, because ours weren't, and I was looking at them, and he And you are dusting the books, ain't you? I used to borrow books out of the library once. If I had my specs, I'd show you some I've read. Mildmay's 'Woman's Duty' is one. And there's poems. What was the one he marked? I'd show you if I

had my specs. Well, well—yes, I knew the Dominie." Suddenly she paused, looked across the room, and rose. On the wall, be sween the windows, hung a black hands, on the heart whose unfinishe silhouette, which might have been the profile of any gentleman who happened to have a Roman nose and to wear the cont-collar of our grandfathers. The protrait was glazed, and framed in mahogany with a gilt rim. She walked towards this, and looked

"That's he," she said. "Yes, that's the Dominie. It's perfect. I didn't know he had his likeness cut. No, I

Something in her face, in the way she put her head unconsciously on one side, in the faint pink flush that stole op to her cheek as she spoke, prompted me at that moment to an act of generosity which would have been greater had I not regarded a black profile as the most hideous thing in art, and this particular profile as the most hideous one ever cut.

"Since you were an old friend of Dr. Hubbard," I said, yielding to my impulse, "and doubtless will value this As I spoke, Miss Darke turned. looked at me, smiled and said:

really mean it? Why, I declare-but, if you do, I'll own up. I'd love to I lifted the profile from the nail, and handed it to her.

Then she caught my hand. "What a dear good girl you are!" said she. "Nobody listening, is there? No! I'll tell you, then; only don't mention it. The Dominie and I were

doubtless, at the moment, how many of the tongues that had wagged over the dond love of long ago lay silent ader the white tombstones of the

ed was long since over.

By that gift I won Bettie Darke's art. Often afterward I sat beside her in her own room upstairs—the room whose window looked toward the parsonage—and she told me more of the same simple story in little broken bits. That was his hair in the brosch. She had been to the fortune-teller, black Jude, before she saw him, and she had told her that she would not be married-a dark woman, Polly West; but it was all envy, all a lle, she believed now. The Dominie was a catch; people envied her for being chosen by him. There was not much good in Polly West. She went away. and strange stories came from the city about her. But then he should

have been so proud.

Another time, she took from a trunk an Indian muslin dress, yellow with age. She was to have been married

I shall never forget that low-celled bedroom, with its bright-flowered pawall, with Adam and Eve and a ser-pent, and an apple tree, the handiwork of Bottle Darke, aged ten; nor the finer composition, on white satin in colored silks, done by the same scholar, some years after a mourning spoken. At his words the conversafemale, weeping tears the size of an egg into an urn, on which the name and age of some deceased Darke were

Intricate quilts covered the bed. knitted curtains were at the window mny memories were stitched bits of needlework! If they hose bits of heed the poets, perhaps, might have been dumb to and our hearts are weaned away from old romances before we are thirty, a romance that could cling lichen-like to the heart that had beat for nearly forescore years must have been very strong? Though all one saw was that a faded cheek grew plnk over a dusty black profile, and that the name of Polly West could make the meek old

eyes flash angrily even yet.

Poor Miss Bettie, faded and with ered, who would have thought you the heroine of a love-tale, as you, in you 'old point" movement? No one! Yet, like the withered and faded rose, there was sweetness about you yet.

At last, one day, Miss Bettle fell ill She seemed to like to be in bed and to talk about her allment, telling how she caught it, and what messes she had taken; but she did not get well as soon as she expected. The doctor's buggy stopped often at the gate, and doctor shook his head and said: floor, covered with dust as a sort of odd likeness to her face in on the noor, covered and dig-utterly regardless of grace and dig-the pretty portrait frontispiece that City was offered him he accepted, nity as members of one family who she told me, in a whisper, Henry said hoping it would prove the bottom

But, though the reading pleased her, The shaker-hood turned from side to I used to go home rather sad sor times from that bedside; for I had editor recognized in him the making grown to like Miss Bettie, and I knew of a good newspaper man. No report-"Well, good morning. You are the that, in a little while, it would be new folks, ain't you? Dusting up? hard to believe that the faded woman successful in obtaining interviews with prominent men, and no one more me in a dream.

and the bundle of long quilis, and read knew the Dominie. I'm Miss Betty a fragment of a sermon, and, laying Darke. Yes, I knew him. Well, good it aside, found under it a half-finished letter-a letter written on blue pape with a soft quill, that was dated back

out, and since then we have spoken ot one word: but you know now how an old lady, still pretty. She was false the tongue was that belied me blue-eyed and faded; her hair was and you have not married any other gray, but she had plenty of it, and man; and I am five-and-thirty. Retties and I am wiser, and know I should with a bow of ribbon sat high on her has ever been sweet to me save yours -nor ever will be, my dear; and if, forgiving all you can-

Yes, that was all-no more. searched in vain; no more-not anothtie Darke. Then, conscious of too er word. Forty years ago the pen stopped there-forty years, so it bore remedy my bad manners, and told her date—and the mystery of the why and that it was a pleasant day. wherefore the tongue of the dead alone could solve. But, though the clock struck 9 as I finished reading it,

"I have come to watch with her." I inie first came here, the cherries were said, by way of excuse. We were ripe in the orchard. Those trees are alone, and, in the silence of the night dead, I guess they be. Yes, I know I read the forty-year-old letter to her "He never finished it," she said "No. I know just how he wrote it came to the wall. 'Miss Darke,' says often, sitting alone at night, I'd say: he, 'allow me to offer you these.' Yes. I will make up.' I began two or the did. The prettiest manners, he three letters, but I tore them all to had. Yes, I knew the Dominie very bits next morning. We couldn't help ourselves. How foolish we were!" With a little quivering sigh, she

"But he began it-he began it?" Then, holding the letter against her reast, old Miss Bettle Darke went quietly to sleep-quietly as a child. But, when the dawn broke, I took the little black profile from its frame and laid them together, under the clasped tale was, after all, better and sweeter than many a complete love-story.

WEEKLY WEATHER BULLETIN

General and heavy rain occurred on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, especially so on Tuesday; the minimum from 36 to 56 degrees. The rainfall was in amount from one half to three-quarters of an inch, except in the immediate coast countles where it amounted to over an inch. On the 16th heavy wind prevailed; on the 17th, 19th, and 20th light frost

The rainfall was not needed, yet no injury resulted from it. The frosts "Why, I want to know! Do you were light and little if any damage resulted from them. The warmth and sunshine of the past five days have been of great benefit to all vegetation. The cool nights retard rapid development, but facilitate more healthy growth. The general opinion frosts have, so far, done little, if

### The Major's Story.

(For the West Side.)

"Gentlemen I cannot agree with you there." The speaker was a man at whom one would be inclined to take a second look. Tall, well-built, take a second look Tall, well-built, with a face singularly handsome and striking and which had an unmistakable air of refinement, yet bearing traces of past suffering. If one were to judge from the gray hair and mustache he would say that the major, as the "boys" affectionately called him, was at least 50 years old, though when you looked into his kindly brown eyes you would wonder if you had not over-estimated his age. The words were addressed to a gro

of reporters who were sitting abs conventional attitudes smoking and chatting in the stuffy little den the Dally News. Copy was all in and several of us had ingered to finish our cigars and discuss the inci-dents of the day. In some way the subject of sympathy came up oper, the new reporter, sneeringly marked, "As for real sympathy there isn't any such thing. Other peo ple don't care a continental for you and your troubles. It's none of their funeral. They may pretend to care, but you can just depend upon it, it's mere hypocrisy." It was in response and when he did so, what he said was worth listening to. He puffed at his cigar in silence for a momen nonotone of the press in the base nent running off the first side of the paper, and the nervous click, click, of he type in the next room as the com positors hurried to finish their last takes. "No, I cannot agree with that entiment," continued the major; "for know a man whose manhood and honor were regained and whose life was saved by the sweet loving symlong story and if you boys have a few moments to spare I'll tell it." After we had assured him that we would

"Twenty years ago there graduated from an Eastern college a young ma of 23. He graduated at the head of his class and as far as education goes he was moderately well prepare to take his part in life's battle for cess. While in college he had cher-ished a desire to achieve literary dis inction and throughout his whole col ege course this had been the object oward which all of his efforts were firected. He had written, while in ollege, several articles that were not altogether bad and had experienced that thrill of joy which an author feels at seeing his first piece in print own signature. When he called him into his office to discuss his plans for life, and when he his life to literature he tried to dis-sunde him. He told him what a hard and weary journey it would be be-fore he reached the goal of literary mecess. He spoke of the vast num ber who fall by the wayside, bu when a position as reporter on rung of the ladder of success. He popular with the rest of the force. He was of an easy-going jovial nature, and he soon had hosts of friends and equaintances. He belonged to sevsrai clubs, in one of which the mem bers considered it the proper thing to take an occusional drink. Brown had no decided convictions in regard to liquor. He thought an occasiona indulgence was perfectly harmless, but he had no patience with a man

As the months went by his occusion al social glass became a daily neces-sity. He found he could not work so well if he missed it. He was called to he city editor's desk one day and old to obtain an interview with a listinguished man who was spending a few days in the city and about whom the public was very curious. The reporters had, so far, been unsuc ressful in gaining acress to him and the one fortunate enough to do would be able to "scoop" all the other papers. After considerable skillful naneuvering he obtained the desired interview, and as he was returning to the office to write up his notes was met by a reporter on one of the drop into the Arlington and take omething." He excused himself, say ng he had some important copy to crite up and he would have to hurry back to get it in. His friend insisted that they go in and take one drink just for the sake of good fellowship. and as for the delay it would only be a minute. Rather than offend him persisting in his refusal, Brown to his request. When they intered they were greeted by a group of acquaintances whose reception the newsgatherers was so cordial that the one drink was followed by a good many more. Then Brown's reportorial friend ordered Scotch whisky and dears.

pened that being a hale fellow we

Before long the liquor had robbes Brown of his discretion and loosen his tongue. He became very confi dentini to his friend and told him of the successful interview he had obtained that was going to scoop all the other papers. When the reporter tried to pump Brown for information he could get no satisfactory answer out he had resolved to get hold o that interview if such a thing were When he told Brown that e doubted his having succeeded in obtaining the interview, Brown be ame very indignant and with thickened utterance he told him he had, and in proof of his statement he passed over his note book containing interview. As the reporter cianced over the pages his eye glisened and his mind was busy schemng how to get possession of the notes His conscience gave him a momentary pang as he thought of the unscrupu the information, but he consoled him elf with the thought that he might as well have it, as Brown was too full to be able to make any use of it and beside that, it was his duty to use every means to prevent his paper from being scooped. He dropped the book and while picking it up he man aged to tear out the pages he wanted without attracting Brown's attention or exciting his suspicion. Handing the of the correspondents is that the book back he congratulated Brown mon his success in securing so good

head he tried to recall the events of few dollars which was due him, and the previous night. He took out his he started for the first saloon. As he note book as he remembered his inbeen torn out. Then as the full consciousness of the betrayal of his trust came to him, he sank to the floor of his cell with a sob of shame and remorse. He had been given the assignment because the city editor had implicit confidence in his reliability. He would keep his pledge until the temperance rally. He would keep his promise to speak there, and then he would bury himself and his troubles beneath the placid waters of the bay. He would speak at the rally because it would be his last act on earth and been fined \$5 and costs for being drunk and disorderly. When Brown drunk and disorderly. When Brown if he had money in his pockets, he could not withstand temptation if he had money in his pockets, he been fined \$5 and costs for being drunk and disorderly. When Brown ing he could not withstand temptation ing he could not withstand temptation if he had money in his pockets, he but one desire, to get away from all took the few dollars he had been paid and threw them to a group of newsthoughts of his disgrace he walked caused a shout of astonishment which was followed by a wild scramble for the rolling silver coins. The night of a long voyage occurred to him. That afternoon he signed shipping articles with a merchant vessel bound for I will not prolong my story by tell-

ing you how he resolved to abstain from liquor; how he fought long and hard and was vanquished. The 'n-herited taste for drink would not be so painful. After several voyages on the merchantman he shipped on board a man-of-war hoping that the strict ence. Then he spoke. He pleaded for a man-of-war hoping that the strict ence. Then he spoke. He pleuded for discipline which prevails on board of the poor, weak, sinful victim who was a vessel of that nature would break bound by his appetite as with unhim of the habit. But while the ves sel was at a foreign port he descried.
His thirst for liquor was not to be overcome, so he gave up all effort to do so. He drifted from one European den of their woe, as if his shoulders city to another, sinking lower and lower. Finally he found himself in Australia, where for months he lived was pleading. Then he spoke of those literally from hand to mouth. He who were engaged in the liquor traf-often went hungry, and what little fic. He spoke of those who rented money he secured from charity and their property for such purposes of from doing odd jobs was spent for those who for gain allowed and counliquor. Here he was seized with a tenanced the tempting of men wh onging to go back to America. When were weak-who unmoved saw he found he could not stand his home- fellowmen go down to hell that they sickness longer he loafed about the might profit thereby. Never had his wharf until he found an opportunity audience heard such eloquence. Never to stow away on a vessel bound for such denunciation of the traffic on San Francisco. He would return to ruined lives, on broken hearts, on America, but he would keep the width lost bonor and lost souls. His investigation of the continent between himself and tive set the audience aftre with indighis old friends who had prophesied nation. He moved them at will. They such a bright future for him. When swayed with emotion as one man, he arrived at his destination he tried. Their eyes seemed to have been sudfor awhile to turn over a new leaf, denly opened to the wickedness and but soon he was on the down grade to the infinite shame and pity of it again. He could be seen sweeping out the saloons for drinks, while what he ate he procured from the free lunches provided by the saloons for the drunkard's heritage, an inheritance of the saloons for their customers. One day he was not dren, a memory of shame and dis-seen in his accustomed haunts and grace. He spoke of his lost hope and seen in his accustomed haunts and one of his cronies going to the miscrable lodging house where he sometimes stayed, found him delirious with fever. He reported the fact to a policeman, who had him conveyed to the city hospital. Then for weeks he lay with his life in the balance, indifferent whether he lived or died science then layed it wakened continuously and a science then layed it wakened continuously and the science then layed it wakened continuously and the science then layed it wakened continuously and the science of his lost hope and of his lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all over the house. His words atruck a home. Many a one here had seen it wakened in the path of everlasting the science of the layer of the layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all over the house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all over the house. Many a one here had seen it wakened to be a layer of the layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other than the layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased. Sobs could be heard all other house. His words atruck a layer of the lost life here and hereafter. He ceased life here and hereafter. different whether he lived or died. Weeks lengthened into months. Slowly he gained strength. One day he was sitting listlessly in the convales of the traffic which came up from the streets below. He was in a rebellious his useless life? Why had he been permitted to recover! What a mockery it was. When he should leave the hospital there was nothing for him sons entered the room. They moved down the long hall, stopping now to speak to a patient, now to admire me rare potted plant. He could hear the attendant's voice answering their questions. As they were passing one him intently, and then stepping to-ward him with outstretched hand, exclaimed, "Why, Brown, is that you? hardly knew you. How glad I am to see you; it seems ages since I saw you last. What's been the matter with you, my boy? Has the world been took the gentleman's hand and said. who would drink to excess. So it hap "I am as much surprised to see you, Mr. Welch, as you are to see me net he was often treated to a social seen me. If you remember I left town shortly after I graduated, I have been here in the hospital for the past

several months pretty sick. I am afraid, though, that I am going to pull through." After a few moments' of Brown's stay in the hospital Mr. moderate talents, but of great conseration. One day he asked Brown hospital. Brown told him of his past

During the weeks that followed poor Brown fought such a battle as I hope you boys will never be called upon isco. Brown had promised the tem perance lecturer that he would be the ard give a short address. Three this before the rally the weather because very warm. Toward evening the sea breeze blew in from the bay and made life bearable, but during and down the streets all that night the heat of the day men went about Morning dawned and found him pale, in their shirt sleeves prespiring freely haggard and sleepless. All night he at the least exertion. The junior mem- had fought with self, his lower self. her of the firm for whom Brown the battle of which would make him worked, thinking to do his employees free. He found work as a shipping a kindness, had a keg of beer put on reporter on one of the San Francisco ice for them. A fellow workman dailies. As the days passed by he filled a glass and turning to Brown felt he must see Miss Atkinson again. said, "Here Brown down it. I haven't He called upon her and during the cen you take any yet. It's prime." months that followed it was her contraken unawares and thred with the stant sympathy and cheering words long struggle against his craving. That kept him true to his promise. Brown eagerly drained it. It seemed His first feeling toward her had been to awake all the suppressed craving one of gratitude, but he felt now that in him. The demon of drink raged the only incentive to live would be with ten-fold fierceness for its long taken away if he could not hope to suppression. Again and again did he go to the keg. In going to and from his work he usuality made a decour to avoid passing two saloons which were presence of a few friends the temperlocated on his route if he took the ance lecturer said the selemn words most direct route home. He made no which bound them together for better detour when he started for home that or for worse, "God helping me dear," evening. He came to the first saloon, he whispered, as they left the altar, hesitated, stopped, turned toward the "it shall be for better." That was

walked he thought of his past life He had wearied of the struggle. Hop would have no more use for it. Turn-would have no more use for it. Turn-ing the pages he found his notes had been torn out. Then as the full con-been torn out. Then as the full con-been torn out. Then as the full con-the close of a life whose only end could be one of shame. Then with the the rolling sliver coins. The night of the temperance rally arrived. Brown was a little late and found the hall crowded. While pressing his way to-ward the front, his friend Mr. Welch,

name announced. With siow steps and bowed head he walked to the front of the platform. Then looking up and slowly raising his hand he derly, lovingly, he spoke. Never bound for such denunciation of the

without many a glance at the comparatively unknown speaker. He was dimly conscious of shaking hands with many people. He was aroused from his reverie by the voice of his evil in the saloon system. friend, the lecturer, saying. "I told Thus he came to make soon lie at rest. Miss Atkinson broke the silence. Her voice was singularly sirown, why do you not devote your self to temperance work. If I could in that work, and then too, your noblexample in renouncing the habit after so long a time would be an inspiraonce, in the bondage of drink, He laughed, but it was a hard and

nirthless laugh, as he said, "My eximple. How little you know what you are saying. Do you know what kind of an example it is? Do you know that I took the most solemn pledge soul-destroying stuff, that I vowed to God on my sacred honor never touch a drop again? Do you know It within the past three days. Broken talk the visitors left. During the rest it with my eyes open-fully realizing of Brown's stay in the hospital Mr. that I was forfeiting my last chance Welch was a constant visitor. He I am tired of the struggle. I am go was a temperance lecturer, a man of ing tonight where I will be tempte no more. God knows how hard I tried but it's no use. I am going to pu what his plans were when he left the an end to a perfectly worthless exlife and said that the only thing he could do was to take a short cut to hell. It was the only thing left for him to de. Long and carnestly did to you. You must forgive me for dothe temperance lecturer talk to Brown ing so. I am unstrung"-Miss Atkin urging him to cast off the chains son stopped. She laid her hand on which bound him, to sign the piedge Brown's arm and said, "As we stand and be a man once more. Brown said in the presence of our Maker, as you it was too late to reform, but finally value your everlasting soul, as you a gleam of hope illumined the dark value your eternal destiny, do not despair of his mind. A glimpse of an this thing, I have faith in you. I upright, useful life came to him, and know that if you promise me you will with tears of hope and joy he signed keep your promise. I cannot tell you the pledge. Welch, who believed in how my heart aches for you. Will practicing what he so constantly you not promise, if not for your own preached, stood by him nobly, and sake, for my sake, to try once more. found him a situation as entry clerk You are young yet, won't you live to make some noble woman respect and honor you? Won't you live so that you can respect yourself? Don't say years of happiness and usefulness beto wage. Sometimes when his appe-fore you. Promise me that with God's tite would almost overpower him he help you will try." He was silent. would rush to a lunch counter and He had come where he must choose drink strong black coffee scalding hot. one of two paths-life or death. One Night after night he walked the floor led to the dark waters of a suicide's rying to God to give him strength to grave. The other, if he could but vercome. There was to be a grand walk therein, to life and future joy,

reperance rally given in San Fran- "I will not go down to the river to

in the "North and the property of the property

THE BISHOPS SALON

CHICAGO'S NEW TEMPERANCE SAL ON IDEA.

A Model Resort Where Beerette and the Bishop's Beverage Are

Chicago, March 28.-The home salon povement started by Bishop Fallows of Chicago is the development of one the fundamental ideas underlying the People's Institute, of which he is the founder and president. The beautiful new structure of a value estimated at \$100,000, and containing the second largest andlence room in Chicago, stands for education, recreation, ligence. In no other country, perhaps, philapthroor, religion, and reform, has there ever been an equal rate of philanthropy, religion, and reform. Bishop Fallows and his co-laborer,

of the vice presidents of the National Temperance society. But, while fully recognizing the good work done by those and kindred societies, he became convinced that there was something they had not done to meet in a third respectively with respectively and the convention of the confort profit and harming the convention of the confort profit and the confort profit and the convention of the confort profit and the confort profit thing they had not done to meet in a practical way the necessities which he temperance problem presented. He made a careful study of the coffee house system so widely prevailing in England and believed that, with roper modification, it could be made to meet the requirements of Amer-ican society. He recognized the fact that the American saloon is one of the most powerful factors in American so-

most powerful factors in American so-cial life. Light, warmth or coolness, comfort, sociability, refreshment, were some of the attractions it pre-sented. The bar, with its bright mirror and glitter of sparkling glasses, was a specially pleasing feature. Mu-sic, too, lent its charm. He said, through the pulpit and the press. Simply eliminate the alcohol from the saloon and you can change it into a potent factor for good. We must recognize the needs of thousands of tel will not take its place; neither will the restaurant; neither will the bus-iness building. Neither are they the places where men as men can congregate and have fellowship with each a small sum he can have large privileges. It is the homeless man's home, is the place where the friendless man can find friends, or pretended friends. It is the place where he can meet his fellows on terms of equity. He can play games; he can read quently against its evils. What have way or other to establish places which

hospital there was nothing for him to do but to go back to the old life of wretchedness and degradation. How he heathed it, and yet from it he could see no escape. As he meditated on his bitter past and his hopeless future

Miss Atkinson you would be willing to fithe "Home Salon." He preferred to see her to ber home, as you go her way. He brother who was to call for her man "salon" as being less objectionable than the word "saloon," her must have been detained." Mechanically he offered her his arm. fact that the evil of the saloon was They left the hall and walked on in dropped with the elimination of the extra letter. A saloon which was for merly kept by a noted character is elaborate fixtures bought, its barrels emptied and cleansed, its walls pa pered and painted and decorated, and he transformation completed.

Although in a basement, it has become a great place of resort. On pening days it was thronged by thor ods. A stendy patronage of all sorts been secured. For 10 cents a substantial luncheon or meal, with a hot or cold drink, may be secured. The "burkeeper" is a highly recommended member of the Methodist Episcopal The manager is a Presbyterian ludges, lawyers, clergymen, profesof soloons, business men, clerks and conorable women descend the marble steps day after day. Bishop Fallows charity in the enterprise. He said: "I believe as a business venture it will be successful. If the coffee somses in England can pay a 10 per ent and sometimes a 14 per cent divdend, home salons, properly managed, an do as well with us. I will make the experiment, and, if it succeeds, will turn the whole thing over to a company of business men, who can manage it both in the interests of reform and to their financial advantage."

The enterprise is proving thus far to be a successful business venture. and a company named the Home Sa ampany has just been organized with a capital stock of \$25,000. Connected with the home saion has been the already famous temperance drink known as "Bishops' Reer," "Bishops' Beverage," or "Bishops' Becrette," This is made, the bishop says, of the pest hops and malt, blewed without fermentation by a well-known chemist according to a process he has found out by careful experimenting. This beverage which is wholesome and of tonic effect, is a veritable beer without the alcohol.

Since the announcement of the opening of the home salon, and the beverage which forms the chief feature among its drinks, letters have poured in upon Bishop Fallows from every part of the pountry asking for infor mation and requisiting samples of the "beer" or "becrette." ton, Baltimore, Philadelphia, cities in California, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Vermont, Maine, Kansas, Ne-braska, Dakota, and other states are among the applicants. In some these cities home salons have been alfurnished for supplying the beverage

Humorous descriptions have been written of the bishop standing behind the bar and the counter dispensing drinks and refreshments. Newspaper writers must have their jokes, and as itishow Fallows said recently before the Sunset club of this city. "This is : form of mild martyrdom which must cheerfully bear."

One of the rumors now in the air is that Bishop Fallows intends to make a cooperative enterprise of the one salon system in Chicago by which thirsty and hungry thousand may be taken care of at the lowest possible rates.

implete, and the war ends on terms

of her own dictation. This result was

THE TRIUMPH OF JAPAN. The triumph of Japan over China

not anticipated at the beginning of the conflict, but it was inevitable, perertheless, on account of conditions

might have done so, undoubtedly, if they had manifested the proper spirit; hey had manifested the proper spirit; at they were always ready to sur-

but they were always rendy to surrender on the first pretext, and their
officers were unable to keep them in
line when a decisive test of courage
and endurance was presented.
On the other hand, the Japanese
troops have conducted themselves
with marked fidelity and enthusiasm.
Their discipline has been equal to
that of the best drilled soldiers of
Europes of America, and in no emer-Europe or America, and in no emer-gency have they been found wanting. They would have conquered, it is easy to believe, if the opposition had been much more formidable. The existence of such an army vindicates the right advancement in all that goes to con-stitute national weifare and influence. the Rev. William G. Clarke, D. D., who worked hard to bring about the suppression of gambling in this city, are deeply interested in the temperance question. For many years he has been an ardent advocate of prohibition, although never identified with the prohibition party. He has been connected with the Good Templars, the Sons of Temperance, and other temperance organizations. He is one of the vice presidents of the National Britain, was established; and since pliances of comfort, profit and happi-ness. The country that has accom-plished these great results in the com-paratively short period of forty years

> -Globe Democrat. DENTISTS NEW AND OLD. Marked Progress in Tooth-Repairing in the Last Thirty Years.

ertainly deserves respectful and

dderate recognition, and its future

will be viewed with universal interest

Perhaps no profession has made more progress in the last thirty years than dentistry has done, says Har-per's Bazar. Half a century ago den-tistry, as a separate branch of the medical profession, was but little known, and dentists were but very few, even in the great cities. The reg-ular physician pulled the aching tooth, and we have even seen a case where and we have even seen a case where we do not need it. It always he filled it, and the filling, owing to however, when we do need it

trict, and people whiselves of his services be rather fantastical, extravagant as

that can possibly he ke nerve must be killed it killed painlessly, and the do so. Even when a tooth had by gome that retaining points filling are not to be had to a tad excavation Fillings are made so

Anna Dickinson admits once kissed a physician on the head. It was only the other as Phoebe Courins told of a train which she, Senator Pair thousand kisses were involve next thing we shall hear probe married, or that Dr. Ma startlingly novel, but they an

icately that even the crac

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