

PERRYDALE NEWS NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Caldwell and Mrs. Lee Conner were Dallas visitors Friday.

Andrew Campbell, J. W. Wilson, John Duignan, Alice Reetz and Mrs. William McQueen were Dallas visitors Saturday.

Marion Fox was a Portland visitor Saturday.

Misses Elsie, Nellie, and Wanda Keyt were Dallas visitors Saturday.

Misses Phena and Helen Anderson of McMinnville spent a few days of last week at the Rose home near here.

Mrs. Ross spent a few days of last week in McMinnville.

Hint Jones was taken to Dallas Saturday for an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. John Duignan spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter in Dallas.

Elsie Boyer of McMinnville visited over Sunday with her parents here.

Mrs. Charles Snelting left for Willamina Monday where she will spend a few weeks with her son.

Buena Vista News Notes

The High School have started preparing for their play to be given sometime in the near future.

The Misses Gladys and Marjorie Reynolds took part in the musical recital given in Independence last Saturday night.

Jack Proudly and wife of Winlock, Washington are guests of Ed Prather and family.

Ed Harmon and wife were Independence visitors Saturday.

Mr. Black moved his family, to the Sloper homestead in American Bottom Wednesday.

Rev. S. S. Mummy held quarterly conference in the Evangelical church here Sunday.

The Base Ball boys have received their suits but the bad weather has hindered them from having a game in them.

Edith Schunk of Salem was a guest of her parents, Frank Schunk and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Comier of Lebanon visited with her parent, W. I. Reynolds and wife, while her husband was in Portland taking serum treatment for tuberculosis, under Dr. Rokey.

Bert Snyder who has been working in Salem spent the week end with his family.

Clara Schindler visited friends in Independence Sunday.

The W. O. W. were cleaning and grubbing in the cemetery, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Florence Gobat and daughter, and Mrs. Tressa Konger and daughter of Suver, spent Easter Sunday with their mother, Mrs. E. J. Anderson.

Fred Wells who has been working for G. A. Wells spent Sunday with relatives in Dallas.

More than 500 samples of cloth to select from. Dietz, the tailor.

Independence sent over about 200 people to Salem Tuesday, to give the high

school boys a little encouragement for the basket ball game but with it all Dallas did just a little better work. The band also was there to play "Marching Through Georgia" and other patriotic tunes but had to be content with "The Bear went over the Mountain," etc.

HAD FAITH IN THE OLD MINE

How Fortune Came to a Girl Who Had Confidence.

"My poor little girl," gasped old Tom Conyers on his deathbed. "I dread to leave you with nothing. If I could have lived six months I might have left you rich."

"Oh, I don't mind that, dad. I'll get along."

Sallie Conyers buried her father and packed up their belongings ready to leave the old cabin, near the mine in which all his hopes had been centered. She found a will drawn some time before, but now there appeared to be no occasion for a will. Then she went down to Colorado Springs, where she had an aunt to whom she could look for guidance.

When her father died Sallie was sixteen. A year later a vein was discovered in the mine in which she still had an interest. A dividend was declared that gave her \$1,000, which by the terms of the will she could not have till she was twenty-one years old. But the vein soon died out, and the Conyers mine was abandoned.

Two years later a couple of speculators bought the property for a song, wiped out the old stock and organized a company called the Hope Mining company.

Meanwhile Sallie Conyers was earning her living in Colorado Springs. When she was twenty she became engaged to a clerk in a bank with a salary so infinitesimal that matrimony between the two seemed but a multiplication of their troubles. But the day was approaching when Sallie would come into her \$1,000, and that would enable them to set up in a small way at housekeeping.

The day she was paid the money began happily and ended in misery. Willard Stearns, her lover, had been long looking for the day when they should be married. Now, when the money was paid, Sallie told him that she proposed to invest it in the stock of the Hope Mining company. He looked at her aghast.

"I have kept in touch with the property," she said, "and know something about what they are doing. My father worked that mine for three years. He used to talk to me about it because he hadn't any one else to confide what absorbed him. I know that when a certain event happens, if it ever does happen, a rich lode will be struck."

She got out her father's old maps, showing plot after plot crossing and covering one another, and tried to explain what her father had so often explained to her. But either he could not or would not understand. He took no interest in the angle at which the Sallie lode dipped nor in the depth at which it crossed the Conyers. A gold mine to him meant a capacious man capable of swallowing the hard earned money of simple minded people. He told Sallie that if he married her he had the prospect of living with a woman who had inherited a speculative mania. He preferred to go through life alone.

Sallie tentatively accepted the situation. The next day she visited the mine and introduced herself to the superintendent of the boring gang as the daughter of the former owner. He was very kind to her, answered all her questions, but showed no expectation of striking paying dirt. Indeed, he told her that he expected soon to abandon the work. Sallie asked him how deep was the hole. He told her it was 1,400 feet. "Promise me that you won't stop till you have gone 200 feet farther," she said. "Why so?" "Because you'll strike a rich vein at 1,500 feet."

He gave the promise, and Sallie returned to Colorado Springs. The next day she went to a broker and asked him the market price of Hope Mining shares. They told her that there had been a quotation for months, but if she was offered it would be all she might wish to buy. She understood them to offer 2 cents a share for as much as \$1,000 would purchase. The offer was made and \$50,000 for value of the stock secured.

Ed Conyers had expected to make a hole at from 1,150 to 1,500 feet. Sallie bought a week in a terrible state of mind. She had absolute confidence in her father's expectations, but her own was lacking these expectations. One day, looking at the quotation of Hope stock, she was astounded to see that it had been run up to 50 and now sales. The vein had been struck, the stock became worth \$2 a share, and Sallie was rich.

Willard Stearns kept away from Sallie from the day he told her he would not marry one who had inherited a mania for speculation. One day he heard of a great rise in Hope Mining company stock and saw an item in a newspaper stating that the daughter of Conyers, who formerly owned the mine, had a large block of the stock. His heart for a moment seemed to cease to beat. He hoped Sallie would send for him. But she didn't. He wrote her a note congratulating her on her good fortune and received a very kind reply. This encouraged him, and he sought to renew the engagement.

"No," she said, "your reasons were good, though not exactly as you stated them. You and I are made of different stuff. I am, like my father, ready to risk all on that in which I have confidence. Your natural bent is in a different line. Together we should be constantly pulling in different directions."

Sallie Conyers turned out a great speculator and got enormously rich.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Hon. Sant Kirkpatrick, Former Revenue Sleuth.



Among the new members of the Sixty-third congress none is likely to attract more interest than Sant Kirkpatrick of Ottumwa, who will represent the Sixth Iowa district in the new house. He is a Democrat and will succeed to the seat now held by H. E. Kendall, Republican. He is nearly seventy-one years of age and since 1886 has been an internal revenue officer, working among the moonshiners and counterfeiters of the south. The Hon. Sant has faced death on many occasions and borne many scars of battle, but he is still hale and hearty.

His career as internal revenue agent has been one of the most remarkable in the history of the service, both from the point of accomplishment and narrow escapes from death. The Hon. Sant has destroyed more illicit distilleries and placed more men in the penitentiary than any other man in the United States. In his body he carries over a hundred places of lead, mementos of his clashes with the moonshiners during his various rambles. He has several times raided the notorious Sibus Allen gang, which shot up the court of Carroll county at Hillsville, Va., last spring.

Congressman Elect Kirkpatrick served throughout the civil war as first lieutenant of Company K, Second Iowa Infantry, and is the only civil war veteran representing Iowa in either branch of congress.

Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate. E. Livingstone Cornelius, successor to the late Colonel Daniel Moore Randall as sergeant-at-arms of the United States senate, is a Democrat. He has been assistant sergeant-at-arms for more than a year, a position specially created for him by the senate.

His first position at Washington was as private secretary to Colonel Raus.



E. LIVINGSTONE CORNELIUS.

dell when the latter was appointed United States marshal of the District of Columbia by President Harrison. When Colonel Randall became the senate sergeant-at-arms in 1903 he retained Mr. Cornelius as his private secretary. On the death of his superior a short time ago Mr. Cornelius was appointed to the position. The new sergeant-at-arms made all the official arrangements for the funerals of Vice President Sherman and Senator Rayner of Maryland.

Jack of Many Trades. Henry F. Ashurst is easily the most versatile member of the senate. When the whirligig of politics leaves him jobless he will have a variety of pursuits by which to earn a livelihood.

In his autobiography in the congressional directory Mr. Ashurst makes this plain statement of facts: "I have pursued the following occupations: Lumberjack, cowboy, clerk and cashier in store, newspaper reporter, hod carrier and lawyer."

Her Record. "In India brides of twelve are not uncommon."

"I don't expect to equal that record," said the summer belle, "but so far I've been the fiancée of six."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Motto. "How do you stand on the income tax question?"

"My motto is this: Give me the incomes of the female and I care not

who collects their taxes."—Baltimore American.

He Probably Spoke. "I say, Mr. Johnston," said little Tommy, "are you fond of speaking?" "Not very, Tommy," replied Mr. Johnston, with a smile. "You don't speak much?" "Well, not a great deal."

"I thought so," said little Tommy, "because I heard Sister Agnes say to mamma today that she had been waiting six months for you to speak."

Worse and More of It. "Concord, Concord!" shouted the brakeman as the train pulled into the station during a tremendous outburst of thunder and lightning.

The clever woman grasped her umbrella firmly. "Not only conquered," she ejaculated, "but taken by storm!"—Youth's Companion.

CHARITY. Charity is genuine joy. To look up and not down—that is faith. To look forward and not back—that is hope. To look out and not in—that is charity in thought. Lend a hand—that is charity in action.—Edward Everett Hale.

Oysters as Food. Oysters come nearer in composition to cow's milk than do most other meats, as all the four kinds of nutrients needed are present in good degree. Oysters have a larger excess of the flesh building substance relative to the other constituents than milk, so we "balance the ration" by addition of starchy food and fats when eating oysters, thus securing a good meal at a cost that compares favorably with that when other meats are chosen.—Professor Julius Nelson of Rutgers College in Leslie's.

Looked Into the Wall. A rather peculiar case of absentmindedness was that related of Peter Burrows, an Irish lawyer. A friend called on Burrows at an early hour one morning found him shaving with his face held close to an empty wall. "What on earth are you assuming that attitude for?" he asked. "To look in the glass," was the reply. "But there's no glass there," laughed the acquaintance.

"Hessy you! I didn't notice that before," said Burrows, and then, calling his servant, he asked him what had become of the mirror.

"Why, sir," said the man, "it was broken six weeks ago."

A Painter's Odd Ways. Alfred Hunt was at the same time both a very slow and a fastidiously punctilious sketcher from nature, a combination which is said to have hastened his end, for he had a book for every hour of the day and every condition of weather, and overlaid with these, he would often trudge a lengthy distance to his work. He would then start, say, on an incomplete morning effect in sunshine, to be cast aside for a similar subject in shadow if the scene clouded over or for a noonday one directly that hour was reached. It is said that he consequently sometimes carried as many as a dozen varieties of the same view.—St. James' Gazette.

The Iron Shroud. Ludovico Sforza, who invented the iron shroud, was the first to suffer death by this horrible torture.

Leading Woman. "What do you understand by a leading woman?" "Any woman who is married!"—Chicago Examiner.

Probability of Life. A man of twenty in good health may expect to live forty years longer; a man of forty, twenty-seven.

Ready to Strike It. When a fellow has money to burn the chronic borrower is a match for him.—New York Mail.

Preserved Meats. Herodotus, born 484 B. C., notes that the Egyptians preserved meat, fish and fowl by steeping them in brine.

A Light Attack. "Have you any married sisters?" "None. One was engaged once, but it didn't take."—Houston Post.

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