

THE WILLAMETTE NEWS.

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THE WILLAMETTE NEWS.

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WILLAMETTE NEWS,

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PER MONTH.

SANDY LAND WELL WORKED IS RICH.

We don't bank high on theories
Down yere what the river forks;
Black, waxy land don't grow seck truck
Along with its cotton stalks.

I've noticed tho' that what the soil's
Too deep for a twelve inch share
To turn the trash up to the sun,
An' 'hile triffin' rocks lay bare.

You're grine to raise a heap of weeds,
Bigger than the crop you sow;
An' when you lay your cotton by,
These no account weeds still grow.

But what the soil is teler'ble peere,
An' you've got your livin' to make,
You'll seck your land for all she's worth,
An' you'll plow an' harrow an' rake.

From me up till the chickaree roost
On the post oaks in the lot;
An' sandy land well worked is rich,
An' 'Ole Caney's' pore, that's not.

—Frank Cham in Commonwealth.

THE PROPOSAL.

I.

It was late on a September afternoon. The day had been damp and doleful, and now at 5:30 the fog was trying to envelop everything with its usual obstinate density.

Amid the stream of hurrying, jostling humanity which swept down the Strand was a man whose face might have attracted attention if there had been any one in that motley crowd not wholly engrossed in selfish interests. It was a fine, dark face, beautiful in its way, but marked by lines and shadows—the face of a man who was fighting against the world and who was losing the battle, and yet a man whose nature had not been imbibed by sordid struggles, a man who had suffered and grown strong. Such a one was Paul Ferris, only he would have been very much surprised to have heard it said.

He plodded along, his threadbare coat buttoned up to the chin, head bent, eyes fixed on the ground, thinking of nothing more or less heroic than the approaching dinner hour. I suppose, though, that even a hero may be pardoned for being hungry if he has got through the day without any luncheon. That was the case with Paul Ferris, at all events, and consequently he was making the best of his way homeward, devoutly hoping that his sister had ordered something substantial for their evening meal. Presently he turned off to the right, and passed into one of those short and comparatively deserted streets which run from the Strand to the embankment. Here he entered one of the row of lodging houses and was soon in his dingy sitting room, with its dismal hued carpet and upholstery. As he came in a pale faced girl in a black gown rose from the couch where she had been lying and advanced to meet him.

"You have come at last, Paul."

"Yes, little one, and glad to see you up and looking so jolly."

"The rehearsal was late, was it not?"

"Late? I should say it was. Couldn't even get out to get some lunch."

"Poor boy! That was tragical, I have ordered dinner for 6 o'clock, so possess your soul in patience until then. In the mean time I have a bit of news for you."

Ferris threw off his coat and confronted her. "Not bad news, child?"

"No. On the contrary."

"Good news? Ah, that's something novel and refreshing. Let's have it, my good girl—pray, don't keep me in suspense."

He seated himself by the fireside and

took off his gloves, looking across at his sister with a somewhat cynical smile.

"To begin with, who do you think called here this afternoon?"

"Creditors?"

"No."

"Doctors?"

"No."

"My solicitor?"

"Wrong again—it was Margaret Stanhope."

Ferris started and shaded his face with his hand.

"Well," he asked, after a pause.

"What did she want of you?"

"She was very kind, Paul; inquired after you, and asked us both to an informal dinner on Thursday evening."

"And you accepted?"

"Of course; I thought it would be a treat. Surely you do not object?"

"I cannot object, Stella, if it would give you pleasure. Yes, we will go if fate so wills it."

"It was very kind in her, Paul, to look us up. Don't you think so? She has only been in London a week."

"Yes, Miss Stanhope has always been kind and condescending. Do you not see, my child, that she would make proteges of us? It is the fashion nowadays to patronize beggarly musicians."

"Paul," indignantly, "it is not like you to be such a bear. What makes you speak so? You know it is not true. How could she patronize us? Why, we knew her when she wore short dresses and played with doll babies. There is no one in the world so good and beautiful as Margaret Stanhope, and you know it."

"Well?"

"I have sometimes fancied"—

A prolonged pause.

"Well, out with it. What have you fancied?"

"That she cares for you more than—otherwise than as a mere friend, I mean. There is an expression in her eyes when she speaks of you"

"Good heavens! Stella, you are raving," interrupted Paul, springing up and regarding her fiercely. "I forbid you to harbor such thoughts for a moment. Miss Stanhope is as far removed from me as if she were of royal blood. Evidently you do not realize the difference existing between an heiress and a penniless concert singer."

"But Paul," interrupted Stella in her turn, "you must not forget you are a gentleman born, and our families were friends in the years gone by."

"A gentleman?" repeated Paul, disregarding the last clause in her sentence.

"Yes, the son of an obscure curate, a vagabond by adoption. And am I to woo 'dear Lady Diadain'?" Good God! You drive me mad!"

Stella watched him blankly for a moment as he flung about the room, then she threw herself on the lounge and burst into hysterical tears. Naturally this brought him to his senses at once, and he patted, and petted, and soothed and pacified until the storm was over.

II.

Thursday, the 1st of October, dawned but it brought no prospect of the Ferrises dining at Kensington.

There came instead a small note which read as follows:

NO. 19 SALISBURY STREET, Oct. 1.
MY DEAR MISS STANHOPE—My sister is so very much worse today that it will be impossible for us to dine at your home this evening. She desires me to convey to you her regret and disappointment. Yours very sincerely,
PAUL FERRIS.

Margaret received it at luncheon time, and after she had read it twice or thrice she turned to her huge mastiff who was sitting bolt upright beside her, and thus addressed him: "Christopher, I am afraid your sex is hopelessly obtuse. Now, what would you think of a letter like that coming from an individual whom you had known in childhood, had played with and squabbled with hundreds of times?"

Christopher gazed at her fixedly, and solemnly thumped his tail as a dirge like accompaniment.

"Never mind, Christie, you love me anyway, don't you, dear? There, old man, don't lick my face. You think I am crying, don't you? But it is not so, I assure you. Why, Christopher, do you think I would shed a tear for Paul Ferris? Come, we will get ready and go to Stella, since she cannot come to us. An errand of love, my son, with roses and jasmine for our offering."

There were many such errands of love in the ensuing week, for Stella grew weaker day by day, and her recovery seemed far off and uncertain.

The poor child would fain have been well. She would talk for hours between spasms of coughing about the things she would go and see, the books she would read, the places she would visit when she would be better again.

It was Christmas eve that the end came. There was a sudden attack of hemorrhage, a message sent to Paul at

Her Majesty's theatre, a few hours of hushed waiting, a little struggle—and it was over. Margaret Stanhope was there, and it was in her arms that Stella's life flickered and went out.

Toward the last she begged Paul to sing to her.

"Something that will make me go to sleep soon," she said wearily.

And Paul went to the piano in the adjoining room and touched the keys softly.

Sorrow and care may meet,
The tempest cloud may lower;
The surge of sin may beat
Upon life's troubled shore.
God doth his own safety keep,
He greeth his beloved sleep.

When he had finished he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw Margaret with the tears like rain on her face.

"She is asleep at last," she said brokenly.

III.

When Margaret had done what she could she went away and Paul did not see her for months.

It was better so, he told himself. Her way was not his. Their paths lay far apart, and he could not attempt to bridge the gulf between them. And so life went on for him dully, drearily, with never a break in the monotony until spring came. Then one morning he met her on Regent street. She was just stepping into her carriage, but she stopped him and gave him her hand and drew him aside for a few moments' conversation.

"I am glad I happened to meet you," she said. "I wished to speak to you on—a matter of business. It is a favor I am going to ask of you."

"No; do not be so rash as to grant it beforehand, but promise to come to the house to-morrow morning and we will talk it over. I shall be in until 12. Good-by, for the present."

When Ferris was shown into Miss Stanhope's drawing room the next morning he found it deserted. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, the sun struggled in through the lace curtains, and on the window seats boxes of snowdrops were lifting their delicate heads to receive the warm rays.

Margaret appeared very shortly, and greeted him with her usual frank kindness. She asked him to be seated, and after a few commonplace remarks evidently made an effort to plunge into the subject weighing on her mind.

"I asked you to come here because I have something to say to you that concerns us both—something I wish to ask of you," she began.

"Anything that I can do for you, Miss Stanhope. You must know I am yours to command."

"It is rather difficult for me to tell you now that you are here," she went on nervously.

"The fact is, Mr. Ferris, I think of sailing for New York in a fortnight, and—I want you to go with me!" Paul leaned forward and passed his hand over his eyes.

"But I do not understand," he said, with a puzzled expression.

He could see that she was laboring under some excitement, that her breath was coming uncertainly. It seemed to him she was very near tears, although she was smiling.

"Monsieur," she said rapidly in French. "I have the honor of asking your hand in marriage for Miss Stanhope."

It struck him like a blow. He blinced him—took his breath away. He could not speak, was only conscious that Margaret was kneeling beside his chair with her hands on his arm; that her face was upturned, grave and tender.

"Paul," she whispered, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

He understood at last, and at last he held her in his arms and kissed her reverently.

"Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, "you must not think badly of me. I know you love me. I knew you would not speak. Oh, my darling, never leave me! Will you promise it? Never for a day, for an hour. Paul! Paul!"—MacRae E. Marlow in Drake's Magazine.

Teaching School in Switzerland.

Gymnastics, by the way, are taught in every Swiss school, and a proper gymnasium with all its belongings is attached to every school house. The Swiss seminaries for the preparation of teachers are open to both sexes, and some of the best teachers in the public schools are ladies, though the number engaged is very small, perhaps not 10 per cent. of the whole. Their pay, too, absurd though it seems, is some 30 per cent. less than that of male teachers. There are no young, inexperienced girls teaching in the schools, and no young men using the school desk while waiting for something better to turn up. School teaching is a serious business there, and the calling of a lifetime.—S. H. M. Byers in Harper's.

BRIEF MENTION.

W. D. Simpson, chief justice of the supreme court of South Carolina, is dead.

The Chickasaws have sent to Washington a list of 60,000 intruders upon their land.

The supreme court of Michigan has established the validity of the graded railway fare act.

A farmer in Mahaska, Ia., found a solid gold nugget on his farm that weighed seventy ounces.

Christ Knieling, a Dayton, O., tailor, put \$3,000 in a cigar box and buried it for safety, and someone stole it.

A fight in a negro church at Oxmoor, Ala., resulted in one death, two fatally wounded and several slightly injured.

A Venezuela man at New York said that grain was rotting in that country for the want of laborers to harvest it.

A fruit grower at Brocton, N. Y., has picked nearly 1,300 pounds of grapes from half an acre of ground this year.

Lavinia Fletcher of Minneapolis has just sold for \$134,000 a corner lot in that city which cost him \$3,500 twenty years ago.

Although Cuba has offered \$10,000 for the bandit Manuel Garcia, dead or alive, he continues to hold undisputed sway of his territory.

The Lexington Transcript wants Kentucky to appropriate \$1,500,000 for a display of the resources and products of the state at the world's fair.

George R. Sims, the Chicago attorney, who advertised in Western papers to get a decree of divorce for \$50, has been sentenced to the penitentiary.

A movement has been begun in New York to have the municipal election in that city on a separate day from the state election—about a month thereafter.

Miss Patrice Whitbeck, an actress, has begun a suit at Chicago against A. P. Blakeslee, a young board of trade man, for \$20,000 for breach of promise.

At Scranton, Pa., a jury was kept out for a week by the obstinacy of one man, and at the end of that time the counsel agreed to accept the verdict of eleven men.

At Pittsburg an electric car and a cable car collided with terrific force. Both cars were filled with passengers and a panic ensued. One man was killed.

A test of steel at the Carpenter Works at Reading, Pa., was made. A 1-inch bar broke on a strain of 333,833 pounds, 20,000 pounds in excess of any record known.

An Indianapolis paper asserts that the new reaper and binder trust will soon discharge several thousand men from the factories and offices throughout the country.

The decennial census of Austro-Hungary is taken in one day—on the last of the year—and in two days following the schedules must be in the hands of the authorities.

Very Rev. Benedict Magname, C. P., (provincial) of St. Michael's Passionist monastery at Hoboken, N. J., and head of that order in the United States, died at Dunkirk, N. Y.

Laguette, one of Boulanger's leaders, said in the chamber of deputies that Boulanger was dead politically, and the sooner that fact was recognized the better it would be for France.

An Albany letter to the New York Tribune says that Governor Hill has apparently decided to transfer the office of senator to Smith M. Weed and run for governor again next fall.

The muster rolls show that 21,000 Union veterans died last year. In a few years death will relieve the burden of pensions. From year to year the ex-soldiers will go more rapidly.

No less than a dozen states, says the Detroit Free Press, are making ready to follow in the footsteps of Minnesota and enact a law to close the upper berths of sleeping cars when not occupied.

There were 406 Italians landed in New York by the Hindoostan, and they will all be returned. They are simply the lazzaroni of Italy. There was not one box of clothing in the whole party.

The steamer Lisbord of London, from New York for Lisbon, with 90,000 bushels of wheat, put in at Boston in distress with her engines broken down, lifeboats gone, decks swept and twenty-one inches of water in her hold.

Hannibal, Mo., has a married men's club, the object of which is to induce married men to spend their evenings at home. A druggist is president, a doctor is secretary, and they meet about every night in the drug store of the president.

There is a probability that the civilian Indian agents will be removed and army officers appointed to fill the positions. President Harrison favors the transfer of the Indian bureau to the war department.

Senator Paddock of Nebraska was in earnest when he warned the senate that he would move to lay the elections bill aside. He has again warned his party to pass the bill or lay it aside.

The hundreds of patients and attendants at the Cook County hospital, Chicago, were given a decided scare by a fire that started in the drying room and threatened the entire building.

The house of Samuel Malone at Holden, Mo., was burned. Malone and his brother-in-law, John Hicks, perished. Foul play is suspected, as Malone kept considerable money in the house.

The Vienna mother of pearl workers, who were thrown out of work by the McKinley bill, are desperate. They held a meeting and demanded work or bread from the authorities. Thirty of them were arrested.

Two medical students at Ann Arbor, Frank E. Dickenson of Dubuque, Ia., and Minnie Brundage of Long Island, left for the mill pond to skate. They did not return and a searching party found their bodies under the ice.

Three Kane brothers went into Hinchliffe, and after getting drunk proceeded to make trouble. Marshal Booth arrested them but two of them escaped and set upon him. He shot and killed both of them. The men were tough characters.

A St. Petersburg dispatch says that a Jewish woman whose house was about to be sold by the authorities to meet fines imposed by reason of her son's avoidance of conscription, in her despair lay down in the kitchen fire and allowed herself to be burned to death.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred at New York. An unknown elderly woman slipped and fell to the sidewalk. When picked up she was dead. An examination disclosed the fact that a long hat pin had been driven into her brain when her head struck the sidewalk.

Senator Sherman has introduced an amendment to the tariff act providing that all existing treaties at the date of the passage of the law should not be interfered with, the amendment having reference to special trade relations with the Hawaiian islands.

Miss Kate Drexel, daughter of the Philadelphia banker, or Sister Catharine as she is now called, is about to establish a new religious order to be named the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament. Its object is to better the condition of the Indians and colored people.

Mrs. Francis-Burke-Roche, daughter of Frank Work, the well known broker and turfman of New York, has been granted an absolute divorce from her husband, the Hon. James Burke-Roche, at Baltimore. Mrs. Roche sued on the ground of non-support. She tired of supporting him for the privilege of living with him.

The people of western Kansas are abandoning that section of the state on account of the drought. More than 4,000 have left Rooks county alone. For miles over the prairie one can see nothing but tenantless houses and abandoned farm machinery.

A mule which a negro at Memphis was driving touched an iron post to which was tied a telephone wire that had been crossed by an electric light wire. The mule fell stunned, and the negro got out to investigate and was instantly killed.

Dr. Shirley of Detroit has a consumption cure which, although administered by inoculation, like Dr. Koch's does not produce the same effects. It is milder and does not destroy the deceased tissues. Its effect is to change the nutrition of tissue. It is a blood cure.

The Interior department says: Hereafter any settler who has cleared five acres of timber land so that it is fit for agricultural purposes can claim all that the law allows as agricultural land, and instead of requiring a thick population the presence of three settlers who have complied with the law in each township will give the state the right to select its land.

In the village of Waterhelm, Germany, a peculiar case of religious frenzy has been developed. Barbara Pfister, 23 years of age, horribly mutilated herself and appeared before a large number of people who had assembled at her home for a religious ceremony. She was ghastly in appearance. The police with drawn swords had to cut their way through a crowd of peasants to reach the woman to arrest her. She claimed that she with her wounds was a wonderful example of the crucifixion of Christ.

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