

He Got the Job....

A young man having applied to a wholesale house for a position recently found himself before the manager for examination. "Have you a bank account?" was his first question. "I have", was the reply. "Let me see your bank book", was the next request. After glancing over it and noting the long list of regular, though small deposits, he said: "Young man, you are engaged, and I want to compliment you on your saving ability. I always insist upon employing only men who have the good sense to save their money". We invite every man in this community to open an account at this bank.

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Lv. Opal City	8:00 a.m.	Lv. Deschutes Jc.	1:30 p.m.
Lv. Metolius	8:22 a.m.	Ar. Madras	5:45 p.m.
Lv. Madras	9:00 a.m.	Ar. Metolius	6:20 p.m.
Ar. Deschutes Jc.	1:15 p.m.	Ar. Opal City	7:06 p.m.
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THE BISHOP AND THE BELLS.

Why the New Set of Chimes Did Not Ring True.

As illustrating how the simple facts of life are forgotten or overlooked by one whose mind is occupied with greater things a New Orleans clergyman told an anecdote of the late Bishop Newman of Washington.

"I was a young curate in Washington," said the clergyman, "at the time the Memorial church was being built. The bishop, at no little expense, had a set of chimes made, and it was his hope to have them ready in time for the dedication of the church.

"Well, the bells were delivered ahead of time by the makers, one of the best firms of its kind in the country, and men were being sent to hang them as soon as the belfry should be ready. But the bells were finished off plain, and this was not at all the bishop's idea of what church bells should be, so without telling any one he called in a local firm that did such work and had inscribed on each bell a Biblical quotation appropriate to the chimes.

"A week or more later the belfry was ready. The makers sent their men to hang the bells, and the bishop engaged for the dedicatory service one of the best chime ringers in the country. He brought him on from Boston.

"As the time drew near the bell ringer took his seat at the bell board and at a signal started to play. High up in the air began the most awful discord. The bishop dispatched a messenger posthaste to order the performer to stop, for it was the bishop's idea that either the heat or something else had affected his playing.

"At the close of the ceremony, from which the chimes were omitted, the bellman was summoned to the bishop's study, and the bishop demanded to know by what right he called himself an artist. The chime ringer became indignant and replied it was the fault of the bells. He had played on bells from ocean to ocean and in the cathedrals of Europe, yet he never had seen such things as those in the belfry.

"Impossible," replied the bishop. "Those bells were bought from the best firm in the country. The trouble was with the ringer, not with the bells."

"The ringer would not have it so. His reputation was at stake, so the maker of the bells was sent for and the circumstances related to him. He sat down to play them, but at the first stroke he saw something was wrong. Up he hastened to the belfry to see what it was.

"The instant he saw the inscriptions he understood. The slightest cut or nick on a fine bell will ruin its tone, and in his desire to have them appropriate to their task the bishop had spoiled the entire set.

"The maker could do nothing with them, he said. They were good for nothing but old metal. For years they hung silent in the belfry and a new set substituted."—New York Times.

The Value of System.

The great majority of people could double their power of achievement by a little self discipline in learning so as to get hold of themselves as to depend on the prompt, decisive action of their own faculties. A little system alone would double the efficiency of many a business man who does not know why he does not get on faster. He works very hard perhaps and thinks that he has not half time enough to do what he ought to, but he could save more than half the time that he now throws away in doing things over and over again from lack of order. System is a tremendous energy saver and time saver.—Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine.

A Qualification.

Rastus was honest and industrious, but, in the opinion of the new minister, unsociable.

"Neighborliness, my dear friend," said the dominie, "is brotherliness. Do you take the trouble to see much of your neighbors?"

"Ah reckon Ah sees as much of them as dey sees of me," Rastus replied.

"Perhaps," said the clergyman, "but do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Ah reckon Ah does, pahson," Rastus replied, "but you know, sah, Ah ain't p'tic'larly stuck on mahself neither."—Success Magazine.

Not Her Worry.

"My husband received a note today in a woman's handwriting."

"Did you open it?"

"I did not. And, what is more, I left him by himself to read it at his leisure."

"Don't you worry over it?"

"No, but I think he does. It was from my dressmaker."

OUTWITTED HIMSELF.

He Succeeded, Though, in Getting the Cattle Out of His Field.

An Irish gentleman of another generation took it into his head that those in his employment were not serving him as they ought, more especially in the early morning before any one was stirring. He determined, therefore, on a series of matutinal visits.

The second time he went abroad in the early morning he saw in a field, known as Skinnegan, which bordered the avenue leading to his residence and which had been empty the previous day, six unknown cattle quietly grazing.

He promptly drove the offending animals out of the field and down the avenue to the gate. There some barelegged boys from an adjacent cabin lent him ready and joyful assistance, and at the head of this ragged company, armed with sticks and branches, he personally conducted the trespassers to the village pound and saw them securely shut in before returning, heated and incensed, to breakfast.

"That's the way I'm served," he complained to his family, "that lazy herd of mine not troubling to mend my fences and half the cattle in the county allowed to trample in and out of my best grazing places as they please! Wait till I find Master Ned after breakfast, and I'll give him the best dressing down he's ever had in his life!"

There was, however, no need to go in search of the delinquent, for before breakfast was ended a message was brought in that the herder was without, desiring to see the master. Ned was upon the hall steps, much crestfallen and alarmed.

"I'm sorry to have to tell it to your honor," he began humbly, "but there's six of your honor's cattle in the pound. I put them in Skinnegan late last night an' shut the gate on 'em meself, an' how they got but an' went shtrayin' on me!"

He got no further, for the master, who had with difficulty restrained himself until then, beat a hasty retreat to the dining room, where he collapsed into a chair and laughed until his family had fears of an impending apopleptic seizure.

Thenceforth he gave up his early inspections and left the care of his property to his underlings.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Restful Life.

We sent our reporter out last week to interview an old codger who was celebrating his one hundred and fourth birthday.

"How do you account for the fact that you have been able to attain this remarkable age?" asked our bright young man.

"To the fact that I have never worked a lick before breakfast," answered the centenarian.

"This is a fact worth remembering," muttered the reporter, making a note of it.

"There's another thing that pa failed to mention," a son-in-law whispered in the newspaper man's ear.

"What is that?"

"He never done a lick of work after breakfast neither. Git that in your story too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Proposition.

Among the boarding houses in town is one known to scores and scores of boarders who have tried it for a little while. It is one of those places remodeled especially to reduce the size of the rooms and increase the landlady's income.

She was showing a stranger through the house the other day. "Now, this room," said she, "is a little more than the one I just showed you. It has two windows."

"Can't you make the price the same," inquired the newcomer, "if I promise to keep one of the windows closed and the shutters drawn?"—Philadelphia Times.

Their Secret.

A little boy who had been very naughty during the day went to his mother just before his father returned home.

"Mother," he said, "is it really true that a woman can't keep a secret?"

"Why, no, dear, of course not," replied the mother. "That's only a joke of your father's. Tell me, sweetheart, what's the secret that you'd like me to keep?"

"Promise me not to tell father I wasn't good today."—Philadelphia Times.

Domestic Pleasantry.

"What's that you have in your hand?" asked Mrs. Gimlet of her husband as he brought home a roll of manuscript.

"Brains, madam," retorted Mr. Gimlet pompously. "Are you surprised at the fact?"

"Not in the least," she replied. "I knew you didn't carry them in your head."

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