

KATE.
Her traits are never far behind her laughter.
In turn her dimpling smile that follows after
Her golden tears.
Each day, each hour some never grace dis-
clozes.
Her faults, 'tis true,
Are many as the thorns among the roses.
As piercing, too!
And yet, ah yes, I would not change, nor make
her
Less wild and warm.
Nor have one fault of all her faults forsake her.
Nor add one charm.
I know it must seem odd to sage reflection,
Such praise as this,
But still, to me, her faults perfection
Just as she is!
—Madeline S. Bridges in Brooklyn Eagle.

A GIRL FROM REDHORSE.

JUNE 20.
I find myself more and more interested
in him. It is not, I am sure, his—do you
know any noun corresponding to the ad-
jective "handsome"?—one does not like to
say "beauty" when speaking of a man.
He is handsome enough, heaven knows,
I should not even care to trust you with him
—faithfullest of all possible wives that you
are—when he looks his best, as he always
does. Nor do I think the fascination of
his manners has much to do with it. You
recollect that the charm of art inheres in
that which is indefinable, and to you and
me, dear Irene, I fancy there is rather
less of that in the branch of art under con-
sideration than in its first season.
I fancy I know how my fine old man
produces many of his effects, and could
perhaps instruct him to heighten them.
Nevertheless, his manner is something
truly delightful. I suppose that interests
me chiefly is the man's brains. His con-
versation is the best I have ever heard of,
and altogether unlike any one else's. He seems
to know everything, as indeed he ought,
for he has been everywhere, read every-
thing, seen all there is to see—sometimes I
think rather too much for me, for him-
self and had acquaintance with the queerest
people. And then his voice—Irene, when I
hear it I actually feel as if I ought to have
paid at the door, though of course it is my
own door.

JULY 3.
I fear my remarks about Dr. Barriz
must have been, being thoughtless, very
silly, or you would not have written of
him with such levity, not to say dis-
respect. Believe me, dear Irene, he has no
dignity and seriousness of the kind I
mean, which is not inconsistent with a
manner sometimes playful and always
charming to any of the ones that you
and I ever met. And young Raynor—you
knew Raynor at Monterey—is the man
the men all like him, and that he is treated
with something like deference everywhere.
There's a mystery too—something about
his connection with the Blavatsky people
in northern India. Raynor either would
not or could not tell me the particulars.
I fancy that Dr. Barriz is thought—don't
you dare to laugh—a magician! Could
anything be finer than that?

An ordinary mystery is not, of course,
as good as a scandal, but when it relates
to dark and dreadful practices—the ex-
ercise of unearthly powers—could any-
thing be more pleasurable? It explains, too,
the singular influence the man has upon
me. It is the indefinable in his art—black
art! Seriously, dear Irene, I tremble when
he looks me full in the eyes with those un-
fathomable orbs of his which I have al-
ready vainly attempted to describe to you.
How dreadful if he have the power to
control me! Do you know if the
Blavatsky crowd have that power—outside
of Egypt?

JULY 15.
The strangest thing! Last evening while
I was attending to the hotel I had
I hate them! Dr. Barriz called. It was
scarcely a week ago—I actually believe he had
talked with me in the ballroom and
learned from me that I was alone. I had
been all the evening contriving how to
warn out of the truth about my con-
nection with the things in Egypt, and all
of that black business, but the moment he
fixed his eyes on me, for I admitted him,
I trembled. I blushed, and, oh, Irene! I
love the man beyond expression, and you
know how it is yourself!

Fancy! I am ugly duckling from Red-
horse—daughter, they say, of old Calamity
Jim—certainly his heiress, with no
living relation but an absurd old aunt
who spouts me a thousand and fifty ways
absolutely destitute of everything but
\$1,000,000 and a hope in Paris—I, darling,
to love a god like him! My dear, if I had
you here I could tear your hair out with
meritification.

I am convinced that he is aware of my
feeling, for he said but a few moments
ago that he would do anything for me
which he could. He had an engagement,
but he had an engagement, went away. I
learned today a little bit more—the
bell boy that he went straight to bed.
How does that strike you as an evidence
of exemplary habits?

JULY 17.
That little wretch Raynor called yester-
day, and his babble set me almost wild.
He never runs down—that is to say, when
he does run down a score of reputations
more or less he does not pause between one
reputation and the next. He is a man, he
inquired about you, and his manifestations
of interest in you had, I confess, a good
deal of genuine vraisemblance. Mr. Ray-
nor observes no game laws, like the death
which he would inflict if slanders were
fatal, he has all senses for his own. But
I like him, for we knew one another at
Redhorse, when we were young and true
hearted and barefooted. He was known in
those fair days as "Giggles," and I O Irene
on you ever forgive me—[I was called
"Gunny." God knows why, perhaps in
allusion to the material of my pinafore,
perhaps because the name is an alliteration
with "Giggles," for Gig and I were insepa-
rable playmates, and the miners may
have thought it a delicate compliment to
recognize some kind of relationship be-
tween us.

Later we took in a third—another of ad-
venturer's brood who, like Garrick between
tragedy and comedy, had a chronic inability
to adjudicate the rival claims (to him-
self of frost and fame. Between him
and the grave there was seldom anything
more than a single suspender and the hope
of a meal, which would at the same time
support life and make it insupportable.
He literally picked up a precarious living
for himself and an aged mother by "col-
lecting the dumps"; that is to say, the
miners permitted him to search the heaps
of waste rock for such pieces of "pay ore"
as had been overlooked, and these he
sacked up and sold at the syndicate mill.
He became a member of our firm—
"Gunny, Giggles & Dumps," thenceforth
through my favor, for I could not then,
nor can I now, be indifferent to his cour-
age and prowess in defending against Gig-
gles the immemorial rights of his sex to in-
sult a strange and unprotected female—
myself. After Old Jim struck it in the
Calamity and I began to wear shoes to
school, and in emulation Giggles took to
washing his face, and became Jack Ray-
nor, of Wells, Fargo & Co., and old Mrs.
Barts was herself "chloridized" to her father's
Dumps drifted over to San Juan Smith
and turned stage driver, and was killed by
road agents.

Why do I tell you all this, dear? Because
it is heavy on my heart. Because I walk
the valley of humility. Because I am ac-
cusing myself to permanent consciousness
of my unworthiness to unloose the latchet
of his shoes. Because, O dear O dear
there's a cousin of Dumps at this hotel!

BILL NYE'S WOES.
Some of the Chambermaids One Meets on
the Road.
I had a very trying experience last week.
I was painful, but not fatal. I had been
travelling all the week before, and fatigue
and brain fog were robbing me of my
very existence. I got a room when I arrived
and retired to look much needed rest. I had
just retired, in fact, having carefully locked
the door and left the key to the lock that the
curious could not look through the keyhole
and see me as I lay there asleep and make a
\$3,000 painting of me.
Just then there was a slight rattle at the
door, such as you hear when a chambermaid
sticks it with a pass key and comes in the
room to sweep holes in the carpet and fill
your lungs full of debris. I smiled to myself,
for my own key was in the door, and I said
softly, as I babbled my blushing features in
the pillow, "What about you, cannot enter
now?" But she continued to rattle away at
her key, and I saw, with horror, that my
own key was being to lose its grip, and
finally fell to the floor with a loud report,
having been pushed out of the lock from the
other side.

I can hardly describe the horror of my
situation. I thought of handling my handker-
chiefs and perfumery over the transom to
her, and begging her, if she had a mother or
any other relatives in whom she had any con-
fidence whatever, to go away. I thought of
going to the door and telling her that we had
better go through life as nearly as possible by
separate routes, and that I needed rest really
more than I did society, but I did not dare
to get out of bed for fear the door would open,
and I was wise, for it did not burst open.
I had feared, and a tall girl in the primrose
life, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils,
came into the room. With a wild shriek I
covered my head with the bedclothes, shut-
tling my eyes, and with a click and a
snap, however, he turned up from the
small end of a corkwood.

We had all seen him before, and
knowing there was fun ahead, by this
time there was a general suspension of
work and all were intently watching
the proceedings. With the fire of genius
in his eyes and a tremor in his voice he
exclaimed as he held the contrivance up to
view: "There's a fortune in that for
somebody, but they don't seem to see it.
That little thing fills a long felt void. A
man always needs a corkwood in the
evening, and after he has drawn the
corks and intubed the contents of several
bottles, how would he get his hat on in
the morning if it were not for this
little hat persuader?"

USEFUL LITTLE THINGS.
"Both of these little necessities are
here in a neat and compact little device,
which, if it were only manufactured and
put on the market, would sell like hot
cakes."
No one seemed to want to take hold of
it, however, and a good thing is going
begging from the lack of a few dollars
to give it a start. People don't know
what they are missing.

"So that?" he held out a jack-
knife with a patent needle threading at-
tachment. "Another good thing! Some-
thing which bachelors have been want-
ing for a long time. How many of you
can thread a needle?"
"You all carry a jackknife, every man
does."
"I am provided with this little
attachment, and any man could
thread a needle as good as a woman."
I tried to interest capitalists in this
little scheme, but it shared the same
fate as the other. One man said he
would take hold of it if he had bootjack
and mouth organ attachments, but as it
was he did not want it. Some people
are hard to please, but drawing a bundle
from his coat tail pocket and waving it
in the air, "I've got it this time, and
no mistake!"

"For a long time have I chased the
frisky dollar, but it has given me the
sigh. Thank heaven I have at last found
the way to fame and fortune."
"Gentlemen," he said, as he slowly un-
wrapped the package and held up to our
astonished gaze a combination of straps,
cords, pulleys, buckles and large red
shields, "behold the greatest invention
of the age! This is a combined suspender
and adjustable liver pad. To show you
what it is and how it works I will just
slip it on over my coat. There, now,
isn't that a grand thing!"

"You do not perceive the great ad-
vantage of having the liver pad con-
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"Any one can wear it, no matter where
their liver is or where they think it is.
How many people know where their
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How would a man who supposed his
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AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.
PRODUCTIONS FOR WHICH CAPITAL
ALWAYS IS LACKING.
The Poing Man Who is Continually Chang-
ing the Phantom of Wealth—He Can
Never Convince His Fellow That He
Has a Good Thing.
There was a hesitating nibble at the
door knob, then the door was slowly
opened and in came, looking first at
one and then the others of us, as if in
search of a friendly or encouraging
glance.
His clothes were old, but well brushed,
and his shoes had seen their best days.
He was tall, thin and a hungry-looking
individual who would scarcely have cast
a shadow when sidewise to the
light. He had no doubt seen better
days, but now he was of the class of
"shabby gentles" who some way or other
manage to exist on the barest of things.
Removing an old slouch hat from his
head with a spasmodic jerk, he turned to
the man who was nearest the door
and asked, "Is this the place where they
patent inventions and braces?"
When informed that it was he seemed
pleased to think he had found the right
place and asked to see the chief. Hat in
hand, he sauntered up to the chief's desk,
and after a few remarks about the
"patent" he reached down in his trousers
pocket and brought up a contrivance
which he held up like an ordi-
nary shoe horn. With a click and a
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Justice in a Western Court.
It was on the San Juan Ridge, whether at
Columbia or at San Juan I do not remember.
The alcalde, or chief officer, was a mild man-
nered, gentle spoken New Englander. A
young fellow who had stolen a buckskin bag
or "sack" was brought before him. The wit-
ness gave such clear testimony that in
about ten minutes the alcalde said:
"Would you like a jury trial, my son?"
"No, Judge, I reckon you'll be fair."
"All right, my son. Now, first you give
back the dust you stole."
"Certainly, Judge, the sheriff has it."
"And the court regrets it, but you ought to
pay costs; one ounce for sheriff fees, one
ounce for me."
"Here it is, and thank ye, Judge"—pulling
out a heavily filled bag and handing over
the required amount.
The alcalde looked him all over, and his
voice grew even milder as he said:
"That is all, except one trifling formality.
Boys, well laid on, give him thirty-nine
straps, well laid on, put him on his mule and
tell him to travel."—New England Maga-
zine.

Luxury Next Door to Poverty.
The other day I had occasion to call on Mr.
Andrew Carnegie regarding his new library
in Allegheny. I took a Broadway surface
car, getting off at Fifty-first street. I walked
eastward on the numbered thoroughfare,
which was filled with wealthy Italians sitting
in the doors of their shops, from which
emanated in very large quantities excited
snatches of their musical language. I walked
on, wondering if my distinguished friend
could not have an humble namesake who
lived in this neighborhood. I crossed Sixth
avenue, and lo! a grand transformation
scene! A moment before, mid square and
rags; across the street, luxury and lace. It
is up in this portion of the city that the
Vanderbilts, Astors and other millionaires
live, but they never know what daily goes on
within a stone's throw of their palatial
houses.—New York City Dispatch.

A Doll's Dressmaker.
There is a lady retired from business, who
is now in very comfortable circumstances,
who makes her money as a doll's dressmaker.
I have seen seven or eight carriages standing
in front of her house when she only had two
rooms, while the golden haired little heiress
were giving orders about their darling dol-
lar's dresses. Then she moved into a fine store
in Fourteenth street and sold dolls and dolls'
outfits, and repaired dolls, as well as dressed
them successfully for business and blindness,
until, as I said, she retired from business with
a snug fortune. Sometimes she had sixty
girls at work in the manufacturing depart-
ment of clothes.

Hindrance to Marriage.
Whoever marries in China when his father,
mother, grandfather or grandmother is in
full get eighty blows, unless by special com-
mission of such parent, in which case there
shall be no fault. Marrying one of the same
name is punished by sixty blows. Forcibly
taking away a woman and marrying her is
punished by the captor being strangled, and
if the captor gives her to another person the
punishment is the same. Any government
official marrying a musician, comedian or
one below his station gets sixty blows and
the marriage is void. A priest marrying
gets eighty blows and is expelled.—San Fran-
cisco Atlas.

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chitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your
child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use
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that insidious disease Consumption, use it.
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are sore or Black, lame, use Shiloah's Pulver.
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Beef, Mutton and Pork,
SPRING CHICKENS,
Fruit and All Kinds of Produce.
Cash prices paid for all kinds of
FARM PRODUCE, BUTTER AND EGGS.
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Main Street, Prineville, Or.

C. S. SMITH
—AT THE—
Gary House
—DEALS IN—
Cutter Whisky
—BEST BRANDS OF—
Wine, Brandy and
—ALSO—
Key West and Imported
Meat and Comfortable Club
No pains spared to make customers
satisfied.

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