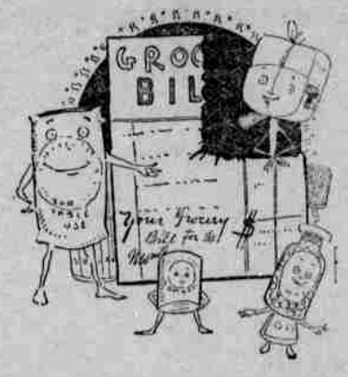

Countryman in the City.

A provincial Frenchman, Mr. Pontbichot, burdened with a marriageable daughter and an over-vigilant wife, takes up his residence in Paris. He is tired of the routine of domesticity and is anxious to get an insight into Bohemian city life. Therefore, he makes it a condition of his daughter's betrothal that his future son-in-law must have an uncertain past, and, that he, the father, must break off the entanglement. He hopes by this means to replace the son-in-law in the affections of the other woman.

Raphael, the prospective son-in-law, however, has led an exemplary life and, to win Pontbichot's daughter, is forced to call to his aid a modiste, whom he does not know, but who occupies an apartment next to his own. This woman enters into conspiracy. She is admired, however, by a lion-tamer and a friend of Pontbichot. Pontbichot at the outset of his gay life falls into their clutches. It is from this predicament that the complications arise. Pontbichot is sent home by express dressed in pajamas and locked in a cupboard. His taste for gay life suddenly disappears, and he goes back to the provinces wiser and more contented with his lot.

The amusing situations commence immediately upon the rise of the curtain and are accompanied by roars of laughter, which convulses the audience until the final curtain.

"In Paradise" at Shively's opera house Wednesday, March 21. Reserved seats on sale at Huntley's book store at 50 and 75 cents.

Rates of assessment remain the same in the Red Cross.

For Sale Cheap.

I offer for sale a fine Jersey bull, two and a half years old. Will be sold cheap. William Muir, Maple Lane.

The finest bon bon boxes in town at the K. K. K.

Hundred men wanted to buy cigars and tobacco at P. G. Shark's.

ROSES AND RUE.

I sit in the shadow alone, sweetheart,
Your roses are scenting the air,
And I dream of our love troth long ago
Down in the garden there.
Marigolds, hollyhocks, prince's feather,
Bowed low in the dim, soft light,
As under the willow tree by the gate
I kissed you and said, "Good night."

Ah, sweetheart mine, with the pale, mute lips,
We have had our measure of rue;
The clouds were dark and the skies were fair,
But you forever were true.
And now as I sit in the dark alone
I would give the world to know
The way through the years to that faroff field
Where simples for heartache grow.

Love fades, they say, when the pulse is old,
And I am threescore and ten,
But what I have learned with its bitter loss
Lies far beyond their ken;
For tomorrow they hide you away, sweetheart,
In the graveyard out of my sight,
So I heap the roses—God's roses—round you
And kiss you and say, "Good night."

—Christian Advocate.

The Three O'Clock Man

A Ghost That Was Banished by Resolution.

Carl Westerly left the office at a quarter to 3 o'clock. There seemed not to be the remotest danger of an extra that night, and the telegraph man had long since sent in his "30." For some reason or other Westerly was more than ordinarily tired. Perhaps it was his spirit that was weary. He was tired of the endless and relentless grind of newspaper work, tired of the newspaper point of view, tired of the whole round of life. He wondered if men who had a home knew how blessed they were and thought, with distaste, of his dismal room, where his thoughts alone kept him company. It was an uninviting room, as any one who saw it must have confessed, for Westerly did not have the trick of domesticating himself as some bachelors do.

He was a bachelor indeed. He had always lived in a womanless sort of way. Sometimes it came across him that he was missing the best part of his life in knowing nothing of them, but he was shy and reverent, and it appeared to be his lot to dwell alone and envy other men. So, what with loneliness and overwork and ennui, he was not at his best on this particular night. No car was in sight, and he concluded that he had just missed the hourly horse car which took belated workers homeward after the cable had ceased its buzzing for the day; so he started out to walk. He loitered for a time, half hoping some vehicle might come in sight, but the streets seemed deserted. So, after pausing a moment to admire the sinister picturesqueness of the Chicago river, with the lights gleaming upon its murky waters from masthead and high window, he started to cross the bridge.

A distant clock struck 3, and Westerly, aroused by it from his reverie, looked up to see a man just before him—a man who seemed to have come up out of the solid planks of the bridge. He wore a hat well back on his head and showed a long, horselike face, with a hooked nose and one blind eye. About him was a cape such as men wear over their evening clothes. All his garments were of a fine cut and quality, but worn with a noticeable negligence.

It was exceedingly curious, but as Westerly approached this man he felt a fear of him—not such a fear as one may be excused for feeling at meeting a stranger in an unlikely place at a late hour, but a fear of the nerves. It seemed to him that if, by any chance, that man were to touch him he would faint. He moved as far away from him as the limits of the footpath would permit, and passed him hastily, a coldness stealing along his veins as he did so. The man merely smiled in a sardonic fashion, lifting the eyebrow of the blind eye and dropping one corner of his mouth. It was an indescribable smirk and filled Westerly with aversion.

To the newspaper man's unspeakable annoyance the man followed him along the streets to his home, and after he was in his room he peered out of the window and saw him standing on the sidewalk looking up. Actually it seemed to him that he must shriek aloud for protection from this silent man. But he controlled himself and went to bed and slept—after a time.

The next night he confessed to some apprehension as he approached the bridge, and he looked out anxiously for his dread companion of the night before. He was not to be seen anywhere. But at about the center of the bridge there he was, looking at Westerly with that one haunting eye. Again he grinned. Again he followed Westerly to his house and again he stood without and stared up at the window.

This went on for nearly three months. If by any chance the young editor went home later or earlier than 3, he had the privilege of going his way alone, but if the hour was 3 the man was there, watchful and sardonic and silent as the tomb. At times Westerly thought of addressing him, but whenever he strove to do so his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He evaded him at times by changing the hour of his homegoing or by riding on the street car, but somehow he was insistently drawn back to the bridge and the Three o'Clock Man, as he denominated him. He sometimes wondered if he would see the man upon the bridge if he were to pass in a car, but as no car went at that hour he was not to know.

It chanced that better times came to Westerly and that they came quite suddenly. He was given a more satisfactory position, which would involve a pleasing change of hours, and he also discovered that Elsa Sessions, the girl who did the book reviews and who had eyes several degrees bluer than the Italian heavens, was not averse to his society. But there is no need to go into that. The point is, he found out these two gratifying matters in one day and, walking home in a state of considerable exultation, noticed the Three o'Clock Man with less impatience than usual.

"Our acquaintance is ended, my uncanny friend," he thought. "Tomorrow you may keep tryst, but I will not. I will walk abroad at Christian hours and leave you to your unholy habits." Thinking these things, he passed the creature, and it seemed to him that the smirk on his face was even more than usually offensive.

So sure was he that the unwelcome acquaintance with this man was over that he did not even look from his window that night to see if he were watching, but, putting out his light, threw himself in his bed with more of happiness in his mood than he had known for years. He fell into a light slumber, from which he was aroused by the impression that some one was looking at him. He opened his eyes and stared into the gloom, a gloom not a little mitigated by a street lamp across the street, which, owing to the lifted shade, shone clearly into the room.

The feeling that some one was looking at him grew to a certainty even before Westerly's sleep weighted eyes beheld the tall and careless figure of the Three o'Clock Man standing by his bed. If the man had been repugnant to him before, he seemed hideous now. He seemed to convey some horrible threat by his presence. What was it? Madness?

Westerly gave it no words, but he felt the moment had come for liberation. He determined to make a supreme effort to free himself. Failing, he was convinced that he would be forevermore in the presence of this fearful guest. So, with an effort that took the blood from his heart and brought the drops out upon his skin, Westerly raised himself, staring unflinchingly at the Three o'Clock Man, rose from his bed and slowly advanced. The advance is slow in the face of a cruel enemy, but it is sometimes certain. It was certain with Westerly. Inch by inch they went on, facing each other, the man backing, Westerly advancing, every muscle set, every nerve strained, brain and soul and mind fixed on victory. Across the room they went, hating each other more every passing second and showing their hate on their distorted faces, wrestling as men may not wrestle with their muscles till the creature went out of the side of the room—faded from Westerly's sight. He was gone. By some great, comfortable knowledge Westerly knew him gone forever. Hardly conscious, he sank upon his bed, panting like one who has been in a frantic race or fight.

"I must tell Elsa Sessions," he remembered thinking as he sank off into a blurred condition, half fainting, half sleeping. "But, after all," he reflected the next morning, "she will never believe me. Perhaps I would better keep the strange matter of the Three o'Clock Man quite to himself."

Which he did. So it must have been the Three o'Clock Man who told.—Chicago Tribune.

Mabel's Little Sister.

When you have wanted a little sister very, very badly and when the little sister finally arrives, you are apt to love her far better than anybody else could possibly love her, even your father and mother. Mabel was 7 years old before the long wished for little sister arrived. The first rapture of really having her was dampened somewhat by the incessant crying of the baby.

For herself Mabel didn't mind. Anything the baby did was perfect, but, oh, would the others, who couldn't, of course, worship "little sister" the way Mabel did, get tired of it? One day when the baby had almost screeched her little head off, and all in that inconsequent way of babies, Mabel went to her mother in the first lull and begged absolution.

"You don't mind her crying so very much, do you, mamma?" she said earnestly. "She's so little, you know, and she can't help it yet, really and truly she can't. Please, please put up with it for my sake. And, oh, mamma, no matter how hard she cries you won't—now promise me you won't, mamma—send her away!"—New York Sun.

A Long Way Round.

What is the most roundabout journey that the absence of proper steamship communication entails on the inhabitants of any country? Surely it must be that described by our consul at Loanda, Portuguese West Africa. If one of the 6,000 whites of Angola or 1,700 Europeans in the Kongo Independent State, who so frequently need change of climate, wishes to spend a week or two in Cape Town—which should lie, even by slow steamer, only six days distant—he has to travel 3,000 miles from Loanda to Madeira, catch there a Cape steamer and journey for another fortnight the 4,800 miles to Cape Town. It thus needs fully a month's continuous traveling and 7,000 miles of it to reach a point only 1,600 miles from the starting point.—London Chronicle.

She Didn't Appear.

One day not many years ago there appeared on the bill of a certain place of amusement the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Salvini would present an interesting feature on the programme. Mrs. Salvini's part in the entertainment was the task of working the stereopticon from the gallery, while her husband performed on the stage. Mrs. Salvini's work was well done and was just as important as that of her husband. A reporter, who was to write an account of the programme, however, turned in something like this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Salvini were on the programme. Mr. Salvini was present and did excellent work, but for some unaccountable reason, which was not explained, Mrs. Salvini did not make her appearance."—Detroit Free Press.

DIRECTORY

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian, corner Seventh and Jefferson streets—Rev. A. J. Montgomery, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. meets every Sunday evening at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8:00.

Evangelical Church, corner Eighth and Madison streets. Rev. S. Copley, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

St. Paul's Episcopal, corner Ninth and Water—Rev. P. K. Hammond, pastor. Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Fridays, evening prayer with litany at 7:30.

St. John's Catholic, corner Tenth street and River—Rev. A. Hillebrand, pastor. Sunday services, mass at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Every Sunday German sermon after 8 o'clock mass. First and other masses English sermons. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Vespers, Apologetic subjects and benediction at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal, corner Main and Seventh streets—Rev. R. A. Atkins, pastor. Morning service at 10:30, Sunday school at 12 m. Evening service at 7:30, Epworth Leagues Sunday evening at 6:30, prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Class meeting after morning service.

United Brethren, corner Eighth and Water streets, Rev. Cocking, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Young Peoples Meeting at 6:30 p. m., Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

First Congregational, corner Main and Fourth streets—Rev. E. S. Lollinger, pastor. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday evening at 6:30.

First Baptist, corner Main and Ninth streets—Rev. J. H. Bevan, pastor. Morning service, 10:30. Sunday school, 12:45. Evening service, 7:30. Regular prayer meeting, Thursday evening. Monthly covenant meeting, Wednesday evening preceding first Sunday in each month.

Evangelical Lutheran, Zion Congregation, corner Eighth and Jefferson streets—Rev. Mayer, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

German Lutheran, Ohio Synod, corner of Eighth and J. Q. Adams streets—Rev. Ernest J. W. Mack, pastor.

M. E. South—Rev. T. P. Hayes, pastor. Third Sunday at United Brethren Church.

Free Methodist—Rev. J. W. Eldridge, pastor. Preaching first and third Tuesdays at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Every Thursday evening. Services held in Congregational church, Elyville.

SOCIETIES.

List of All Societies in this County With Their Meeting Place and Date.

OREGON CITY.

Falls City Lodge No. 159 of A. O. U. W.—Every Saturday evening in A. O. U. W. hall on Seventh street.

Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F.—Every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall.

Falls Encampment No. 4, I. O. O. F.—First and third Tuesdays at Odd Fellows' hall.

Willamette Rebekah Degree Lodge No. 2—The second and fourth Fridays in I. O. O. F. hall.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M.—Regular communications on first and third Saturdays.

Myrtle Lodge No. 24, D. of H.—Every Friday in A. O. U. W. hall.

Clackamas Chapter No. 2, R. A. M.—Second Convocation third Monday.

Court Robin Hood No. 8350, F. of A.—Willamette hall on second and fourth Fridays.

Pioneer Chapter, No. 28, O. E. S.—Masonic Temple on Tuesdays.

Willamette Camp No. 148, W. of W.—First and third Fridays in Willamette hall.

Modern Woodmen of America, Camp No. 5360—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Willamette hall.

Falls Grove Circle No. 32, W. W.—Willamette hall, Tuesday evenings.

Wacheno Tribe, No. 13, I. O. R. M.—Tuesday evening at Redmen's hall, Jaggar building.

Union Veterans Union—Second Saturday in each month at 1 p. m. and fourth Saturday 7:30 p. m., in armory.

Meade Post, No. G. A. R.—First Monday of each month at Willamette hall.

Crystal Council Order Pendo, No. 161—Every Monday at Redmen's hall.

Council No. 221, A. O. P.—Every Tuesday at Redmen's hall.

Cataract Lodge No. 76 K. of P.—Every Wednesday at Redmen's hall.

Meade Relief Corps, No. 18.—Meets at Willamette hall on the first Monday at 2 p. m., and the third Monday at 7:30 p. m. The auxiliary meets at the armory on first and third Saturdays at p. m.

McLoughlin Cabin No. 4, Native Sons of Oregon, meets at Williamette hall on second and fourth Monday evenings.

St. John's Branch No. 617, C. K. of A.—Every Tuesday evening at their hall.

United Artisans, No. 7—Willamette hall every Thursday.

Tualatin Tent, K. O. T. M.—A. O. U. W. hall, upper Seventh street, on second and fourth Mondays.

Oregon City Board of Trade—At court house on Monday in each month.

Columbia Hook and Ladder Co.—First Friday at each month at Fountain engine house.

Fountain Hose Co. No. 1—Second Wednesday in each month at Fountain engine house.

Cataract Hose Co. No. 2—Second Tuesday of each month at Cataract engine house.

Oregon City Hose Co. No. 3—Hose house on Willamette hill, the third Tuesday of each month.

Mt. View Hose Co. 4—Hose house at Elyville.

COUNTY.

Pig Iron Lodge No. 135, A. O. U. W.—Every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego.

Molalla Lodge No. 40, A. O. U. W.—First and third Saturdays at school house, Molalla.

Travel Lodge No. 55, A. O. U. W.—Second and third Saturday evenings at Knight's hall, Canby.

Clackamas Lodge, No. 57, A. O. U. W.—First and third Mondays at Strite's hall, Clackamas.

Sunrise Lodge No. 43 A. O. U. W.—Second and fourth Saturday at Wilsonville.

Mistletoe Lodge No. 29, D. of H.—Every Tuesday evening.

Rebekah Lodge No. 71, I. O. O. F., of Oswego—Thursday evenings.

Oswego Lodge No. 93, I. O. O. F.—Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego, every Monday evening.

Lions Pine Lodge No. 53, A. F. & A. M., of Logan.

General Pope Post No. 52, G. A. R.—First Saturday of each month at Grange hall, Mulino.

General Crook Post No. 22, G. A. R.—School house at Needy on First Saturday in each month.

Star Lodge No. 95, K. of P.—Every Wednesday evening in Castle hall.

Canby Lodge No. 564, I. O. G. T.—First and Third Saturday evenings at Knight's Hall, Canby.

Oswego Lodge No. 448, I. O. G. T.—Every Friday evening in new hall in old town.

Canby Spiritualist Society—First and Third Sundays of each month.

New Era W. C. T. U.—First Saturday in each month at their hall in New Era.

Springwater No. 263, P. of H.—On second Saturday after full moon.

Canby Board of Trade—Knight's hall, Canby, on first and third Fridays.

Central No. 267 P. of H.—Third Saturday at Beaver Creek hall.

Harding No 122 P. of H.—Saturday after full moon, Canby.

Tilwaukie Grange No. 286 P. of H.—Third Saturday at 10 a. m.

Molalla Grange No. 40, P. of H.—Their hall near Mulino on the second Saturday of each month at 10:30 a. m.

Myrtle Assembly No. 7 U. A.—Every Friday at Canby.

Butte Creek Fair Association of Marquam—Holds an annual fair.

Tualatin Grange, No. 111, P. of H.—Last Saturday of each month at their hall in Wilsonville.

Warner Grange No. 117, P. of H.—Fourth Saturday of each month at their hall in New Era.

Butte Creek Grange No. 82, P. of H.—At hall in Marquam second Saturday in each month.

Oswego Grange No. 175, P. of H.—Second Saturday in each month.

Damascus Grange No. 260, P. of H.—First Saturday in month in Damascus school house.

Highland No. 261, P. of H.—First Saturday in month, near Clarkes.

Secretaries of Societies are kindly requested to notify the editor of any change in places or meeting date.

Special sale on games at Charman & Co.'s cut-rate drugstore.