OREGON GERY COURIER HERALD. JANUARY 4, 1901.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY M. QUAD.

COPYBIGHT, 1900, BY C. B. LEW S.

to be talked about more than all the

rest of the rolling stock put together.

a dark brown, and the humber on sides

the car was down to Petersburg, to be

empty cars in all on the train, all

wheat cars, and they were in the mid-

of the M. P. road. At the crossing all

had ever jumped the track at the cross-

broke away from the car shead and be-

hind, jumped the tracks and ran a dis-

earth, to bring up against a switch-

man's shanty and demolish it. No oth-

off. No reason could be given why

on the siding to be picked up. It hap

The next affair in the bi

box car occurred about

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elb. little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to bear; A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair. Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch Of warm, moist fugers, folding yours so tight; You do not prise this bleasing overnuch; You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do today: We are so dull and thankless and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away; and now it meems surpassing strange to me That, while I wore the baige of motherhood, I did not hims more oft and tenderly The little child that brought me only good,

And if some night, when you hit down to rest. You miss the elbow from your tired knee, This restless, curling head from off your breast, This lisping tongue that clatters curstantly; If from your own the dimpled hands had alipped And ne'er would nestle in your paim again; If the white feet into their grave had tripped, I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging to their grown, Or that the footprints, when the days are weet. Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If could kies a rose, reseless foot And near a patter in my home once more;
If could mend a broken cart today. Tomotrow make a kite to reach the sky.
There is no woman in God's world could say Bhe was more bliasfully content than 1.
But, sh, the dainty pillow next my own Is never numpled by a shining head!
My signing birdling from its nest has flown; The little boy i used to kiss is dead!
-Mra. May Riley Smith in Baltimore News. I wonder so that mothers ever fret



ŭooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

"It's a troublesome thing to have, is a conscience abnormally developed." ruminated Olivia. "Next to being commonsensible or trying to be dignified there's nothing so likely to render one ridiculous and unpopular. I almost wish it was possible to have one's conscience shaved like a beard, or amputated like a corn, or pulled out like a defective tooth. Personally, I'm rather tired of being a perpetual slave to the thing called conscience."

"What's the matter now?" I queried. You see, I knew Olivia very well-have known her since she was an infant in arms, in fact-and I could read the signs of her mental unrest. I knew she had been "opening her mouth and putting her foot into it" once more, as the Irishman said. Olivia is rather unfortunate that way always. If there's any tongue trouble going any aere, she's pretty sure to pick it up somehow or other.

"Oh, it's nothing new-at least not more than a balf a dozen new brain pangs or conscience pains," she replied. "I have morely been reflecting-rather sadly-doon the dolefulness of possess ing a conscience in good working order when such an article is distinctly and declaredly out of fashion and when one doesn't know how to control it in the lenst.

A dear little girl is Olivia, all the more lovable, perhaps, because of the inconsequence which is naturally hers. She "rambles on sweetly," as her sisler says of her when conversing with ber intimates-just thinking aloud. I knew I should get to the bottom of her latest trouble presently if only I didn't interrupt and send her off on another track at a tangent, so I merely smiled sympathetically and waited in silence. "When I was a child," she sighed presently, "I don't believe I was a bit popular, although I think most people liked me. And I know I didn't have half the fun some of the other girls did and all because my conscience was bloated,' as my older brother said. "I never left my Sunday school lesson unlearned or my music lesson unpracticed because I wanted to go violet unting or coasting Saturday afternoon," she continued, with a sigh. "I was too conscientious for that. And I always owned up to the mischlef I'd done and refused to share in the trifling consequences of the mischief I hadn't done for the very same reason. When I became a trifle older, I passed low in many an examination because I wouldn't make use of borrowed language or look at my books the very last thing. A little later I earned unpopufarity among my fellows because I never would say I was glad to see any ene when I could not say so honestly." And now-"And the worst of it all is that I don't believe I ever was or ever will be one bit the better for all these conscience troubles," was the commencement of the next "ramble," for the sake of which she left the previous one unfinished. "As a little child worrying over my Sunday school lesson 1 certainly sluned just as much on the side of spiritual pride and childish 'puffedupedness' as I would have done on the grounds of neglect of duty had I enjoyed my Saturday afternoons as the other children did. It is an open question if I wouldn't have been a really better girl bad I sometimes kept still about my own small wrongdoings as well as inclify owned up to a few which I hadn't committed. The slightly pharisaical attitude of mind came strongly into play again over the 'exam pasts' I wouldn't borrow and the erth knowledge I would have none of. and, nithough I never did sny I was glad to see any one falsely. I've strained the truth and cracked my conscience's funny hone many a time trying to think of some other conventionally pleasant thing to say. And now"-"Well, what is it?" I pressed her, determined to fathom the trouble at last. "What has happened 'now?"

have writhed under the knowledge that people thought I was sailing with the wind, and so on.

"'You run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, don't you?' a girl said to me last week, and, mean as she was, I understood just how she thought it was true. And yet I was only following out the dictates of my abnormal conscience and trying to be just.

"Another girl last week asked me li the powder on her face showed, and when I said yes she fairly hated me. My conscience didn't allow me to say no, and it never occurred to me until long afterward that 1 might have pleasantly brushed off the powder for her which did show and left the powder which didn't show alone without saying anything at all. Two days ago my brother's wife asked me what I thought of her complexion, and because my conscience compelled me to tell her the truth she went home without bidding me good night or speaking to me again. She hasn't spoken to me since, in fact. And things have gone on after this fashion until I am tired of It.

"When 'Robert Elsmere' first came out, it was a point of conscience with me not to read it, and every one called me 'saint' and 'prig' until life was a weary burden. A week or two ago some of us were talking of it, and it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to condemn a thing unread. The consequence was that I suffered tortures on account of dislocated religious principles for a whole week. Then it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to let anything shake my faith or interfere with my religious stability, and that particular conscience trouble gave way to another. I always have one or more on hand, as you know."

I did know. I never knew Olivia when she didn't have a whole sheaf of such trials and tribulations on hand. I was dying to hear ail about the last new conscience wrench, and she would not come to the point. I did not dare to hurry her for fear of never hearing of It at all.

"When my friends and relatives make fun of Delsarte exercises or the newest form of athletics, my relentless conscience always impels me to try these things personally, just so that I can discuss them intelligently and without prejudice. In consequence I'm seldom without a backache or a sprained muscle or something equally pleas-Let a politician, a private indiant. vidual, a cause or anything else, for that matter, become unpopular, and my tyrannical conscience compels me to champion it or him or them. As a result half the people I know are continually writing me down as a miserably disputatious and disagreeable per-

and when the station agent closed for Which was putting the matter entirethe night he saw that her wheels were ly too strong. But then that's Olivia's securely blocked against the rising way. It's a point of conscience with her to make the worst of herealf far fear she should be untruthfully comwind. At midnight, under the driving influence of a gale, that car Climand over a tie with all her wheels, fan up plimentary.

"It's always been so," she moaned to the switch, jumped the track at the now, beginning to sob a little, "but frog, and after plowing along for 50 now it's worse than ever. Now"feet she took the rails of the main track and went scooting to the ens

"If you don't come out with it now." I broke in, unable to restrain my impa- She had a clear road to Elmer. 30 miles tience much longer, "I shall go stark, away, but she didn't travel the whole staring, raging, raving mad and either distance. If she had, she would have kill you or myself. Now"-

taken to the shop and liffed off the | O. W. EASTRAM trucks, and axles and wheels were inspected down to a fine hair. wheels were absolutely true, and so were the axles and the hang of the trucks. No better box car was ever built, but No. 1414 was not sent back on the road for a few weeks. The officials waited until the gossip had died out. There was talk of giving her a new number, but that would have been admitting that she was a "queer" car. After a vacation of eight weeks the ar was loaded with flour for Wellsrille and made the trip without inci-07070707070707070707070707070 dent. She was reloaded with shooks for a Chicago cooper, but not without BOX CAR NO. 1414. an adventure. There was a rich old widower at Wellsville named Carney, and be had a lovable daughter named Mary. While the girl was in love with a young fellow named Phillips, the father wanted her to marry a man of his OAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAOAO own choice. The result was an elope ment and perhaps the only one of the You have read of indventures and kind ever heard of. With the connivmysteries connected with loc motives, ance of the station agent Phillips and but on the B. and G. road we had a the girl were locked up in No. 1414. plain, ordinary freight car watch came provided with food and water, and

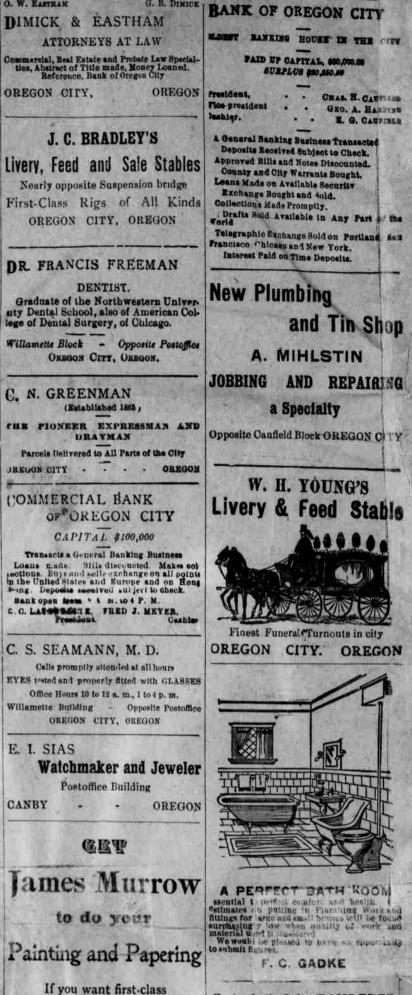
The

his hands and blood in his eye the It was a stoutly built box car, painted happy lovers were on their way to Chiand ends was 1414. The first trip of cago to be married. Two weeks inter the car cut up rusty again. She was loaded with agriculloaded with wheat. There were six tural implements and bound west and was in the middle of a train. After running along as smoothly as you die of a string of 30 cars. Fift en miles north of Petersburg was the crossing please for 30 miles she suddenly balked-that is, her wheels gripped the ralls as if both brakes had been twisted by a glant's hand, fire flew from the trains had to slacken speed, and when rails, and, as the coupling on the next this particular train drew near steam car ahead gave way, the train broke in was shut off, and the speed of 20 miles two, and there was cussing to beat the an hour was reduced to ten. No car band. There was no earthly excuse for such conduct on the part of 1414. ing, but on this occasion No. 1414 Her journals were well packed, the brakes off and the track all right. When the train was coupled up, she tance of 50 feet over the hand baked moved off with the other cars like a snake going over the grass, but after a ten mile run she gripped again and er car left the tracks. The division suagain broke the train. She was tried perintendent and master pechanic again, and for the third time she cut swore that it was utter porsense to up rusty. This happened near a sidtalk of a single car cutting aself out ing, and she was cut out of the train of a train in that fashion, but they bad and pulled in and left there. In the to swallow their words. The only dam-nge to No. 1414 was the broken coupcutting out not one of her wheels would turn. They simply slid along lings and when pulled tack on the tracks she was ready to may ellight the ralls. When the conductor reported the adventure he was given to unhad cut loose, and there was consolir-able goship over the incident of derstand that such stories didn't go. It was held that his train crew ought to have sense enough to discover what was wrong, and the five of them barely escaped a ten day lay off. They esand gave her a ghostly standing the caped it because a mechanic was sent whole length of the line. She had been down from the shops who reported unloaded at Beamer's Station and left that while he could find nothing wrong with the car, she had certainly gripped pened that she was the only car there. and balked and broken the train, as reported. When hauled off the siding, she rolled to her destination without causing the slightest touble.

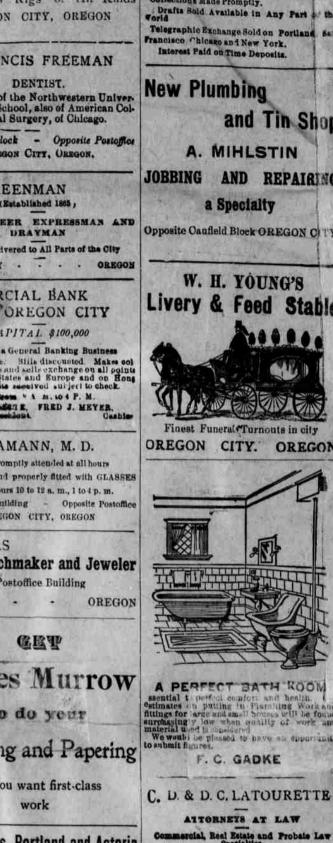
while the wrathy old father was riding

over the highways with a shotgun in

It had become cermin that car No 1414 was a "queer critter," and every body along the line was bdsy guessing what would happen nort. Two weeks after her fit of sulks she was billed for Chicago with a load of potatoes. She had rolled along for 100 miles without the slightest hitch when the freight train going east passed the express going west, both under full speed the double tracks. Of a sudden No.



G. B. DIMICE



Come, flicep, and with thy sweet to bistory Lock me in delight swhile; Let some pleasing dreams beguile All my fancies, that from thence I may feel an influence, All my powers of case bereaving! Through but a shadow, but a shadow Let me know some little joy! We that suffer long annoy Are contented with a thought, Through an idle fancy wrought: Ob, let my joys have some abiding! --John Flatcher Though but a shadow, but a sliding,

But she merely shook her head mournfully and rambled on.

"It's a point of conscience with me Ralways has been, to look at all things from both sides, and, in consequence many a time I've looked at a given tion from both sides of the fenc il I've impaled myself upon it a

utterly and crying as though her heart what was called the Big Culvert, took would break, "now Charley and Harry | a header off the stone bridge into the have both proposed to me. They did it creek and next day was found a quara month ago. I put them both on probation because I liked them both, and It was a point of conscience with me for carelesapess, but he had had he p to treat them both just alike and fairly, to block the wheels. The bl; cedar tie although I can't help saying that I really like Harry a little bit the better, and now they both accuse me of flirting, and neither of them will speak to me at all. And it's all because my unfortunate conscience won't let me alone.

"Well, dearle, there's one recompense anyhow." I volunteered consolingly when I had comforted her by promis ing to set matters right with the one she "liked a little bit the best." "Peo ple can't help respecting any one who's so intensely conscientious and so very much in earnest about it as you are." "Oh, I don't know about that." retorted Olivia, relapsing into a modified condition of gloominess again. "I don't know about that at all. Of course, the men who like you say that sort of thing to your face very often, but they're a great deal likely to call you a silly little priggish idiot behind your back, and the girls one knows employees were gossiping as to what don't even pretend to respect one. They simply say you're a miserable, after jumping the cuivert was a tragecontemptible little prig to try to be so dy. She had been loaded with shelled much better than other folks and that corn in bulk at Romersville for Chicayou make everybody uncomfortable go, and before the doors were closed about you and let it go at that. No: four hoboes ensconced themselves there isn't much comfort in being more among the corn. It was a 21 hours' ride, conscientious than other people, and I and they had a soft bed of it. No. 1414 sometimes wonder if the best people was attached to a freight train about in the world, as well as the happlest, 7 o'clock in the evening and was the aren't the people who have only just last car, or next to the caboose. No enough conscience to keep them rea- one was really atraid of her, but there sonably honest and kind and not too was a bit of uneasiness as she was big an allowance to live comfortably picked up, and special care was taken with.

be necessary, in great numbers, to the proper conduct and salvation of this had either proved her case or some-

Abraham's History

A schoolboy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and two wives. One was called Ishmale and two wives. One ar. He kept one at home, and he rned the other into became a pillar of salt in the day-and a pillar of fire ly night."-

smashed into the express. Hive miles "Now," said Olivia, breaking down from Elmer No, 1414 left the rails at ter of a mile down stream. Charges were made against the station agent was at hand with the marks of the wheels as they had ground ever it. It was easy to trace the car from the frog to where she had gradually climbed upon the main track. There hid been no carelessness, but there was mystery. There was nothing wrong with the rails where the car had left the main track, and when the car itself was found and overhauled she ladn't been damaged to the amount of L cepts. Railroad men like a mystery regard-

ing car or locomotive, but tailroad officials detest one. When No. 1414 was hauled back on the track, the men were for branding her with the title of "Ghost," but an order went up and down the line to keep hands off. Give car or an engine a bad name, and you pave the way to som body being killed. While no one dared chalk mark this car, her eccentricities became known over every mile of me road, and she would do next. The next thing to see if her brakes were in good order And really, despite the fact that I and her journal boxes well po firmly believe ironclad consciences to Away she went with the others, and nothing happened until the train reached fron Hill. It had to side track gay and sinful but altogether adorable there for a passenge train and to pick world, at least in this present day and up three or four cars. in backing down generation, it seemed to me that Olivia the long siding No. 1414 suddenly left the track, breaking loose from the car thing very like. I don't in the least ahead and the caboose behind and runknow how to reconcile the two aspects along off at right angles. Fortunately, of the subject, however, Perhaps she did not run over the main track, some of the rest of you can help me but took the other live log and out.-Chicago Evening Post. brought up and the other live log and reared up on end boy mund by there like a ladder punced arrenat a house and had to be reported is a job for the wrecking rew. Next day, when she was hauld back on the track and inspected the dead bodles of the hoboes were discovered. They are doep smothered unter the corn.

The faster mechanic set to work to discovr why No. 1414 was a track jumpr. This was her third jump, and it was suspected that something must ne with her wheels. She was

1414 cast one of her fore wheels. It was on the inner side, and that wheel went smashing into the drawing room car and killed three passengers. It is not once in ten years on any railroad that a car wheel flies off; it was one chance in a million that this wheel should fly off at that particular spot and that particular angle, but that was what happened. Strangely enough, the freight train was not wrecked. Even with a wheel gone the car held to the rails and made a run of ten miles. There was a cry of "hoodoo" all along the line, but the car was repaired and run out again. She was an object of curiosity from end to end of the road, and there were engineers who said they would rather have a ghost in the cab than that car in the train behind. It was a month before No. 1414 made another kick. Then she gripped the rails and broke a train, and that on a down grade. She was heavily loaded with grindstones, and, as a siding happened to be handy, she was shoved off by herself. This siding was half a mile long and ended at a moress. A buffer had been placed at that end. of course, but four hours after the car had been left, and, as another train was ready to pick her up, she could not be found. There was the siding, but where was the car? There had been no wind of account, but when they came to closely investigate they found that car No 1414 had run down on the buffer with force enough to uproot it and had then taken a header into the quagmire. A corner of it was still visible, but before the wreckers got there the entire body of the car was ten feet below the surface and still going down. It might have perhaps been recovered and its freight saved, but when the superintendent was told how things were be telegraphed to the wreckers: "If she doesn't come easy, let her go to -- F

I don't know whether she went as far down as that or not, but the last soundings pinced her at 35 feet, and she was given up as a total loss, and everybody felt relieved.

Dancing Musters a Thousand Years, Chinese newspapers are a Chinese puzzle. But, as in the press of more Chair cars, civilized regions, the advertisement and tourist Orienns and columns are singularly illustrative of the life of the people. The way in Connectin which the heathen Chinee adheres to Steamship Philippines. the calling of his forefathers is shown in an announcement in a weekly of large circulation in the Celestial land. C ty station A celebrated dancing master, Hung-Foo-Choo, announces that he is to hold a religious service, to which he invites all and sundry. In honor of the one

Lost, on thousandth anniversary of the death is thousandth anniversary of the death lass Saturn of his ancestor, who was the first of Coprier-H. the family to take up the profession.

work	
The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.'s	ATTORNETS AT LAW Commercial, Beal Estate and Probate Law Specialties Office in Commercial Sank Building
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