You shouldn't have taken my eyes in your eyes, Thrilling me through and through, Nor should you have shaken my soul with sur-

prise
prise
Unless you wanted me too!
Your eyes of blue lies, my longing believed,
Dear, was I deceived?
—M. H. Jenney in Kate Field's Washington.

MAGGIE'S GHOST.

The late Creed Haymond, chief counsel of the Southern Pacific, could hardly be called a dabbler in the occult or a believer in things supernatural, and yet, as his intimate friends will remember, he did believe implicitly that he had seen one ghost.

The story-for there was a romance, and a tragic one, connected with this cared to tell, except to those who enjoyed his personal confidence. He did not like to be charged with superstitious fancies, nor did he appreciate attempts to ridicule him out of his faith in the evidence of his own keen eyes. To his death he maintained firmly that it had been his fortune to meet face to face the spirit of one who had passed from

It was early in the fifties when Haymond, then a stranger in California, became an express rider. He used to make regular trips into the mountains, visiting the camps at stated intervals, carrying in his big saddlebags letters, papers and such small articles as could be transported in this way.

On one of his first trips away up in the Sierra he came to an almost deserted camp, where a rich strike had been made and the pocket quickly exhausted. Only one family had remained-that of a man named Rodden. In a small, comfortable house close against the wall of rock which rose behind the camp a light was burning as Haymond rode door brought forth the occupant. To Haymond's request for lodgings the man growled a surly response and reluctantly let him in.

The express rider was surprised to see sitting beside the little table, on which stood the lamp, a young and pretty woman. He was surprised to recognize in her a schoolmate whom he had supposed to be still safe in her eastern After their greetings had been said Haymond explained to the ungracious husband how he had known Mrs. Rodden back east. Rodden grunted some response, but Haymond and the woman were too busy asking and answering questions to heed his manner. The man seemed relieved by Haymond's departure the next day. He told the express rider to call whenever he was passing over the trail, and the woman urged him to come again and stop for the night, that they might talk about people and things at home.

It was more than a month before he again came to the deserted camp, and this time, reaching it at an earlier hour, hands. he found the woman alone, her husband having not yet returned from his work. Haymond learned from her that she had know where she had gone. She said the uncurtained window, awoke him. little about her life in the mountains, fairly good pay in the deserted diggings. She dreaded the loneliness of the place; but, with a patient sigh, said she hoped before another winter her husband might be willing to move on to some camp where they would have company. Haymond made two trips more, call-

ing each time at the cabin where his schoolmate lived. When leaving the second time, he told them that one trip more would be all he could make before the snow blocked the trail. Two or three times Haymond had suggested to Rodden that he take his wife to some settlement before winter shut them in, but had received no answer. He did not feel at liberty to say more, so with the promise to visit them on his return in a few weeks he mounted his horse and rode down the narrow trail.

A few steps took him out of sight of the cabin. He heard a faint call, and

"Will you do an errand for me while you are in the city?" he said.

Of course he consented, and she gave him her commission, and with a few while he turned his horse again to descend. He looked back after his friend, and, to his surprise, saw Rodden rise from behind a bush near the trail. He thought the man had been hidden, watching his wife, but a reflection made the idea seem absurd-probably it was a mere coincidence. Even if Rodden had heard every word of the conversation it could only have spoiled Mrs. Rodden's little plot, which was nothing worse than a Christmas surprise for her husband.

started for the mountains again his the storm. friends told him he would never get through, but he persisted, and finally, after a long battle with the snowdrifts, he reached the last camp on his route, having lost a week on the way.

It was almost night and snow and wind were in riotons possession of the mountains when he found himself rid-

with the Roddens. on as fast as he dared, when suddenly on the trail.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Portland the same night.

his horse stopped short with a snort and stood quivering. Haymond could see nothing, and soothing the animal with hand and voice urged him on. There was still light sufficient to see around clearly enough to distinguish objects near the trail. Haymond thought as he started again that he saw something move across the trail a little way ahead. The horse went slowly forward, but with great reluctance, and when they reached an open spot where the light was sufficient to show objects for some distance he again stopped, trembling, and Haymond for a moment could not persuade him to start. At last the horse started forward with a bound, and as he did so Haymond saw Maggie Rodden on the trail, her hair hanging around her pale face, her hands stretched pleadingly toward him and an expression of mute agony upon her white face.

Reining up as quickly as possible, Haymond turned to speak to her, but she had vanished. He rode back and called her name, but there was no answer. He dismounted and looked for ghost-was not one that the lawyer tracks at the spot where she must have left the trail, but found none.

Puzzled and annoyed, he mounted and rode as rapidly as possible to the Rodden cabin.

Hurriedly dismounting, Haymond called Rodden out and asked if he knew that his wife was wandering alone through the snow away up the mountain trail. Rodden was too much unnerved for a moment to reply. Then he managed to say that the express rider must have dreamed he saw her, as she had gone home, gone back east, more than a month before. Haymond stuck to his story, but at last he was obliged to conclude that his imagination had played him a trick. He couldn't help wondering, though, what had frightened the horse

There was nothing to be done or said, for if Mrs. Rodden had gone home a month before certainly she could not have been roaming around in the snow, and as there was no other woman within miles of the camp he must have been mistaken. Rodden, though not at all hospitable in manner, got supper and into the deserted place. A knock at the allowed the express rider to stop for the night.

After supper Haymond opened his saddlebags, saying:

"Well, as Maggie is not here to take her package, and as it was intended for you, anyway, I suppose I'd better give it to you, and you can write her that her Christmas present got here a little ahead of time.

He tossed the package across to the man, who stared at it as if petrified He stretched out his hand slowly and buch opened it with shaking fingers. The package contained a pair of thick, warm Dakota and Nebraska that the young gloves, nothing more.

"When did Maggie send for these?" he asked.

'The last time I was here. You came near not getting them at all, for she had no chance to tell me to buy them while I was here and had to run after me to give the order." "Was that all she ran after you for?"

"That was all." Rodden settled back into his chair,

with a groan, and hid his face in his Haymond sat silent for awhile, then,

finding that the man did not intend to speak, he concluded that the best thing Don't know what to take for it, as married Rodden against the wishes of he could do was to go to bed. He was her family and had come to the mines soon sleeping and knew nothing more with him without letting her parents until the morning light, shining through

He dressed hurriedly and went out but that little showed that it had not | into the room where he had left his host. been a happy one. They had come to It was silent and deserted. A glance the camp with a number of others, but into the side room showed that the bed some quarrel had arisen between her was unoccupied, and Haymond went husband and the rest of the miners, so out to look after his horse as well as to when they moved on he had remained see if he could see any signs of his host behind, and by hard work was making The horse had been stabled in a deserted cabin, and Haymond pushed open the door and then sprang back into the open air. Swinging by a halter from the rafters was Rodden's dead body.

Haymond cut the body down and laid it carefully in the bunk. He could do nothing for it, as the snow covered the frozen earth, so that one man could not hope to dig a grave. Hastily saddling his horse, he drove away, after searching the cabin in the faint hope that he might find some note of explanation. but in vain. Not a line of writing, new or old, could be found,

Haymond stopped at the first settlement and gave notice of the suicide at the deserted camp, but the snow was again falling, and no party could reach the place for weeks, if before spring.

When he reached the city, he wrote a letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed looking back saw Mrs. Rodden running Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he down the trail after him. She waved received any answer, and then he was her hand for him to return, and he rode astounded to learn that Maggie had never returned home-in fact, had never even written since she left for

California. By this time spring had come, and he was about to make his first trip to the parting words she ran up the trail, mountain. He reached the town where he had given notice of the suicide in time to learn what had been discovered

at the lonely cabin. A thorough search had been made, but nothing had been found to explain the suicide. Hidden away in one of the distant cabins they found Mrs. Rodden's clothing, her ornaments, even her workbasket, and, in fact, so far as they could judge, every article that had belonged to her.

Haymond told the men of the events of that last night and his interpretation Haymond was detained a week longer of them, but he said nothing of his DOCK for Astoria, Sunday morthan he had expected, and when he meeting with the wronged woman in

They argued that Rodden, jealous because his wife had gone down the trail after Haymond, in his anger had killed her. Filled with remorse when he learned how causeless the deed had been, he decided to die in the same way, as if the world knew of his crime.

That was Creed Haymond's one ghost ing down the trail a mile or two above story. Years passed before he could the camp where he was to pass the night speak at all of that meeting in storm ith the Roddens.

Dusk came while he was still more death he believed that the spirit of murthan a mile from the cabin. He pressed dered Mrs. Rodden had appeared to him FRAMING PICTURES

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Excellence at a Trilling Cost. Many households are at the present time rich in accumulation of pictures of genuine artistic merits, such, for instance, as ones included in the holiday numbers of the magazines and periodicals. While all may not be worth the trouble of pre-



A RIBBON FRAME FOR PICTURE.

serving, not a few are worthy of framing and hanging at least in the sitting room and bedrooms of the average homes. To preserve one that pleases, a single

frame can be made that is ample protection and costs but a trifle of labor and expense by following these directions, given in the New York Times: Gum the picture on a mat of bristol

board, leaving a margin the width of the ribbon to be used, about 14 inches. Fit a piece of window glass over the mat and picture, holding it in place on either side with a band of ribbon passed quite around glass and mat and secured with a bow. A piece of narrower ribbon or wire attached to the mat and glass through a perforation hangs the picture.

Apples and Potatoes

Apples and potatoes should never be kept in the same cellar, or if this is unavoidable the potatoes should be kept in the warmest part of the cellar and apples in a barrel well headed up near the windows, where on days when the air outside is only a few degrees above freezing they can be treated to a cold breeze from the open windows, while at the same time the atmosphere in the part of the cellar where the potatoes are kept does not fall below 40 degrees.

She Was Blind.

"A poor, sick man, who has a blind wife, solicits a trifle!"

"But where is your wife?" "She is standing at the door looking out for the policeman. '-Zeitungs-Less

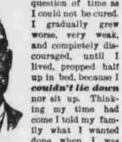
It is a doleful report from Iowa, South hogs were killed off by the cold, wet weather. Whoever has any hogs should make the most of them this year.

"Prizes as usually bestowed are simply temptations to training," says James Shepherd Pike.

EART DISEASE, 11ko many other aliments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but Constantly grows worse. There are thousands who know they have a defective beart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and

they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyosville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows "I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually

The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as



lived, propped half up in bed, because I couldn't lie down nor sit up. Think-ing my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was But on the first day of March on

the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I hav'nt lost a day since. I am 56 years old, 6 ft. 4% inches and weigh 250lbs. believe I am fully cured, and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies." Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

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In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

State of Oregon, County of Cinckamas, sa

atis.
State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss.
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the circuit court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, bearing date the 14th day of January, 1895. In a suit where in 16a F. Cole was pisintiff, and the above hamed were defendants, commanding me, in the name of the State of tregon, that out of the real estate heroinafter described, to realize a sum sufficient to satisfy the demands of said decree, towir \$103 75, and the further sum of \$20.35 costs, together with interest on the same since said decrees was interest at the per cent, per annum, and also the costs of and attending this sale.

Now, therefore, in obedience to such decree, i did, on the 16th day of January, 1895, duly tery upon and will, on Saturday, the 16th day of February, 1895, at the hour of one celock F. M. of said day, at the front door of the court house in said county, offer for sale at public suction, and sell to the highest and best builder, for each in head, all of the right, little and increase the said delegishes have in and to the following described real property, to wit: He ginning at the northesast corner of the Douation Land Claim of Mathews Swegle in township 3 south of range 2 seast of Willamette moridian and running thence south 32 deg 30 min, west 24.55 chains to the north beautour, of William Engles donation claim; thence south 32 deg, east 57.50 chains to the north beautour, of said Sweele claim; thence south 45 deg, east 57.50 chains to the place of beginning, containing 250 acres more or less, lying and being in Clackamas country. Oregon.

Dated this 16th day of January, A. P. 1995.

ounty, Oregon.

Dated this 16th day of January, A. D. 1865.

E. C. MADDOCK,
Sheriff of Clackamas County, State of Oregon.

By N. M. Moody, Deputy.

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overy Wednesday evening
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