

A MOTHER'S SONG.

While you sleep I, watching, hear,
Little heart, how strong your beat
With the pure young lifeblood sweet,
Unpolluted yet by fear
Till my own proud pulses leap
While you sleep.

Hid behind the fast closed eyes
What entranced dreams must lie
Many a lovely fantasy
Velled from us who are grown wise—
We, who sometimes watch and weep
While you sleep.

Little hands that closely hold
Favorite toys which soothe your rest,
Here a doll clasped to the breast,
There a book with tale oft told,
All your treasure safe to keep
While you sleep.

While you sleep the calm dark night
Paces by so cruelly fast,
Little heart, time seems so vast;
Love is fain to hold you tight
One more kiss; away I creep
While you sleep.

—Constance Farmer in Chambers' Journal.

FALSELY
ACCUSED

George Parsons and I were enemies from the first. We did not affiliate as boys in the village school, and as we passed together into the higher grades we became even less friendly. We did not use our fists on each other, but within each breast there still rankled the remembrance of unsettled old scores. Later on we bestowed our affections upon the same lady. Laura Marshall was not a coquette, but it seemed to take her a long time to make up her mind which one was to be the happy man. When her choice was announced, Parsons was furious, and we had bitter words before witnesses.

One day our townspeople were startled by the announcement that Parsons had disappeared. His business affairs were prosperous, and everything was in good order. He was a reticent sort of fellow, but had he left of his own accord he would naturally have left some word with his clerk or at his boarding place, but none could be found. As time passed the mysterious disappearance became the one topic of conversation in our village.

On the morning it became known I discharged our servant maid for a frequent neglect of duty. She was chagrined at her dismissal and soon spread stories that were founded partly on facts. My wife had been seen in earnest conversation with Parsons the previous day, we had a little tiff at the teatable, and I had not returned home that night till quite late. It was plain to be seen that public opinion was forming against me, as it became necessary that some one must be suspected to give the gossiping tongues an occupation.

In less than a week some boys found a man's body in the river just below the village. It had apparently been in the water but a short time, but the face had been eaten by eels or beaten out of human shape. The skull had been broken by a blow, and the medical examiner proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the man had been killed before being thrown into the water. It seemed to require no effort to identify the remains as those of George Parsons, and it was but natural that my arrest should follow.

I was as willing as any one that my trial should take place at once, confident that my innocence would somehow be proved despite the circumstantial evidence which was gathering against me. Accordingly the case was entered at the term of court then in session. As I recall the testimony I do not think a single witness, unless it be my former servant, testified to anything but the truth.

My wife had fallen ill, but her testimony, even if it could have been admitted, would have proved more against than for me. It was easily determined that Parsons and I were unfriendly, that we had quarreled, that I was jealous of my wife for speaking to him and that it would be to my business advantage and domestic peace to have him out of the way.

Could I have proved that I passed the hours from 8 till 11 o'clock on the night that Parsons disappeared in walking upon a lonely road all the other testimony would have been worthless, but I did not remember meeting a single person abroad that night after 8 o'clock. When I returned home, the streets were deserted. I was harassed about business matters, vexed with my wife and suffered from headache, but when I explained this it was evident that my story was not credited.

My counsel was an old and tried friend of my youth, but he did not possess the ability to show the jury the flimsy character of the evidence of the prosecution. It was against his advice that the case had been put on trial so early, but so confident was I of acquittal that I did not realize on what precarious ground I stood. I felt that in some way my innocence would be proved, although I stood almost alone in my belief. The trial was a brief one, and the arguments of the lawyers were soon finished. To these and the charge of the judge I listened like one in a trance. The jury passed out, and a few friends came to me with words of cheer and hope.

Hark! The jury is returning. Surely they cannot have made up their minds in so short a time to condemn a fellow man to life imprisonment. In response to a request from the judge I stand up and face the jury. There is not a friendly countenance among the twelve. I barely hear the ominous word "Guilty," which the foreman speaks. The shock is so unexpected that I scarcely realize the meaning of the judge's cruel words as he pronounces

the sentence of imprisonment for life. The hour is late, and he is anxious to be at home. He has no compassion for me. They lead me back to my cell, and, thanks to some unknown friend who drops a potion in my coffee, I soon fall asleep. Exhausted nature can stand the strain no longer.

I am aroused in the early morning, and a few friends come in to say farewell. They realize the situation more fully than I do. A short railway journey, a ride in a boxlike carriage, and the prison is reached. I answer a few questions mechanically and exchange my clothing for the striped dress of a convict. With an officer I pass down a flight of steps and through a long corridor lighted by a single flame. I am pushed into a small, dark, ill smelling cell and for the first time realize that the judge's last words to me were, "And the first day thereof shall be in solitary confinement."

Everything has been a dream up to this moment, but the awakening is terrible. As I hear the last echo of the retreating footsteps I comprehend my position—alone in prison. It seems as if I shall go mad. A feeling of suffocation overcomes me as in vain I attempt to cry out and clutch at the bare stone walls. My head throbs as if it shall burst. The wildest thoughts crowd to my brain in a confused mass. I do not comprehend them. My blood courses through my veins like rivulets of molten fire, burning the flesh at each pulsation. How long the paroxysm lasts I know not, as in the darkness I can take no note of time, but when I grow calm I think out the course of the trial.

The long hours pass away until it seems as if the night has come. I find a can of water and gratefully cool my parched throat. Then I seek to lie down for the night, but the cell is too small. The light apparently grows dim, and in a cramped position I try to get a little sleep. Again wild thoughts surge through my brain, but at last I lose consciousness.

Again I am wide awake. How long I have slept I know not, but I am cold and doze until it seems as if the night will never end. I never experienced one so long before. The silence is oppressive. There is a rush of cold air, and I feel that another day has dawned. I remember that I have eaten nothing since entering the prison, and also that a loaf of bread lies beside the can of water. I clutch it ravenously, but the mouthfuls choke me. Must I go on, day after day, in this prison? Is there no help for me? How slow the hours pass! Have they forgotten me in my solitary cell, and will it become my grave? Oh, for the sight of a living face or the sound of a human voice, even if it is but to urge me on to harder tasks. Willingly will I work if I can only be among other men.

After I have almost lost all hope of escape I hear footsteps approaching. At last the hour of my deliverance is at hand. How long it takes the jailer to reach my cell! He is walking slowly. He halts before my door and deliberately inserts the key. The bolts move slowly, the door swings open, and I step forth. I devoutly offer a mental prayer of thankfulness. I follow my conductor and soon stand in the presence of the warden, who grasps my hand, saying: "I have good news for you. You are free."

I tottered and would have fallen had an officer not assisted me. I cannot realize that my imprisonment is at an end. My amazement is even greater when George Parsons comes forward, but in the hearty handshake that follows we become friends. His story is soon told. He had received a letter stating that his uncle was seriously ill in a neighboring state and wished to see him. At first he determined to start the following day, but found that by walking across to a junction he could take an express train that night.

Hastily preparing for the journey, he wrote a letter of explanation for his clerk, but it was laid in a book and not found until his return. He found his uncle dying, but arrived in time to receive his blessing and a fortune. It now became necessary for him to make a journey west, and he left immediately. Not until his return home did he learn of the supposed tragedy and he lost no time in coming to the prison to release me.

"I have telegraphed to the governor," the warden said, "and if you gentlemen will step in and take dinner with me you may take the afternoon train for home. It will be an unusual sight," he added jocularly.

"But," I asked, "how can we reach home tonight? There is no train to our place on Sunday."

He looked at me in astonishment. "How long do you suppose you have been in prison?" asked the warden. "About twenty-four hours."

"You were in the solitary forty-five minutes," was the reply.

But it was the longest day of my life.

They Were For Sale.

"Now," said the fussy old gentleman, putting one of the biggest berries in his mouth and picking up another, "what is the sense of having that sign read, 'Fresh Berries For Sale'? Don't you see that 'Fresh Berries' would be enough? Don't you suppose that everybody knows they are for sale?"

"I dunno," answered the fruiterer, "Some folks seem to think I'm giving them away."

And the old gentleman put the berry back in the box.

Never Felt It.

"Didn't you tell me that you never expected to touch another drop of intoxicating liquor?" asked the judge.

"Well," answered the horrible example, "I might as well not have touched it. I swallowed it so quick I never felt it."—Washington Star.

Egan, Joseph P., D. L. C. No. 10.
Reynolds, C. B. and A. L.—2 acres in S. E. 1/4 of Sec. 12, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 1 70

Lambert, Noah, D. L. C. No. 11.
Paterson, A. F. and wife—N. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of W. 1/4 of claim, Section 1, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 12 60

Township 3 South, Range 2 East.
Paterson, Selma R.—1/4 interest in S. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 and lots 1, 2, Section 10, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 28.80 acres 4 90

Williams, M. B.—1/4 interest in S. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 10, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 36.80 acres 14 94

Peterson, Selma R.—1/4 interest in S. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 10, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 36.80 acres 4 70

Draper, Annie M.—Lots 1, 2, Section 12, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 5.12 acres 1 45

Township 3 South, Range 2 East.
Holmes, Wm. D. L. C. Nos. 40-48.

Hester & May—1/4 acre in W. Holmes D. L. C. No. 40-48, as described in Deed Book 22, page 32, Sections 1, 2, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 1/4 acre 4 30

Albright, Jane S.—1/4 acre in W. Holmes D. L. C. No. 40-48, as described in Deed Book 22, page 32, Sections 1, 2, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 1/4 acre 5 30

Vance, Samuel, D. L. C. No. 51.
Schmidt, Mary E.—2 acres in S. Vance D. L. C. No. 51, as described in Deed Book 24, page 13, Sections 1, 2, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 2 acres 4 30

Farr, Isaac, D. L. C. No. 52.
London, C. Mrs.—7.06 acres in Isaac Farr D. L. C. No. 52, as described in Deed Book 21, page 29, Sections 1, 2, Township 3 South, Range 2 East, 7.06 acres 2 46

Township 4 South, Range 2 East.
Bullard, Fred and Robert—NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, except as described in Deed Book 6, page 18, Section 1, Township 4 South, Range 2 East, 28.80 acres 2 41

Unknown—NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 16, Township 4 South, Range 2 East, 10 acres 8 70

Holman, W. C.—1/4 interest in S. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 16, Township 4 South, Range 2 East, 12.80 acres 1 31

Woodcock, W. D., D. L. C. Nos. 48-50.
Klase, Ellen—Undivided 1/2 interest in 200 acres, W. D. Woodcock D. L. C. No. 48, as described in Deed Book 21, page 29, Sections 1, 2, Township 4 South, Range 2 East, 20 acres 4 60

Township 5 South, Range 2 East.
Rothe, Robt. C.—SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 26, Township 5 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 1 32

Everton, Jas.—NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 26, Township 5 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 2 18

Township 6 South, Range 2 East.
Charman, Thos.—SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 4, Township 6 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 2 32

Wright, A. C.—1/4 of NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 12, Township 6 South, Range 2 East, 160 acres 9 43

Trullinger, Jasper—1 acre as described in Deed Book 21, page 29, Section 17, Township 6 South, Range 2 East, 40 acres 1 46

Township 7 South, Range 2 East.
Lake, Samuel—E 1/4 of NW 1/4 and N 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 1, Township 7 South, Range 2 East, 160 acres 5 90

Township 1 South, Range 3 East.
Anderson, A. W.—NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 9 38

Deardoff, Tobias—16.90 acres, as described in Deed Book 4, page 26, Section 20, Township 1 South, Range 3 East, 16.90 acres 2 90

Hendrickson, A. V.—South 2 acres of SE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 20, Township 1 South, Range 3 East, 2 acres 2 15

Chilcote, W. P.—20 acres, as described in Deed Book 41, page 54, Section 25, Township 1 South, Range 3 East, 20 acres 8 40

Township 2 South, Range 3 East.
Unknown Owner—S. 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, Section 10, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 120 acres 10 30

Loggie, W. G. and McAnnel, A.—N. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 and 25 acres of S. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, Section 12, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 106 acres 15 02

Ingraham, James H.—W. 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 10, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 6 80

Kingsbury, Jesse—E 1/4 of NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, Section 11, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 28.80 acres 2 94

Hawley, James T.—S. E. 1/4 of NE 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, and lot 5, excepting 20 acres, Deed Book 2, page 12, Section 13, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 137.45 acres 21 70

Foster, Ambrose D., D. L. C. No. 43.
Scuttie, J. and Rosanna—100 acres in A. D. Foster D. L. C. No. 43, as described in Deed Book 40, page 12, Sections 1, 2, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 100 acres 27 50

Gallagher, Ross—3 acres in A. D. Foster D. L. C. No. 43, as described in Deed Book 40, page 12, Sections 1, 2, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 3 acres 2 05

Lamb, Nathaniel, D. L. C. No. 51.
Kirkon, W.—100 acres in N. Lamb D. L. C. No. 51, as described in Deed Book 33, page 43, Sections 1, 2, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 100 acres 18 90

Grimm, Jacob, D. L. C. No. 52.
Bartell, C. B.—133 acres in Jacob Grimm D. L. C. No. 52, as described in Deed Book 23, page 26, Section 20, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 133 acres 6 4

Smith, Beni, D. L. C. No. 53.
Helsar, Robt. C.—30 acres in Beni Smith D. L. C. No. 53, as described in Deed Book 23, page 26, Sections 1, 2, Township 2 South, Range 3 East, 19.60 acres 7 90

Township 3 South, Range 3 East.
Kimball, John L.—SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 4, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 2 90

Berkey, W. M.—Lot, Section 4, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 20.40 acres 1 45

Warner, Estella—30 acres of E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4, Section 9, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 30 acres 2 03

McKenzie, Wm.—Lot 4, Section 15, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 28.80 acres 3 40

Kellenhoover, Chas.—Lot 1, Section 15, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 28.80 acres 3 40

Welch, George, D. L. C. No. 54.
Delker, Geo. T.—23 acres in G. Welch D. L. C. No. 54, as described in Deed Book 23, page 12, Sections 1, 2, Township 3 South, Range 3 East, 23 acres 9 97

Township 4 South, Range 3 East.
Unknown Owner—Fractional N. 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 1, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 10 acres 2 90

Hodde, John F., Estate of—W. 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 14, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 18 85

K. of L.—1 acre as described in Deed Book 23, page 41, Section 10, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 1 acre 3 48

Moody, Gillie, Estate of—SW 1/4, Section 14, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 160 acres 9 28

Caplan, Anna R.—SW 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 2 90

Ritter, Joseph—E. 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 16, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 40 acres 6 80

Marshall, Elizabeth—NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 16, Township 4 South, Range 3 East, 80 acres 12 61

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NORTH BOUND.

7:00 a. m.

9:22 a. m. (Albany Local)

6:10 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

9:22 a. m.

4:50 p. m. (Albany Local)

9:14 p. m.

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TO SALEM AND INDEPENDENCE

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Going up, 8:00 a. m., Going down 2:30 p. m.

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9:00 A. M. 7:00 A. M.

1:00 P. M. 11:00

3:00 P. M. 3:00 P. M.

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