

"GRANDMA AL'US DOES"

By H. A. Poir. I want to mend my wagon, And has to have some nails...

He did not see her again in that time. It was not strange, for Pen was proud, too, in her way.

Killed by a Mustang.

It was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's drive, and the herd of wild horses had been penned, the cowboys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and took them out to graze on the moist grass...

Dobson as a Roof Climber.

A few days ago Dobson's wife determined that as winter was coming on, it would be necessary to cover the roof with a coating of fire-proof paint.

R. M. Reynolds, First Auditor of the Treasury, in his report, calls attention to the fact that the number of accounts examined and adjusted and the amount of money involved in their settlement are without precedent in the history of the bureau.

An Editor's Escape. OFFICE OF THE "Independent State," ALBION, IOWA, MAY 26, 1883.

Warren's Muscle House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices.

Take Warren's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure Use Rose Pills.

F. E. BEACH & CO. 103 Front street—Portland, Or. DEALERS IN

Paints, Doors, Sash, Glass, Blinds.

EVERDING & FARRELL Commission Merchants

GRAIN, HAY and GROCERIES

Wool, Hides, Etc.

J. B. KNAPP, Commission Merchant

Santa Claus' Headquarters! WM. BECK & SON.

SKATES.

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Oregon Machinery Depot H. P. GREGORY & CO. KEEP A COMPLETE STOCK OF Wood Working Machinery, Sewing Machines and Machinery, Steam Engines and Motors, etc.

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A. L. SALINGER & CO., 210 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

Peck & Snyder's Pat. Self-Adjusting American Club Skate.

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Hardware, Iron and Steel, Wagon and Carriage Materials.

J. C. Carson, 49 First Street, Portland, Or.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes, and a full line of Painters' Materials.

ROLLED GOLD JEWELRY!

The New York Jewelry Company.

Use Rose Pills.

SAFE

KIDNEY-LIVER CURE

Compound Oxygen NOT A DRUG

Audiphones EARPHONES Deaf People

Sportsmen's Emporium WM. BECK & SON

Use Rose Pills.

Forest Flower Cologne

Use Rose Pills.

A. Blumenthal, Merchandise Broker

Use Rose Pills.

PEB. "What an odd little name for a young lady—Pen!" said Roy Delbert.

"A diminutive," replied Dahlia Dane, suppressing a yawn behind her fan.

"I have tried to say—awkwardly enough probably—what is in my heart. But this is the first I believe her to be."

"Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion to ride one himself, and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish and wilder than a cayote."

"While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vice, and his hair standing like a brush heap, the mustang stretched herself out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then, bringing herself together like a rat trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground, hawking and kicking as best he could."

"I was buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a scholar, because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the headboard of the grave:

"WILLIAM HALL Got a FALL, Killed Dead as a Stag, By a Texas Pig, BORN IN GEORGIA."

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how today he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live oak to mark his last resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw-poker tonight?"

A Man in the Bed.

A lady residing on Fourth street, and who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from town on a business trip, was shocked on going into her room an evening or two since to discover what appeared to be a man stretched prone upon her bed, with the cover drawn closely about him.

"Hush, child! Don't cry for me—cry for your own wrongs. Can I not see that you have already almost wept yourself blind up there among the hills? Take that letter from the desk. See, it is directed to you. Roy Delbert loves you!"

Pen disappeared from the scene. And a rose she had dropped and the memory of her sweet eyes stayed with Roy Delbert for days and weeks.

Pen said to her, "I am going to confess to you that in love I am just as headstrong as you."

"You might have pitied her then, the enthusiasm of those handsome, upraised eyes sent such a stab to her heart."

"It will be safe in your hands, and you will give it to her soon?" were Roy's words as he assisted her to rise, and they walked on.

When Dahlia Dane was alone that night, she looked her door, tore open the letter and read its every word.

"I was a noble and manly letter—one she would have given her best fortune to have had addressed to herself by Roy Delbert. I do not know what prevented her destroying it, for she meant that it should never reach her cousin's hand."

"When on the evening of the second day, Roy rode over to Thrushlands, Dahlia said: 'I delivered your letter at once, and with pleasure; but my cousin has been called from home by the illness of one of the family. She promised to write to you soon.'"

"Roy was not suspicious. If he had been, he might have made some inquiries of others, and learned that the illness referred to was but the chronic complaint of old age, and that Miss Clara Dane had a retinue of servants at her beck and call, and did not heed Pen at all."

"But Dahlia shall never say with truth that I sought him," she murmured, even with the tears dashing down her face.

"Dahlia had calculated rightly that the Delbert pride would permit Roy to write again. He waited first with hope, then with anxiety, at last in the cruellest suspense for an answer to his letter. Being certain that she had received it, he could finally come to no decision but that he had been deceived in her. The sweet light of those eyes was but a will-o'-the-wisp, with no substance. His own delusion had made her tender and true, impossible to be unkind to the meanness that loved her. He had offered her an honest man's best affection—at least she need not have scorned it, he said, bitterly."

"He would not talk of the matter even with Dahlia, but still pursuing the downward path, she sought in every way possible, to strengthen his resentment against Pen, and destroy his faith in her."

"One day, when she was riding with her groom, she was thrown from her horse. She did not seem much injured at first; a slight wound only had been made. Weeks and months went by. The physician came, and came again, and snook his head."

"It could not be he said, to Dahlia's parents: 'Miss Dane was too young in such a development, which is almost invariably confined to persons of mature years.'"

Duration of Arctic Winter.

Lieutenant Schwatka also read a short paper on the duration of the Arctic winter. The generally received opinion, said he, that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of perfect opaque darkness, is not strictly correct. In latitude 83 degrees 20 minutes 20 seconds N., the highest point ever reached by man, there are four hours and forty-two minutes of twilight on December 22d, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemisphere. In latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes N., the highest point where white men have wintered, there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day, and latitude 84 degrees 32 minutes N., 172 geographical miles nearer the North Pole than Markham reached, and 328 geographical miles from that point, must yet be attained before the true Platonian zone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man.

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"An English bachelor saw a handsomely dressed young lady on a Boston street and was that she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He became acquainted, and the girl knowing the woman who watched the interests of an elegant house whose owners were at the seashore, was permitted by her to receive him there, hiring waiters. She told him that her parents were in Europe. He proposed, and to her, was accepted, and found that the wife he had won was a shop girl."

THE LADIES' EMPORIUM AND LACE HOUSE. A Visit to the Magnificent Establishment of John B. Garrison & Co.

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A lady residing on Fourth street, and who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from town on a business trip, was shocked on going into her room an evening or two since to discover what appeared to be a man stretched prone upon her bed, with the cover drawn closely about him. Her first impulse was to flee, screaming, from the room, but a second thought came, and with it nerve enough to put the thought into execution. The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room and armed herself with a club. She returned with it and touched the object of her fright. There was no sign of life. She touched it again, and still he lay there, but still the object did not move. She now thought the man was sleeping. And a third thought came. Hurrying into another room she procured a bottle of chloroform, saturated a cloth with the drowsy drug, crept back to the bedside and spread the cloth over the sleeping man's face. When it had been there a minute or two she knew her foe was vanquished. She now ran out and told her neighbors what had occurred. Men armed themselves with guns and sticks and marched in solid phalanx to where the interloper lay. The cloth and the bedclothes were carefully removed and the object beneath them was plainly revealed to sight. It proved to be nothing more than a stuffed dummy with a false face upon it. The lady's young son had fixed it up, thinking to give his mother a scare. She didn't scare, though, worth a cent, and her brave conduct has made her the heroine of the neighborhood. We have told this story just as it was told to us—Waco (Texas) Examiner.

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