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# MAB.

Story of a Love Thrice Offered

and Twice Rejected.

[From the Argory.]

CHAPTER II. Four years had passed. A very silent family sat at the breakfast table this August morning; the head of the family had descended in an

a lying the puckers on his brow, were nervously anxious to avoid calling his altention to themselves. The coffee is cold. Mabel. It's

strange that we never have a decent cupof collectin this house!" For nearly four years our cousin Ma-

bel had been our step-father's wife; he had long ago ceased to smile at her benignly, and ceased to extol her virtues. "The toast is tough," he grumbled. "My dear, will you be good enough to give a little thought to these domestic duties? There is one of your children erying is that Sydney again?" I think so, dear," was the gentle,

nervous reply. "I thought I forbade him to cry."

Yes, but but, you forget, Adrian. He's such a haby-too young to under-

"Not too young to be ruined by indulgeneo. After breakfast you can go to the nursery and send Sydney into the study to me.

"Adrian, you are so severe with him." "On the contrary, Mabel, I am most gentle. But one can not too early teach one's children to understand the inev-Hable consequences of their own actions. When Sydney disturbs our comfort by crying in a foolish and provish manner we disturb his idea of comfort by seating him without his toys for two or three hours, with his face toward the wall in the corner of my study."

"Enough on the subject, Mabel. Pray do not become argumentative, my dear." A painful silence ensued—a silence so heavy and painful that Alice, my youngest sister, boldly broke it. 'Mab, do you know that Ned Barnet's

going abroad? He is. I heard it." Alice suffered for her boldness; our step-father looked slowly in her direc-

"When was that frock of yours clean,

Yesterday, papa.". "So I imagined, my dear," was the mild-voiced reply. "No wonder the bills from the laundress are extortionate. You will wear no more washing frocks this summer. After breakfast you can take off that dirty dress and put on the black serge you were wearing in the winter. You will wear nothing else until I give you permission."

"Papa, there's the Barnets' garden

You can wear your black serge-or remain at home.

He rose as he spoke, carefully brush-Ing a speck of dust from his sleeve. He had successfully depressed the spirits of us all, and his own temper had grown almost placed; the creases in his brow had smoothed themselves out, and he went slowly and contentedly away to administer reproof to his three-year-old say: son in the study.

I went out of doors into the garden has just been telling me. and there, half an hour later, Alice joined me. She was a pretty, graceful girl of sixteen. She came walking slowly toward me with a very woe-begone countenance. The serge dress was badly made and too small for her; the material was course and thick; it was a last winter's freek and last winter Alice had worn her skirts short, and lately she had tasted the dignity of skirts that reached her ankles.

"Look at me, Mab," she cried, the tears in her eyes, her voice indignant, yet pitiful, "Mah, tell me truthfully, do I book absurd?" "The dress is hideous, but you look

pretty in spite of it," said I lovingly. "Dear old Mab! Oh, Mab, I wish the tables could be turned for a bit and we could be the tyrants. I should like to dress papa in a school-boy jacket and an Eton collar, and make him wear his hair

goes. We shall miss him, shan't we?"

"It scens to me quite natural," I re-

he becomes more engressed in it every

marry; he's getting so dreadfully old."

"I wonder why he doesn't marry, Mab.

Do you know what the girls have fan-

Not very old. Twenty-nine.

long in ringlets. We laughed. Alice linked her hands around my arm, and we strolled slowly together down the garden paths between the trim beds with their low, closely cropped hox-borders. I longed to ask a question; a simple question enough, but It was only with an effort, after much

deliberation, that I asked it. Alice, who told you that Ned was

going away?" They were talking of it at the Cedars

He looked down at me steadily. Ah! It's true then!" .. "Some scientific expedition wants him to come with them. I didn't listen very attentively-but they'regoing to explore some place, Africa, or Australia, o some place. It is mother was so funny Mah! She's proud of his being asked to go, but she wants him to refuse. She

says it's an honor; and then she forgetthe honor and says she has heard of tigers and rattlesnakes." I made no reply. After a minute Alice chatted on again. He'll be away for a year or two if he

"Lion't you think it's odd of him to aust believe, Mah."

plied, abruptly, almost sharply, "His that his love was based on pity. I be scientific work is most absorbing to him; "But he ought to settle down and

"They have fancied lately that he grateful to me; he had longed and I turned sharply away. Bending over which, unasked, I had bestowed. And meant to marry you." sweet-peas, I plucked a sweet-scent- his heart had answered the demand he feel. ed, many colored handful. "But he can't marry you if he insists watched his love grow, read it in the

diles in Central Africa." "Don't, Alice?" I exclaimed, harshly. terful tones with which he spoke to me. She threw her arm in an impulsive, But such love was humiliating-more ! carrasing way around my shoulder. humiliating than his indifference had Poor old Mab! you're not cross?" been. He loved me, not inevitably, but

she questioned.
"No. But don't talk like that-I don't like it, Alice." Alice regarded me in silence for a mo- try you will forget me.

irritable mood; and his women-folk, ob-"Wouldn't you marry him if he asked you?" said she, in a thoughtful sone,

"Really?"

"Really. Are you surprised?"

presently her voice reached me with the

the merry chatter and laughter. My think," heart was heavy, my steps seemed the qualified his assertion by "I weighted with lead; I had suddenly think," for Ned's statements were algrown too weary to walk. A little sumand laid my arm on the rustic table.

the permission for granted, and enter- pri'e to my aid. ing even while he spoke. He held out



"MAY I COME IN?" BE ASKED.

when he sat down on the seat beside

"I hoped I should find you alone," he

I smiled in acquiescence; his tone had a gentle meaning as, of late, it had often had; but I would not understand it.

"I came to speak to you, Mab." His gray eyes looked down into mine with a direct, frank glance. Ho still retained my hand and I let it rest there. too proud to draw it away.

Mab, do you know what I want to "Yes. You are going away. Alice

I looked at him quietly, straight into his eyes. If four years had taught me nothing else, it had taught me some amount of self-control; I could speak in steady tones, glance at him with calin, unfaitering glances, though my heart was sick and sore and aching.

"I am sorry you are going," I said, steadily, in the regretful tone in which a friend may speak; "sorry for our sakes. But for your sake I am glad. It will be such a splendid opportunity

He did not answer me. He rose from his seat and walked to the door. After a minute I rose, too. Standing in the doorway, leaning against the creepercovered framework, we faced each other. "That was not what I came to say," he observed at last.

"You're not guing?".

My vaunted self-possession deserted me a little then; I was conscious that a and sighed, and slightly shrugged his wave of color swept into my face; my glance fell. I was angry with myself for the blush; with an effort I raised my eves and looked at him again.

"You want my advice. You must tell me all about the proposed expedition | ply, briskly. "Thank you for your good first; I scarcely understand well enough wishes, Mabel."

"I don't want you to advise me."

"Mab, you know what I want-you know as well as I do. I have tried again and again to speak to you-you know that, too. You have always prevented me. But now I must speak. I love you, Mab; if you will give me any hope, will stay in England, but if not-if I am no use here, if there is no hope for me-1 may as well go."

There was a note of deep feeling in his voice that set my heart beating madly, joyfully. But next moment I was ming with my unreasonable happiness, bitterly smiling at it.

"You do not believe in my love," he ontinued, in his quiet, steady tone. "I have felt your incredulity. But you

"I do believe," I returned. I believed that he loved me, but I believed, too, lieved that it was a forced growth, which the care and encouragement which he had bestowed on it were withdrawn, would die an easy and natural death. Four years ago, he had learnt that I cared for him; the thought of my unrequited love had pained him constantly;

made upon it. He loved me. I had on getting eaten by snakes and croco- softer glances which nowadays he gave me, heard it in the gentler, less may

> of deliberate, auxious desire. "I do believe," I said. "I think you love me-but I think, too, that if you

"Mab, you are croel!" he exclaimed in a quiet voice, but repreachfully. He made no further protest, no

stronger denial. Protests were not much in Ned's way, but I chose to ignore that truth. In my pride and bit-"Well, year you see the girls all fan-tied that you would." that he knew he would if he tried format. Love knew he would, if he tried, forget, Love The girls' volces reached us from the which is based on gratitude and pity awn, and after a few minutes Alice de- will die an easy death, when the busis serted me and ran across the grass, and of gratitude and pity has been withdrawn.

You think me fickle, Mab. Perhaps I deserve your judgment; I have proved I strolled on, away from the sound of fickle once. I shall not change again, I

ways temperate-but there was little ner-house stood beside the pathway. I doubt expressed in his voice and glance, entered and sat down on the rustic seat. He came a step nearer me and took my hands in his and looked down into my I looked out with fixed, unseeing eyes | eyes. In spite of myself, I let my soul through the open doorway. Two or for one long blissful moment drink its three minutes passed; then between the did of happiness. My heart danced; my doorway and the soushine Ned Barnet head was light with interleating joy. Then resolutely I struggled away from "May I zome in?" he asked, taking the love that tempted me; again I called

Ned, tell me one thing. Will you answer one question -truthfully?" "As many questions as you liketruthfully, you may be sure."
"Did you love me at first because you

thought that I loved you "At first, perhaps so. I am not sure. The beginning of my love dates a long

I drew my hands from his, and put sweet pear will blossom them tightly together behind me-

thought so. You have often been cold | 103 and sorrows of to-day. o me, and sometimes a little cruel; but I believe in your heart you love me; I have read your love in a thousand

You have been mistaken," I returned, harshly. "You have read what doesn't CAINL.

He was silent for a few moments' space. fashion You do not love me, Mah?" he asked, in a grieved tone through which a thread | birthday, then?" of surprise ran. That note of surprise braced my pride, which his sorrow know. It is part of my equipment as a

used to love me?" "Why should I be more constant than you? I was a child no more than a Why will you always remember that children folly against me? One gray, his short, bushy heard desprinking

outgrows one's childish loves and hates." "Is that my answer, Mab?"

I turned away from the door of the immurerhouse; I went slowly a little way along the garden path. He followed "You will very quickly forget me. Ned," I said; and I stopped hastily, in

time to check a sob that case "We need not discuss that question," he replied:

glad that I refused you He half smiled. "You hold one view d my character, Mab, and I another." approaching forty-we are grown proresponded, quietly. Very slowly we walked toward the

house. When we reached it, I spoke "Shall you go away?" I faltered. Yes. You have decided that point for me, he replied.

CHAPTER III.

May-day-a breezy, pleasant day of alternate showers and soushine. In the arden the laburnum tree is just touched with yellow; the lilac is budding; the trim heds are golden still with the last

of the daffodils. As my step-father has just reminded "Whether I go or stay, Mab, depends me, this is my thirtioth birthday on you," he replied slowly, looking down Mabel has kissed me in her gentle fashon and wished me many happy returns of the day; my step-father has smiled,

shoulders. At the age of thirty, my dear, an uncarried woman prefers her birthday to be forgotten," he remarks. "I prefer it to be remembered," I re-

"Thirty!" says my step-father in a

musing tone. "Thirty!" he repeats.



he had carefully fostered, and which, if "I AM NOT AN OLD MADE YET, PAPA." and sighs. "Thirty! -Well, I suppose an old maid is useful in a family. I laugh. "I am not an old maid yet,

m had been very sorry for my very by projoking; my own tone has some-His mild interrogative tone is certain-

thing, I admit, of spinster-like sharpness as I reply. "I feel quite as young as I desire to

"That is satisfactory. It is not everyone who at thirty still feels herself to I turn away allently; but my silence

CERCIS HAS DUFFISHED 'An ornament-but relegated to the shelf," continues my step father, in a

musing tone, with a contemplative "Age has, at all events, its advantages, papa. Sarcasms at thirty fail to

He professes not to hear me, "As far

as I can see, my dear, Barnet seems to leave you to grace that shelf." I have carried the pinafore I am making to a distant window. I, too, profess o be deaf to the words which I will not

"Let me give you credit for one virhe," the smooth voice continues. "You are patient. You have smiled on Barnet for thirteen years, and still are unwilling to regard the task as hopeless!"

I have said that sarcasus no longer have the power to burt me; but the east is vain. In spite of my thirty years I turn away now with burning cheeks, with childish anger and with tears springing to my eyes.

I take my work into the garden. The garden is quiet, for the children are in the school room at their lessons and my own sisters are all married and gone. The laun is closely shaven, smooth as: stik; the box-borders trim as ever; the beds are guiltless of a weed. I take the path which nine years ago I took ith Alice, and I stop now as I stopped hen at the little rustic summer house beside the pathway. I lean in a musing, pensive mood against the framework of the entrance and look absently before You have got over it your love?" me at the dancing branches wet with rain, at the moving patches of light and shadow that the branches east upon the path, at the lilies of the valley beneath the wall, at the bed where by and by the

The savet peas were blossoming on "Nest-lately-"I asked "what have that morning, nine years ago, when Nest you thought? Have you fancied I still and I stood here together. My thoughts travel slowly back across those nine He hesitated for a moment. Then: years recall their history, and slowly Yes," he answered, truthfully, "I have return to dwell upon the present—the

"Many happy returns of the day to

I start and turn my head. Round the path behind the summer-house Ned had some auddenly upon me, he stands close beside me, holds out his right hand and autiles in calm, friendly, unembarrassed

"Thank you. You remember my "Yes. My memory is very good, you

ago, in the doorway facing meyears have aged him. He is nearly forty; his thick bair is turning a little with gray threads here and there, hi frank cave seem to have received further be neighby the grave, thoughtful brows his figure has grown more square, more set; the truth must be pold, he looks

middle-aged! He looks gravely and quietly at m His matiner this morning is very differ ent from his manner on that far away morning of nine years ago. Now ther is no suggestion of love-making. Hi "In a year or two you will be rather woice takes no tender modulations, his glance does not linger long with sof meaning on my face. I am thirty: he is

Prosale? are we? I can not speal for him; but I can speak for myself Nine years ago my heart never sched a badly, neverbeat so quickly, axit acheand beats to-day. I stand in a quie pone, my hands loosely clasped hefore se, and perhaps I look as ealer as he

out the calmness is surface deep-no We stand and chat quietly about many things. For the last few week he has been from home; and he asks no about the small events that have hup nened in his absence; and I ask him about the visit he has paid.

"I am not sorry to get back again," he says: but he says it in that soher, mat ter-of-fact time which admits of no flattering personal interpretations.

"You are tired at last of traveling?" "Not of traveling-but of country house visits," he replies, with a grave yet humorous smile. "Yes. I believe you are right," he admits, after a moment smiling quickly but gravely again, "I am tired of wandering."

"The African explorer is settling down into a stay-at-home country squire," I answer.

'For awhile.' "You do not expect the jog-trot life to "Not for long." He does not sigh. and yet there is a suggestion of a sigh

in the voice in which he answers. "Whilst there are worlds to explore you will never be content?" His gray eyes rest on me. They do not exactly smile; it would be difficult to correctly describe the expression in their depths. They rest on me with long look; then be glances slowly away at the slender rain laden branches of the laburnum, which sway lightly in the breeze and shake down showers of rain-drops which sparkle in the sun-

light as they fall. "While life lasts, Mab. I shall never be content," is all he says: but his tone has a little thrill of deep meaning, and for a moment my heart stands still then bounds forward at a passionate speed that keeps me silent whether I will or no.

For nine long years the record of our talk with one another has been a record of safe commonplaces. Impersonal: unemotional. Only at rare intervals across that desert of years have I caught

a glories, a tone, that has made me won her whether the love I referred to take redend? Nine years ago I put happier year from me proudly, impetuous is. For nine years I have known regret on line a bitter heartache. To day 1 be an ornament in the matrimonial have pechaps, too little pride, as nine years ago I had too much. If I thought he still cared for me, his silence should not stand between us; I would let me

er-monies, no conventionalities spoil "Why are you-not content?" I asked. My tone is steady with an effort.

He torus his head and half smiles at me again. "In another week," he says, as one who has answered my question and changes his tone, "the laburnum and lilac will both be in bloom?

And then we are both silent.

"Ned, we have been friends so many cars," I plead, trying to speak easily, rankly, plensantly, in friendly fashion friends are useless if they can not rumble to one another! Twenty years igo Afteen years ago we used to pour ut to one another all our causes of dis-

He looks before him for nearly a minto before he answers. "Since then-" he says and pauses.

"We have been both more and less han friends." "Does that prevent our speaking-of

ir troubles to each other?" 'It provents my speaking of one ouble to you," he answered, simply. How my hands tremble! I clasp my fingers together. My heart is beating to fast and furiously that I can scarcely draw my breath; my thoughts leap forward to a bold resolve a resolve too bold to be wemanly a resolve to bold that I dare not pause before I speak.

"Ned, once you said you loved me The reserve, the silence of nine years s broken. It is I who have torn down



NED, ONCE YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME!"

destroyed it; he would like to haddily mile up the breach. "One gets over most things. Mah. in he says. But I searcely hear his \$10,000. words; his voice has a tremor which makes my pulses heat with joy; his face betrays that the time of which he

I scarcely know what I do, but I know that I put out my hand and tay is on his "Don't get over it, Ned." I say in the lowest of tones; and then, having been the boldest of women. I suddenly be

come the silliest, and burst into a flood of hysterical, foolish tears. And ten minutes later Ned and I are sitting together on the rustic seat; his arm is around me and his strong clasp-

"You loved me nine years ago when you refused me?" he says, incredulous-ly, repeating a statement I have just, twixt laughter and tears faltered forth. "Yes; but I thought you loved me out of pity. I thought you would easily for

"And I thought my offer had hurt and offended you. I thought your girlish love for me was dead. I resolved not to persecute you with my love, not to speak Cyou ngain.

'And you have cared for me-all "All these years—yes. And we might too his life of \$50,000.

save been happy together! And now I am so old. Ned!" were younger, you would score your gray-haired lover.

Papa will call it a prosale match." the smiles in our eyes decion. "Whatever his ventlet may be, we can bear it with philosophy," says Nod. | 856,000.

"Is the match a prosaic one to you, Mab?" he questions, a thread of laughter and a thread of tenderness both running

My answer is a smile and a question. "Is it prosale to you?" I asked. "Oh. Ned, why have we thrown away so many years of happiness? "Perhaps the discipline has been good for us," he whispers quietly. "Every thing happens for the lest to those who

do not take their lives into their own

bands. And you, Male are dearer, sweeter to me than ever." He gently lays my head upon his shoulder and folds me in his arms. My heart is at rest at last. I would wait another thirteen years for this happle ness.

TTHE END. L.

PHILADELPHIA is having trouble over he color line in the public schools There is a strong prejudice against mixed schools for the races and resulted in the establishment of a large number of "colored schools."

A LAW has been passed in Kansas by which the districts may select and own uch text-books as they choose quantity of text-books will be purchased or the schools and placed at the dissenal of the pupils, thus virtually making books free.

#### FOREIGN FRAGMENTS.

In China less than 20,000 officials sufflee to rule, in a most perfect manner, one-third of the world - inhabitants. The edelweise has been raised on the sandy plains of Brandenburg this same

mer, much larger and finer than those A SERVICE of carrier pigeons is to be established between Zanziber and Lake Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's New "Life Nyassa, in Africa. The stations will be

thirty miles apart. In two of the London clubs where the chief butlers have been in office for forty years, all gold and silver change is washed before being given to the members.

take them out of the vator and do so and its people, including Dr. Talupon the ground that it is better for the flesh of the fish that it be killed at

Bollee, of Le Mans. By simply turning fifteen, and with amazing rapidity

pawned, and they are returned at the America. close of the cold weather.

the defaulter until the amount of the may read with advantage. A NINE TEAD on D last at Jubbulgore, tertain—three things so few writers India, is under arrest for having bucked accomplish in a gingle volume. alive his younger brother, aged three

saved by burying him. Tur latest variation of the conjugers box trick, performed by Mr. Heriz in London managles a man and pattocks publishers, the Pacific Publishing ben to a board, and then suspends him to a board, and then suspends him to a board, and then suspends him Sts., Portland, Or., are the sole genaround him, but not reaching within eral agents for the Pacific Coast. several feet of the ground. In a few We call attention to their advereconds a woman is found in the place tisement in another column. of the man, and the man himself is in-

### PAY OF NEW YORK DIVINES.

Bisnor Pouren reseives 25,000 a year with a house went of school

REV. DR. BARSTORD of St. George Smooth, gets vests) and a restory fley. Du. Brown, of St. Thomas burch, is paid \$5,000 with a rectors REV. Du. Doxxio, rector of the Church of the Ascension, receives 56,000 and a assets are

REV. DE KITTERDOF, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, receive REV. DR. THOMPSON, of the Madison

Avenue Presbyterian Church, gets \$16. son a venr-REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D. has a salary of \$10,000 and collects as much

more from his editorial work. REV. DR. MOROAN DIX, rector of Trins ity Church, has a salary of \$12,000 with an allowance for a house of about Hev. Dit. Panton receives \$12,000 a

year and has no rent to pay, for his conpregation have given him a handsome dwelling REV. DR. HUNTINGTON, of Grace Church, receives \$8,000 in addition to

the use of a rectory, which would read for 54:000 REV. DR. ARTHUR BROOKS, brother of Phillips Brooks, gots 86,000 and a retory as the pastor of the Church of the

Incarnation

REV. DR. SATTERLEE, of Calvacy Church, is given the rent of a handsom. rectory overlooking Gramercy Park and REV. Dr. GREER, of St. Bartholomow's

P. E. Church, receives \$8,000, his house rent and the premium of an insuran-Rice. Dr. Jone Hart receives a salary of Sts.000 a year, in addition to a house "Old! Not so very old, Male. If you in Fifth avenue seljoining his church whose rental would be at least \$6,000. REV. DR. W. M. TAYLOR (Congress) tionalists of the Broadway Talaysi

rescrives \$16,000 a year and, bradditi-

his congregation is said to pay the pro-

minm of an insurance on his life for Or the well-known Congregational ministers of Brooklyn, Dr. Lyman Ab bott receives \$10,500, Drs. Storrs and Behrends \$10,000 each and Dr. R. R. Meredith, of the Tompkins Avenue

#### Church, \$8,000 a year.

EXTRAVAGANT WOMEN. Sana Benxitamer's traveling hit conslats of forty-eight trunks, weighing in

has a bath in her home fined with Mex lean onyx that cost 50,000. As American lady has a bruss bedstend inlaid with real pearls: Across the top runs a brass rail, on which the

MISS MARY GARRETT, of Bultime

owner's name is wrought in pearls. MISS. H. McKAY TWOMBLEY, of New York, is said to own the fanest face of any belle in that city. She has one mantle of Russian sable which east

An American woman with a pretty foot and well-filled purse is having order filled abroad for six pairs of boots to be encrusted with precious stones Evidently the fair diplomat desires to call attention to her shapely foot.

Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIS has purchased in Paris the crown of Marie Antoinette not a coronet which in picture books penerally does thaty for a crown, but a genuine velvet cap, with the incimit of wally enablazoned upon it in precious

Mas. Estudies Heatne, nee McCormicic paid \$1.700 for her new baby's base act and transcent. The furniture of the toilette bashet is ivory bound, with the family monogram variously inscribed in silver, turquoise and small dimmonds.

#### ..... of Christ."

A book which is sure to have great popularity, and immense sale, both because of its interesting atyle and its superb illustrations is "From FISHERMEN over a large part of Eu- Manger to Throne," a new life of rope always kill the fish as soon as they Christ and a history of Palentine mage's account of his famous journey to, through and from the Christ-THE most astonishing novelty in Paris land. The work which is splendidis a calculating machine invented by M. ly printed, contains nearly 700 large sized pages, 9x11 inches. It is ila wheel it adds, multiplies or divides Justrated with more than 400 grand any number of figures up to lines of illustrations, among which are ac-BLANKETS are loaned to the poor. famous paintings of the old masters curate copies of nearly 200 of the during the winter months, free of cost, by a kind-hearted citizen in Brune which have so long enriched the wick, Germany. They are stamped to galleries and cathedrals of Europe, prevent them from being sold or but were never before published in

He treats the story of the Saviour Tak butch have an original way of with great reverence with unexpeccollecting the taxes. If, after due not tice has been given, the money is not sent, the authorities place one or two hungry militia men in the house, to be ry, and in no way sectarian, and is lodged and maintained at the expense of therefore one which every Christian

It will do good, instruct and en-

He admits the offence, and chates that he and his brother were orphans. He York Herald predicts a sale of a had to beg for a living, and as he could fulllion copies for the first year. The not take the youngster about with him book will be sold only by subscrip-he thought much trouble would be tion and agents are wanted to whom liberal terms are offered.

The well-known and enterprising



overheard one say of her, "By heaven she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she indignantly, "and by heaven only." Ruddy health mantled her cheek, yet this beautiful lady, once this and pale, and suffering from a dry, hacking cough, night-eweats, and apitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians, without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Collan Medical Discovery; her improvement was seen marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again,—a perfect pleture of health and strength. This wonderful "Goldan Medical Discovery," now world-famed as a remedy for evasuapption, which is really lung scrofule, is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Ekin and bealp Discoses, as White Swellings, Fever-sorce, flip-joint Discose, Salt-rhunn, Tetter, Eccema, Bolis, Carbunckes, Eryappetas and kindred allinouis. All scaly, crusty, itching, troubless the blood and primotes all the bodily functions. It is the only drugglets, under a positive guarantees that it will do all that it is recommended to, or money paid for it will be refunded. A LOVELY WOMAN



## RESTAURANT.

Canyon City, Or. M. J. Chambers, Propr.

This Restaurant has recently been opened, and will furnish Meals or Lod-

ing at living rates. A special feature about this house is that no Chinese cooks are employed in the kitchen. Give the Restaurant JACKSON CHAMBERS, a trial.

Proprietor.

# Tutt's Pills

# ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess pec-uliar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Figurity sugar coated. Bose small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., New York,