

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

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THE RUBBER NECK GIRAFFE

MISS WHITE.

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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(By Clifton Bingham.)
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It was on a morning early in January, eight years ago, that my office-boy brought me her card, upon which was simply inscribed:

MISS WHITE.

"Show her in," I said.
A moment later when I looked up there stood before me one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen.
"What can I do for you?" I inquired.
"I want your advice, Mr. Tremaine," she began, in a low, pleasant voice, "and so that you will quite understand it, I will begin my story at the beginning. I was left an orphan when quite a baby, and have been brought up by an aunt. I am quite independent, however, having an income of four hundred a year, to which I succeeded two years ago. My aunt has one son, who, encouraged by her, pesters me with his attentions, and has now taken to threatening me. I do not want to marry him. I hate him! He is quite determined. I must tell you he is only 20—three years my junior—and has been very much spoiled by his foolish mother. And now, can you advise me?"

"I can certainly try and frighten him with a wailing letter couched in legal phraseology," I said, "or you can have him prosecuted and bound over."
Miss White shook her head.
"No she said, 'not that.'"
"Shall I write to him?"
"Please, I have written down his name and address."
"We will see," I said, "what effect my communication has upon the gentleman."
My client put out her gloved hand, saying, "Good morning," and I was left alone with my thoughts.
A fortnight later I dined with some very old friends in Kensington, whom I had known from boyhood. Almost the first person I saw on entering the room was my fair client. The recognition was mutual, and my heart gave a thrill of delight, for I fancied I saw a gleam of pleasure leap into her beautiful eyes as we were introduced.
"You appear to have met before," said our hostess, looking from one to the other. Miss White smiled.
"Only professionally, I am sorry to say," I murmured.
"Your letter has had the desired effect, Mr. Tremaine, but how long it will last it is difficult to say. Much to my relief, my cousin has been called out of town."
"Please rely upon me in every way," I said, and we drifted into unprofessional channels. To me Miss White seemed more charming than ever, and she was not only charming, but clever to boot.

The next morning at my office a disagreeable surprise was awaiting me. I received a visit from Mrs. Thornton, who, with unmeasured expressions of rage, demanded the reason of my interference with her son's love affair. I tried my best to calm the lady, expostulated with her, even attempted to reason with her, which was silly, because he who attempts to reason with an angry woman is not diplomatic. After a stormy quarter of an hour she flung herself out of the office in a towering passion.
"Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" I thought to myself, ruefully. The next thing that would probably happen would be that the young gentleman himself would also come to my office and threaten to shoot me.
Strange to say, my fears were realized within a week. One morning a card bearing the name of "Arthur Thornton" was brought to me. Bracing myself for the encounter, I ordered him to be admitted. Judge of my surprise when I proved to me a thin, plain, under-sized stripling, with a vacuous countenance and an expression upon it of more idiocy than cunning.
"Your name is Tremaine, isn't it?" he demanded, bluntly.
"It is," I said.
"I have come to horsewhip you!" I smiled and leaned back in my seat, but I kept my eyes fixed upon him.
"My dear sir, gentlemen don't do these things. I presume you are a gentleman?"
"There's a jolly sight too much pre-

sumption about you, Mr. Tremaine! You have taken the liberty of interfering in my affairs, and I mean to make it very warm for you before I have done with you!"
"Your cousin requested me," I said, "to write to you on her behalf. I did so as her solicitor. I fail to see what right you have to dictate to me in the matter?"
"Right!" he exclaimed, flourishing his horsewhip. He made a lunge at me with it, but I was a moment too soon for him, and though the tip of the cord grazed my cheek, it was in my possession, and Mr. Arthur Thornton was lying dazed on my office floor within the space of 10 seconds. Tremaine is a Cornish name, and I had done a little wrestling in my youth. I exclaimed giving him a not very gentle kick.
He crawled to his feet looking as though he could have killed me.
"You don't suppose this sort of tomfoolery will do your wooing any good, do you?"
He made as though to rush at me again, and I plinned him by both arms into an easy chair like a baby.
"Sit down!" I shouted, so loudly that my clerk, hearing, rapped at the door.
"It's all right, Jenkins; you can go away," I said, and turned my attention to Thornton again. He had sat down in the chair again.
"I haven't finished with you yet. What sort of a man do you call yourself, not only to attempt to force a girl to marry you because she has money, but to be fool enough to try and take the law into your own hands? Are you aware I could prosecute you for attempted assault?"

"Where's your witness?" he muttered.
"In my possession," I said, grimly, showing him the horsewhip. "And in my possession it will remain until you give me both an apology for your outrageous conduct and a written undertaking not to annoy Miss White after this date with your unwelcome attentions. Do this, and you can go, but you don't go till you do both. You're in a cleft stick, young man, and don't you forget it."
"Make out your paper," said he, with a poor attempt at bravado. I called Jenkins.
"Sit down, Jenkins, in my chair, and write as I dictate."
"I, the undersigned, hereby undertake never to molest or annoy Miss White, nor to write or undertake not to annoy Miss White after this date. Should I do so, I leave it in the hands of Mr. H. Tremaine, solicitor, to prosecute me for an assault attempted to be committed by me upon him this day—signed."
"Now," I said, "get up and sign!" I still carried the horsewhip. With some hesitation Mr. Arthur Thornton rose to his feet and affixed his signature to the document. I promptly and dramatically locked it up in my safe.
"Jenkins, show this gentleman out. His weapon is mine by right of conquest."

I did not see or hear anything of my pretty client for some time, beyond that we met at the Veres one afternoon.
But one morning, at the end of February, I was sitting in my office surrounded by dingy parchments, through which seemed to shine the face of the woman I loved. History repeated itself, and Jenkins brought me a card with the two words inscribed upon it, "Miss White."
My heart leaped and then went still a moment later. How foolish of me, I thought. Of course, she had only thought of me as a client. Of course I was bound to see her.
"I have some news for you," she said. "My cousin has gone abroad. He sailed for New Zealand on the Orinoco yesterday. And before he went he made me a confession."
I started. What had he told her? I soon knew. My client put out her two hands to me, and I could almost have sworn there were tears in her eyes.
"Thank you, Mr. Tremaine, with all my heart, for what you have done for me! Don't be so serious," she said, gayly. "I, too, have a confession to make." Here she hesitated a little, and I fancied I saw a blush creeping over her face.
"A confession?" I echoed.
"Yes, a confession," she said. "I am thinking of getting married."
"I congratulate him," was all I could find to say.
"But you don't even know his name,"

"Whoever he is he will be lucky who wins you."
She gave me an adorable smile.
"If you will give me a sheet of paper and a pencil," she said, "I will sit at your desk, if I may, and write the name down for you to read when I am gone."
She sat in my chair and pushed away the parchments that littered the table.
"What a dreadful muddle!" she said. "You want some one to come and tidy it up!"
My heart was beating so fast that I could not speak. She picked up a pen and wrote a name upon the sheet of paper I had given her. Then she looked up at me with a bright face.
"What is the date?" she said.
With a glance at my calendar I told her.
"There," she said, folding it carefully. "Now I must go. Promise me that you will not look at that for an hour."
"I promise," I said, feeling somewhat mystified. She held out her hand to me. "Goodbye," I said.
"Au revoir," was her reply, and before I knew it she was gone.
An hour later I looked at the paper. To my utter amazement it bore nothing but my own name, Harry Tremaine, and the date, February 23. It flashed upon me with a suddenness that almost unnerved me that the year was leap year, and that Forget-me-not White had proposed to me!
She is now Forget-me-not Tremaine, and vows that in all the eight years of our happy married life she has never once regretted that proposal of hers. The sheet of paper on which she wrote my name hangs framed in my study.

LOTAN KEPT BUSY ON LICENSE DAY

Deputy City Auditor W. S. Lotan, in charge of the license department, had a busy day yesterday. Belated teamsters, saloonkeepers, candy merchants, lunch counter vendors, etc., came in large numbers to pay up their back taxes to insure safety from the inspectors for another quarter.
The city allows each merchant, teamster or others having to pay license fees 10 days in which to come to the city hall and pay up. Nothing is done until the 10 days elapse. After that, arrests may be made at any time without notice.
"We have had a good deal of trouble to get people to come and pay their licenses this quarter," said License Inspector McEachern today, "and unless they come in quickly we certainly will make some arrests."

EXHIBIT WYOMING COAL

St. Louis, April 12.—A Wyoming exhibit in the mines and metallurgy building at the World's fair is a 7-foot cube of coal in a single block. The block is used as the base of a pyramid, showing every grade of bituminous coal fuel in the state.

A HARD STRUGGLE

Many a Portland Citizen Finds the Struggle Hard
With a back constantly aching. With distressing urinary disorders. Daily existence is but a struggle. No need to keep it up.
Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Portland people endorse this claim: Mrs. Painter, wife of J. W. Painter, expressman, living at 310 East Second street, says: "I have had more or less kidney trouble all my life. When quite a young girl I had a severe spell of sickness, and all who knew me thought I was going to die. I finally recovered, but ever after my kidneys bothered me, and I have suffered at times terribly. I could no more lie on my left side than I could fly, and could not stoop to pick anything off the floor without working myself up gradually by placing my hands on my hips. In addition to this, there were headaches, dizziness and trouble with the kidney secretion for all of which I doctored and used more than one remedy said to be a sure cure for such annoyances. Nothing brought me relief compared with that received from Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Lase-Davis Drug Co.'s store, corner of Yamhill and Third streets. The results stamp that remedy as one fully up to representations made for it."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—DOAN'S—and take no other.

SEEDING PUSHED FORWARD RAPIDLY

SOIL IN HIGH LANDS IS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION FOR FLOWING—FARMERS BEGIN TO SOW—FRUIT IN BLOOM.

By Edward A. Beals.
The first two days of the week were rainy and cold, but the latter part was warm and pleasant and ideal for farm work. A few frosty mornings occurred, but the frosts were too light to do any harm.
Flowing and seeding has been pushed as rapidly as possible. The soil on the high lands is in excellent condition for flowing, and on the bottom lands is fast drying out. Early gardens have been started and some early potatoes have been planted. The season, however, is very backward and farmers generally are behind with their work, and many fear that they will not have time to prepare the land they intended for spring seeding, before it is too late for wheat and other small grain. Fall wheat is doing nicely, and but few complaints are made regarding its condition.
Hops are beginning to sprout, but the hop growers have not yet had time to thoroughly clean and cultivate their yards, although they are now very busy at their work. Goat shearing has begun and the clip, so far as learned, is an average one. Pasture and stock are improving, and in some sections stock has been turned out on the range. Early cherries, peaches, plums and bush fruit have come into bloom during the last few days. The fruit of all kinds is much better than usual thus early in the season.

Coast District.
Aplary, Columbia county, Joseph Hackenberg.—Clear, with several frosty mornings; winter grain thrifty; pasture meadows improving; cattle poor; some early potatoes and vegetables have been planted; fruit buds swelling.
Astoria, Clatsop county, A. Y. Anderson.—Clear and warm; grass beginning to grow; bushes are budding; farmers busy sowing oats and planting potatoes.
Remote, Coos county, G. A. Hansen.—Clear and warm weather the last few days; grass growing nicely; fruit trees in bloom; plowing and sowing in progress; fine weather for plowing and planting early gardens.
Eckley, Curry county, J. A. Haines.—Weather fine; all crops sown in the fall looking well; plowing and sowing in progress; ground in fine shape; grass growing nicely; early potato planting and early gardening being done; fruit trees are budding.

Willamette Valley.
Dillie, Washington county, F. H. Maury.—Weather fine; farmers busy plowing and sowing; ground in fine shape; grass growing nicely; early potato planting and early gardening being done; fruit trees are budding.
Hillsboro, Clatsop county, J. L. Kruse.—Past week very favorable; winter wheat and oats are making rapid growth; the soil is rather wet, but plowing was commenced in this section last Friday; farmers will push their work to the utmost; fruit of all kinds is backward.

Silverton, Marion county, J. F. Davis.—Work in hop yards being rushed and many new hop fields being planted; a large acreage is being sown to clover; stock is doing fairly well, but feed is scarce and pasture in demand; early gardens are planted; fruit very promising and orchard work in progress; goats being sheared; prospects for fruit of all kinds was never better.
Plainview, Linn county, F. M. Snyder.—Week favorable and plowing is now general; some little sowing has been done; fall wheat is beginning to look a little red, which indicates damage; grass is starting nicely; stock is generally thin; early prunes, such as tragedy, are in full bloom; fruit buds are plentiful.
Junction City, Lane county, D. B. Farley.—Weather ideal for the growth of all kinds of grain and grass; stock is doing well; farming is going on at a rapid rate; there were light frosts Wednesday and Thursday nights, but they did no damage.

Southern Oregon.
Oalla, Douglas county, W. R. Wells.—Weather very favorable, everything growing nicely; fruit bloom just coming out; grain looking well; grass getting good and stock improving.
Table Rock, Jackson county, E. H. Davis.—Weather warm and bright; ground is in fine shape for plowing;

wheat that was sown last fall is doing nicely; pastures improving fast.
Williams, Josephine county, H. H. Sparlin.—Past week warm and bright, fine for farm work, and every farmer is busy plowing; everything growing nicely; wheat on low land badly water killed; fruit late; stock turned on range.
Kinley, Wasco county, George J. Friend.—Weather fine with very little frost; fall grain doing nicely; stock in good condition; grass growing; plowing just begun; fruit trees not hurt yet.
Wasco, Sherman county, W. C. Moorehouse.—Fall wheat doing finely; spring wheat being sown rapidly; weather fine for all kinds of growing crops.
Olex, Gilliam county, George W. Marvel.—Weather dry, cool and frosty; crops growing slowly; spring seeding pretty well done; fruit not hurt.
Lexington, Morrow county, Edwin R. Beach.—Summer fallow grain sown last fall is looking well; volunteer grain is somewhat weedy; spring sown grain is just now coming into sight; fruit buds are swelling; snow is in sight on the foothills and deep in the mountains; the ground is everywhere wet to a good depth; much spring grain is yet unsown.
Adams, Umatilla county, C. S. Ferguson.—Weather fine; never saw a better prospect for fall sown wheat; spring sowing nearly completed; summer fallowing progressing nicely; pasture

short; fruit trees nearly in full bloom; gardening begun; ground heavy and cold for the season.
—Joseph, Wallowa county, S. M. Crow.—Foothill farms covered with snow; valley farms bare; grass commencing to grow; acreage of fall wheat small; some has been damaged by freezing, but to what extent cannot as yet be ascertained; the plow has been started by a few farmers.
La Grande, Union county, W. F. Gekeler.—Weather fine and warm; grass growing some, but too wet to plow on a good many farms; stock mostly thin; fall wheat looks well; still freezes considerably at night.
Sumpter, Baker county, R. T. Young.—There is about eight inches of snow all over the valley, but the last week it has melted very fast; it is an unusual late spring for this section of the country.
Prineville, Crook county, D. F. Stewart.—Weather conditions very favorable; plenty of moisture and sufficient warmth for normal growth.
Ontario, Malheur county, Helen B. Stone.—Clear days and cold nights; crops backward; winter wheat and alfalfa good.
Burns, Harney county, M. Fenwick.—Grass is improving; weather fine; plowing on the dryer land has commenced; still too wet to work on the low lands; fruit trees came through the winter all right; loss of stock will be light.

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SEEDING PUSHED FORWARD RAPIDLY

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