SHE'LL MARRY ME.

- Ab, life looks very bright to me Since I have heard her say, With sweet becoming modesty, She'll marry me some day,
- If I will give up smoking; If I will go to church;
 If I cut the club and leave
 My best friends in the lurch;
 If I will never stay out late, But hasten home at 9; It I will let her have her way-
- he's promised to be mine! If I will move to Kensington And never touch a card;
 If I will backle down to work
 And labor long and hard
- To buy her stylish bonnets And gowns and lots of gloves, Then I may be that happy man, The lucky man she loves,
- If I'll be always pleasant And not grow cross and old,
- And always stay good looking—
 She can't stand ugly men—
 If I come up to her ideal,
 Why, we'll be married then!
- That's why I am so happy And why I often seem Unconscious and abstracted— I'm living in a dream! She is so sweet and pretty, And so unselfish too! I can't believe it's true!

 —London Sporting Post.

MY FIANCEE.

I had been telegraphic operator at "B station" some six or eight months and had held communication of a purely business character only with the operator at "D" when there came a hand. change. Death silently removed the old and it closed over it firmly.

"I also have a confession to make," so long, and a new operator was installed.

A message spun along the line one February morning in this wise: "Good morning, B." I responded:

"Good morning, D." Then came the night, and I have taken his place." "What is your name?" I asked.

spirit of deviltry prompted my reply: "Ned Clayborn."

"Thank you," was the concise response. Then a message in real carnest came along the lines, and we were obliged to attend to business. Every day I bade my unseen acquaintance "Good feet. morning" and never closed up at night of conscience racked me at times, and a "still, small voice" whispered its warning, but the temptation was too great, and it was not long before I was sending sly messages, containing a good deal

er. It was no end of fun. She told me her history. She had run away from home because her parents insisted upon marrying her to a man she detested (and the last word came clicking viciously from my end of the She would never marry himnever. I advised her not to and hinted at an affection deeper and truer than any the presuming "detested fellow"

could offer. Well, the outcome of it was that I asked the unseen Nellie to be my wife and even described the little home that was lonesomely awaiting her coming. I was floundering in deep water and could but trust to a kind Providence to pull me out. My "fun" was becoming dead earnest. How I wished the wires stretching between us were telephonic, instead of telegraphic, that I could perchance hear some exclamation or gain some token of how my message was received. flew to the instrument. It was concise said: and not very complimentary, "Rather

than marry that brute I will risk it." I was in for it now and must perforce flounder still deeper by sending raptur. I enter suit for breach of promise?" ous messages over the wires. I, Delia Brown, was engaged to be married to a

I carried the "fun" on for over three months, and every day it grew decided. Stories, ly less "funny," until I began to brood over the predicament into which I had giddily led my feet. The time was rapidly approaching when I would have to and romantic manner, and my blood ran cold at the thought of how easy it would be for her to learn of my perfidy, and from all I had seen of her temper ! felt sure she would not deal lightly with any one who would dare to play tricks

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day, just three weeks before I was to travel to "D" and claim my bride, I boarded the train with altogether another motive. It was to "kiss and make up" after I had begged her with tears forgive me, etc.

I found a little house, with a little sign in blue and white swinging in the breeze, similar to the little house and the little sign at "B." It was occupied at the time by a young man reading a paper. I looked at him without speaking, and he returned the compliment in

"I wish to see Miss Nellie Merton, I said, and as he did not speak I went on to explain. "I am the operator at 'B' and have an important message, which must be delivered to her at once. A moment's delay means' - I paused for a word, and he spoke for the first

"So you are the operator at 'B' and desire to see Miss Merton? I am sorry to disappoint you; but, you see, Miss Merton is at home at the present time Science Monthly. while I take her place. The fact is she is going to be married and is preparing for the great event. She cannot be seen personally, but if you will intrust the message to me I will

kind enough to take my place while I

run around to her house."

His coolness nearly distracted me. 'I must see her!'' I exclaimed excit

"But you cannot," he said coolly. "I have strict orders not to let any one know her whereabouts for a day or two until these extensive preparations are well under way."

I was on the verge of tears, and with a choke in my voice I cried out, sinking into a chair and he'ding up my hands

'Don't say another word. You will ampton and that to Liverpool.

If you will not tell me where to find Nellie," I went on in desperation, "will you please tell her this -I have been a bad, wicked girl, andand-and-there is no such person as Ned Clayborn? It started in fun, andand-and-please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than

"No such person as Ned Clayborn! My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young man who in three short weeks is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?" he added in consternation.

"Oh, will you not understand? It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Ned Clayborn, and after a time we ecame engaged-all in fun, too." Here I laughed hysterically. "I tried to stop, but I was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart, and began to cry in a miserable way. Unlike most men, my companion was

I heard uneasy movements in the chair soon a light touch fell upon my arm, evidence of his own keen eyes. and his voice, very gentle and kind, said, "Nellie is here to receive your eyes and looked up, but saw no one but life. the tall young man, who was looking

cry again.

he said earnestly. "I thought you were information, "The old man died last fession. In short," he ended abruptly, Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes, Ned. into the deserted place. A knock at the "Nellie Merton. What is yours?" A Your Nellie is not heartbroken at the door brought forth the occupant. To

turn about of affairs." ment for the space of five seconds the luctantly let him in. truth of the whole matter began to my hand from his and sprang to my woman. He was surprised to recognize

without a farewell message. A twinge cried. He did not reply, but stood lookyou because your object was a woman.

> thousand. "Isn't that rather paradoxical, con-"You might have known," I an-

swered severely. "But I did not," he replied.
"Here is my train," I said shortly.

"Goodly," he replied, assisting me on to the train de pite my independence and lifting his hat as it pulled out.

I traveled back to "B" a sadder but

tion in the little mirror as I removed my lat.

A year rolled by. I had entirely re-

knew that the tall young man at "D possess my soul in patience. That vir- station' was not as yet quite consigned but, with a patient sigh, said she hoped was almost exhausted when the to oblivion. Standing with hat in hand before another winter her husband well known call fell upon my ears. I and without any preface of any kind he might be willing to move on to some

"Over a year ago you asked me to marry you, and I consented. I have ingeach time at the cabin where his come to ask: Will you come? Or shall

What could I do? And, after all, perhaps he would not have made me a betyoung lady I had never seen. This was ter husband had I met him in the old forcing the question of woman's rights. conventional way and waited for him den that he take his wife to some settleto propose to me. - Ella Terre in Short

Early Struggles of an Astrono Very few young married men of this day would like to start in a profession claim the bride I had won in this novel at the age of 29 on a salary of \$3 a week, but young Hall thought he would be able to pick up outside work. He thought he could pursue his study in mathematics under Professor Benjamin Pierce, then at Harvard. So he entered on his new life full of hope. He took a couple of rooms on Concord avenue, near the observatory, and began housekeeping. He soon found be could not carry out his plans. There was some quarrel between Professor Picrce and Professor Bend, and he could not study with the former without offending his employer. He had to give up that plan. His work at the observatory required long hours, but he managed to study a little by himself. He studied mathe natics and German at the same time by translating a German mathematical work. His little income was all eaten up by simply the room rent. In order to live he had to do outside work. By computing, making almanacs and observing moon culminations he doubled his sal ary and managed to scrape along. His wife worked by his side faithfully, encouraging him, belping him in his studies and doing all the housework with her own hands. Hall soon became a rapid, accurate and skillful computer. Soon his employers saw how valuable he was, and they gradually increased his pay till at last he drew a salary of \$600 a year. - Asaph Hall in Popular

Low Steerage Rates and Emigration.

An American writing from London says: It is very desirable just now that deliver it immediately if you will be an exceptionally sharp eye be kept on the arrivals in New York, for the reduction of rates consequent on the steerage war is attracting a very undesirable class of emigrants to Liverpool and the continental ports of embarkation. Nine dollars, which is now charged for steerage passage from the Mersey to New York, includes not only the usual outfit of bedding and so on, but also the cost of the railway journey from London and Liverpool as well. And, in case of pas sengers from the south and southwest of England and South Wales, the fare includes the difference, if any, between the railway fare to London or South

You shouldn't have stood in the doorway, dear,

Looking, lingering so, fith a whisper I wasn't intended to hear Of how you lated to go, If you really hated to hasten away,

Unless you wanted me too! Your eyes of blue lies, my longing believed,

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, and-and"- And I broke down he did believe implicitly that he had

seen one ghost. The story-for there was a romance, not in the least disconcerted at sight of and a tragic one, connected with this my tears, but simply laughed, loud and ghost-was not one that the lawyer obliged to conclude that his imaginacared to tell, except to those who en- tion had played him a trick. Presently the laughter ceased. Then joyed his personal confidence. He did not like to be charged with superstitious had frightened the horse. occupied by my companion Then he got fancies, nor did he appreciate attempts up and paced about restlessly. Pretty to ridicule aim out of his faith in the for if Mis. Rodden had gone home a not mean that the "padded man who death he maintained firmly that it had

It was early in the fifties when Hayat me very earnestly.

"Where is she?" I asked, ready to became an express rider. He used to night.

mond, then a stranger in California, allowed the express rider to stop for the with "masculine approval," it is expedient to make men see the ugliness and make regular trips into the mountains, 'Here," he said, holding out his visiting the camps at stated intervals, Instinctively I put mine into it, 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 another young fellow like myself, and the Sierra he came to an almost deserted wishing to relieve the tedium of these camp, where a rich strike had been long monotonous days struck up a flir- made and the pocket quickly exhausted. tation. I intended some day to meet the Only one family had remained-that of when you came with your strange con- fortable house close against the wall of rock which rose behind the camp a "I am Nellie Merton. And you are Ned light was burning as Haymond rode Haymond's request for lodgings the After staring at him in silent amaze- man growled a surly response and re-

The express rider was surprised to see dawn upon my confused brain. My face sitting beside the little table, on which me to give the order." grew hot with indignation. I snatched stood the lamp, a young and pretty in her a schoolmate whom he hal sup-"You are a contemptible fellow!" I posed to be still safe in her esstern After their greetings hal been hands. ing down at me from his superior height. said Haymond explained to the ungra-'It was a hundred times meaner in cious husband how he had known Mrs. Rodden back east. Rodden grunted I will never forgive you if I live to be a some response, but Haymond and the he could do was to go to bed. He was woman were too busy asking and answering questions to heed his manner. "atween the lines," to the unseen Nelsidering the fact that you thought I was The man seemed relieved by Haymond's lie. The replies to these messages were a woman and you were enacting the guarded, but hopeful, and I grew bold-role of the sterner sea?" he asked. press rider to call whenever he was into the room where he had left his host. passing over the trail, and the woman It was silent and deserted. A glance dizziness, duliness, confusion of the mind, 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, he found the woman alone, her husband having not yet returned from his work. Haymond learned from her that she had married Rodden against the wishes of her family and had come to the mines with him without letting her purents know where she had gone. She said It was more than a month before he "You are a fool," said I to my reflec- Haymond learned from her that she had covered from my chagrin, and buried know where she had gone. She said was every thought of the tall young operator at "D station."

little about her life in the mountains, hope to dig a grave. Hastily saddling but that little showed that it had not his horse, he drove away, after search been a happy one. They had come to in the cabin in the faire her search wires to every One morning I was arranging and the camp with a number of others, but might find some note of explanation, copying some night messages when a some quarrel had arisen between her but in vain. Not a line of writing, new long shadow fell across my papers. A husband and the rest of the miners, so or old, could be found. glance upward told who it was. The door of that secret and darkened chambelind, and by hard work was making ber of my memory flew open, and I fairly good pay in the deserted diggings. She dreaded the 1 neliness of the place;

before another winter her husband might be willing to move on to some camp where they would have company. Haymond made two trips more, calling 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.

When he reached the city, he wrote a letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. Weeks passed before he letter to his parents asking them to break the sad news to the widowed Mrs. Rodden. He he was 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 mountain. He reached the t

down the narrow trail. A few steps took him out of sight of the cabin. He heard a faint call, and down the trail after him. She waved her hand for him to return, and he rode

"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 parting words she ran up the trail, while he turned his horse again to de scend. He looked back after his friend, thought the man had been hidden, the idea seem absurd-probably it was if the world knew of his crime. 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

than he bad expected, and when he started for the mountains again his 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 riotous possession of the mountains when he found himself ridwith the Roddens.

Dusk came while he was still more than a mile from the cabin. He pressed on as fast as he dared, when suddenly

was sufficient to show objects for some free. 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 Rod-

den on the trail, her hair hanging around her pale face, her hands stretched pleadingly toward him and an expres-You shouldn't have taken my eyeain your eyes,
The lling me through and through,
For should you have shaken my soul with surprize

Reining up as quickly as possible,
Haymond turned to speak to her, but
she had vanished. He rode back and sion of mute agony upon her white face. swer. He dismounted and looked for travelers record real or fancied grievtracks at the spot where she must have

M. H. Jenney in Ka'e Field's Washington. 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 ing with me-an implied contract-I 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 couldn't help wondering, though, what

month before certainly she could not wears the stays," as Tennyson once dehave been roaming around in the snow, scribed Bulwer-Lytton, is supposed to been his fortune to meet face to face and as there was no other woman within be in need of a league to save him from confession and forgiveness." I dried my the spirit of one who had passed from miles of the camp he must have been this enormity. The real reason, avowed eyes and looked up, but saw no one but life. hospitable in manner, got supper and men will persist in wearing what meets

saddlebags, saying:

her package, and as it was intended for inine apparel being notoriously of abyou, anyway, I suppose I'd better give sorbing interest to the male intelligence. to you, and you can write her that -London Graphic. 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. city took fire, and a part of the force young man and have it out with him, a man name ! Rodden. In a small, com- He stretched out his hand slowly and opened it with shaking fingers. The package contained a pair of thick, warm and carried water with the rest. He gloves, nothing more

> he asked. "The last time I was here. You came near not getting them at all, for she in addressing him as Mr. Banks. Colo-had no chance to tell me to buy them nel Rice says that while General Banks while I was here and had to run after

"Was that all she ran after you for?" 'That was all.' Rodden settled back into his chair, he would take them from Banks.

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 SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY! soon sleeping and knew nothing more until the morning light, shining through the uncurtained window, awoke him.

He dressed hurriedly and went out into the side room showed that the bed etc., are due to derangement of the nerve was unoccupied, and Haymond went out to look after his horse as well as to It was more than a month before he see if he could see any signs of his host again came to the deserted camp, and The horse had been stabled in a deserted

frozen earth, so that one man could not

Haymond stopped at the first settle-ment and gave notice of the suicide at of the disorders the deserted camp, but the snow was arising therefrom again falling, and no party could reach part affected. the place for weeks, if before spring.

When he reached the city, he wrote a nighly c

but nothing had been found to explain the suicide Hidden away in one of the distant cabins they found Mrs. Rodlooking back saw Mrs. Rodden running den's clothing, her ornaments, even her workbasket, and, in fact, so far as they could judge, every article that had be-

onged to her. Haymond told the men of the events of that last night and his interpretation of them, but he said nothing of his meeting with the wronged woman in

the storm. They argued that Rodden, jealous because his wife had gone down the trail and, to his surprise, saw Rodden rise after Haymond, in his anger had killed from behind a bush near the trail. He her. Filled with remorse when he learned how causeless the deed had been, watching his wife, but a reflection made he decided to die in the same way, as

That was Creed Haymond's one ghost story. Years passed before he could speak at all of that meeting in storm and darkness, but till the day of his death he believed that the spirit of murusband. der.d Mrs. Rolden had appeared to him Haymend was detained a week longer on the trail.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

> The South African British colonies had in 1840 a population of 140,000. At present it is 1,800,000, with a busi ness of £17,000,000 and 1,800 miles of

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

ing down the trail a mile or two above with local applications, as they cannot the camp where he was to pass the night reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh ments. Ascapital is not required you run no ried is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's catarrh cure is taken internally and acts directly on his horse stopped short with a snort and the blood and mucous surfaces. Hali's stood quivering. Haymond could see catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It nothing, as I scothing the animal with was prescribed by one of the best physical anyordinary employment. Send for free book hand and voice urged him on. There cians in this country for years, and is a clearly enough to distinguish objects regular prescription. It is composed of near the trail. Haymond thought as he the best tonics known, combined with started again that he saw something the best blood purifiers, acting directly move across the trail a little way ahead, on the mucous surfaces. The perfect The horse went slowly forward, but combination of the two ingredients is with great reluctance, and when they what produces such wonderful results in reached an open spot where the light enring catarrh. Send for testimonials,

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

A Fair Complaint.

The average Englishman is public spirited, and for the public good denonnees any imposition upon himself, no matter how slight it may be. Near the summit of the Rigi mountain, in Switzerland, there is a hotel frequente by people who wish to see the sun rise over the Alps.

A "complaint book" is kept, in which ances. Recently this book was found to contain the following entry;

"I desire to call the attention of the management and the general public to the fact that I have been up here two mornings for the express purpose of seeing the sun rise from this mountain, and that on both occasions I have seen nothing whatever but clouds.

"One failure to keep the understand might have passed over, but two failnres I regard as a distinct imposition. "J. ROBINSON, Liverpool."

-Youth's Companion.

The Anticorset League. Of leagues of women there is no end. The latest is an anticorset league, of which the most remarkable feature is After suppor F and Lopemed his the futility of the corset. No doubt men will flock to the meetings of the "Well, as Maggie is not here to take anticorseters, public discussions of fem-

Bank's Red River Campaign.

When the troops left Alexandria, the was sent back to fight the flames. General Banks in uniform took a bucket never lost his dignity, however demo-'When did Maggie send for these?" cratic he might be. He was especially annoyed by a West Pointer who had a contempt for volunteers and persisted nel Rice says that while General Banks was brave and even daring at times he lacked a certain executive ability, and it was a standing joke in the war that if a Confederate general wanted supplies baggage train never seemed to be properly guarded.—Popular Magazine.

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derange-

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