

BEWARE OF THE DOGS.

By Rita Kelley.

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"Hello! What are you doing here at all places? What's this? Tar, by Jove! And rents all over your front!"

"You seem to be nothing but a big interrogation point," quoth the girl respectfully, refusing to look up at the athletic chap striding toward her. She was seated on a bowler making sundry dabs with scraps of old newspaper at some black spots on her gray skirt, and at the sound of his voice the color had rushed furiously to her cheeks.

"Can't a girl get tar on herself if she wants to? And I'd like to know if I haven't as good a right to be here alone, as you have?" she challenged.

The man laughed joyously and dung himself down at her feet.

"Delicious," he said. "Go on."

The girl bit her lip.

"You were always taking advantage," she flared out.

He laughed again, rolled over and touched one of the spots. She had forgotten them. "Will they come out?" he asked.

She flushed again, more painfully than before, at being thus off her guard when she wished of all times to be mistress of herself.

"I don't know," she exclaimed, "and I don't care, but I think you are mighty mean." She stood up suddenly, flinging away the blackened newspaper.

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you? And here you are making me miserable and yourself obnoxious! Oh, I don't want you to touch me! I hate you!"

"Agatha!" He leaped to his feet, the boyishness gone from his manner, his face grown strangely tense. "If I thought you meant that," he cried, clenching his hands till the knuckles showed white. "Oh, if I thought you meant it!"

She turned away, unable to meet the searching gaze in his eyes, and gazed down at the river rolling its placid



BEGAN—OH, SO GENTLY!—TO RUB A SPOT OF THE PRECIOUS GRAY SKIRT.

length between the October hills. It was all peaceful out there in the woods. A squirrel chirped exultantly as he jumped for a falling beechnut, and a belated thrush warbled out a song of sweetness and light from the hawthorn hedge near by. Only man knew strife—and a girl.

The silence that is more difficult than a battle of words and more deadly to end grew appalling. Agatha felt driven to bay by a relentless pursuer, while she groped frantically for something to dismiss him utterly, to free herself of his oppressive nearness.

"Well, why don't you go?" she gasped finally, struck cold by the need for saying it.

"I can't go, Agatha—I can't go—till I know that you mean it."

The misery in his voice stung her. "Haven't I said it?" she cried in self-defense.

"Yes, Agatha, but I have said a tiny hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I meant it when I told you three months ago I never wanted to speak to you again? Don't you think I meant it when I released you from our engagement?" She hid her face convulsively in her hands.

"Agatha," he said slowly, his voice dropping to its lowest, most vibrant note. "Agatha, what did you mean when—without our engagement being known—except to ourselves—you went into seclusion and lived like a recluse? Is it—is it," he insisted, "that you cared more than you wished to confess?"

She uttered a sharp little cry. "You were always like a surgeon's probe. And, with a beseeching flinging of her hand: 'Please, please go! Don't you see you make me wretched?'"

For a moment they stood measuring each other, her smoldering, pleading eyes vainly trying to wrest away from the intensity of his steadfast gaze. There was a crackling of underbrush, and a little, wizened old man, carrying a bunch of newspapers, shambled into the small open.

"Thought you might want some more, miss, to clear your skirt with," he said, ignoring the silence of the two and the presence of the young man.

"How did the scraps do? I come back as soon as ever I could. Know'd you'd be a pretty sight goin' into town if I didn't."

"There," he said officiously, crumpling up a large page and thrusting it toward the young man, "you clean that side, and I'll go at this, and we'll soon

have her in some sort of decent shape." He squatted beside the girl and began scrubbing the spots as though he were polishing harness.

The man looked at the girl, the girl looked at the man, and neither moved a muscle, though the man looked sheepish with his big wad of paper and a bit helpless and quite a good deal forlorn.

"Girls is strange critters," speculated the old man, beginning on another spot. "Allus doin' what they ain't got no call to do and jumpin' the traces when you least expect it. Funniest part of it is they don't allow as they ought to get their come-uppances neither. If you tell 'em not to do a thing they go straight and do it, and if they get into trouble they expect some one to yank 'em out. Here, you," he called suddenly to the young man, "set to and rub out them spots—near as you can."

"I'm afraid it won't do much good," he said, dubiously eying the girl rather than the tar smears.

The old man's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Haven't you been introduced yet? Well, now, that's an oversight! Young man, this is a girl that read that there sign about no trespassing on these premises and decided right off to come in and make me a call. That there barb wire fence is enough to keep ordinary trash out, but you can't never reckon on a girl. Girls mostly needs a keg o' tar, too, and she got both."

The old man backed off and squinted his eyes. "Mighty fine skirt to get scratched up. But, then, girls is skittish. I'd sooner break sixteen colts one winter than try bringin' one girl to time." And he grinned illuminatingly up at the young man from the safety of the back breadth of the gray skirt.

The girl shook herself impatiently. "That will do, thank you," she said, moving quickly forward. "It is growing late. I must be going."

But the old man had a firm hold on the skirt, and she stopped short. He continued to rub away—had never stopped.

"Had a little experience o' that myself," he said reminiscently, "when I was courtin' Mandy. Swore she wouldn't ever have a gol darned thing to do with me—just cause I had Thib's jumper's hat on one sleighin' party to see if Mandy cared. Ticked plum crazy!"

For the first time the old man ceased to rub, and, half crouched, he gazed out across the river. The dirty paper crumpled in his hand, he gazed out across the river. "Queer how kind a-durned happy a fellow can be just cause a skittish girl shows him she cares," he muttered.

"Who-oo!" Who-oo-oo! A shrill, beckoning call floated across the wood lot.

The old man let the tarry paper fall from his big hand.

"It's Mandy," he said, springing up. "I guess you'll have to manage now for yourself. Supper's waitin'." With a quick sidelong movement he was off through the low hawthorn.

Both the man and the girl stood and looked at the place where he had disappeared until the last leaf ceased to flutter, then slowly she turned to the man before her. Their eyes met and lingered for a long moment fraught with questioning. What they answered could not be told in words, so the man fell on his knees and began—oh, so gently!—to rub a spot of the precious gray skirt. She stood looking down on his broad shoulders, his big blond head touched gently by the setting sun. Then her eyes wandered to the cradle sign. "No trespassing," directly in front. With a quick movement she reached down and ran her slender fingers through his hair, stooped and touched his face caressingly with hers.

"Beware of the dogs," she said in a voice that choked, but ended in a laugh.

The Snow Flower.

A traveler in Siberia tells us about a wonderful plant found in the northern part of that country, where the ground is perpetually covered with a coating of frost and snow. It is called the snow flower, and the description of its birth and its short life reads like a fairy tale. He says it shoots out of the frozen soil on the first day of the year and attains a height of three feet. On the third day it blooms, remaining open for only twenty-four hours. Then the stem, the leaves and the flower are converted into snow—in other words, the plant goes back into its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and the flower is star shaped. On the third day, the day the bloom appears, little specks appear on the extremities of the leaves. They are about the size of the head of a pin and are the seeds of the flower. It is said that some of these seeds were gathered once and taken to St. Petersburg, where they were buried in a bed of snow. The first of the following year the plant burst forth and bloomed just as it does in Siberia.

Painfully Frank.

Merchant (to applicant who has called in response to an advertisement for a business partner)—Now let us get to business at once. To begin with, what I want to assist me in this enterprise is a man of brains.

Applicant (with alarming frankness)—Oh, you needn't have told me that. I could see it for myself.

Taking It Internally.

As he crept softly upstairs the clock struck 2.

"Where have you been, Alfred?" she asked quietly.

"At the office, taking stock," came the girl's reply.

"I thought I smelt it," said his wife.

—New York Press.

Baking Day.

Bay, baking day's just lots of fun. Though Lisa Ann she gets so mad And says we're awful, awful bad And chases us and makes us run— Still baking day's just lots of fun. For when she has her cake all done And in the oven baking she Calls to brother Dick and me.

"Come along now, boys; you two rogues can lick the spoon and scrape the pan. And then, see whiz, how we do run! Bay, baking day's just lots of fun!"

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Still First in all Hearts.

Teachers and pupils of a high school in New Jersey were amazed one morning when the principal suddenly ordered all the classes to assemble in the auditorium. Their amazement increased, says a writer in the New York Press, when he began to address them on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country."

When the principal finished his remarks he paused impressively for a moment and then went on in his severest tone:

"The bust of George Washington which stood upon the pedestal in the reception room has been removed and placed upon the floor, with its face in the corner. Until the culprit, whoever he or she may be, comes to the front and makes a public confession of the misdemeanor not a soul will be permitted to leave this building. Remember, there will be no other punishment imposed than the open and public confession."

There was a great sensation. Teachers exchanged glances; pupils fidgeted round, averted and frightened. The principal, holding himself very erect, faced them solemnly.

"I am waiting," said he.

Then the janitor stepped forward and relieved the situation.

"It's up to me," he said. "The roof was leakin' mighty bad, an' the bust of Mr. Washington were in the drip, an' I thought it proper to move it to keep the rain from spillin' it, an' I meant no insult by turnin' his face to the wall, sir."

"The school is dismissed," said the principal.

A Grateful Town.

A man who had been born and reared in a small town in the interior went to one of the large cities, engaged in business and accumulated a fortune.

After a lapse of twenty-five years he made a visit to his native village. Desiring to do something for the place, he rented a vacant building on the principal street for a long term of years and telegraphed an order for a first class chemical engine and other appliances.

Having previously secured the promise of the village trustees that a volunteer fire department would be organized at once, he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine installed in the building before he went away.

A few days after his return to the city a friend in the little town sent him a copy of the local paper. It contained a full account of his philanthropic action and expressed the gratitude of the citizens for his liberality.

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Inquire and Enquire.

"While you are on the subject of spelling," says a correspondent, "can you kindly explain why business men persist in writing 'enquire' and 'enquiry' for 'inquire' and 'inquiry'?" The word is pronounced 'in' and 'in' clearly expresses the meaning.

The explanation, in my opinion, must be that business men are too much given to the study of the elder classics of our language. In the romance of "Gargantua and Pantagruot," for example, the business man reads that:

Of every man he enquired the certaintie Whiche of his men were d'd and whiche were alive.

And they have noted that Child's text of "The Ballad of the Daughter of Islington" says that:

To faire London she would go Her true love to enquire.

Conceive spells it with an "e," but Milton with an "i." Spenser spelled it with an "i," but the translators of the "Authorized Version" spelled it with an "e." So the honors are perhaps easy as regards the classics. But there is no doubt that the "i" has it all it can say in the practice of modern writers of repute.—London News.

Knight of the District School.

Dear Mary Jones, the school I like To tell you's in my heart. Since school tak up I ben in love With you; to me thou art The sweetest little girl alive.

An' I'd just think it fye If you wd say ye're stuck on me An' promise to be mine.

I wint a dragon wud cum 'long An' try to hurt you dere. I'd git a gin an' kill him dead; For him I'd have no fere.

I wint that sun an' brightsome king Wud try to make you his; I'd git a lub and bete him upp— Gosh, how I'd stie! Gee whiz!

Er if you'd fall into sum strems When I was hangin' round I'd holle: "Wate, I'm comin' dere!" You never wud git drowned.

For you, mi dere, I'd take an' stie A polecat an' a snake. With love an' kisses I am yours Forever, Tommy Lake. —Denver Post.

Sweet Naivete.

Among the interested visitors of the marine barracks at Washington on one occasion was a party of young girls from a Maryland town, friends of one of the officers of the barracks. They proved very much interested in everything pertaining to the life and discipline of the post.

"What do you mean by 'taps'?" asked one young woman.

"Taps are played every night on the bugle," answered the officer. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers."

A puzzled look came to the face of the questioner. Then she asked:

"What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Complimented.

"What do you think of my latest poem?" inquired the young man with a shy frown.

"It proved that you possess certain highly admirable traits," answered Miss Cavanaugh. "Its composition shows great industry and its publication great moral courage."—Washington

DALLAS BREAKS HER RECORD.

The Fourth of July Sees the Largest Crowd Ever in Dallas.

Over 10,000 People Watch the Interesting Events of the Day.

Excursionists From All Over the Adjacent Territory.

Weather Fine and Nothing to Mar the Festivities.

That Dallas gave the biggest and best 4th of July celebration in her history is universally conceded by everyone who attended. That she had present the largest crowd to take part in it is another undisputed fact. Unlike the day before, the weather regulator proved in a most amiable humor, and if he had tried forever he could not have given a more auspicious day. Quite a crowd was left over from the day previous, in fact more than our hotels and private houses could manage, and this is the only regret of the entire occasion. On the night of the 3rd it was practically impossible to get a bed at any price, and those who had arranged to take in the festivities of both days and remain in town had great hardships in finding a place of shelter, let alone a bed. Janitor Woods took compassion on about 40 of them, and allowed them the court house to sort of bunk in, and a great night's rest they had of it, but it was better than remaining outside to walk the streets. As early as 8 o'clock the country contingent began to arrive in all sorts of vehicles, and by 9 o'clock every one could see that we were going to have a record breaking crowd. As the excursion trains from McMinville and way points, Falls City, Airline, Independence, and intervening towns came in loaded with more humanity, this was made a dead certainty, and it was not long until the streets of Dallas were packed as they never had been before. This was especially noticeable as the time for the parade came on, and at that time was a most beautiful sight as viewed from the elevation secured by ye Faber pusher, the many colored habiliments of the fair sex lending especial enchantment to the view. If possessed of a poetic nature and capable of portraying in flowing rhyme the sight as pictured to our eye it would certainly take place among the classic productions. The crowd, taken in conjunction with our beautifully decorated stores, the green grass of our court house lawn, the beautiful sky over head, etc, was surely a most pleasing sight and one long to be remembered.

Dallas' Biggest and Best Parade.

Promptly at the hour designated the parade hove in sight of the expectant watchers. It starting point was at the public school, where the several divisions, had been gathered on side streets by the marshals, and as it began to string out down Main street we all began to realize that it was going to be the best ever produced in Dallas. Following the line of march laid down in last week's issue, it gave all sightseers a splendid chance to view its passage, not once, but several times. On its way around the courthouse block everyone was able to take in the many interesting features and obtain a splendid view of each of the participants. The parade really exceeded the expectations of the committee in charge, as it was hardly known until they assembled just who were going to participate. Our merchants had kept a closed mouth and their doings a secret, thus tending to make the whole parade a most splendid surprise. The parade was headed by Chief Marshall J. F. Groves, of Independence, assisted by W. E. Williams, of Airline, and Jim Nesmith, of Rickreall, the latter two having charge of the other divisions.

The Monmouth band came next and discoursed sweet music at intervals along the route.

The orator of the day, Judge H. L. Benson, of Klamath Falls, president of the day, J. V. B. Butler, of Monmouth, and the reader of the declaration of Independence, Miss Rowena Berry, of Independence, followed in a decorated carriage.

The Liberty car came next with Miss Nola Coad impersonating Liberty and Miss Maud Robertson, Justice. With two of Dallas' fairest daughters thus exemplifying our two great nation significations, the car could not but present a most handsome appearance. Backed as they were by Uncle Sam and four pages, and thirteen little girls representing the original states it became a picture of beauty seldom surpassed and unique in original conception and plan.

Our auto force followed, all being most handsomely and strikingly decorated. They were driven by their owners, Messrs W. R. Howe, D. P. Stouffer, F. J. Chapman, R. E. Williams, Bert Dennis, and Dr. O. D. Butler.

Then came the Dallas band, and the music they blew out shows that many of our old timers had not forgotten how to toot a horn.

Then came our float division, containing 74 representatives of our business houses, and our only regret is that we have not space to fully give them all the credit they deserve for the beautiful and strikingly handsome conceptions they turned out.

A neatly decorated wagon told the public that Ray & Stoner have all kinds of flour and feed for sale.

A large float, artistically gotten up represented the dry goods firm of Campbell & Hollister, and by a gigantic shoe they did not allow anyone to forget that they also had shoes for sale.

The next in the procession caused many words of admiration, being a small milk wagon drawn by an Angora goat and representing Holman's dairy route. It was gotten up by Mr. Holman's little boys and was certainly a creditable production.

The circle float represented Protection by an artistic delineation of a widow and orphans receiving the assistance of the order when most needed. This float was awarded first prize.

A huge timber, drawn by four powerful horses was the contribution of the Willamette Valley Lumber Co.

Retekah at the well, indicative of that well known sister order of the I. O. O. F., was most artistic and gained the second prize.

Another goat wagon unique in design, represented Joe Stow's Truck company. A pretty float indicative of a model grocery store and with many packages of different products thrown to the waiting populace was the contribution of the well known grocers, Simonton & Scott.

Ralph Adams, the popular furniture man, surely showed everybody that he was not a member of the furniture trust. It was a striking and original way of letting the public know.

Cornell Hughes has been in business here longer than any one and let the people know that he can still mend shoes.

The W. C. T. U. took the third prize and on their merits—their white float, immaculate girls and pretty bouquets bringing forth much praiseworthy comment. Sweeney Bros. set forth the worth of the best flouring mill in the valley in good shape.

The Bee Hive, representing a store full of customers, was one of the best floats in the parade.

A good Greaser band brought up the rear of the parade.

The judges of the floats were Mrs. J. S. Cooper, of Independence, Miss Alice Butler, of Monmouth, and O. O. Hudson, of McMinville.

At the end of the parade all went to the city park, where the following program was successfully carried out to the credit of the participants and the delight of the large and enthusiastic audience:

Music, Normal Cadet Band
America, Audience
Invocation, Dr. C. A. Mock
Solo, Miss Hallie Morrison
Accompanied by flag drill

Declaration of Independence, Miss Rowena Berry
Double Quartet, For Our Country's Sake
Mrs. Metzger, Misses Hallie Morrison, Georgia Martin, Rebecca Gates
Messrs Willie Simonton, R. E. Williams, F. S. Ramsey, Frank Snyder
Oration, H. L. Benson

The baby show gotten up and so successfully engineered by Mrs. F. H. Morrison and R. E. Williams was a great treat for all. Some thirty babies were exhibited and the judges had a hard time awarding: Mae Gilliam was given the first prize as the prettiest baby between 1 and 2 years old and Lavinia West the second. Charlotte Orr got first prize as the prettiest child under 1 year and over 6 months, and Horace Greenwood came in second.

The plug uglies gave a laughable parade right after lunch, and the funny stunts of the participants kept the crowd in an uproar.

A proficient rope thrower gained considerable applause.

The ball games found a solid mass of people covering the college campus, that vast natural amphitheatre being packed completely. The Forest Grove Colts were beaten by Chemawa to the score of 7 to 4, and the Dallas boys came in for the same kind of treatment, only worse—8 to 3.

A large crowd lingered in town to pack Main street and the court house square, hear the concert by the Normal Cadet band, watch the sports on the street, listen to the medicine doctor, and revel in the brilliant electric illumination.

All repaired to the campus to witness the best display of fireworks ever given on the West Side, and for an hour the air was filled with exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

Then the crowd dispersed, except those who decided to spend the rest of the night in tripping the light fantastic. Thus ended one of the most glorious and successful celebrations we have ever witnessed—one that Dallas will be proud of in every respect.

AFTERMATH.

Our only regret is that we were not able to better feed and bed the enormous crowd. The rush at meal time was simply crushing.

Financially and in every other way the various committees all made good.

Only seven cases of drunk and disorderly in two days of patriotic fervor of 10,000 people—and six of those Indians. A record to be proud of.

The Pioneer banquet was a big success and will be a regular feature hereafter.

Dallas can carry off the palm in the matter of accidents. Despite the fact that fire crackers were allowed free range, not one accident was reported, other than a few slight burns.

Will we celebrate again? Well, yes, and it will be bigger and better than this one.

Owing to lack of hunting and rainy weather of the 3rd, not as much decoration was done as would have been, especially among private residences. Considering those drawbacks, the decorations were many and profuse.

Many merchants had beautifully designed and decorated windows—two many of them to give each a notice.

Were you tired the day after?

Our force of police proved most efficient, especially so, and good order was prevalent all the time.

FROM JOHN R. ROBBINS.

Who has Moved from Independence to Eastern Oregon.

EDITOR IREMIZER: Please send my paper to East Malpas, Oregon. We have had a fine trip around here. On the 2nd of July we traveled 50 miles through sage brush and sand and did not see but one jack rabbit, where they used to be thousands of them. The farmers of the Haystack country are feeling fine because of good crops this year. We met a band of 2,100 head of yearling sheep, all ewes, yesterday, for which the owner had received \$4 a head. He said he had 6,000 more bringing up the rear. He is taking them to the Cascades to the summer range, where they range on the forest reserve by paying 10 cents a head for yearlings and 12½ cents a head for full grown sheep.

MARRIED.

In Tangent, at the home of Mr. W. O. Hudson, June 29th, at 8:30 o'clock, p. m., Miss Florence Hudson was married to Mr. Arthur G. Winterstein, of Polk county, Rev. E. B. Jones, pastor of the M. E. church South, officiating. The wedding was a very quiet but elegant affair, there being no guests present but the immediate relatives of the bride, with the exception of Mrs. Nancy Ohling, of Albany, an old friend of the family. The bride was charmingly attired in white silk organdie, and carried in her hand a bouquet of white carnations. The groom was dressed in the conventional black. After the simple but beautiful service, the company proceeded to the dining room, where a table loaded with good things was in waiting. Mr. Winterstein is the son of a prominent and wealthy business man, of Rochester, New York, but has for some time resided at Airline, Polk county, where he has charge of a 600 acre ranch, owned by his father. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hudson, well known and prominent residents of Tangent. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon, and has for several years been engaged in teaching, in which profession she has been successfully and popular. She has a host of friends who will rejoice in her happiness, and none of them can wish for the young couple a brighter future than the sentiment expressed by the poet in his lines to an engagement ring:—

"And as this round is nowhere found, To flow or else to sever, So may their love as endless prove, And pure as gold forever."

Edith L. Niles, of Portland, special representation of Sunset Magazine was a caller at our office on the 4th.

C. G. Fugua and family returned home to Monmouth Friday after visiting here a week with Mrs. Fugua's sister, Mrs. Burgess, and family and with former friends.—Newberg Graphic.