

THE SCAPEGOAT

Some years ago a party of college students got into a row with men who lived in the place where they studied and whom they called "townies." One of the latter was shot, and one of the former, a member of the senior class, disappeared.

I was that student. That one episode changed my career, deprived me of my profession and compelled me to remain a fugitive from justice for years. More than this, it caused a breach between me and the girl I loved.

One night a party of us were taking supper in a restaurant when four men came in and occupied a neighboring table. We were using college slang and talking very loud, much to the disgust of the "townies," who, it was plain, had no love for college men. They soon made insulting remarks, and both parties, unwilling to pursue the matter in the restaurant, left it for the street. There a fight occurred.

Unfortunately for me, I carried a dirk knife. My doing so was simply one of the follies of youth. Boys often love to carry pistols or knives, which when they grow older find their way into junk shops, where they properly belong. In the scuffle I drew my knife, but was knocked down, and it fell out of my hand. Hearing whistles of the police, we scattered, and I ran to my room in one of the dormitories. There I was joined by Taylor Phelps, my bosom friend, who was white as a sheet.

"Dick," he said between his gasps for breath, "you must light out."

"Why so?"
"You stabbed one of the 'townies.'"
"Great heavens! Did I? How do you know?"

"You dropped your knife, didn't you?"

"Yes."
"Well, one of them was stabbed, and I saw a policeman pick up a knife."
I groaned. My initials were carved on the handle.

"Come; get away as quickly as you can. They'll be here soon to arrest you. Here, take this." And he handed me all the money he had about him.

I fled and by fleeing confessed myself the murderer of the man who had been stabbed. He died the next day, and the offense was therefore one liable to capital punishment. The other students implicated were arrested, but were never tried. I was supplied with more means by Phelps and got away to South America. He kept on sending me money, taking great care that I should not be traced through his instrumentality. His parents were wealthy, and he had means in his own right, so that his remittances were no great sacrifice. Nevertheless my youthful affection for him grew stronger with my gratitude.

Letters came to me for a time from the girl I loved, Jessie Dumont. They were forwarded through Phelps. But they became less frequent, and finally she wrote me that she could only marry me by coming to me, and her coming would probably reveal my hiding place and bring me to the gallows. Therefore there was no choice but to break with me. But if I were ever cleared of the obloquy resting upon me and chose to claim her it would be different.

One day I was surprised to see in my southern exile Ivan Wyeth, one of the party implicated with me. It was a happy moment, for my life was one of misery and the sight of a familiar friendly face delightful.

"Dick," he said, "I don't like this business of your being the scapegoat for what we all had a hand in, and I've come down here to have a talk with you. Are you certain that you are the man who did the stabbing?"

"I never was more surprised in my life than when I heard that I had done it."

"So far as I can gather, your knife when picked up had no blood on it."

"What!"
"It was perfectly clean, but there was a knife picked up by one of our fellows that had blood on it. No one of us would admit that it belonged to him, so we concluded it must have belonged to one of the 'townies.'"
"Well?"

"I've brought it with me to find out if you can identify it."

He took a knife from his pocket and handed it to me. The moment I saw it I recognized a knife I had loaned Taylor Phelps when he was going into camp one summer, and he had never returned it. There was one very large blade in it suitable for use in the country. I stood looking at it meditatively, then suddenly became conscious of the fact that I held the evidence to vindicate myself and put my friend where he had put me.

"Evan," I said, "I must think over this. I may be able to recall where I have seen this knife." And I put it in my pocket.

Those were the days of youth, when I was capable of noble deeds.

"It would be hard on Taylor," I said to myself; "would only pull him down where I am, and I can't do it."

I let Evan go back without identifying the knife.

Three months later who should appear but Taylor Phelps.

"Dick," he said, "I've heard that you wouldn't give me away. I've come here to take your place. Go back to Jessie. You'll find my confession in her

hands."
I saw that the mental strain he had endured had undermined his health. I stayed with him, taking care of him till he died, then returned to the United States, where I succeeded in inducing the authorities to permit me to clear myself by evidence not to be made public. Then Jessie and I burned Taylor's confession. I took her back to South America with me, where I had made a start, and we have lived there ever since.

J. ADOLPH SAUNDERS. FOR THE CHILDREN

Blindfold Guessers.
Any even number of players may take part in this game. One-half of them must be blindfolded and seated with a vacant chair at the right hand of each. The players who are not blindfolded then take position in the middle of the room and watch the leader for a signal that he will give quietly. When he gives the signal they go noiselessly to the vacant chairs beside the blindfolded players and seat themselves.

The object of the game is for each of the blindfolded players to guess who it is that is sitting at his right hand, and to enable him to do this the leader has the unblindfolded players all sing. If there is a piano in the room some one should play the accompaniment to some familiar song, and at a signal the singers should begin.

Of course the blindfolded players must not sing, for all their efforts must be concentrated on trying to guess who it is that is singing next to them. The singers may disguise their voices if they choose.

When a blindfolded player makes a correct guess as to his neighbor his bandage must be removed and the person whose name he guessed takes his place. Under no other circumstances is a blindfolded one to be released. The leader stops the song whenever he thinks the time has come for guessing, and, that having been done and the changes, if any, made, the game proceeds as at first.

Potato Race.

The potato race is a game with lots of fun in it. Take two boxes, each about a foot square, and place them twenty feet apart. Into each box is put four potatoes. The two competitors in the race are each furnished with a spoon and a box. At the word "Ready!" the contestants take positions to the right of the boxes. At the word "Go!" each takes from his box a potato, using the spoon for this purpose, and, hurrying to his opponent's box, there deposits it, after which he returns for another. The potatoes must on no account be touched with the hands, and to drop one is to lose the race. It will be easily seen that while both are constantly endeavoring to empty their respective boxes the opponent in each case is as constantly refilling it, but as their deftness cannot be exactly equal one will soon begin to gain on the other, and the excitement will rise to fever heat. The race is won by him who first empties his box.

The Knotted Flag.

The important part played by flags in all maritime affairs cannot be over-estimated. Besides signaling there are many other uses to which they can be put. Visitors to any of the big seaports, like London or Liverpool, may often have seen a vessel flying a flag with a knot tied in one corner of it. It is not generally known that this sign is used to attract the customs' officer, who knows when he sees it that the vessel wishes to ship or consume a quantity of bonded stores—i. e., tobacco, spirits, etc., his presence being necessary for the breaking of the seal before such stores may be had.

Hidden Trees.

1. The helmet of the soldier was very bright.
2. The cloak was drawn close around her.
3. The lash of the whip hurt him.
4. Will owed him a great deal of money.
5. Give me a pin, Ella.
6. The fire burned very brightly.
7. There was a small arch over the road.
8. The baby was very plump.

Answers.—1, elm; 2, oak; 3, ash; 4, willow; 5, pine; 6, fir; 7, larch; 8, plum.

Pin and Chair Feat.

Perhaps the prize beauty of all funny catch tricks is the pin and chair difficulty. The pin is fastened squarely in the back of the chair seat, and the feat is to sit in the chair, twist around and extract the pin with the teeth without touching the feet to the floor; also one should not fall off the chair on to the floor in a lump, but most people who try the trick do.

Growth of the Pig.

The older the pig is the more it costs to sustain it without growth. Instead of the rate of growth increasing with the weight of the animal it diminishes, and every additional pound of growth costs more until the point of profit is reached and loss begins to go on at an increasing ratio.—Farmers Advocate.

Hogs Need Lots of Water.

Be sure that there is plenty of water in the pasture. The pigs suffer if not given plenty of water on hot days.

State of Ohio, County of Toledo, ss.
Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 8th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
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Ex-Lieutenant Governor John A. Lee, of Missouri, who is now a member of the legislature, has turned state's evidence against other members of the legislature in the bribery cases pending.

Why suffer with spring tiredness, mean, cross feeling, no strength, no appetite? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.—W. P. McMillan, Lexington, Or.

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Morrow County, Oregon.

Morrow County is a new country, and like all other new countries, is awaiting development. Located in the Columbia river valley, and skirted on the South with a spur of the Blue mountains, within the boundaries of Morrow county is a territory 75 miles in length by 35 miles in width, and containing 1,313,280 acres of land. Formerly stockraising was the principal industry, but lately the fertility of the land is bringing agriculture to the front. Immense wheat crops are grown with little cultivation, the soil being mixed with a volcanic ash which is very rich in wheat-producing qualities. The 1904 crop will aggregate 1,400,000 bushels, much of it from virgin soil. Morrow county has thousands of head of sheep, horses and cattle. The wool production for 1904 was 2,500,000 pounds. Alfalfa and fruit growing are profitable industries, rapidly growing in importance. The county has also a great coal field, soon to be developed.

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