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CHURCH NOTICE
"Let us go into the house of the Lord,"
ISAIAH 1:22:1.
Divine service at the First Baptist
Church of Weston, Oregon, on the First
and Third Sundays in each month,
morning and evening. Sunday school at
3 p. m., every Sunday. Prayer Meeting
every Tuesday at 7 p. m. All are cor-
dially invited to attend these services.
W. H. PRUETT, Pastor.

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FORGE
The stars know a secret
They do not tell;
And morn brings a message,
Hidden well.
There's a blush on the apple,
A tint on the wing;
And the bright wind whistles,
And the pulses sting.
Perish dark memories!
There's light ahead;
This world's for the living,
Not for the dead.
In the shining city,
On the lone peak,
The life-time is running
Like a leaping wave.
How the stream quickens,
As noon draws near;
No room for loiterers,
No time for fear.
On the farm-lands
Earth smiles as well;
God-erased grain-fields,
With sweet, warm smell;
Whir of the reaper,
Like a giant bee;
Like a Titan cricket,
Tumbling with glee.
Oart, and meadow,
Pavement, or plain;
On azure mountain,
Or azure main—
Heaven bends in blessing;
Lo! it is but won;
Goes the good rain-cloud?
Comes the good sun?
Only babes whimper,
And sick men wail,
And faint hearts and feeble hearts,
And weaklings fail.
Down the great currents
Let the boat swing;
There was never winter,
But brought the spring.
—Overland Monthly.

A Little of Everything.
Girls, don't you wish your big brother
was President. Miss Cleveland's share
of the profits from the sale of her book
will be between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

When the Weston Hook and Ladder
Co. received its truck, a dyspeptic igno-
ramus examined it closely and said:
"Golly, I'd like to see her throw wa-
ter."

If a man fought against the Union
and accepted the logic of the war he is
yet a Confederate, if he is a Democrat,
and merely an ex-Confederate if he is a
Republican; his loyalty since the war
has nothing to do with it; politics is the
bloody shirt test of patriotism.

There is something about restaurants,
hotels and boarding houses that
must be an inscrutable mystery and a
profitable source of annoyance to many.
It is not flesh. It is how they manage
to make such poor coffee. Coffee made
in an old oyster can over a fire of "luf-
falo chips" and drank without cream or
sugar is as far ahead of the average rest-
aurant coffee as nectar is superior to
Louisiana "black strap" molasses. The
coffee of the sheep herder, the miner,
the camper, is at least palatable and
tastes like coffee, but the turbid liquid
of the restaurant that goes by that name
is simply execrable. By what fiendish
contrivance they manage to destroy every
particle of the coffee flavor is an un-
fathomable mystery, one of the black-
est arts of modern eating houses.

A man may be very poor and yet free
from debt, and he had better be out of
debt than have the mere appearance of
affluence. The man whose debts are
due has no money that he can call his
own. Every time he indulges in a lux-
ury or goes to a circus he must feel that
he is squandering some other man's
money. Indebtedness destroys independ-
ence. The man who is harassed by
debts is almost forced into making such
shifts as decrease his self-respect, blunt
his conceptions of "nice and clean,"
and unless he has more than the usual
share of moral backbone he is apt to be-
come actually dishonest. The down
grade is easy. If you would be inde-
pendent, be free from debt, no matter
how poor you may be.

Few things are more prevalent than
the fear of death. There is clinging
round our better sense and judgment
an ugly superstition that it is hard to
die. It is probably the rare exception
when death is painful, save to the spec-
tators. As far as may be judged it is
physically an easy thing to die. Yet
the Christian, to whom death is merely
the portal to immortality, and the
Atheist, to whom death is the begin-
ning of an eternal sleep of oblivion,
alike fear death. Why should death
be regarded as the "King of Terrors"?
If it leads to eternal happiness it should
be welcome; if it opens the gate to eter-
nal woe one might well dread to pass
the portal; and if it is merely passing
into that deep sleep that knows no wak-
ing, physical or spiritual, it should pos-
sess no dread. But it is not the con-
sequences of death that most men fear.
They have a vague, undefinable and ter-
rible awe of death itself. The sight of
the dead, however beautiful, makes
most men shudder. In spite of their be-
lieved reason and intelligence, the ap-
pearance of people are afraid of a dead
man. Children are frightened by the
phantom of death, and no amount of
subsequent knowledge can dispel the
fear. Here is the source of the silly
error. Children should be taught to re-
gard death as it really is, and not as
a cowardly superstition has pictured it.

The County Poor Farm is to be sold.
How much will it bring? As much as
it cost the county? Time will soon tell.
But even if it should sell for more than
the original price and the cost of im-
provement with interest on the sum ex-
pended added that would not blot out
the remembrance of the manner in
which the county was mulcted in this
matter. By all means let it be sold.
The price paid for it was too great and
the benefits derived from it have been too

small to regard it as a paying invest-
ment. It is just barely possible that
those officials who divided the spoils
may have thought at the time that the
county was not being defrauded but it
is difficult from their conduct to imag-
ine that they fancied themselves in-
nocent. Whether willfully guilty or stu-
pidly innocent they are men whom it
would be unwise to trust with office of
responsibility.

THE COST OF A FALSEHOOD.
"Is Mrs. Worthington at home?"
The pompous footman who stood on
duty, Cerebrus-like, in the marble-
paved hall of the Worthington man-
sion, glanced superciliously at the
speaker—a slim little figure, half hid-
den in the folds of a long gossamer wa-
terproof, the hood drawn over her
plain round hat, just revealing the rip-
ples of bronze-brown hair which lay up-
on a low white brow; a pair of dark
eyes; white, satiny complexion with a
suspicion of rose leaves in the cheeks—a
face worth looking at.

The footman, however, being a very
fashionable and pompous individual,
saw only the lamentable fact that the
little woman before him was not in the
rain, plainly attired. Some shabby-
gentle person, no doubt, come to beg
for assistance; or, possibly, a girl seek-
ing a position as maid, or worse than
all, a poor relation! He drew himself
up to his full height and indulged in a
long stare.

"Is Miss Worthington in?" repeated the
girl, a trifle impatiently; "if she is, tell
her that her cousin, Miss Ray, wishes
to see her. I have forgotten my card
case."

The footman drew back a pace or
two. So it was a poor relation!
"I really don't b'lieve she's home,
miss," he returned.

The girl flashed him an indignant
glance.
"Go and see!" she commanded, and
James perforce obeyed, so far as to
summon Miss Worthington's maid—a
pert-looking, black-eyed girl, dressed in
the height of fashion, in towily imita-
tion of her mistress' rich attire.

She tossed her beribboned head at
sight of the figure in the waterproof,
and muttering something about "going
to see," disappeared up the broad, vel-
vet-covered staircase. She returned di-
rectly.

"No; Miss Worthington is not at
home!" she answered.
And feeling quite relieved to have
succeeded in giving an answer to her
question at last, Alice Ray went down
the marble steps into the rain once
more.

Hailing a passing car, she stepped in-
side. As she seated herself she glanced
accidentally up toward one of the large
lace-draped windows of the Worthing-
ton mansion. Seated at the window in
plain sight was Miss Worthington in a
blue cashmere wrapper—a French novel in
her hand.

She saw Alice, and with a haughty
gesture of impatience, drew down the
silken shade.
A flush shot over Alice Ray's face.
"Was she at home, and denied her-
self to me," she said to herself. "Just
as Aunt Lydia said she would! Ah,
well, she has lost more by the falsehood
than I have. If she only knew!"—here
Alice arose to deposit her fare in the
box—"ah, if she only knew!"

The car gave a sudden lurch and the
coin fell from the girl's hand. A gen-
tleman sitting near hastily stooped, and,
picking it up, deposited the fare in the
box, lifted his hat, and involuntarily
both half smiled.

"Miss Ray!" he ejaculated eagerly;
"how glad I am to meet you! I have
been searching for months—"

He checked himself abruptly. Her
face was flushing and paling by turns
as he exchanged his seat for one at her
side. It was Herbert Stanley, a young
and popular journalist, rapidly rising in
his profession; quite a "catch," in mod-
ern parlance, and the man who was to
be Cora Worthington's very king among
men. To win his love she was willing
to make any sacrifice.

Seated at Alice's side, while the near-
ly empty car joggled along in the falling
rain through the streets of the Crescent
City, Herbert Stanley told her how he
had been searching for her ever since
the last great yellow-fever epidemic,
when her parents had both been stricken
down, and she was left all alone.

And Alice told him of her own se-
vere illness, and how, when at length
she had recovered, her aunt, Miss Lydia
Ray, an elderly woman, all alone in
the world, had kindly taken her, and
had sent her away to school, from which
she had now returned "for good," as
the children say.

The time flew in pleasant converse,
and when at last she arrived at her des-
tination accompanied down town, Her-
bert Stanley accompanied her. The rain
had ceased and the sun had made its
appearance; they walked the remaining
block or two to the residence of Aunt
Lydia, a large, rambling old house in
the midst of spacious and well-kept
grounds.

A few moments later Herbert was
seated in a pleasant room, comfortably,
though not luxuriously, furnished,
while Alice hastened to the side of her
aunt, who was a confirmed invalid, to
report the success of her mission.
Aunt Lydia, a pale, weary-looking wa-
man, lifted her gray head from the
dainty pillow as the girl appeared.

"Ah, Sunbeam, you have come home
again, thank Heaven!" the invalid ex-
claimed fretfully. "Truly, Alice, dear,
the sun has not shown his face all the
time that you've been gone. And are
you not a good girl, Alice? You know I

told you that it was a waste of time for
you to go near that proud, haughty,
heartless woman! But you are so good,
so generous, you would not give up the
plea. 'Let me try, auntie!'—that has
been your plea—'let me go to see Cora
Worthington!' She is my cousin, and
has as good right to your love and kind-
ness as I have.' So I consented; you
had your way, Birdie, and—well, tell
me how she received you."

"She—she—refused to see me!" fal-
tered Alice. "I suppose the servants
took me for a seamstress or a nobody,
for they were very pert and supercil-
ious. I believed, auntie, that she was
at home all the time, but I blamed the
servants for her refusal to see me, until
—I left the house; then I saw
her at the window of her room. She
saw me, recognized me, and drew down
the window shade. But never mind,
Aunt Lydia, I have done my duty.
To-morrow I shall write her a note, and
beg her to come to us for a few hours
visit, at least. Once here, she will un-
derstand all."

"My dear, you are a very Donna
Quixote," said the old lady; "Cora
Worthington is a heartless, designing
woman—cold as ice—and although she
is my dear sister's only child, she is un-
worthy a kind thought. She is just
like her selfish, tyrannical father. I
want nothing of her."

A few moments later Alice returned
to her guest, who had suddenly learned
a lesson—an unexpected lesson, too.
For the room which Aunt Lydia occu-
pied was situated in a projecting wing
of the house; the window was open
to admit air and the straggling sunshine
after rain; the window near which Her-
bert Stanley was sitting was also open
at the top, and the young man had
overheard every word of the conversa-
tion. He resolved to profit by it. Be-
fore he left the house he was Alice Ray's
betrouthed husband.

The next day Alice wrote a friendly
little note to her cousin, Miss Wor-
thington, begging her to come to Aunt
Lydia's house; that the old lady was
very feeble and longed to see her before
she died. A curtly worded line was
returned, to the effect that Miss Wor-
thington found no such names upon her
visiting list as that of Misses Alice or
Lydia Ray. Of course that ended the
subject. Alice had done all in her
power to serve her cousin in a way of
which Cora Worthington little dreamed;
but she had striven in vain.

"What do you want, Ninette? Didn't
I tell you not to disturb me again this
morning?"
Miss Worthington glanced up from
the novel in her hand as her maid came
to her side.

Ninette tossed her beribboned head,
and her black eyes snapped viciously.
"Visit my money, Miss Worthington!"
she said insolently. "You've
put me off times enough! I haven't had
a dollar from you in three months, and
I'm going to have it now, or there will
be trouble!"

Miss Worthington's face had grown
white as snow. She half arose, then
saak back into her seat again.
"Ninette," she wailed piteously, "I
may as well tell the truth. I have no
money! I have been thoughtfully extrava-
gant, and ruin stares me in the face.
Mrs. Ward, my companion, brought
me a pile of bills to-day, and the mail
contained nothing else. This house
must be sold, and—I shall seek refuge
with poor Aunt Lydia, whom I have
disowned!"

"She is dead!" announced the maid
coolly. "I saw the notice in the morn-
ing paper. And miss, that gentleman
who used to call here—Mr. Herbert
Stanley—he was married to your cousin,
Miss Ray, at the old lady's death-bed.
It was your aunt's request. And that
is not all. Your aunt left a big fortune
—all to Mrs. Herbert Stanley—and—"

Ninette did not finish, for Cora
Worthington lay at her feet in a dead
swoon.

The Worthington mansion was closed,
the creditors satisfied, and a pale,
weary woman, plainly attired, drove
away from the magnificent home which
would know her no more.

Shortly afterward, in the capacity of
"companion," she sailed for Europe
with a wealthy lady, and lived and
died in her employ.

"As you make your own bed," says
the homely old yage, "so you must
lie." And Miss Worthington had paid
dearly for that one false assertion.

"Only a white lie!" the devotee of
fashion will exclaim in remembrance,
"a mere evasion permitted by society,
and quite pardonable in the eyes of the
world!"

White or black, it was false! And
in the eyes of the great Judge of the
world, all falsehoods are alike.

It was something that had
"What is it, sissy?" said a West Side
groceryman to a little girl, who was
swinging against the side of the counter,
lolling out her tongue and looking
timid.

"My ma sent me for sumpin'."

"Well, what is it?"

"I dunno."

"Was it bread?"

"No, sir; she borrowed that of Mrs.
Tiggons."

UMATILLA COUNTY.

From the Pendleton Tribune.
On last Wednesday night the mem-
bers of Damon Lodge No. 4, K. of P.,
installed the following officers for the
ensuing term: J. M. Bentley, C. G. H.
Carl, V. C. J. M. Yates, P., and H. J.
Collins, M.-at-A.

A stranger yesterday who had come
into town to take in the circus, became
intoxicated early in the morning, and
while in that condition fell against one
of the circus cars and cut quite a gash
in his scalp.

A disgraceful sight was presented
yesterday of a drunken woman reeling
along between the rails of the railroad
track, trying to make the distance be-
tween the circus paper and some of the
side shows.

The County Clerk, during the month
of July, issued marriage licenses to the
following persons: N. J. Gerking and
Lee M. Allen, E. R. Higgins and Jen-
nettie A. Gurdian, Thos. F. Rourke and
L. C. Rosevelt, Peter A. Hamner and
Maggie Casey, Frank R. Spaulding and
Catherine J. McDonald, W. A. Shull
and Leah Wells.

From the census just taken by the
Agent, the Indians and mixed bloods,
living on the Umatilla reservation, num-
ber 896 in all, of which 730 are Indians
and 166 mixed bloods. The Indians
have 7000 acres under cultivation, on
which they have raised 15,000 bushels
of wheat, 500 bushels of oats, 300 bush-
els of barley and rye, 2000 bushels
of corn and 3000 bushels of potatoes. They
have 6000 head of horses, 500 head of
cattle, 400 head of sheep and 250 head
of hogs. This is exclusive of mixed
bloods, who are mostly wives and chil-
dren of white men that have obtained a
footing on the reservation and are cul-
tivating considerable land by reason of
such relationship.

REPORT OF MAJOR JONES.
The Appropriation Asked—A Scheme
for the Improvement of the Co-
lumbia River.
Major W. A. Jones has made his an-
nual report on improvement of Oregon
and Washington Territory rivers during
the past fiscal year; \$2,874 has been
expended on the Columbia at the Cas-
cades, and \$21,823 remains available.
Much benefit has already resulted from
this improvement. It is estimated that
\$1,750,000 is required to complete the
project, and \$750,000 is asked for next
year. Major Jones says that if the to-
tal amount needed is appropriated he
can open this work to the right side of
two years. Its opening, he says, will
have a great and beneficial influence
on the development of this exceedingly
rich and fertile country. The principal
improvements are the flanking of the
upper Cascades with a canal 300 feet
long, and the removal of obstructions to
navigation of the lower Cascades.

THE UPPER COLUMBIA.
In speaking of the proposed improve-
ment of the Columbia river near The
Dalles, Oregon, Major Jones says that
for a distance of about thirteen miles,
commencing a little above that city, the
river runs and is choked apparently by
an intrusion of lava, through which it
has with difficulty cut a passage. The
obvious mode of improving navigation
here is to dredge these mighty obstacles
by means of canals and locks. Such a
project, it is estimated, would cost \$11,000,000, because of extensive excava-
tions and walls and gates of unprece-
dented height that would be required.
If we apply this enormous sum at the
rate at which funds have been provided
for the Cascades canal, it will appear
that one hundred years would be re-
quired before navigation can be opened
through this obstruction.

RAILWAY INCLINES.
Major Jones thinks that canals and
locks will ultimately be used for mak-
ing the improvement. He, however,
proposes another project for the present,
and says: "I propose to flank The
Dalles and Celilo Falls with railway in-
clines, over which laden boats and river
crafts may be hauled by means of ordi-
nary engines at the summits, and blast
out the contracted water ways to a
width of 300 feet, which will be suf-
ficient to reduce the velocity to a naviga-
ble status."

Major Jones says such a proposition
has been advocated at this place for
years. He estimates the maximum
grade of the track for the railway at
213.84 feet per mile. The cars will
have extra wheels on each side, with
independent axles, on a two-axle track,
25 feet and six inches wide. "The max-
imum load on a single wheel will be
only seventeen tons. For the present
only a single line of track is proposed.
He estimates the cost for such improve-
ment at about \$1,250,000.

Major Jones concludes: "I have put
this project forward for agitation and
discussion, refraining from recommenda-
tion until it has been discussed and
treated in the usual way."

The Chinese of New York city are
doing something commendable at last.
They are stealing pig dogs for roasting
purposes. If this country needs any
more Chinese it should import only
those who are fond of roast dog.

A boy presented with a pie to share
with his sister was told that in cutting
it he must give her the largest piece.
Reflecting a moment, he passed the pie
to his sister with the remark, "You cut
it."

The mistaken definition of a boy in a
public school, which is described as nei-
ther a male nor a female, is a vessel
that holds bread, wine, gin, whiskey, or
any other kind of intoxicating liquor.

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Have removed their large stock of goods
to their

New Store

opposite the Marshall House,

where they will be pleased to meet all
their old customers and many new
ones.

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Highest market price paid for fat
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