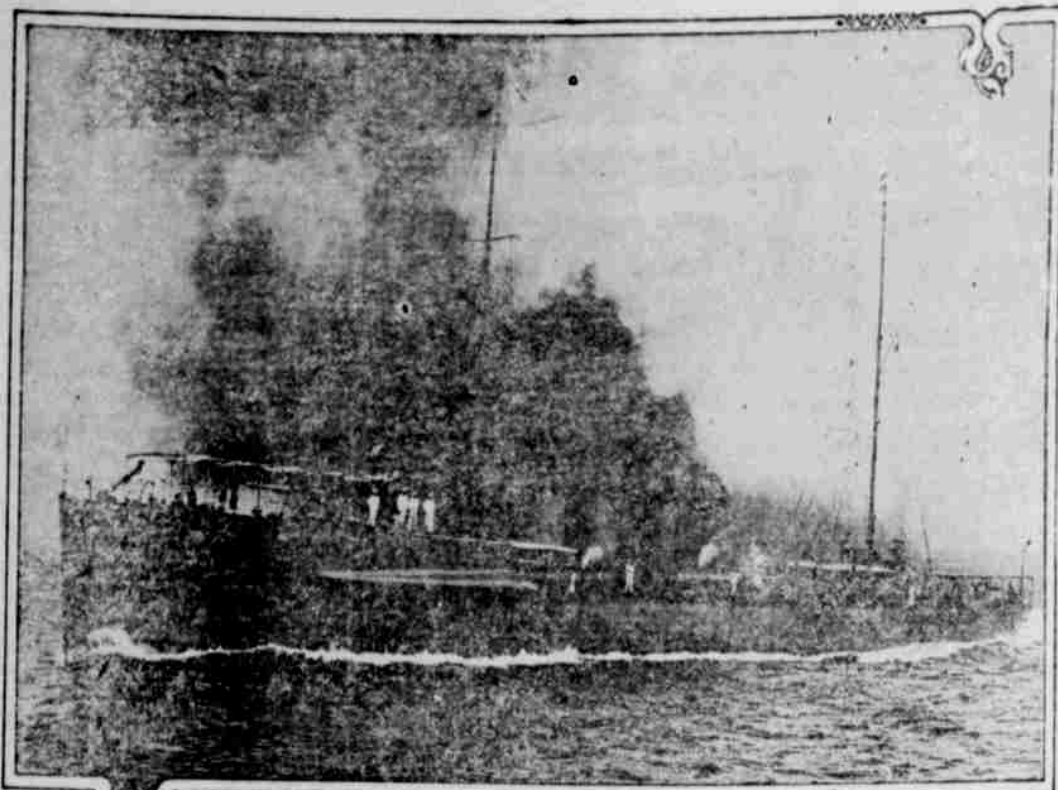
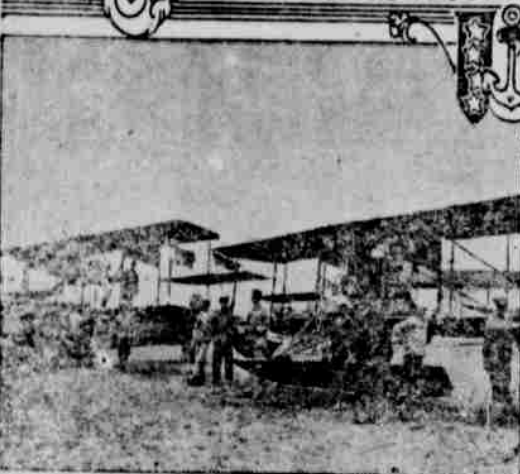
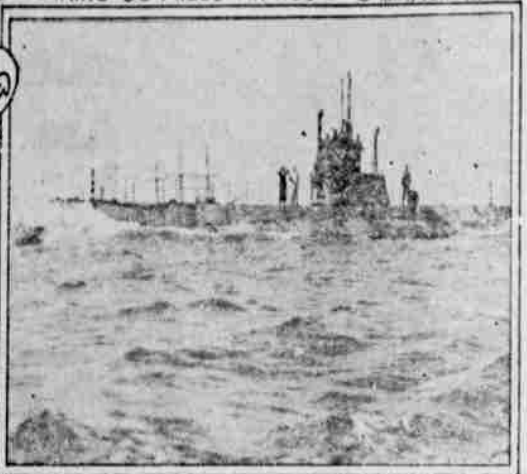




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Local and Personal

The editor has been on the sick list this week and unable to fill his usual place in the office. He is improving and is expected to be back in the office soon. The devil and the typo put out the paper this week with the help of the editor who read proof.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Emery and son Donald and Mr. Emery's father of Hood River, and Mrs. Emery's mother, Mrs. W. A. Wood, returned from their ten days trip to Newport Tuesday and left Thursday in Mr. Emery's car for Lebanon to visit Mrs. Emery's sister, Mrs. W. A. Elkins.

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IRVING AND MONTAGUE.

One of Their Practical Jokes That Scared Their Friends.

In Scott's "The Drama of Yesterday and Today" the author tells of a practical joke played by Henry Irving and Harry Montague upon a number of their friends, and "in its execution was seen the first dawning glimmer of that tragic force that was ultimately to find expression in Hood's 'Dream of Eugene Aram' and 'The Bells.'" Irving and Montague, hitherto the best allies, began to quarrel on their way to a picnic, and their friends feared some tragic consequences. After luncheon both of the men disappeared.

Smale's face turned deadly pale. He felt that his worst fears were being realized. With one wild cry, "They're gone—what on earth has become of them?" he made a dash down the Dargle over the rocks and bowlders, with the remainder of the picnic party at his heels.

At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow behind the little wood" a fearful sight presented itself to the astonished friends. There on a stone sat Henry Irving in his shirt sleeves, his long hair matted over his eyes, his thin hands and white face all smeared with blood, and dangling an open clasp knife.

He was muttering to himself in a savage tone: "I've done it! I've done it! I said I would! I said I would!"

Tom Smale in an agony of fear rushed up to Irving, who waved

him on one side with threatening gestures. "For heaven's sake, man," screamed the distracted Smale, "tell us where he is!"

Irving, scarcely moving a muscle, pointed to a heap of dead leaves and in sepulchral tones cried: "He's there—there! I've done for him! I've murdered him!"

Smale literally bounded to the heap and began flinging aside the leaves in every direction. Presently he found the body of Harry Montague lying face downward. Almost paralyzed with fear, Smale just managed to turn the head around and found Montague convulsed with laughter, with a pocket handkerchief in his mouth to prevent an explosion. Never was better acting seen on any stage.

Might Be Worse.

Murphy was rambling over the boulevard one afternoon when he met a friend who was trudging along as painfully as if he had been in collision with a road roller.

"Rheumatism," answered the friend in reply to Murphy's question. "Caught cold and every bloom-in' bone in my body aches to beat the band."

"Hard luck, old man," sympathized Murphy, "but it might be a whole lot worse."

"Might be a whole lot worse?" querulously rejoined the patient.

"Yes," was the philosophic rejoinder of Murphy. "Just suppose you were a shad."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Breaking the News.

Mrs. Bingo (severely)—I should like to know where you were last night.

Bingo—Well, if the truth must be told, I was playing chess with Kingley, and, my dear, the last game I bet him a new bonnet for you against a new bonnet for his wife.

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, my dear, and who won?

Bingo—Well, you just wait until you see his wife next Sunday!—Exchange.

Too Crisp.

"You write in too solemn a way, young man," said the editor to the new reporter. "Try to be more crisp and humorous in your style."

That evening a fire broke out in a butcher's shop in the town, and the new member of the staff reported it as follows: "Mr. William Briкет, the well known butcher, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."—London Express.

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A Quick Conversion

By F. A. MITCHEL.

I selected the last two weeks in August for my vacation. I am what is called a new woman—that is, I have departed from the ways of those women who sit and hold their hands, waiting for some man to come and marry them.

Until that summer, when I went to the seacoast, I thought that I had no romance in my nature. I was extremely practical and had no sympathy with any one who was anything else than practical. I felt quite competent to make my own living and scorned to relinquish the work to any man.

Nevertheless in all our natures there is the germ of romance. I first discovered this germ in me on that visit to the seashore, and, having discovered it, it grew up like a mushroom.

One evening I went down to the beach to plan some school work, for I was a teacher, and walked over a narrow strip of sand to some rocks a couple of hundred feet from the shore. Arrived there, I found a convenient natural seat and began my planning.

The moon was full, and presently I saw a glimmer of light on the watery horizon. Then the bright upper edge of the moon showed itself, and lastly the round disk stood upon the ocean. It was at this moment that I became conscious of the germ of romance within me. I forgot my work and drank in the beautiful scene—the shimmer on the water, the glided wave crests. The starry heavens seemed to invite me to their infinite depths; the splash of the waves lulled me.

For a long while I sat enraptured by the beautiful scene. The sounds on the shore, a babel of voices, dance music in the hotels, an occasional burst of laughter, formed a pleasing background for the ocean, the moon, the heavens. Gradually the sounds became confused, the splash of waves sank into a rustle, and I fell into a slumber.

This birth of romance within me, the first romantic fervor I ever experienced, was followed by an awakening of another kind. Something cold struck my ankles, and, starting up, I saw a wave receding from my feet. All about me was the ocean. I looked toward the beach and saw that the strip of sand over which I had reached the rock had disappeared, and the water there, so far as I could see, was as deep as that before me.

This second awakening that I have spoken of was not from slumber; it was the coming of a sense of weakness. There must be an inherent feeling of dependence lying dormant in

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the breast of every woman however she scorns the stronger sex. At any rate, the first mental impulse that came to me on looking over those merciless waters was for some man to come and rescue me.

I could not swim a stroke. There was no boat, not even a stick of timber, near me. The sounds on the shore had ceased, the lights in the hotels were few. My voice was not strong enough to make myself heard, for I must have been a quarter of a mile from the houses lining the beach, and the waves, now stronger with the flood tide, would drown my voice.

Oh, how I longed for a man—a strong man, a brave man—to rescue me!

I had spoken at women's gatherings, stating that there was no situation a woman might enter upon that she could not extricate herself without a man's help if she would only use her brains. What use was my brain in those watery surroundings? The few square yards of rock on which I stood would soon be covered. Next I would be washed off it by the force of the waves and at last a lingering agony, ended by death.

From one of the houses on the shore emerged a spark. It was a lighted cigar. I had always hated tobacco, but now I would give worlds if that cigar would bring the man who smoked it to save me. I called, but my voice did not reach him. He walked away; then turned and came slowly in my direction.

I took off my white petticoat and waved it as a signal of distress. He saw it and came running toward me. At the verge he stopped and looked about him, evidently for a boat. Seeing none, he threw off his coat and vest, for there was no time to waste. Then, divesting himself of his shoes, he walked toward me till the water was up to his chin; then began to swim. When he reached me I wound my arms about him so tightly that, strong as he was, he found difficulty in loosening them. Then putting an arm under one of mine he drew me into the water and swam with me to the shore.

This task was a difficult one, for so frightened was I that I kept clutching him and impeding his movements. At last, in order to save both of us from drowning, he struck me on the forehead with his clenched fist to stun me. He only partly succeeded in rendering me unconscious, but I was thankful for the blow, for it made me oblivious to the danger. I remained passive, and he succeeded in getting me to the beach.

As he dragged me from the water and was laying me on the sand I regained sufficient consciousness to wind my arms around him again. He is now my husband and I am glad to acknowledge my dependence on him.

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