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The Missionary's Death.

He was a tall, dark browed man and apparently not exceeding 35 or 35 years old. This Lancashire miner, whose manner was unassuming and whose speech was composed of dissonant conveying quaint figures of speech, had crossed the Atlantic to work in the great coalfields of Pennsylvania, and, sooth to say, he could discover little difference between the mines of Lancashire and those of Scranton.

"You see, sir," he said to me, "I'm a real son of earth. I was born hundreds of feet below the surface. You see, sir, my father and mother were workers in the lead in which I was born. They very rarely came to the top of the ground. Once a month or so they'd do that, when there was money in wage to get and brandy and tobacco and food to buy."

"I was not only born but grew up in the galleries, and I was a good bit of a youngster—perhaps 6 or 8 years old—before I took a seat in the bucket and was sent up to the surface. There was another kind of light. How strangely I was affected by not only the light of the sun, but by all I saw on that first day! Why, I just thought I was in the paradise old Joe Blincktop used to talk to us about."

"Well, the shaft was upward of 500 feet from the top to the bottom, and after my first visit to earth, which was a holiday—and I was a regular savage—I found I had work laid out for me—work pushing coal cars on the tramways that was sometimes beyond my child strength. Still I worked without complaining, for I remembered well the strange world I had been allowed to look upon for an hour, and I asked to be permitted at some future time to visit it again."

"Two years later, when I was about as big and strong as an ordinary school boy, I came up with others, mostly lads of my own age, to enjoy for a week the life of the outer earth."

"That was my second visit to the sunlight, and I never went down that shaft to work again. There was an explosion. Let me add this much: After many days, when the mine had been thoroughly explored, no living soul was found in the interminable corridors; but, go where you would, the bodies of dead men and dead women and pale, face-pinched, back bent and shoulder distorted lads and lasses would trip you up—yes, even in the pathways."

"The fire damp had done its work indeed. I was too young to feel greatly aggrieved at their loss. "Small time was given me for sorrow. My father and mother had hardly been a day in their coffins, lying in the earth of the graveyard, when I was ordered to another shaft, where I was to be set at my old business of pushing over the tramways beneath the coal boxes."

"The first person I recognized when I had got to the foot of the shaft of the colliery to which I had been assigned was the missionary, Joe Blincktop. It was shrewdly suspected that the cause of the explosion in the mine in which my parents were destroyed grew out of this man's negligence to comply with rules which are considered imperative and always necessary to the safety of the operatives."

"However this may be, the missionary was not refused admittance to the other shafts—by a strange chance he was absent, it was said he had been in London, at the time of the explosion—and as he was personally popular with all, no matter where he went, his drinks of liquor were quite as frequent as his prayers."

"In the new mine I worked hard, and the little that was given me in return I put carefully away. "Six years I labored in the new colliery. In that long period of time, during which I grew out of boyhood into manhood, I don't think I saw the sun as many times as there were added months in those years. I was quite careless and happy, and I perhaps would have worked on, tenfold there all my life but for the accident I am about to relate."

"In the course of time the missionary was made aware that I wasted little of my earnings, and he became covetous and resolved on possessing himself of my treasure. Had he come to me and frankly asked for any or all of my pounds and crowns, I should have all probability have granted his wishes, but the man chose to take them from me by surreptitious means, and he succeeded in his evil desire."

"I in time found out what he had done, but not before he had wasted all my substance, and I became terribly angry, threatening, in my passion, to kill him whenever I had a decent opportunity. "It happened one Saturday afternoon I had insensibly grown into the habit of going up to the surface at the close of the week and staying there sometimes until the following Monday—that, in a beastly condition from the too free use of liquor, the missionary was to ascend with me. He stepped into the bucket and, seizing the chains, placed himself on the edge of the vessel. I saw how dangerous was his seat and told him he had better stand up by my side. He laughed at me and cried out: "So you're the man that's going to take my life?"

"This was heard by several, but before I could reply we were a hundred feet on our way up the shaft. The bucket tipped. "Get in, sir!" I cried, quite as much alarmed for my safety as for his, and I involuntarily stretched out my hands to clutch and save him; but, excited by liquor and possibly remembering what I had said when I charged him with stealing my money, he pushed farther away from me and did what I had dreaded—caused the bucket to tip. "The man was instantly out of my sight. I heard a heavy thud, as of the falling of a soft body from a great distance below me, and I knew that the missionary had been crushed to death."

"I was not blamed for his death," added the miner, "but I could no longer stay and work in England with comfort, and so I came here, where, with a good wife, I am as happily circumstanced as a poor miner well can be."—Exchange.

A Fruitful Source of Friction.
Altercation about trifles is a fruitful source of friction, and stock subjects of dispute beget a chronic "touchiness." One seldom convinces by excited and voluble argument, and when a surly person appears—goodby to success! Pottemper appeals in a conciliatory manner; an open minded hospitality to the views of others, which will be most effective if the object be to influence rather than to vent our irritation.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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THE LOCKET

Theodore Pownell, Esq., merchant and banker, was retiring from business, letters, papers, bills and receipts had been looked over, thinned out and put away.

It was summer, and the windows of the study were open. The house fronted upon a square and had a garden, at the back. Through the window he could see the trees and hear the sound of laughter and happy voices. His daughter Georgina was walking in the garden with two of her young friends. He could see her from where he sat. She was a beautiful girl, with her jet black hair and large, dark eyes, stately figure and rich brunette complexion, very like her mother, whom he had married for her beauty and her grace 20 years ago.

Mr. Pownell sighed. This is a scandalous world, as we all know. Mrs. Grundy had lived deep into Mr. Pownell's private history long ere this and had always averred that Mrs. Pownell, with all her beauty, was only a coquette, who thought much more of exhibiting her charms in public than of making the home of her husband a pleasant place.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Mrs. Pownell, still handsome—she was many years younger than her husband—sat at that moment in her drawing room, entertaining two handsome and courteous officers belonging to one of the French vessels then lying in the bay, while Georgina and her young friends were laughing and gossiping with three more officers in the garden. It is also certain that, though Mr. Pownell was a polite and attentive cavalier to his wife and daughter, whenever they required his services, he would as soon have gone for sympathy in trouble or disgrace to the man in the moon or to the Egyptian sphinx as to either of these.

He listened now to the light talk and laughter rippling up from below, with a curious expression on his face. It was opera night, and he was in full evening dress, for in the course of an hour he was to escort the ladies to their box. Meanwhile he was best in his study—with their guests.

Opera night! An organ out in the square suddenly struck up one of the very airs he was to hear that evening. He hummed it mechanically. And then the stop was changed and an old, old air rang out—his own! He had thought sweet and sad and full of the most plaintive melody once!

Once! It must have been a hundred years or more since he stood beside the pasture bars of the "old home farm" and heard a sweet young voice trill out the plaintive melody.

Those "long time ago" days were over forever for him! For his fashionable wife and stately daughter they had never been. In his own life, harassed and anxious as it had often been at times, was a store of experience such as they had never known.

The organ played on, and the rich man's thoughts went wandering back to the old red farmhouse. He saw himself a "barefoot boy," driving the cows home, with a little blue eyed child in a pink gingham frock and sunbonnet trotting by his side. He saw himself a lad at school, and the pink gingham frock sat near him. He saw himself later still a spruce clerk in a country store. The pink gingham had changed to a lawn sprinkled with forget-me-nots as blue as the woman's eyes or his own! He glanced at the glass now. His own were dim with unshed tears.

Pretty, gentle, quiet little Susie Gray! How sweetly those blue eyes looked up at him over the pasture bars by moonlight that night! How plainly he could hear the soft, clear voice still—sweet, but with a dash of sadness in it all the time! How he had loved her then, with all the ardor of a boy's first love! How meekly and modestly she had returned that more boisterous affection! How pure she was—how true!

The organ ceased. The man was moving away when a purse clanked on the pavement at his feet. He saw the hand that had thrown it to him close the blind, and the poor Italian went away elated. "Susie, oh, if I had but been as true as you were! If you were only my wife now—if my child was your daughter—how different life might be!" groaned the man as he flung himself into a seat. He touched a spring in the safe that stood open before him, and a secret drawer slid out.

It contained only two things—a withered syringa blossom and a tress of chestnut hair. Poor as the treasures were, they were more than house or lands to the lonely millionaire.

Alas, his repentance came too late for atonement, as repentance almost always does in this weary world of ours. He had left the girl he loved—deserted her for the sake of his ambition, and when he would have returned to her she was lying in the village churchyard, and the age upon the stone above her head was "23."

Like one in a dream the rich man sat, his face bent down upon the hair, which was wet with his falling tears. Presently came a light tap at the door. "Papa, we are nearly ready," said a lady's voice. "Mamma has rung for the carriage."

There was a slight pause. "Very well, dear," said Mr. Pownell, with an effort in his usual tone. Ten minutes later he came out, looked the study door behind him and handed his wife and daughter to the carriage with his usual grave courtesy. He kept in the back of the box that evening and was very silent.

When six months later the rich man died after a short illness, those who prepared him for burial found resting upon his heart a little locket containing a woman's hair. They left it there, and it was buried with him. Mrs. Pownell knew nothing of it. I doubt if it would have troubled her much if she had been told.—Exchange.

The Bad Feature of it.
Von Blumer—What's the matter? You look sad.
Dimpleton—I feel sad. This morning I conceived the worst word of our life.
"Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you."
"But it does, old man. She caught me at it."—Detroit Free Press.

A Champion.
Miss Pinkerly—Don't you think, Mr. Tutter, that Miss Van Antler is a beautiful girl?
Young Tetter—Yes, Miss Clara; but you were no doubt just as beautiful at her age.—Exchange.

1901 Ramblers.
Have arrived, just enough to talk with, so come and look them over and learn our story of the "20th CENTURY RAMBLER."
Lighter and stronger than ever.
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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Christian Hanson, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon, her final account as such administratrix of said estate, and that Tuesday, the 5th day of March, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been fixed by said Court as the time for hearing of objections to said report, and the settlement thereof.

JOHANNA HANSON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Christian Hanson, deceased.

A. L. STEVENS, Atty for Estate.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given, that Milton A. Veach, executor of the estate of William Veach, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate, in the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, and Monday, the 7th day of January, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock p. m. of that day, has been fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated, Nov. 9, 1900.

MILTON A. VEACH, Executor.

L. BREX, Atty, for said Estate.

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