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Grocer's—if you don't find Cleveland's Baking Powder the cheapest of all the best baking powders sold at more than two cents a pound.

RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH

Continued from First page.

as one who is giving congratulate.

"Because you were John's friend, and the only man he . . . loved, and because, although we have quarreled several times, and I have been very rude to you once or twice, still"—and a smile brought Mrs. Arkwright's face to perfection—"we are friends also."

"You have been . . . angry with me," said Egerton, "when I could not understand the reason, but I never doubted your friendship. If I were in serious trouble I would come to you rather than to any man."

"Would you really?" Then her tone changed. "I don't believe you, for you would go to some snuffy, maundering old minister."

"And you are good," he insisted, taking no notice of petulance. "You are honest, and brave, and high-minded, and loyal, and . . ."

"Pious with a gift of prayer, you had better add. How blind you are, for all your knowledge and . . . other qualities. You forgot to add sweet-tempered, but perhaps you were coming to that."

"No, I would not say that, and I am rather glad you are not gentle"—the minister was very bold"—for you would not be . . . yourself."

"You had your suspicions, then, and are not sure that I am ready for canonizing? Do you know that I feel immensely relieved; suppose we celebrate this confession by tea? Would you ring the bell, Mr. Egerton?"

"There is something I want to talk about, and as its rather important would you mind, Mrs. Arkwright, giving me a few minutes first? Tea is rather distracting."

"Composing, I find it—but as you please; is it the District Visitors, or the Nurses' Home, or the Children's Holiday, and is it money?" Mrs. Arkwright for some reason was very gracious.

"No, it is nothing to do with the chapel. I wish to speak about . . . Yourself."

"Yes?" and she looked curiously at him.

"You remember that day when Mr. Arkwright committed you to my care, and I gave my word to . . ."

"Do your best to look after a very troublesome woman," Mrs. Arkwright interposed hurriedly; "it was a . . . risky task, and I thought you were far too hasty in undertaking it, but you've been a very lenient guardian for your age. Have I done anything wrong?"

"No, and you could not at any time in my eyes"—Mrs. Arkwright made as though she would curtsey—"but others might do wrong to you, and I have been anxious for some time.

"Mr. Arkwright was afraid lest some unworthy man would admire you or desire your wealth, and . . . marry you, and your life be miserable. And he wished me to save you from this, and I promised to do my best."

"Well?" and her voice had begun to freeze. "I remember all that."

"It is difficult to speak about such things, but you know that I . . . would do any thing to save you pain.

"Go on," and now her eyes were fixed on the minister.

"It came to my ears and I saw for myself that one whom I knew slightly and did not like was paying you attentions, and it might be, as I also heard, was favored by you. So it seemed my duty to make inquiries about Mr. Crashaw."

"And?"

"There is nothing against him, and I have heard much good of him; personally we could never be friends for various reasons, but he * * * is not unworthy to be the husband of * * * a good woman. That is all I have to say," and the saying of it was plainly very hard to the minister.

"You recommend me to marry Mr. Crashaw, if that gentlemen should do me the honor to ask for my hand, or do you propose to suggest this step for him, so as to complete your duty as guardian?" Mrs. Arkwright was now standing and regarding Egerton with fierce scorn.

"My information seemed to be reliable"—he was also standing, white and pained—"and I thought it would help you in that case to know what I have told you when you came to decide."

"If I knew who told you such falsehoods, I would never speak to them again, and I would make them suffer for their words. Mr. Crashaw! and it was to that cynical, worldly tailor's block you were to marry me. What ill have I done you?"

"God knows I did not desire . . . I mean . . . do you not see that I tried to do what was right at a cost? . . . Why be so angry with me?"

"Because I do not care what any person in this town or all Yorkshire says about me, but I do care and can not endure that you should turn against me, and will be content to see me Crashaw's wife or any other man's." And she drove the minister across the room in her wrath—he had never seen her so beautiful—till he stood with his back to the door, and she before him as a lioness robbed of her cubs.

"It has been my mistake, for I understand not women he said with proud humility. "I beg your pardon, and am more than ever your . . . servant."

She looked at him stormily for ten seconds; then she turned away. "If that is all you have to say, you need not come again to this house."

IV.

"You will excuse me sending a verbal message by the doctor, for, as you see, I am past writing, and . . . the time is short. I wanted to speak with you, Mrs. Arkwright, once before . . . I died." And Egerton thought of the day she had stood by her husband's deathbed as now she stood by his, only that the nurse had left the room and there was no third person to be an embarrassment.

"Do not suppose I forget your words to me the last time we met in private," he continued, as she did not speak nor look at him beyond one swift glance as she came into the room; "and believe me, I would not have forced myself on you, nor would I have asked the favor had it not seen that * * * I have something of which I must deliver my soul."

"You are not dying; you were a strong man, and a few days' illness couldn't be * * * fatal," she burst out, and it seemed as if Mrs. Arkwright for once was going to lose control and fall a-weeping. Then she mastered herself and said almost coldly: "Had I known you were so ill I would have called to inquire; but nothing was said of pneumonia, only a bad cold."

"You forgive me, then, that ill-judged interference, Mrs. Arkwright, and anything else in which I have offended you or failed in * * * my brother's part?"

"Do not speak like that to me unless you wish to take revenge; it is I who ask your pardon for my evil temper and insolence that day, and other times; but you are too * * * good, else you would have understood."

"You did not, then, hate me, as I supposed?" and his voice was strained with eagerness.

"When you were prepared to approve my engagement to Mr. Crashaw? Yes, I did, and I could have struck you as you bore witness to his character—whom you detested. Conscientious and unselfish * * * on your part, very. And yet at the same time I * * * did not hate you; I could have * * * you are a dull man, Mr. Egerton, and I am not a saint. Is it milk you drink?" And when she raised his head her hands lingered as they had not done before on her husband's.

"Are you really dying?" She sat down and looked at him, her head between her hands. "You and I are, at least, able to face the situation."

"Yes, without doubt, but I am not a martyr to overwork, or anything else; do not let any one speak of me in that fashion; I simply caught a cold and did not take care; its quite commonplace." When he smiled his face was at its best, the dark blue eyes having a roguish look as of a boy.

Mrs. Arkwright leaned back on her chair and bit her lower lip.

"This is good-by, then, and our friendship—six years long, isn't it—is over. Had I known it was to be so short—well, we had not quarreled."

"Not over," and he looked wistfully at her, "this life does not end all."

"Ah, you have that old romantic faith, and one would like to share it, but no one knows, this life is the only certainty."

"In a few hours," he went on, "I shall know, and I expect to see my friend, John Arkwright, whom I loved, although we only knew one another for three years, and he . . . will ask for you."

Mrs. Arkwright regarded Egerton with amazement.

"He will ask how I kept my trust, and I . . . will be ashamed, unless you hear my confession and forgive me. For I . . . have sinned against you and your husband."

"In what," she asked with a hard voice.

"God knows that I had no thought of you he might not have read while he was here. And afterward for a year I was in heart your brother; and then—O how can I say it and look you in the face, who thought me good and a faithful minister of Christ?" and his eyes were large with pain and sorrow.

"Say it," she whispered, "say it plain; you must," and she stretched out her hand in commandment.

"I loved you as . . . a man, till it came to pass that I made excuses to visit you, till I watched you in the street, till I longed for the touch of your hand, till . . . O the sin and shame—the ought of you in the service and . . . at my prayers."

"And now?" She had risen to her feet.

"I have finally overcome, but only within these few days, and my heart is at last single. You are to me again my friend's wife, and I shall meet him . . . in peace, if you forgive me."

For a few seconds nothing was heard but his rapid breathing, and then she spoke with low, passionate voice.

"Your love needs no forgiveness; your silence . . . I can never forgive."

He lived for two hours, and he spoke twice. Once he thanked his nurse for her attentions, and just before he passed away she caught the words, "through much tribulation . . . enter the kingdom . . . God."

They have cigars in Independence made from tobacco grown in Polk county. The Enterprise reports this fact.

At the experiment station at Blackburg, Va, there was tested 15 varieties of cabbages last year. The plants were grown from seed started in a hotbed late in Febtusry or early in March, and transplanted to a cold frame about three weeks later, and set in the open ground as early in April as the ground was fit to work. Their growth was hindered by a severe drought in April and May, but seven kinds were fit for cooking on July 2. They should have been ready nearly four weeks earlier. Of these seven early kinds, the Wakefield or Early Jersey Wakefield was pronounced the best, having eight or ten heads fit for cutting out of 25 plants, and being the largest, weighing two pounds 3½ ounces; 89 plants in a hundred formed heads. The Winningstadt headed 99 plants out of 100, and the average weight was six pounds two ounces, but was from five to twelve days later in time of cutting. The varieties known in the northern states as late fall and winter cabbages were not among those tested. Cauliflowers were grown, by sowing and setting at the same time as the cabbages, and the best were of the Early Dwarf Erfurt type, although known as Early Snowball, or other names, according to the fancy of the seedsman or of those who originated them by selecting the seed.

AWHEELING.

Have you never felt the fever of the twirling, whirling wheel,
Of the guiding and resisting of the shining cranks of steel;
Never felt your senses reel in the glamour and the gladness of the misty morning sky,
As the white road rushes toward you, as the dew bathed banks slip by,
And the larks are soaring high;

Never known the boundless buoyance of the billowy, breezy hills,
Of the pine scents all around you, of the running, rippling rills,
Chasing memory of life's ills—
Dashing, flashing, through the sunshine, by the windy wold and plain,
The distant blue heights luring, onward, upward, to the strain
Of the whirring wheels' refrain;

Fled from prison, like a prisoner, sped the turning, spurning wheel,
Changed the city's stir and struggling, jar and vexing noise can heal,
For the peace the fields reveal,
And with spirit separate, straining above the town's low reach,
Found a tender satisfaction, which the steadfast summits teach?
In their silence—fullest speech;

Never known the wistful wand'ring back, in pleasurable pain,
Met the kine, from milking sauntering to pastures sweet again,
Straggling up the wide marged lane
You have never felt the gladness nor the glory of the dream
That exalts, and tired eyes linger still on sunset, mead and stream?
Haste, then! Take that bliss supreme.

—Looking Glass.

The Earl and His Texas Friends.

The Earl of Aylesford was especially well known in west Texas. He owned a ranch near Big Springs and lived in the town. This was in the days when steers were worth $20 a head, range count, and everybody had money. But even the broad familiarity of the west halted at Joey. They would not call him by his title, so they called him "the boss." Every cowboy in that whole country knew him by that name, and all asserted that he was a prince of good fellows.

The earl was democratic in his associations and preferred the unlicensed frontier English of the plains to the conventional phrases of the clubs. He bought a hotel out there and a saloon. Whenever a cowboy loomed up there in a state of financial desuetude he was sure to find a friend who would provide him with a first class room, plenty to eat and all the "licker" he wanted. As that was the general condition of cowboys then and now, the earl's hotel and the earl's barroom were costly luxuries. He did a big business, and nearly every other saloon in Big Springs was forced to close, but he did not make any money. He did not want to make any. He much preferred spending it and buying whisky and victuals for cowboys, which was perhaps a better way of turning money loose than buying brandy and sodas for the pegged out aristocracy of London. And when he died on his ranch all the cowboys mourned his loss, and the grief was sincere.—Dallas Sun.

Curious Copper Mining.

The United States consul at Santiago de Cuba reports that about nine miles from that town there are copper mines, having shafts from 900 to 1,200 feet deep, which were regularly worked until 1867, since which time they have been abandoned and have become filled with water, all but 300 feet of their depth being below sea level. But in later years copper was obtained from the drowned mines in an interesting manner. The water with which they are filled holds a considerable quantity of copper in solution, and this water was pumped out into tanks. Scraps of iron were then thrown into it, and the dissolved copper became deposited on the iron. When the deposit grew sufficiently thick it was broken off, and the iron was thrown back into the water to gather a fresh incrustation of the red metal.—Youth's Companion.

WONDERFUL ALBATROSS.

Its Marvelous Flight In the Air and Its Ridiculous Waddle on Land.

The albatross has been the theme of poets and naturalists ever since the first one dawned upon the sight of man. The scientist has offered many theories for the bird's long sustained power of flight, but it remains as much of a mystery as ever. An albatross will follow in a ship's wake for days, sailing steadily along with no motions of the wings, silent and inscrutable as fate. No other motion than an occasional veer of the wings when the bird desires to turn an angle is observed. Despite the bird's marvelous power of sailing along, it is very hard for it to rise from the water.

The home of the albatross is in the antipodes and the Auckland islands. No lighthouse rears its head there, and heavy fogs and treacherous currents swirl about the place. The land is rough and mountainous on the coast, but inland marvelous flowers grow—wonderful asters, marguerites, lilies and gentians—and there millions upon millions of birds make their homes.

Among the coarse herbage the pure white head of the albatross meets the eye. The body is larger than that of the swan, and its expanded wings measure 17 feet from tip to tip. Its glory has departed, for, while nothing can be grander than its flight over the ocean, nothing is more ludicrous than its waddle on the land. Its only sign of defense is to clap its beak in a helpless manner, for it cannot use its wings.

The nest is a pile of earth like a child's sand castle, and in the cup shaped top the albatross lays one egg. During the 60 days the egg is hatching the mother does not stir from the nest, for if she did the sea hawks would swoop down on the egg and destroy it. The young bird is covered with fluffy down, pure white in color and silky as floss. The nestling is fed so assiduously that it becomes immensely fat and rivals its parent in weight. It is then deserted by the parents, who wander over the ocean, sometimes encircling the globe before returning home.

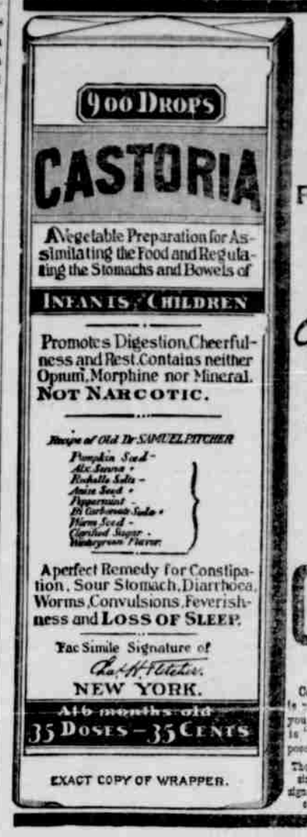
The most remarkable thing in the history of the albatross is that during the absence of the parents the young nestling does not receive a mouthful of food. During the whole time, sometimes four months, it lives on the fat it has accumulated. In the open nest on a bleak hillside the young albatross is exposed all winter to sharp winds and the fiercest gales that ever rush across the ocean, yet at the end of its fast the young bird is lively and in good condition.

The reason the parent birds go away is not known. Their desire for flight is a mystery, for it is not the same as the migration of our northern birds to the south. When the parents return, they unceremoniously bundle out the nestling, which has become a slaty gray in color, and set about repairing the nest. The young bird still stays around, evincing in many pretty ways its fondness for its parents, and not till next year does it take its first flight to sea in company with its hard hearted father and mother.—Chicago News.

Past and Future.

The lack of reverence which ruthlessly scorns the past and the narrow short sightedness which neglects all service for the future have much in common. They are alike small and mean in their nature, petty and insignificant in their results. What should we be but for the past that we inherit? And, loaded as we are with its benefits, what is it but gross sellishness to give no thought to and plan no benefit for those who are to follow us?—New York Ledger.

IMPOSSIBLE! Never mention that stupid word again.—Mirabeam



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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undesigned executor of the last will and testament of John P. Gerhards, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor in the Honorable County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, and the said County Court has fixed Monday the 6th day of December 1897, at the Court room of said Court at Hillsboro, Oregon at the hour of 10 o'clock of said day as the time and place of hearing objections to said account and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated at Hillsboro, this 4th day of November, 1897.

J. HN HANSEN,
Executor of the last will and testament of John P. Gerhards dec'd. 24-28

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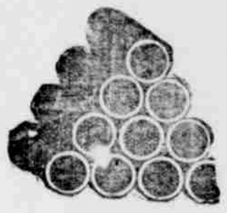

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