

THE MAN OUTSIDE

EVERYBODY for ten miles around knew that Burt Thatcher and Minnie Davis were engaged. She was the daughter of a farmer, and he was a clerk in a village store, and both had many friends and acquaintances.

The course of true love was running along as smoothly as a pair of bob-sleighs in winter time when a wind-mill agent came along and sold Farmer Davis a mill.

This agent was a middle-aged man with golden whiskers and a great deal of cheek, and as he had to direct the setting up of the mill he was at the farmhouse for a couple of weeks. His attention was early attracted to Minnie, and he posed for an old bachelor and uttered more words of praise and flattery in ten minutes than she had ever heard in a month before.

The knowledge that she was engaged, together with a sight of the young man who was to lead her to the hymeneal altar, animated the agent with a spirit of devilry, and he sung the praises of Minnie Davis till Burt Thatcher's jealousy was aroused and he was ready for a quarrel.

When once a young man lets his best girl understand that he is jealous of her she feels it her bounden duty to make him as uncomfortable as she can for a few weeks.

Young Thatcher might as well have been jealous of Minnie's grandfather as of the windmill man with his golden whiskers, but when he heard that the



"YOU WANT TO PICK A QUARREL."

two sang hymns and played checkers together, in addition to gathering harvest apples and reading Shakespeare on the front veranda after dinner, the green-eyed monster demanded a row.

One was forthcoming. One evening the clerk drove up to Farmer Davis' with his jaw "set," and five minutes later he was saying to the girl of his heart:

"False creature, how dare you look into my eyes after the way you have carried on with that yaller-whiskered old hollyhock!"

"His whiskers are not yellow, but golden," corrected Minnie, "and he's hardly more than a young man yet."

"Ha! It must be a case of love at first sight, with the whiskers thrown in."

"I say his whiskers are golden." "They are yaller!" "You want to pick a quarrel!" "You want to marry him!"

Thence on it was easy for the young man. All he had to do was to call Minnie a heartless girl, a flirt and a coquette, and add that he was glad he had found her out before it was too late.

Her feelings were hurt, her indignation aroused, and she suggested that he had better look around and find some one to suit him better. Of course he drove away with flaming face and surging heart, and of course it wasn't a week before everybody heard of the row and had something to say about it.

When he had fulfilled his mission, which was to put up the best wind-mills on earth and tell every farmer's daughter that she was the sweetest and handsomest girl in the country, the windmill man took his pay and drove on, and his golden whiskers were hardly remembered fifteen minutes after his departure.

Among the people who were surprised that he did not ask for Minnie's hand before leaving the neighborhood was Burt Thatcher. He was not only surprised, but mollified. He was not only mollified, but found himself wondering if he couldn't make it up with the girl and be restored to favor. Like many another man, he didn't appreciate a good thing until he had lost it.

The more Burt thought of those whiskers the more he was inclined to believe that the color was golden, instead of "yaller," but how was he to let Minnie understand his change of feelings? He must gently crawlsh the next time she visited the store to "trade," and if she showed a yielding disposition the chasm would be bridged.

This decision arrived at, he had only

to wait, and for a week before she called, in company with her mother, he had it all mapped out as to how he would receive her. His calculations received a bad setback, however.

"Mr. Thatcher, we want to look at some of your best tablecloths," announced the girl, as she looked him straight in the eyes, and his heart went down like a lump of lead, and he saw those golden whiskers floating in the air about him.

During the hour she was in the store Minnie remarked that it was a backward summer; that the buckleberry crop was very poor; that rain was badly needed; that she couldn't understand why shovels were down and tablecloths were up, and the uncomfortable young man could recollect fourteen different occasions when she lugged in the name of "Mr. Thatcher."

He was so put out over events that he sold a 60-cent hoe to old Mr. Johnson for 28 cents, and astonished Aunt Mary Phillips by asking her 60 cents a yard for 7-cent calico.

As a matter of fact, Minnie intended to do her share toward "making up" when the proper time came, but she wanted to punish the young man first.

Four weeks after the buying of the tablecloths, and without the young couple having spoken together since, Farmer Davis and wife set out one day for a ten-mile drive to Cassville, intending to come back before dark. While they were returning they met with an accident, and it came about that Minnie found herself alone in the house when night fell.

She didn't begin to get nervous until about 9 o'clock, but then a call from a tramp frightened her into looking all the doors and imagining all sorts of things. The tramp had taken a cold bite and left, but knowing that she was alone he would doubtless hang about and break into the house.

Farmer Davis had a shotgun, and that shotgun was kept loaded with bird shot to kill owls and chicken hawks. When Minnie was worked up to such a nervous pitch that she imagined every gust of wind to be the muffled footsteps of a tramp she got down the gun and resolved to perish like a true heroine.

Five minutes after this resolve was taken some one knocked on the front door. It was the tramp, of course. Two minutes later he was at the kitchen door. Then he was heard muttering and grumbling and getting a drink of water at the well.

With her heart in her mouth and the shotgun ready to fall from her trembling hands, the girl waited. The tramp whistled and then sat down on the doorstep.

But only for a moment. Then he arose and seemed to move along to a kitchen window. His game was to raise the sash or smash the glass, and, shutting her eyes and trusting that her grave would be kept green, Minnie pointed the gun somewhere or other and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a roar and a yell. Scared as she was, she detected something familiar in the tones of the yell, and when her name was shouted she opened the door to admit Burt Thatcher. He had not only heard of the accident that detained her parents, but had made use of it to drive out to the farmhouse and tell the girl how sorry he was for making a chump of himself.

He was not at the window when the shot was fired, but walking away from it. Most of the charge went wild, but about a dozen of the little pellets peppered his shoulders and quickened his longing to kiss and make up. Minnie opened the door to speak his name and fell into his arms, and most of the shot had worked out and the marriage day been set when the old folks reached home, and the mother elevated her hands and rolled up her eyes as she exclaimed:

"For the land sakes, but how things do come about in this 'ere world of ours!"—Boston Globe.

Too Previous.

A story of Doctor Sewell, for many years warden of New College, Oxford, comes from Public Opinion. When Doctor Sewell was seriously ill, about a year ago, the fellows of the college, and, indeed, all his friends, despaired of his life.

The senior fellow at the time, wishing to have all things in order, wrote to the home secretary for leave to bury the warden in the college chapel.

Before the next college meeting the warden had recovered. He presided at the meeting, and with no little enjoyment read out the home office's letter permitting his own burial.

"It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to congratulate the senior fellow on his admirable promptitude and energy. I cannot, however, truthfully say that I regret that both were wasted."

TINY CLUBHOUSE FOR BOYS.

Lads of Pasadena Have a Home Fitted Up With Everything for Boys.

What is likely the smallest club house in the world stands near the public highway in the ornate grounds which surround one of Pasadena's handsome homes on Congress street.

This one-story, one-room edifice was built years ago for club accommodations of a small coterie of boys, young scions of what were then designated as "the best families"—boys who are now grown up—and the very name of the club has passed into oblivion.

Nobody actually knew what took place in this clubhouse, which was built in the West Side suburbs, but it pleased those having the exclusive possession of it to so shroud their meetings with mystery that the most gossamer tales of orgies went abroad, over which imaginative and uneasy elders shook their heads dismally, while those who knew only laughed and drew pretty accurate conclusions from their own boyhood days, that nothing more exciting than imitation high jinks went on there.

Be that as it may, those boys have grown up in grace and wisdom, says the Los Angeles Times, and the club house was abandoned and was recently purchased by its present owner, Dr. A. A. Wright, who had it moved into his private grounds and presented it to his grandson, Irving Benton, who lives with him. Although now personal property, it is the gathering place of the Junior Athletic Club, and is fitted up in a manner so exactly like the room of a "grown-up" as to throw any boy or girl who sees it into spasms of delight.

The house is painted dark green, with white trimmings; its sash windows give it a modern, fashionable effect, and the outside chimney of red brick adds a real house finish, which captivates.

The ceiling is plenty high enough for an ordinarily tall man to walk inside if he is prepared to feel like a giant after getting there; the miniature fireplace, baby andirons, low chairs—just right for short legs—toy tables, and everything on the dwarf plan are admirably proportioned. The place is complete. It is lighted by electricity, has an electric bell and telephone, while all the interior decorations indicate a boy's bent. Golf clubs, rackets, guns and fishing rods adorn the walls. Book shelves hold boys' books, the table is littered with boys' literature. The lockers hold collections of birds' eggs, butterflies, shells and beetles; drawers, stamp collections and a collection of campaign buttons ornament a velvet panel on the wall.

It is here of an evening the Junior Athletic Club, whose members are between 12 and 14 years of age, meet to discuss club matters, club finances and arrange the very successful and only occasional dances they give for their girl friends at the Valley Hunt Club.

This clubhouse is the center of all the boy life in the neighborhood, and has a charm in its harmonious completeness which is as fascinating to those who retain an accurate memory of their own childish dreams and longings as to any of the young fry who revel in its use.

Piet Heyn's Greeting.

Piet Heyn was a Dutch naval officer who captured one of the Spanish silver fleets in 1628. How he was received at home upon his return is told in the "Naval Heroes of Holland."

The home-coming was such as no Dutchman before him had ever experienced. Wherever he went his reception was one of unbounded enthusiasm. Everywhere he was feasted, everywhere bonfires were burning, bells were ringing and crowds were shouting themselves hoarse in his honor. His progress from city to city was an unbroken ovation. But that was not the end.

The Dutch housewife is noted for her cleanliness. After all that feasting, Piet Heyn turned his steps to the home of his two sisters in the village of Broeck, noted as the most scrupulously neat town in all that land of spotless paint and glistening metal dishes. There Piet announced himself by the knocker on the door. This was answered by one of his sisters, who, on opening the door and seeing who was there, instead of falling upon the neck of her hero-brother as the sister of such a man would do in any other land, coolly looked at his feet, and seeing that his boots were muddy, said, "So, Piet, is that you? Just stay there till I bring your slippers."

A Sermon on Money.

"No, my son," said the Billville parent, "money doesn't bring happiness; it only pays house rent and the grocery bill and makes the balliff and the bill collector respect us six days in the week, while the parson gives us the halleluia smile on Sunday."—Atlantic Constitution.

No Danger There.

"That antique Miss Parsley told me yesterday that Dr. Edson says grip is caught through kissing." "She's safe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fever is as ornery as prize fighters; it won't break clean.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

LOOKING FOR LOST PACKAGES.

Baker City Receives a Visit by Postoffice Inspectors.

Two special inspectors of the Post-office Department are at Baker City investigating the mysterious disappearance of two registered money packages, which have been missing since last March. The packages were deposited in the postoffice in this city by the First National Bank, on March 17 last. One was addressed to Brown & Pearce, at Cornucopia, and the other was addressed to a Mr. Hunsaker, at Pine. Neither package reached its destination and the bank made inquiries concerning them at the office in Baker City.

At first it was claimed that the postmaster at Keating, the first way station on the route out from Baker City, had received for them, but some time afterwards it was discovered that the Keating postmaster had reported the packages short when the pouch reached there, and the matter had been overlooked by the Baker City office. The total amount of money in the two packages was \$455.

LAND ORDERED WITHDRAWN.

La Grande Office Receives Orders Concerning Grant and Morrow.

A telegram has been received by the La Grande land office officials from Washington as follows:

Withdraw from settlement, or any appropriation, townships 4, ranges 28 and 30; townships 5, ranges 28, 29 and 30; townships 6, ranges 27, 28, 29, 30; township 7, range 27; the north half of township 7, ranges 28, 29 and 30; the west half of township 8, range 27; all south and east.

J. H. FIMPLE, Assistant Secretary. The land lies in Grant and Morrow counties.

Star Company to Resume.

The Star Consolidation Mining Company is planning to resume operations in a few days on an extensive scale. Superintendent V. H. Behne has just returned from the east, having been successful in raising sufficient funds for all necessary improvements. This property is located on Martin creek, in the Bohemia district. They have over 1000 feet of tunnels, and also a five-stamp mill on the ground. Many very rich specimens of ore have been found on this property.

Against Sunday Ball Games.

The antagonism to Sunday baseball has broken out afresh at Eugene, and a complaint has been made by a large number of citizens, who went before the County Court and secured a temporary injunction prohibiting baseball on Sunday. This action is only preliminary to a case that will come up at the June term of the Circuit Court, when it is the hope of the plaintiffs to have the restraining order made permanent.

June Salmon in the River.

The regular June run of fish has evidently arrived in the lower Columbia, and for the first time in several weeks salmon are really plentiful, although there is no big run. The fish are large and of fine quality, those ranging from 40 to 60 pounds each predominating. As the best catches are being made in the lower harbor and around the mouth of the river, the indications are that a new run is entering the Columbia.

Latest Music for Chautauqua.

Music will be made an especial feature of the meeting of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association this year. Mrs. Walter Reed, of Portland, who has been placed in charge of this department, will organize a large chorus from among the singers of Oregon City. Six of the very latest musical productions will be selected for presentation during the Chautauqua.

Receipts of State Land Office.

The receipts of the State Land Office for the month of May amounted to \$56,647.74. This is the largest month's receipts in a period of 12 years, with the exception of one month in 1899, when holders of land certificates made payments of arrearages in order to secure a reduction of the rate of interest. Practically all the receipts this month came in during the first 21 days of the month.

President Olven Vacation.

President H. Edwin McGrew, of Pacific College, has been granted a year's leave of absence by the board of managers, and will spend next year in special work at Harvard University. Professor C. E. Lewis, of Colorado, has been elected as acting president of the college, which insures good management for next year.

Made Large Additions to Lodge.

A celebration by the Women of Woodcraft was held at Roseburg, a few days ago, the occasion being the close of a three months' campaign for new members. During that period the lodge increased from a membership of 60 to 175, and a large number of applications are still on file.

Western Normal Commencement.

The Eastern Oregon State Normal School at Weston, Ia. is now busy with preparations for commencement. The week opens with the baccalaureate exercises Sunday, June 7.

APPEAL OF OREGON.

To Secretary of Interior From Land Commissioner.

General W. H. Odell, as attorney for the State of Oregon, has appealed to the Secretary of the Interior from the decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office in the matter of lieu land selections upon mineral base in Southeastern Oregon. The Commissioner had rejected the selections of lieu land made by Mr. Odell for the state, assigning as a reason therefor that the state had already sold the lands which it seeks to use as base. Another reason assigned for the rejection was that the mineral character of the land had not been proven.

The Commissioner also held that the proceedings for the adjudication of the mineral character of the land were irregular for the reason that they were commenced before application had been made for the selection of the indemnity lands.

Governor Chamberlain has written a letter to the Secretary of the Interior advising that official that General Odell has authority to represent the State of Oregon in this proceeding, and that it is his desire, as Chief Executive, that the selections be approved, so that sales made by the state shall not be rendered null and void.

Klamath Lake Railroad Running.

Trains are running regularly on the new Klamath Lake Railroad from Laird, on the Southern Pacific, to Pakemama, the temporary terminus in Klamath county, and stages and freight wagons are able to make their trips in half the time they did when they went to Ashland and Ager. Mail still comes by stage from Ashland, but it is expected the government will soon arrange to have it brought via the new railroad, thus greatly improving the service. Particularly in winter, when mud and slush impeded travel, the railroad will facilitate the carrying of mail and gain the appreciation of people who hanker for letters and papers before they become ancient history.

Carnival at Salem.

Salem will not celebrate the Fourth of July in the usual way, but will hold a street carnival from June 29 to July 4, inclusive. All the plans have been perfected and a committee of active and enterprising citizens have the work of carrying them out so well in hand that the success of the carnival is assured. City Recorder N. J. Judah is general manager and has 11 assistants.

Honor for Oregon Boy.

Homer Martin, son of D. B. Martin, of Mount Pleasant, near Oregon City, who was recently graduated from Stanford University, has been elected to the chair of Latin and German in the Palo Alto High School. Professor Martin has accepted the office for a year, and will begin his labors in the fall.

Carrier Lumber for Mills.

The Benton County Lumber Company has completed a flume for the transportation of lumber from its sawmill in the woods on Greasy creek to Philomath on the line of the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad. The length of the flume is 6½ miles, and its capacity is 25,000 feet of lumber per hour.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 70¢@73¢; valley, 75¢.

Barley—Feed, \$20.00 per ton; brewing, \$21.

Flour—Best Bakers, \$3.95@4.50; Graham, \$3.45@3.65.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$28 per ton; middlings, \$27; shorts, \$25.00; chop, \$18.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.10@1.15; gray, \$1.05 per cental.

Hay—Timothy, \$20@21; clover, nominal; cheat, \$15@16 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 50¢@60¢ per sack; ordinary, 35¢@45¢ per cental; growers' prices; Merced sweets, \$3@3.50 per cental.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 11¢@12¢; young, 13¢@14¢; hens, 12¢; turkeys, live, 16¢@17¢; dressed, 20¢@22¢; ducks, \$7.00@7.50 per dozen; geese, \$6@6.50.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 15¢@16¢; Young America, 15¢@16¢; factory prices, 1¢@1½¢; less.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20¢@22½¢ per pound; extras, 21¢; dairy, 20¢@22¢; store, 16¢@18¢.

Eggs—16¢@17½¢ per dozen.

Hops—Choice, 18¢@20¢ per pound.

Wool—Valley 12¢@17¢; Eastern Oregon, 8¢@14¢; mohair, 35¢@37½¢.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3¼¢@4¢ per pound; steers, 5¢@5½¢; dressed, 8½¢.

Veal—7¼¢@8¢.

Mutton—Gross, \$3.50 per pound; dressed, 7¢@7½¢.

Lamb—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7½¢.

Hog—Gross, 6¢@6½¢ per pound; dressed, 7½¢@8¢.