TO A CROW.

Thy breast triumphant 'gainst the wintry blast,
Or the snow, following fast,
Thou cheerily dost sound thy trump forlorn
From the dead field of corn.

Naught daunted by the rough and frozen ground,
Thou takest thy way around;
Grotesquely waddling, loudly triumphing!
Descanting on the spring. . . .

What solemn conclave of thy kind shall stand,
That day, on the arable land!
Cocking wise eyes where once the scare-crow stood,
Sentry on hardihood!

What comic copies of thyself shall wait
On the creaking pasture gate!
What a watchful eye art on them and thee,
Thy mate in the sycamore tree! . . .

Adieu, brave bird, adieu! . . . and as thy flight
Hastens to meet the night,
So may our hearts, triumphant, spring to greet
Fate's dark, swift-coming fleet.

So may our souls, unfaltering, rise serene
Where doubt and death have been,
Into the night and Silence; our last cry
A jubilant song, as Life goes hurrying by!
—Evelyn Phinney, in the Atlantic.

A Cold Honeymoon

By IRVING BACHELLER

IT WAS our wedding journey. We had come up to San Francisco on our way to New York by rail. The journey was rather too costly for the income I enjoyed, but, alas! I had promised!

"You can get sculpers' tickets," a friend had said to me, "they will save enough to pay Pullman fare."

I had small knowledge of scalpers' tickets. Of their cheapness I had often heard, but of their power to demoralize a man and change everything that is his, from his name to his character, I knew nothing.

I had taken a stateroom in which we were to have a week of our honeymoon quite to ourselves. A little before train time I went out to investigate the matter of scalpers' tickets.

"I can fix you all right," said the agreeable gentleman, who dealt in them. "Here are two tickets good for a man and woman. They will save you $20. First-class, and I guarantee their acceptance."

I looked at them hurriedly—there was no time to lose. It was a saving worth while. Twenty dollars would nearly pay for the stateroom.

I took them. He tucked them into an envelope. I paid him the money and hurried back. The stage was about to leave and my wife was waiting at the ladies' exit. We got aboard with all haste and were shortly on our way to the depot. When we were on the train at last I looked at the two tickets. That for my wife had been issued to one Miss Bridget Murphy.

"Miss Bridget Murphy!" I softly exclaimed. "What does that mean?"

I studied the half-yard of coupons and the regulations of the company. The ticket had evidently been bought by Miss Murphy. It was good from Seattle to New York via San Francisco. She had used it to the latter point and then sold it, for some reason, to the scalper. The thing that worried me was the fact that the ticket was not transferable, according to the contract on its face. Miss Murphy must present it herself and indorse it in the presence of the conductor. If any other endeavored to use it the ticket was forfeit to the company. The train was under way. I excused myself and went to the smoking room. Sitting there quietly I examined the other ticket. That was signed one Sam. Swackhammer. It was the handwriting of a blacksmith and not easy to imitate. It had a sledge hammer swing to it. The truth came clear to me after a little thought. A scalpers' ticket was one a man paid for partly in money and partly in his hope of Heaven. I could not afford to buy new tickets and, for the rest of the trip, I must be Mr. Swackhammer and my wife a lady of the name of Murphy. I presume my first name was Samuel, but the man had written it Sam. I must manage it somehow and quickly. I took out my pencil and tried to imitate the clumsy signature. As soon as I got the swing of it I hastened to my bride.

She had a happy smile and was looking out of the window. She wished me to view the scenery, but saw my perturbation as she looked up at me.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Only this," I said, "a mistake has been made, and until we get to New York your name will have to be Murphy."

"Murphy!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Well, I got the wrong tickets some way," I said. "I don't know how it happened—I was in a great hurry. We must make the best of it now. Just sign the name of Murphy on your ticket. It will be all right. There it is, Bridget Murphy," I said, holding it up to her.

"What a horrible name!" she said, with a sigh.

"Here," I said, "take my pencil and see if you can imitate it."

"Why, Tom," she exclaimed "that would be wicked. I don't think it's nice at all."

"It isn't nice," I answered, "but it's necessary. I can't see anything else to do. Besides you mustn't call me Tom. You must call me Sam."

"I couldn't do it," she said, decisively.

She turned and sat looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"And do you think I shall let you call me Bridget?" she asked, in a tone

"I might call you Miss Murphy, then," I answered, "or Miss Murph, for short."

In a moment there were tears in her eyes. I excused myself to go and get a drink of water. I improved the opportunity it gave me to study further the ungraceful chirography of the late Mr. Swackhammer. When I returned she was diligently practicing on the signature of Miss Murphy. The conductor came in. He looked at us sharply for a trying moment, took the tickets and examined them carefully.

"Miss Murphy—Mr. Swackhammer," said he, reading the names; "please sign them."

We did so and he gave us checks for them and passed on. The Pullman agent was at his elbow. He looked up, inquisitively, as I handed over the stateroom ticket. Then he smiled a knowing sort of smile.

"Shall you want another stateroom?" he inquired.

As he spoke my mind went up to its knees in the mire. Of course it would not do for Mr. Swackhammer to occupy a stateroom with Miss Murphy. I felt as if somebody had opened a furnace door a foot away from my face.

"Ye—yes," I stammered, "of course I—I shall want another stateroom."

"Why, no you won't," said Miss Murphy, sweetly, but decisively, as she brushed the lint off my coat collar, "I want you with me."

I stared helplessly at the agent for a little. My wife saw the serious character of the situation, and turned her face, looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"Yes," said I, feeling for my money. "Give me a section for myself."

To my chagrin it cost me more than I had saved by those infernal tickets. And they were also to rob our honeymoon of its luster—that was the worst of it. We were to be put asunder in the very heyday of our married life. I began to laugh, from the tickle of despair as soon as the man had left us. My young wife wiped her eyes and looked very serious.

"Murph," said I, "you must learn to treat me coldly for awhile. Remember, on this journey we are nothing more to each other than acquaintances, or, at best, friends."

She sat in silence a little time.

"Couldn't I be your sister?" she whispered, presently, a solemn look on her face.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "How could Miss Murphy be the sister of Mr. Swackhammer?"

"I didn't know but there was some way to manage it," said she, with a sigh.

"It's too difficult," said I. "You might as well try to be my grandmother."

Well, it was a long journey, and before it was over everybody on the car got to know everybody else. Miss Murphy, being young, and, as I have ever thought, very beautiful, became exceedingly popular. There were three young men going east to college who were more attentive to her than they had any right to be. Not that she gave them undue encouragement—it was not necessary. She was only decently polite. They brought her fruit and water, books and magazines and newspapers, and told stories and sang songs to her, and what, with it all, I had a feeling worse than loneliness—it was one of absolute bereavement. Day by day I was drooping like a flower that had been cut and thrown in the dust. One day, when they had all gone out for dinner and we were sitting alone, I determined to speak my mind.

"My darling!" I whispered, "I don't like those young men. They are too familiar. You mustn't let them come near you. They are a confounded nuisance. I am your lawful husband, but I can hardly get a word with you."

"You foolish thing!" said she. "Didn't you tell me I was to be cold and distant to you?"

"Yes, but I didn't think you would bear down as hard as you have," said I, and got up, a little out of patience, and made for the smoking-room. The college boys had just come in for dinner. As I stopped a moment outside the door I could hear them talking while they were lighting their cigars.

"Poor old Swackey!" said one, laughing as he spoke.

"He is head over heels in love with her," said another. "But he hasn't a ghost of a show."

"Looks as if he had been hit with an ax," said another.

"Or whacked with a hammer," said the first.

I had heard enough, and came away. If I was not as happy as I might have been, I went unwounded the rest of the journey. When at last we were crossing the ferry at New York we were no longer Swackhammer and Murphy, but the happy lovers we had been.

"I never want to change my name again," said my wife, with a sigh of relief.

"And you never shall until I am dead," was my answer.

Talking at a Long Distance.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand canyon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is 18 miles away. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mutual Benefit.

Young Wife—I am all run down. I think I'll hire a cook and husband my strength.

Husband—Yes, do, dear, and strengthen your husband.—Smart Set.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Maurice Savage, the administrator of the estate of Abram Cole, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement, and filed in said Court, his final account of his administration of said estate; and that Friday, the twenty-first day of March A. D. 1902, at nine o'clock a. m. at the Court room of said Court, at the Court house in Grants Pass, County of Josephine, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said Court, for the settlement of said final account, at which time and place, any person interested in said estate may appear, and file his exceptions in writing, to the said account and contest the same. MAURICE SAVAGE,
Administrator of Estate of Abram Cole, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James O. McGee, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James O. McGee, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his residence at Williams, in the Josephine County, Oregon, or at the office of Abe Axtell, the Probate Judge, at Grants Pass, in said County. C. W. McGEE
Administrator of the estate of James O. McGee, deceased.

Dated at Grants Pass, Or., Feb 13 1902.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County, made on the 5th day of February, 1902, Monday the 10th day of March, 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House in the city of Grants Pass, Oregon, has been fixed by said court as the time and place for hearing objections to and final account of the undersigned, Harry T. Kessler, executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased, and all persons having interest in said estate shall present their objections to the final account of the undersigned, which was filed in said court on the 5th day of February, 1902, on or before said 10th day of March, 1902. HARRY T. KESSLER,
Executor of the estate of Joseph Kessler, deceased.

Notice to Contribute

To J. R. Reeves:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, your co-owner in the placer mining claims situated in the Silver creek mining district, Josephine county, and known as claims No. 2 and No. 3, located by A. J. Cobel, Thos. Crotts and J. R. Reeves on the 20th day of April, 1897, the notice of which is recorded at pages 463 and 464, Vol. 10, of the mining records of Josephine county, Oregon; that unless you contribute and pay to the said undersigned co-owner within ninety days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the sum of Two Hundred and Sixty-Six Dollars ($266.00) the same being your portion of the cost of annual labor done on said claims in order to protect the title thereto during the years 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, your one-third interest in the two claims will be forfeited to your co-owner.

THOS CROTTS.

January 23, 1902.

The Weekly Oregonian and the Courier both for one year for $2 in advance.

EVENING HYMN.

Now the birds are sleeping,
Now the shadows fall;
Now the stars are keeping
Friendly watch o'er all;

Now in cabin lowly,
Now in stately hall,
Sleep, the spirit holy,
Calls the children all.

"Come, ye little children,
Ere your eyelids close,
Ere my song bewildering
Lulls you to repose.

"Kneel to God the Giver,
Bless Him for the day.
Pray that He will ever
Guide you on your way.

"Faithful, kind and tender,
God is ever near;
Now in sweet surrender,
Rest you, children dear!"

Thus in cabin lowly,
Thus in stately hall,
Sleep, the spirit holy,
Calls the children all.
—Laura E. Richards, in Wellspring.

The Testing of a Man

By WILLIAM BLOSS.

LONG ago, some person more or less wise—they are woefully tiresome, these sawmakers—declared that when a woman will she will. That's all very well, and perhaps it is, for the better part, true; but there are slips between lips and cups, pitchers often are broken by making steady company of the well curb, and, in fact, one can't always safely bet on a sure tip. I have little doubt that a woman will when she will, if she can—but there's the rub, as Shakespeare wrote, and was most uncommonly abused by Critic Goldsmith for being so disagreeably vulgar, thereby proving that a poet is without honor in his own generation.

If she can. One must reckon with this essential "if she can." It was because of this lack of reckoning that Medora Folsom—something very dear to woman, her price, entered into the shackles of matrimony with a rude and husky male person who had big feet and coarse hands, which is quite contrary to all the conventions of maidenly expectancy, when maidenly expectancy is delightfully awaiting upon the prospect of marriage. All properly constituted maidenly expectancies do that, and Medora Folsom was altogether a most properly constituted girl, and had been well taught, having a good mother. In itself this last is a full marriage portion for any young woman who is not looking for coronets.

Medora lived on the North side, up near Lincoln park, in one of those pretty by streets running lakeward, which are by no means aristocratic and by no means plebeian, but just good, comfortable, respectable, well-to-do American—which is fine enough for anybody, even a crown prince or the rajah of Singapore.

And Medora, who was 20 years old and as sweet a girl as ever bloomed in the countless myriad of girl gardens this old world has looked on since Osiris was only a man and had not thought of becoming a deity, had given her the rare happiness of being wooed by two ardent lovers "at one and the same time," as the ringmaster would say. It had looked for quite awhile as if John Brown would carry away this winsome prize and bear it to his tent triumphant. He had the first innings—which always counts, and Medora really liked him—which helps—and her mother favored his suit—which may or may not have been an advantage. Upon this latter point one may be pardoned a tolerant degree of skepticism. The basic quality of glorious woman is contrariness. If you want her to, she likes to make you believe she would rather not; if you urge her, she sulks; if you coerce her, she balks; if you command her, she bolts. My opinion is that it was largely because of her dear mamma that Medora refused John Brown, the first time he asked her.

She didn't send him away peremptorily, flatly, about his business—that would have thrown the poor fellow at the feet of some other girl—the bold, saucy, thing—and have outraged all of Medora's inner feelings, but she pleaded that she didn't really love him yet enough to want to marry him, forever and forever (this was in Chicago, but Medora was a good Episcopalian), and that, for the time being, there was no hope. Besides that, Folsom is a pretty name than Brown, don't you think? It's a matter of taste. I know a woman whose name was once Miss Angela Beatrice Montgomery, yet now her calling cards bear the title, Mrs. Adam Potts. And she is proud of it.

So John, poor John, lingered, and used to make long calls on Sunday evening after service, when all the family was in the parlor, and talk about the weather, the new treble choir and what a sympathetic voice the rector possessed. It was rather slow for Medora. I think she rather resented this uncomplaining adoration, which accepted its fate and kept its mantle sheet. I think that at times she half wished she were a Sabine maiden and John was a Roman swashbuckler with no twentieth century foolishness about so plant a willow as a mere girl.

And, resenting, when Aylmer Hastings came along, gay, self-possessed, tall, dark, with white hands so different from John's, who was an engineer and sometimes conveyed a fragrance of oiled rags—she allowed to yield to his impetuous suit and to poor John was very haughty, distrustful and coldly polite. Soon she let it be quietly understood that she and Hastings were engaged. There was no formal announcement, and no wedding day was set, but Medora wore a pretty new ring upon her forefinger—and John was very unhappy.

Mr. Aylmer Hastings, let it be understood, in a way too vague to be convincing, that he was "on the board of trade." He had a glib fund of conversation relating to wheat and pork, and the operations of Phillips in corn, whispered mysteriously of "inside operations," and once had confided to Medora's papa, who was an unsuspecting gentleman given over to the purchase of butter at 16½ cents and its sale at 22 cents, that if the latter chose to "go in," he (Hastings) could "place him right." But the elder Folsom didn't care to "go in," which was just as well, for Hastings was only a clerk in a bucket shop and couldn't have "placed" a dollar "right" to save his life. In truth, the purchase and sale account of his own daily dabblings in thousand-bushel lots of grain and the ten-share transactions in blackboard "stocks" was a woeful thing to see, and kept him on the ragged edge of penury.

But I guess he was engaged to marry Medora all right enough. Girls are so queer.

When the week of the horse show came, Medora wanted to go. This was not only natural, but quite reasonable. When a girl trims her own hats and has to be economical in buying new gowns, the horse show becomes a great school of technical education. There is so much more in congregated life to see, you know, than horses.

Now John, good John, when he learned of this natural, reasonable aspiration of Medora, promptly offered to take not only that young lady, but her mother, too. This overture Medora declined with frigid thanks. Mr. Hastings (of the board of trade) could take her, she said. But Mr. Hastings didn't. He was particularly close to shore that week.

"Medora, dear," said this artful one, "we will save our pennies to furnish our own little nest, darling. Horse shows cost money."

"Well, there is the chrysanthemum show," pouted Medora, "and to-day the roses are on view. That's cheap enough, if one goes in a street car."

"Let's go to the flower show in Lincoln park, dearest," said Aylmer. "Every little we save now will help us a good deal later on."

Therefore Medora dearest went with Aylmer to see the flowers in Lincoln park.

The flowers were really superb. The day was fair. In the intoxication of sun and perfume and youth Medora grew radiant. She began almost to believe she loved Aylmer and as his wife would be happy.

They strolled out of the conservatories into the bright November air and soon, without purpose, found themselves part of the great crowd which had turned its eager steps into the animal house, where the monkeys, the elephants and the reptiles have a summer house. Head Keeper Cy De Vry was superintending the removal of his pet serpents to winter quarters. A cordon of policemen kept the crowding spectators at a safe distance. The keeper used a long stick with a running noose on its end to snare the snakes. Then he thrust them into a padded barrel, covered it with a burlap sack, and attendants rolled it away.

All were disposed of but Satan, the huge diamond-back rattlesnake. He seemed apathetic in the chilly air. The keeper noosed and lifted. The great snake withered viciously. Then the noose slipped and he fell upon the floor. In an instant the huge creature was in a coil, his menacing warning sounded in a sharp rattle, and he darted his deadly fangs at the keeper. There was a wild panic. Policemen and crowd alike fled for the doors. They were closed. Against them burst this furious, impetuous, unreasoning crush of men and women in fear. The weak were trampled. The strong struck vicious blows at those who opposed their flight.

At the first burst of alarm Medora, who had stood quite near the keeper, grew deadly pale. Then, as she remembered that she was leaning upon her Aylmer's protecting arm, her heart gave an exultant leap of pride and confidence. His strength was hers. He would save her, if he could. If not—well, they could die together.

But as the girl looked up into her lover's face she saw it had grown ashen. His lips were aquiver. She felt the shaking of the arm her fingers touched. He pushed her roughly away, then with a dismayed cry of craven fear turned and fled. Medora stood quite still. Her voice had left her now, but a great wave of shame for him, of contempt for herself that she had loved a thing so craven, swept her being.

A shouting cry which called her name from some far-off rock of safety awoke her to herself. She looked. A man, leaping through the now opened doors, whence the struggling human wedge had burst at last, came with huge bounds toward the center of that strange arena where Keeper De Vry was battling desperately with the infuriated snake, whose touch was death, where the deserted girl stood so strangely tranced. A great light, a joy born of love divine, shone in Medora's eyes when she saw and knew this man, this hero, was John, her John, John Brown.

With those great hands she had thought coarse he snatched her up, in his stout arms he swiftly bore her away. Then Medora knew her bliss was come at last, and his unbound kisses on her lips left her unshamed as he whispered: "Darling, I love you yet."

Crematories in Italy.

Although the pope pronounced against cremation in 1886, Italy now has more crematories than any other country, according to the Fiamme, the German periodical devoted to this subject.

The Latest Yarn.

A Pittsburg drummer tells this yarn; I always carry a bottle of Kemp's Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily and a few doses of the Balsam always makes me a well man. Everywhere I go I speak a good word for Kemp. I take hold of my customers—I take old men and young men, and tell them confidentially what I do when I take a cold. At druggists, 25c. and 50c.

Quick delivery—The Weekly Oregonian.