BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXII.-(Continued.) himself was henceforth to exist. His dress and calculating its probable cost, fither would be in California, and he had the hostess departed to prepare the eventoo much pride to lounge around the old ing meal, which was soon forthcoming.

help him repair their fortunes-he would bush. be a man, and when he returned home, hope painted a joyful meeting with his lord. mother and Jenny, who should be proud | George did not know, but thought liketo acknowledge him as a son and broth- ly that might have been his name, as his Mr. Lincoln warmly seconded his son was called William resolution, which possibly would have often heard her ridicule. Oursing the to bear much, and the first fever he took whose fortune, though not what he had had some high notions." expected, was considerable, he bade adieu to his native sky, and two weeks after ed with his father for the land of gold,

But alas! The tempter was there beviolent fever, which in a few days cut born there, I b'lieve." short his mortal career. He died alone, death. And the father, far more wretched now than when his first-born daughhis only son was dead, he laid him down to faint. to sleep beneath the blue sky of California, where not one of the many bitter tears shed for him in his far-off home could fail upon his lonely grave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Great was the excitement in Rice Corner when it was known that on the evening of the 10th of September a grand wedding would take place in the house of Mrs. Mason. Mary was to be married to the "richest man in Boston," so the atory ran, and, what was better yet, many of the neighbors were to be invited. Almost every day, whether pleasant or not, Jenny Lincoln came over to discuss the matter, and to ask if it were not time to send for William, who was to be one of the groomsmen, while she, together with Ida, were to officiate as bridesmaids. In this last capacity Ella had been requested to act, but the tears came quickly to her large mournful eyes. and turning away, she wondered how Mary could thus mock her grief!

From one fashionable watering place to another Mrs. Campbell had taken her, and finding that nothing there had power to rouse her drooping energies, she had, toward the close of the summer, brought her back to Chicopee, hoping that old scenes and familiar faces would effect what novelty and excitement had failed to do. All unworthy as Henry Lincoln had been, his sad death had cast a dark shadow across Ella's path-ay. Hour after hour would she sit, gazing upon the locks of shining hair, which over land and sea had come to her in a letter from her father, who told her of the closing scene, when Henry called for her to cool the heat of his fevered brow. Every word and look of tenderness was treasured up, and the belief fondly cherished that he had always loved her thus, else why in the last fearful struggle was she alone remembered of all the dear ones in

his distant home? The bridal day was bright, beautiful and balmy, as the first days of September often are, and when the sun went down the full silvery moon came softly up, as if to shower her blessings upon the nuptials about to be celebrated, Many of board which stood at the head of the and brilliant lights were flashing from little graves. George understood her the windows of Mrs. Mason's cottage. And now guest after guest flitted down handsome marble slab marked the spot the narrow staircase and entered the par- where the father and his infant son were lor, which, with the bedroom adjoining. buried. was soon filled. Ere long Mr. Seldon who seemed to be master of ceremonies appeared. Immediately the crowd fell back, leaving a vacant space in front of the mirror. The busy hum of voices died away, and only a few suppressed whis-pers of, "There!-Look!-See!-Oh, my!" were heard, as the bridal party took their

Among the first to congratulate "Mrs. Moreland" was Sally Furbush, followed by Mrs. Perkins, who whispered to George that "she kinder had a notion how 'twould end when she first saw him in the school house; but I'm glad you've got him," turning to Mary, "for it must easier livin' in the city than keepin' school, You'll have a hired girl, I s'pose?" When supper was announced the widow made herself very useful in waiting upon the table and asking some of the Boston ladies "if they'd be helped to anything in them dishes," pointing to the finger glasses, which now for the first time appeared in Rice Corner! The half-suppressed mirth of the ladies convinced the widow that she'd made a blunder, and perfectly disgusted with "new-fangled fashions," she retreated into the kitchen, where she found things more to her taste, and "thanked her stars she could, if she liked, eat with her fingers, and wipe them on her pocket handkerchief,"

Soon after her engagement Mary had asked that Sally should go with her to her city home. To this George willingly Jane?" asked Mrs. Campbell, who was assented, and it was decided that she present. should remain with Mrs. Mason until the bridal party returned from the western tour they were intending to take. Sally knew nothing of this arrangement until the morning of the wedding, when she plain to her that Mrs. Campbell was her

a great deliverance," said she, and tears, with the old creature's thanks for this us so long in obscurity, me and my nlece, nnexpected happiness. As Mary was leav- Mrs. George Moreland, Esq. ?" ing she whispered in her ear, "If your This was the title which she always of sympathy in his voice, "and what travels lead you near my Willie's grave gave Mary when speaking of her, while did he tell you?" to Ella, who occasionally spent a week find it under the buckeye tree, where the in her sister's pleasant home, she gave tall grass and wild flowers grow."

pressed a desire to visit the spot renown- her aunt.

| Willie's father." Ever ready to gratify While the family were making arrange- her slightest wish, George consented, and ments to move from Glenwood to Chico- toward the close of a mild autumnal day pee, Henry for the first time in his life they stopped at a small public house on began to see how little use he was to the border of a vast prairie. The arrival himself or any one else. Nothing was ex- of so distinguished-looking people causpected of him, consequently nothing was ed quite a commotion, and after duly inasked of him, he began to wonder how he specting Mary's handsome traveling

homestead, which had come to them through George Moreland's generosity. When supper was over and the family had gathered into the pleasant sitting through George Moreland's generosity. had gathered into the pleasant sitting Suddenly it occurred to him that he, room, George asked if there was ever a too, would go with his father-he would man in those parts by the name of Fur-

"What! Bill Furbush?" asked the land-

"Lud, yes!" returned the landlord, "I never been carried out had not Henry knowed Bill Furbush well-he came here heard of Miss Herndon's engagement from Massachuseits, and I from Varwith a rich old bachelor, whom he had mont; but, poor feller, he was too weakly

fickleness of the fair lady, and half-wish- finished him up. His old woman was as ing that he had not broken with Ella, clever a creature as ever was, but she "Did she die, too?" asked George. "No, but it's a pity she didn't, for when mad, and I never felt so like cryin as

the family removed to Chicopee, he sall- Bill and the boy died she went ravia' did when I see her a tearin' her hair and fore him, and in an unguarded moment goin' on so. We kept her a spell, and he fell. The newly made grave, the nar- then her old man's brother's girl came for row coffin, the pale, dead sister and the her and took her off; and the last I heard solemn yow were all forgotten and a de- the girl was dead, and she was in the hauch of three weeks was followed by a poorhouse somewhere East. She was "No, she worn't, either," said the land-

with none but his father to witness his lady, who for some minutes had been wild ravings, in which he talked of his aching to speak. "No, she warn't, either; distant home, of Jenny and Rose, Mary I know all about it. She was born in Howard and Ella, the last of whom he England, and got to be quite a girl beseemed now to love with a madness fore she came over. Her name was amounting almost to frenzy. Tearing out Sarah Fletcher, and Peter Fletcher, who handfuls of his rich brown hair, he thrust died with the cholers, was her own unit into his father's hand, bidding him to cle, and all the connection she had in carry it to Ella and tell her that the heart | this country; but goodness, soz, what alls she had so earnestly coveted was hers in you?" she added, as Mary turned white, while George passed his arm around her to keep her from falling. "Here, Soter died, promised everything, and when phrony, fetch the camphire; she's goin'

But Mary did not faint, and after smelling the camphor, she said, "Go on, madam, and tell me more of Sarah Fletcher. "She can do it," whispered the land-

lord, with a sly wink. "She knows everybody's history from Dan to Beer-"This intimation was wholly lost on the good-numored hostess, who continued,

'Mr. Fletcher died when Sarah was

small, and her mother married a Mr,-I don't justly remember his name-"Temple?" suggested Mary. "Yes, Temple, that's it. He was rich and cross, and broke her heart by the time she had her second baby, Sarah was adopted by her Grandmother Fletch-

she came with h uncle to America.' "Did she ever speak of her sisters?" asked Mary, and the woman replied: "Before she got crazy she did. One 'em, she said, was in this country wanted to write to 'em, but her uncle, he

'em, and didn't know where to direct, and after she took crazy she never would is Mr. Furbush buried near here?" asked George, and the landlord answered: "Little better than a stone's throw. I

can see the very tree from here, and maybe your younger eyes can make out the graves. He ought to have a gravestun, for he was a good feller." who came to her husband's side, could two graves where "Willie and Willie's father" had long been sleeping. The next morning before the sun was up Mary stood by the mounds where often in

less watch over her loved and lost. "Willie was my cousin-your consin, said Mary, resting her hand upon the bit wishes, and when they left the place a

in the coming day, as she kept her tire-

CHAPTER XXIV. Bewildered, and unable to comprehend her of the relationship between them;

but the mists which for years had shrouded her reason were too dense to be suddenly cleared away; and when Mary wept, winding her arms around her neck and calling her "aunt;" and when turned aside to Mrs. Mason, asking in a whisper "what had made them crazy?" But when Mary spoke of little Willie's

grave, and the tree, which overshadowed of the green prairie and cottage by the brook, once her western home, Sally listened, and at last, one day, a week or temples, exclaiming: "It's come! It's come! I remember now-the large garden-the cross old man-the dead mother the rosy-checked Ella I loved so well

"That was my mother-my mother," interrupted Mary. For a moment Sally regarded her in-

tently, and then catching her in her arms, shop brought about the exposure. cried over her, calling her "her precious chile," and wondering she had never noticed how much she was like Ella. "And don't you remember the baby

"Perfectly-perfectly," answered Sally. "He died and you came in a carriage, but didn't cry-nobody cried but Mary."

It was in vain that Mary tried to exwas told that she was not to return to sister-once the baby Jane. Sally was not to be convinced. To her Jane and 'And verily, I have this day met with the little Alice were the same. There was none of her blood in Mrs. Campbell's first shed in many a year, mingled veins, "or why," said she, "did she leave tor that I insisted upon knowing the

the name of "little cipher," as expressing George had relatives in Chicago, and, exactly her opinion of her. Nothing so after spending a short time in that city much excited Sally, or threw her into so Mary, remembering Sally's request, ex- violent a passion, as to have Ella call

ed as the burial place of "Willie and "If I wase't her kin when I wore a six- eccentric."-Smart Set.

penny calico," said she, "I certainly am not now that I dress in purple and

When Sally first went to Boston George procured for her the best possiso long standing that but little hope was entertained of her entire recovery. Still, everything was done for her that could e done, and after a time she became far less boisterous than formerly, and some-

True to her promise, on Mary's twentyfirst birthday, Mrs. Campbell made over to her one-fourth of her property, and Mary, remembering her intentions toward William Bender, immediately offered him one-half of it. But he declined accepting it, saying that his profession was sufficient to support both himself and Jenny, for in a few weeks Jenny, whose oming and already a neat little cottage, a mile from the city, was being prepar-ed for her reception. Mary did not urge the matter, but many an article of furniture more costly than William was able climbing roses and profusion of flowers, and said: seemed just the home for Jenny Lincoln.

And when the flowers were in full sloom, when the birds sang amid the trees, and the summer sky was bright and blue, Jenny came to the cottage, a joyous, loving bride, believing her own husband the best in the world, and wondering if there was ever any one as happy as herself. And Jenny was very happy. Blithe as a bee, she flitted about the house and garden, and if in the morning a tear glistened in her laughing eyes as William bade her adleu, it was quickly dried, and all day long she busied herself in her household matters, studying some agreeable surprise for her husband, and trying for his sake to be very neat

and orderly. There was no place which Elia loved so well to visit, or where she seemed so happy, as at the "Cottage," and as she was of but little use at home, she frequently spent whole weeks with Jenny, coming gradually more cheerful-more like herself, but always insisting that she eral didn't see him fire, but he turned should never be married.

to Boston. Mrs. Mason came down to the dropped from the tree. city to live with her adopted daughter, greatly to the delight of Aunt Martha, whose home was lonelier than it was wont to be, for George was gone, and Ida, too, had recently been married to Elwood and removed to Lexington,

And now a glance at Chicopee, and our story is done. Mr. Lincoln's California whom he had borrowed it about \$15. not long after his return he received from George Moreland a conveyance of the farm, which, under Mr. Parker's efficultivation. Among the inmates of the thirty paces." poorhouse but few changes have taken place. Miss Grundy, who continues at the helm, has grown somewhat older and crosser, while Uncle Peter labors industriously at a new fiddle, the gift of Mary, who is still remembered with much af-

Lydia Knight, now a young lady of sixteen, is a pupil at Mount Holyoke, and Mrs. Perkins, after wondering and wondering where the money came from, has finally concluded that "some of George's folks must have sent it!" (The end.)

SMART BOYS IN WALL STREET.

Messenger Boys Who Devise Means

for Beating the Bucket Shops Wall street sharpens the wits of boys | see her at once." and frequently tempts them to dishonesty. In one case, says the New York fore?" was the ceply, Sun, a boy who carried orders from the somewhere, and t'other, the one she re- office partner of the firm to the board sent you word by Mary half an hour membered the best, and talked the most member fell under suspicion. The firm ago." about, lived in England. She said she found that a certain bucket shop scemed to know of its orders even before hated the Temples, so he wouldn't let her, they were placed. Individual orders do not always affect the market, but this particular firm represented interspeak of her sisters, or own that she had ests that did frequently control the rise and fall of certain stocks. The messenger was carefully watched, but at first nothing out of the way could be discovered about him. He went straight to the exchange and hurried as though his life depended on it. In his haste he often collided with other boys. Final-The new moon was shining, and Mary, ly it was noticed that, whenever he had an order of any importance he invariaplainly discern the buckeye tree, and the bly had a collision. He ran into a boy, whispered to him the order which he had on a slip of paper, disentangled himself from the mix-up, and sped years gone by Sally Furbush had seen the along to the exchange. The second boy moon go down, and the stars grow pale | ran to a bucket shop in the neighborhood, turned in the tip, and his friends there acted on the firm's order even before it had reached the floor. Another scheme which stirred up the

whole exchange was worked by four boys. Three of them were messengers. The fourth was an expert telegrapher. None of the four was more than 15 vears old.

The young telegrapher was in the telegraph room of the stock exchange, word, Sally listened while Mary told and, although he wasn't one of the operators, he could read by ear everything that came over the wire. When anything important turned up he gave information at once to a boy outside. It was never found out exactly how he the elegant Mrs. Campbell, scarcely less | did it, but the boy outside the door had bewildered than Sally herself, came for a baseball whose cover was slit. He ward, addressing her as "sister," she tucked the slip of paper under the leather and threw a hot ball to another boy half a block down the street. This third boy drove the ball to a fourth boy, at the door of a well-known bucket

This boy took out the slip, read it, two after her arrival in Boston, she sud- and made bucket shop deals accorddenly clasped her hands closely over her | ingly. The boys had only a few hundred dollars to start the game with, but they always won; and, in times of great excitement and fluctuation they made big sums, for they had their information before news of the big movement could reach the bucket shop through the ordinary channels. The bucket

A scheme very similar was worked on the consolidated stock and petroleum exchange by three boys, only in this case the boys passed the tip along the supposedly fabulous unicorn, in by a sign language and the third boy, which the descriptions are identical posted at the door of the exchange, or- with those handed down from the dered his broker to act upon the news.

The Worst.

"I went into town yesterday," said the Longuell man, who thinks he has all the fashionable diseases except housemaid's knee, "and I told my doc-Worst."

"Yes," said his friend, with a world "He said his bill came to \$79."--Mon-

treal Star.

Mild Form of Insanity. "Cranker pays as he goes." "Has IT WAS GEN. CROOK'S JOKE.

He Paid the Bill and Therefore Had a a Right to Laugh.

ble medical advice, but her case was of George Crook, the Indian fighter, was a solemn man, but he loved a practical joke," said Colonel "Joe" Her to a New York Tribune man. "Back in the '70s, soon after he was made a Brigatimes appeared perfectly rational for dier General and stationed at Omaha, General Crook organized a wildcat bunting party among a lot of us, and one moonlight night we started across the prairie from Omaha for the fort, newspaper. The plan was to sleep at the fort and at daylight start for the wildcats, After we were all fast asleep General Crook came downstairs without any edit to her. shoes on and took from our rifles the father had returned from California, was ball cartridges, replacing them with millinery opening, and he chuckled at blanks. On the way to the woods the his own joke.-Chicago Evening post. General indicated the order in which he wished us to fire on the first wildcat in case we should tree the beast. purchase found its way into the cot- We had hardly reached the woods betage, which, with its overhanging vines, fore General Crook rose in his saddle

" 'By thunder, boys, here's a cat right in the crotch of that fir! Drop off your wagon and bag him!"

"We were on the ground in a twin ling, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were blazing away at a monstrous big wildcat which was hugging the limb of the tree. The cat never stirred as the successive shots were fired, and the hunters looked at one another with open-mouthed astonishment. We looked around for General Crook, and found him behind a stump laughing away to beat the band. At once it flashed on us that we had been hoaxed. The General had just straightened up and was beginning to explain the joke when the driver, a hired man at the fort, pulled from under a blanket in the wagon a double-barreled shot gun, loaded with buckshot. The Genaround just in time to see tufts of fur The spring following Mary's removal and hair fly from the wildcat as it

"Off went the General into another fit of laughter. But this time the laugh was on himself, for the hired man had poured both charges of buckshot into a beautifully stuffed wildcat, completely ruining it, and the General subsequently paid the saloonkeeper from All that Crook said was:

" Boys, it was worth a hundred dol lars aplece to see five good marksmen cient management, was in a high state of miss a wildcat in broad daylight at

> Calling the Doctor. A good story is told of Dr. X., who is the physician in charge of the female wards of one of our best known charltable institutions. One evening about girl, knocked at the door, saying:

> come down to supper." The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl away with a curt message. Haif an hour later the head nurse came to his room looking very serious.

"Doctor, the head nurse wants you to

"Doctor," she said, "Number 8 is very bad indeed. I think you ought to "Why did you not let me know be

"Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I "The fool!" said the doctor.

told me to come down to supper!" "Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to eight." An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say, "Come down to supper" than to say, "Come down to ate."

Entertaining Soap-Bubble Tricks. "Any one can perform these soapbubble tricks by the exercise of a little care," writes Meredith Nugent, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To make a bubble rest upon a flower dip a dablia or other stiff-petaled flower into the solution and then with a pipe or funne blow a bubble upon the top of it.

"To make bubbles and noise, dip the end of an ordinary tin fish-horn well into the solution and blow gently until quite a large bubble has been formed. Then four or five loud blasts may be sounded on the horn without injuring the bubble in the least,

"To make six bubbles inside of one another, dip the end of a straw in the soapy water and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previousble about six inches in diameter. Then while I've been out? this first bubble and blow another. Con- can't quite get the gaps out of it,thue in this manner until the bubbles Punch. have all been placed."

Money Refunded. Some time ago the French courts lost a bank-note under remarkable cir-

a Narbonne restaurant, he let the bank. call her Carrie for short, Ol dunno. note fall into his soup. He laid the note on the table to dry, and a gust of wind | Faith, an' thot's a good name fer a faycarried it away. A passing dog swal. male missinger boy, Oi'm thinkin'. lowed it, and the gentleman detained the animal, whose collar happened to bear the master's name. The owner of the note sued the owner of the dog for a hundred francs, the value of the note. There was much legal bair-splitting, but at length the court arrived at a decision which surprised most people. ordering the owner of the dog to refund the hundred francs.

Chinese annals of great antiquity contain numerous detailed accounts of earliest times in the mythology of occidental countries From this it is inferred that, at some time in the remote past, there actually did exist a single- of salt. horned equine or cervine animal of some sort.

Interested. Tess-I've got a new way to tell a per son's age. Jess-Is that so? Will you tell any one's age?

Tess-Yes. Jess-Tell me yours, then.-Philadelphia Press.

With the average company the secre plenty of money, eh?" "No; merely tary does the work, and the other officers get the credit.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

"To most people the late General STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

> Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portraved by Emineut Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

As usual he was monopolizing the "Please let me have the woman's page," she said.

He carefully tore off a page and hand It was a full-page advertisement of a

It Would reem 80. Rubberton-May I inquire what your business is, stranger's Stranger (haughtily)-Sir, I'm a gen

Rubberton-Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not body.-Judge. the only man that's failed at it.



'Why am I going to thrush you, Fer dinand?

"I dunno. Ain't it had enough to have a whackin' without havin' to an- you. Your conduct has been even worse swer conundrums as well?"-Ally Slo- to-day.

His Preference. Oldham-Are you going to the lecture to-night on "The Girl of To-day?" Younger-Guess not. The girl of to night is more attractive. Pro'essional Humorist.

Diggs-Your friend, the doctor, is funny fellow, isn't he? Biggs In what way is he funny? Diggs-Why, he's always taking somebody off. Real Vs. Ideal.

Rural Visitor-Doesn't it cost an aw ful lot to live in the city? Native-No, it doesn't cost much to live; trying to keep up appearances is 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant what paratyzes a man's bank account. He Hought the Ring-He (cautiously)-Would you-er-ob-

> ject if I were to call you by your first She-No, indeed. I don't like my surname, anyway. He-If you could change it what

name would you choose? Just Like a Man. "You lived on a Texas ranch for a number of years, I believe," said the

man. "Yes," replied the woman "Like it?" queried the man. "No; it was too lonesome; no neighbors to talk to," answered the woman. "You mean there were no neighbors

to talk about," said the man. It All Pepends. Young Mother-After all, nothing is so perfect as a baby. Bachelor Brother-That's right-espe-

cially as a nulsance.



Carpenter-Well, boy, have you ly wet with the solution, blow a bub- ground all the tools, as I told you, dip the straw well into the solution Boy (newly apprenticed)-Yes, mas again, thrust it through the center of ter, all but this 'ere 'andsaw. An' I

His Little Joke, Finnigan-Oi hear yez hov a girrul

baby at your house, McManus, Phwat were puzzled by the case of a man who is it yez are afther cailin' th' infant? McManus-Shure an' it do be Carocumstances. Dining on the terrace of line th' owld woman tells me, but Of Finnigan-Carrie, is it, McManus

> Just to Be Pleasant. Nell-You surely don't think Jenkins' wife pretty. Belle-Certainly not. "But you told May Sowers she was

> just lovely." "That was because May was an old flame of Jenkins'."-Philadelphia Rec-

> Suburbanite-Pushington was one of the most successful men we ever had in our place. City Friend-Yes? Succeeded in selling out, did he?-Puck.

An Inquiry.

A Sharp-Tongued Woman. Mrs. Wicks-When my husband says anything I have to take it with a grain Mr. Hicks-When my wife says any-

thing I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.-Somerville Journal. No Harm Would Result.

without any particular barm resulting?" "Certainly." "Why, it would kill him."

"Do you mean to say a man might

smoke cigarettes constantly for a week

"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously affect any one else."-Philadelphia pound. Press.

Mrs. Selldom Holme-Do you know anything about that family that is mov ing into the flat in the next block. Mrs. Nexdore-No, but I think they are rather selfish, disagreeable people. They took all their household furniture there in these big, covered vans, so no body could tell what it looked like .-Chicago Tribune.

These Humbugs of Husbands. "Did your husband go with you t

your picnic, Mrs. Jones?" "No; his employer is so mean h wouldn't let poor Henry off, but Henry Flour and Feed, etc. gave him a good talking to about it, and I guess he got ashamed of himself, for he said Henry could have a two days' fishing trip."-Chicago Record-

Not Un to the Mark. Magazine Editor-Haven't you got poem to go on this page?

Assistant-Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it Magazine Editor-That won't do. 1 Davenport Bros. want something that will puzzle every

Willie Would Have His Way. Little Freddie-Mamma, doesn't Un cle Bob like plum pudding? Mamma-Yes, but the doctor won't

let him eat it. Little Freddie-Well, if was as big as him there wouldn't be any doctor Boxes, Wood and Posts blg enough to stop me.-Boston Her-

Answered. "But how do you pass your time?" asked the lady from the city of the retired business man who bad settled on "Well," said the retired business man

I spend a good deal of it in explaining

to inquirers how I get along out here."

Somerville Journal. An Exhibition Stunt, Mamma-The whipping you got yes terday doesn't seem to have improved

Willie-That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was bad as I possibly could be yesterday, an' 1 knew you was wrong,-Philadelphia Record.

Gent'e Reminder. Borem (consulting his watch)-Isn't your clock a little slow, Miss Cutting? Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)-No. I think not; but there are times

when it does seem so. Best She Could Do.

Guest-Waitress, there's a bloude Leave Portland 7 a.m. Leave Astoria 7 a.m. hair in my soup. Blonde Waitress-Shall I dye my hair

Blactter. Then She Brought the Pie. Mrs. Strongmind-Why don't you go

to work? Tramp-Please, mum, I made a solemn yow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till Leave Portland . 7 a.m. Leave The Dalles 1 p.m. women was paid th' same wages as men.-New York Weekly.

Tried Moral Suasion. Hoosier Schoolmaster-Don't do any whipping here, eh?

Eastern Pedagogue-No; we use moral spasion Hoosier Schoolmaster-Moral suasion, eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.-New York

Chasing the Foxy. She-Is your friend going to marry the widow? He-I think not. He told me he had better offer.-The Smart Set.

Weekly.

Those Loving Girls. Maude-Do you think my new hat is coming dear? Clara-Yes, indeed. Why, it actually makes you look ten years younger.

Doctor-To take the rest cure w cost you \$100 a week, Henpeck-Why, doctor, I can send m wife away to the country for half that Judge. Very Queer.

A Cheaper Way.

"It's mighty queer that Frank Tickle ton should turn out to be a defaulter, remarked Tenspot. "That's what it is," added Bunting "Nobody ever heard blin alluded to i

Her Dear Friend's Knock. Nell-Does Miss Antique come of a old family? Belle-Both her parents are over 96

Honest Frank Tickleton,"-Puck.

and still living.-Philadelphia Record United States' Ingratitude. Robert Morris rendered inestimable service to his adopted country by putting his private fortune into the breach

in those early days when the infant

nation was in the closest of financial

straits, says a writer in the July Lip-The \$1,500,000 which made it possible for Washington to carry on the campalgn against Lord Cornwallis was raised entirely upon his own personal security. For the most trying eight years of our history this noble man stood at the monetary belm of our government and guided it through many perils. Years after, in his old age, unfortunate land speculation ruined him. His creditors demanded immediate payment. His country could have saved Morris by paying back a tithe of what he had freely given to it in its

thrown into a debtor's prison and died there, an old man of 72. Some music is given out by the choir, but the drummer dispenses it by the

time of need. This was not done.

To our lasting disgrace he was

GEO. P. CROWELL

Oldest Established House in the valley.]

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware,

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Are running their two mills, planer and box factory, and can fill orders for

LUMBER

ON SHORT NOTICE.

DAVIDSON FRUIT CO. HOOD RIVER'S FAMOUS FRUITS

Hood River Brand of Canned Fruits. **Boxes and Fruit Packages** Fertilizers & Agricultural Implements.

THE REGULATOR LINE.

Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation Co.

DALLES BOAT

Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland, 7 A. M. and 11 P. M. PORTLAND BOAT

Daily Except Sunday. STEAMERS

Regulator, Dalles City, Reliance.

Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.

WHITE COLLAR LINE.

Str. "Tahoma." Daily Round Trips, except Sunday

black to please you?-Meggendorfer The Dalles-Portland Route Str. "Balley Gatzert," Daily Round Trips, except Monday,

VANCOUVER, CASCADE LOCKS, ST. MAR. TIN'S SPRINGS, HOOD B. VEG, WHITE SALMON, LYLE and THE DALLES.

Meals the Very Best.

This route has the grandest scenic attractions mearth. Sunday tripes leading feature. Landing and office, foot of Aider street. Both phones, Main 351, Portland, Or. E. W. CRICHTON, Agent, Portland, JOHN M. FILLOON, Agent, The Dailes, A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria. ETHEL McGURN, Agent, Vancouver,

PRATHER & BARNES,



DEPART	From Hood River.	ABRIVE
Chicago Special 11:25 a.m.		Portland Special 2:05 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p.m.	Walla Walla, Lewis- ton, Spekane, Min- neapolis, St. Pani, Duluth, Milwan- kee, Chicagod Kant	Portland Fiver 4: 30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Sait Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Calcago and East.	Mail and Express 3.42 a. m.
OCEAN	AND RIVER SCH	
8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change	4:00 p. m.

For San Francisco - Sall every 5 days. Daily Ex. Sanday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 16:00 p. m. Columbia River Steamers. To Astoris and Way Pregon City, New- Ex. Sunday berg, Satem, Inde-

andings. 7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur and Sat. Willamette and Yam-Oregon City, Day-ton, & Way Land-ings. 4:20 p. m. Willamette River. Portland to Corval-lis & Way Land-ings. and Fri. Lv. Riparia 5:35 a.m. SNAKE RIVER. Lv.Lewiston Riparia to Lewiston

For low rates and other information write to A. L. CRAIG. General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

J. BAGLEY, Agent, Hood River.