

The Telephone-Register.

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Administrators Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned John H. Walker has been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of James A. Walker, deceased.

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IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Every story must have an opening; let me begin mine by opening the door of my room. My room, well, there is no need of describing it. For if you are a college man you will know just what it must have looked like, and if you are not, no amount of description would suffice to explain. The knocker, however, is getting impatient so let me open the door and admit him. "Hello, Will!" I cried, as my visitor entered, bringing with him a whiff of the cold air that was inflicting itself upon us in the shape of a sharp east wind. "Hello, yourself," he replied as I enclosed him in my large armchair and pushed the cigarettes over to his side of the table. Will Macel was a man whom I had known at the time of which I write but a few weeks, but he was a hale fellow, well met, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. "Well," said I, as I resumed my pipe which I had laid down at his entrance, "what is the news in Cambridge today, and have you anything up for to-night?" "Nothing that I know of," he replied, "except De Smythe's ball in Boston, which I suppose you are going to, as I see you have a bid for it lying on your desk."

college chum I had expected to see, but a middle-aged man—also my cousin, I was told, who greeted me in a mildly jubilant manner, and seemed as glad to see me as the laws of strict etiquette would allow. "Just then dinner was announced, and we all rose. "Give me your arm, Nephew Henry," said my supposed aunt, and all went down to dinner. "You are prompt," she said; "dinner is just ready; we thought that the delay consequent on the ship's arrival might make you somewhat late."

over the music. A song which had long been a favorite with me, "Some Day," caught my eye. Placing it before her I said "Since you have given me my choice I choose this." She played and sang it exquisitely, and her clear, beautiful voice rang forth the chorus, "Some Day, some day, some day I shall meet you." Would she, I wondered, or was my dream to end with to-night, and would she pass out of my sight forever? The song was finished, and I must go. I said good night, kissed my hostess, shook hands with my uncle and Will, and then turned to Felice. "Good night," I said. "Good night, Cousin Harry," she replied.

strikingly handsome man, and his eyes had a power of fascination which I had never seen before. After dinner he left us to return to his hotel, where he was staying till his trunk came through the custom house. Just before leaving, he begged me to sing for him, and he chose as the song, "Some Day." When I had finished it, I turned and saw in his eyes an expression of intense sadness, which I could not account for. He then bade us good-night, and left the house. Imagine our horror at learning the next morning that he had been run over while crossing Washington street, and lay dead at the city hospital.

less split the herd into bunches and many of the cattle are lost. The next few days and sometimes weeks, are devoted to scouring the country and rounding up the herd again. Here is where the recent native who caused the whole trouble gets in his dusky work. He presents himself at your camp and pleasantly proffers his services to help collect the renegades at a dollar a head. As you are almost sure he has hidden a bunch of a hundred or so up some canyons where no white man can find them, you subdue your six-shooter which leaps and throbs in its scabbard as though anxious to kill him off, and hire him. The poor Indian, with his fellows, frequently makes several hundred dollars out of a stampede and saves four or five of your best beaves for personal beef besides.

THE FATE OF A CLOWN. Robbed of His Dignity he Lives on Past Glories. "There are only a few of us left," he said. A Chicago Times man, with a patronizing air that is off the touch of egotism—"only a few of us left. Time was when it took a wise man to be a clown; now it takes—well, an average fool. I don't say much, but I bleed inwardly." Frank Reynolds, the clown, was in a reminiscent mood as he stood in the dressing-room preparing for the afternoon performance. The appointments of the room were not sumptuous nor was Reynolds's toilet elaborate. Rows of battered, weather-stained trunks encumbered the space. Heaps of gaudy trappings, the disjected members of many an assumed character, were scattered on every side. It was one of those ill-equipped apartments in which modestly finds a screen in a vacant store. Preparatory to a bath the star was shaving before an inch or two of looking-glass tacked to the center-pole. A water-pail served as a shaving mug and the tilt of the trunk a table.