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The Whippoorwill's Call.

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

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CHAPTER I.

One fine summer day in 1886 a young stranger arrived at the Littlefield Arms by the station omnibus. He happened to be the only passenger by the noon train, and he alighted briskly, with a handsome alligator skin bag, a slim silk umbrella and a traveling rug. His portmanteau had been taken down from the top of the omnibus, and in defiance of the baggage smashers looked quite fresh and new.

The young man made haste to register in the pretty little office, where the dapper young clerk kept a glass of fresh roses and honeysuckle on his desk. A good room was assigned to the stranger, and he went to it at once, asking that his luggage be sent up.

The proprietor of the Arms, Eben Hitchcock, sat tilted back against the wall inside the office railing, his spectacles very low down on his bulbous nose, reading his morning paper. Now he looked up, caught the eye of Starbuck, the clerk, motioned with his head in the direction the young man had gone and said, "What name?"

"Hapgood, sir. A. Hapgood, Dunbarton. O. N. May mean Ohio, and it may mean Oregon."

"Hapgood," repeated Mr. Hitchcock, pursing his lips and puckering his eyelids. "Don't know anybody of that name round these parts except old Simon Hapgood at Bolton, five miles away in the country, and they do say he's on his last legs. Was paralyzed some months ago, and there ain't anything alive about him but his eyes. Hullo," said he as his eye again fell on the paper. "Here's a notice of old Hapgood's death. Died last Tuesday, it seems, and the funeral takes place today.

"Tell you what, Starbuck," he went on, after chewing half a minute on a toothpick he held between his lips, "I do remember all about it now. Old Si had a brother Job, who moved west a number of years ago, and news came back he had made money. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if this was Job's son come to look after the property, for they do say the old man has put away a pretty pile in bonds and good securities, and the farm is worth something. He was a trading man years ago and a kind of speculator in butter and cheese and farm produce and has always been more of a hoarder than a spender. Uncle Si was married twice, but he never had any children of his own. Two old women, sisters to his last wife, lived with him, and Elsie Ray, great-niece to his first wife. There's been talk he would leave all he was worth to this girl; but, now this western Hapgood has come snooping round, we shall see. Old Simon was a close, snug man and odd as Dick's hatband, but he was pretty good to his wife's kin, but when it came to disposing of property he may have thought of his own flesh and blood—folks generally do."

"The young fellow looks like a dude," said Starbuck, with his back turned, "a western dude. You wouldn't think he had sprung from such homespun people as the Bolton Hapgoods."

"No, you wouldn't," returned Boniface Hitchcock, "and it's all conjecture anyway, but I'll bet you a leather sixpence I ain't much ont in my reckonin. Tall oaks from little acorns grow. This young fellow evidently feels his oats, but you'll see if he's too grand to take old Simon's money."

Mr. A. Hapgood of Dunbarton, O., at that moment came into the office. He appeared to be a very tall oak indeed and walked and looked and spoke as if conscious of his own importance. He passed out onto the pleasant porch paved with brick and with vines wreathing the pillars, and taking a cigar from its case stood there as if to be gazed at and admired. Eben Hitchcock, in his loose alpaca coat, with his waistcoat open and watch chain dangling, tipped Mr. Starbuck a wink and strolled out to the porch as if to note the time of day on the town clock that adorned the front of the old First church just across the way. In a few moments he came back looking rather chopfallen and disgusted.

"Can't make anything out of that fellow," he muttered to himself. "Puts on more airs than if he was president of the United States. I guess if he is one of the Bolton Hapgoods he's ashamed of his folks."

Meantime the young man had strolled away down Main street, swinging his stick and conscious that the eyes of Littlefield were upon him. He liked the appearance of the town and had noted as he was driving through in the omnibus the breadth of the shady streets and the dignified seclusion of the best old houses. It had occurred to him then that he might some day come to live in the neighborhood. Why should he give himself away to Eben Hitchcock, the hotel proprietor? He certainly looked as if he belonged to one of the first families by right of descent, and he was conscious that his merits were quite equal to his personal appearance. Were you to ask how Mr. A. Hapgood of Dunbarton, O., had acquired such a large opinion of himself, I can only say it was probably born with him, for it is often noticed that one chick of a humble brood will strut and crow and plume himself beyond all that was ever seen before in the farmyard, and the plain birds will in time begin to look up to this magnificent one and to admire him as the great member of the family.

Thus it happened with the Dunbarton Hapgoods. Arthur had told his father before he was 18 that he stood on a higher social plane than his parents, and now the old man was dead, and Uncle Si was lying in his coffin, and he found himself the head of the house, with the ambition strong within him to raise the name of Hapgood to a noble position in the social scale. He had purchased a newspaper on the train and had seen the notice of Uncle Si's death. He could easily reach Bolton, as he conjectured, in time for the little, plain, rustic funeral, when the eccentric, silent old man would be laid away in a grass corner of the Bolton burying ground, where for many years a board sign had stood nailed to a post and bearing the following legend: "This plot of ground is reserved for Simon Hapgood and his two wives, and no other corpse is to be laid here."

But Arthur Hapgood had no taste for funerals, especially of the humbler sort, and it was not in his line to pay even this external mark of respect to the memory of a queer old fellow who had not adorned society nor added glory to the family name, whose one admirable act had been the act of dying intestate and leaving all he was possessed to his worthy nephew. Arthur therefore determined to loiter about Littlefield until the funeral was well over, and then without fuss or hurry to present himself at the farmhouse in Bolton. Now, Arthur, as he strolled along under the shade trees of Main street, took a letter from his inner coat pocket and looked it over. It was written in a neat girlish hand, began with "My dear sir" and ended with "Yours respectfully," and was signed with the pretty name of Elsie Ray. It was written merely to inform Mr. Arthur Hapgood that his Uncle Simon, having had a third stroke of palsy, was in a dying condition; that as no will had been found and as none was believed to be in existence it was thought best to inform the nearest relatives of the facts detailed. Elsie Ray had also added that Uncle Simon was entirely speechless and had been so for some months, and the end could not be far distant.

Arthur Hapgood already knew that Elsie Ray was Uncle Simon's great-niece by marriage, and he conjectured that she had played the part of the old man's housekeeper and nurse. Of course she had not a shadow of legal claim upon him or the estate; but, though the little note was penned in a stiff and formal style, there was something in the neat handwriting and in the pretty, girlish name of Elsie Ray that excited his interest. Little Elsie, he said to himself, if she is nice looking and attractive and docile, we will see what can be done for her.

Elsie Ray stood in the great farmhouse kitchen at Bolton, the Hapgood homestead, as it was called, for several generations of Hapgoods had lived and died in that place. It seemed to her now that the great chimney stack, and the blackened beams overhead, and the polished floor boards, and the smooth hearthstone, where Uncle Si's chair was drawn up, must know that something had happened—they looked so still and clean and meditative, as if the old house were remembering all the births and deaths and changes and losses and crosses and sorrows that had taken place under its aged roof. Elsie had stopped the great clock in the corner and pulled down the shades, and now she paused involuntarily to hear the tap of Uncle Si's thick oak stick on the floor above. No; it would never sound again. There was something stark and white lying under the sheet in Uncle Si's chamber that made her shiver slightly as she thought how she had laid it out with her own hands.

Uncle Si Hapgood had lived out his life in his own peculiar fashion. He was secretive and silent by nature, and it was the wonder of the neighborhood that he should have "buried" two wives, and it is safe to say that his two spouses who were laid away in the burying ground corner had never quite fathomed Uncle Si. But still he had a kind heart in his odd, undemonstrative composition and took more pains to cover up his good deeds than others do to make theirs known. He had taken the orphan girl from the poor place in the town when the widowed mother had died and left her alone and had given her home and shelter and such schooling as was to be had in Bolton and not a little affection of a peculiar kind, for Uncle Si was always half ashamed of the soft places in his nature, and nothing ever disturbed the shy, bashful man like acknowledgment of his good deeds.

Now Uncle Si was dead. He had breathed his last in her arms, keeping hold of her warm little hand till he cast off the lifeline to enter upon the great mystery. It was all very strange and solemn to Elsie and not a little grewsome to think of Uncle Si lying stark on the bed where the palsy had nailed him so long. The oak stick at the headboard he would never use again to summon his faithful nurse. Uncle Si could not speak—his eyes only were alive, but there was a pained and pathetic look in them in those last hours, and it seemed to Elsie, who tried to interpret every least sign the old man made, that he would have given worlds to tell her something that lay on his heart and conscience. He pointed vaguely with his trembling hand, even while the gray death shadow was stealing over his face, to a corner of the chamber, where, against the faded wall paper, hung a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence, much fly specked, and above it a mourning piece in a black frame put up for his first wife, Betsy Lee, and representing a tall woman with corkscrew curls, with her handkerchief to her eyes, bending over a tombstone shaded by a painfully symmetrical weeping willow.

Elsie had laid out Uncle Si, assisted by Mrs. Mead, a capable neighbor, who had now gone home to prepare supper for her children, but had promised to come back and watch with Paul Raynor that night over the dead. The two old women whom Elsie called Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty, though they were in no way related to her, being the sisters of the last Mrs. Simon Hapgood, whose maiden name was Nancy Hingham, occupied the great front room, formerly the keeping room of the farmhouse which Uncle Si, many years before, had given up to their use. It was spotlessly clean, and the sun came in pleasantly at four large windows. The furniture, of a beautiful antique type, belonged to the old sisters. Some of it had come down from the great Governor Hingham, their ancestor, of colonial fame, and was garnished with brasses and claw feet and quaint carvings that would have filled the soul of an antiquary with delight. The governor's portrait, in a full bottomed wig, with shirt ruffles, hung against the chimney piece over the Hingham coat of arms and was the pride and glory of the keeping room.

A high post bed, with fringed dimity tester, stood in the east and west corners of the room. In the daytime they presented the appearance of two symmetrical mounds of feathers covered with album quilts, pieced by the old ladies in their youth, and curtained below with flowing white valances. The old women had each her own things, her own ways, her own corners and cubbies. She never encroached on her sister's domain. They even at times cooked their own little messes on their own part of the kitchen fire, which they ate each on her own side of the table. Miss Prissy had a blue teapot and Miss Hetty a brown one, and there were separate tea caddies, for Prissy abhorred Oolong, while Hetty doted on it. Aunt Prissy kept a Maltese cat, while Hetty's was yellow, and the tabbies always lay on their own corner of the rug and lapped milk out of separate saucers.

Uncle Si indulged the old women in all their little whims and fancies, for, as he always said, with a sly wink, "there's nothing like letting folks have their own way if a body's to live in peace and quietness." But, though the two old sisters were so sturdily individual about trifles, there were singular bonds of sympathy between them, as is apt to be the case with people who have lived together all their lives. Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty were a unit as to the great dignity and distinction of the Hingham family, descended from the colonial governor whose faded portrait graced their chimney piece. They were also one on the subject of Sister Nancy's condescension in marrying plain Simon Hapgood, and on the honor they had done said Simon in allowing him to feed and shelter them in their old age. They were one, too, in their bodily sensations, for when Prissy felt shooting pains in her right arm Hetty was almost sure to feel them in her left, and when one took to her bed from any cause whatever the other was sure to follow in a few hours.

Now they were both very low over the death of Uncle Si, for in spite of these pretensions they were tender hearted, simple old creatures. Cataracts were coming over both of Prissy's aged eyes, and she had injured herself with weeping. Poor old Hetty's grief had increased her deafness to an alarming point. Elsie had just put them to bed like two babies, tucking each one up under her album quilt. They wore nightcaps, with broad starched ruffles and muslin bows on top, and lying in bed under the tester the bows stood up above the pillow like the ears of a white rabbit, and under them were the withered up faces, now clouded with grief.

The house was quiet save for a deathwatch ticking away in the wall that seemed to thrill every fiber of the woodwork. Elsie was half afraid to stay there with that something overhead that was no longer Uncle Si. She opened the door and stepped out to the warm, breathing world and shut it softly behind her. The light was low and made a ruddy, golden glow over the fields. The wind was in her hair and lifted the little tresses off her forehead and waved the little locks about her neck. Elsie's face was picturesque rather than beautiful. The upper teeth pushed out the red lip ever so little, and the nose was slightly retrousse. The forehead was broad and low, and the brown eyes full of a loving, ardent light. Her form was light, elegant and agile, equal to much fatigue, made for endurance, but almost perfect in its graceful lines. She was country bred and had the elastic step that flies over the ground with a swish of the skirts and the motion of a swallow skimming low. Her tint was brown from much exposure to sun, and a slight glow came through the healthy tanned cheek, while the thick curly hair was ruffled on her head like the breast of a bird on a windy day. There was something birdlike, too, in the quick glance of her eye.

Now Elsie skipped to the top of a little knoll and looked down the road toward the town to watch for Paul Raynor, who had taken the old gray horse and chaise to summon the Littlefield undertaker and was to advertise the funeral at Bolton, a small hamlet half a mile from the farm. The road stretched away quite lonely and treeless, white with dust and with a flock of yellow butterflies chasing up and down over the wayside thistles. The smoke was going up from Mrs. Dean's chimney down the road among the maple trees, and the fields of growing grass and grain lay in an enchanted silence.

There were beehives on the little hill behind a row of straggling currant and gooseberry bushes and backed by an aged orchard of moss grown trees. Uncle Si had been fond of his bees, and Elsie was not afraid of their stings. The old man had taught her to handle a swarm, and they would sometimes light on her hands from pure friendliness. Now Elsie went close to the hives, and when the bees came buzzing about her she whispered to them as her eyes filled with tears, "Uncle Si is dead." She had brought a scrap of black ribbon in her pocket, and she tied it to the little shed under which the hives were ranged. She felt the bees ought to know what had happened to their best friend, and had they known they, too, would have hung out a little flag of mourning. The littered farmyard was near, with its old gray barns and sheds strewn with decayed wagons and farm implements. A little lane led from a pair of bars up to the steep pasture land on the hillside, fringed with elder bushes, pride of the meadow, and wild dog roses. The evening light lay like warm gold on the smooth slope, and the dark oak trees at the top burned with sullen splendor against a climbing settlement of little pointed cedars.

The old Modley Cow and Crumple Horn had come to the bars in search of Elsie and were bawling now in the quiet air, lifting up their voices against her long delay. A red calf, with a white star in the forehead, was rubbing against her mother's baggy side and occasionally emitting a little plaint to remind Elsie that she had forgotten to bring the warm mash that was to serve for her supper. Elsie put her arm over the bar and laid it round Crumble Horn's neck, while she told the cows and the calf Buttercup that Uncle Si was dead. Uncle Si had been fond of his old cows and of all the animals on the farm, and she could but believe that these dumb creatures would grieve to know their friend had gone away never to return.

A little flock of sheep was feeding at the top of the green slope, and among them a cosset lamb Elsie had brought up by hand, getting out of bed at 5 in the morning to feed the hungry little creature that looked to her for life because its own mother had cast it off. The lamb Topsey was now as fat and round as a butter ball, with a fine fleece, like fur, and beautiful black stockings and shoes. She came now and thrust her moist black nose through the bars to be petted by her mistress, and all the little flock raced down the hill after Topsey and surrounded the young girl, creeping through the bars to come close and rub their nozzles against her apron in the hope of getting a handful of salt. She made a picture as she stood there, with the sheep and cattle around her, the wind in her hair and the evening light just touching the side of her brown cheek.

Paul Raynor had driven up to the barn door. Elsie heard the grating of wheels on the gravel, and stepping out of the barnyard she helped him to untackle the old chaise and loosen the straps of the harness. Then she led old Whitefoot into the stall and gave him his portion of oats, while Paul dragged the chaise under cover. Elsie had the deftness of a boy in all such work, and her companion accepted her services as if long used to them. When the little chores were done, he opened the door of Uncle Si's old shop, now turned into a kind of Noah's ark by the boy's passion for natural history study. Some white and gray pigeons roosted on the beams overhead, and a big snapping turtle lay torpid in an old horse trough. Two pairs of bright eyes peeped out of a rabbit hutch at the boy and girl, for they were little more in fact, though Paul Raynor towered nearly 6 feet high and had the country lad's strength and hardihood. Paul kept a pair of gray squirrels in a revolving cage and some land crabs penned up in one corner with boards, besides a little tank with a number of fishes swimming about in it and a raccoon tied up by a rope. A rude cage overhead held a bobolink, and the skin of an immense henhawk was nailed to the shop door. This was Paul's collection he had made from the neighboring woods, streams and swamps, and it was Elsie's delight to watch him at his studies and experiments. Every moment of Paul's leisure was spent in spying out the habits of animals, fishes, birds and insects.

"Look here, Elsie," said he now, pulling a small cardboard box out of his pocket, with perforations in the cover, "I've bagged a new kind of beetle, and a rare fellow I think he is. He has nippers that would almost crack a nut."

"How could you?" said Elsie reproachfully, "when you were making arrangements for Uncle Si's funeral."

A flush of shame came over Paul's handsome face. "Why, I didn't think it was any harm, Elsie," he said, with the simple frankness native to him and looking at her with his honest blue eyes that reflected every thought of his soul. "Nobody can miss poor old Uncle Si more than I do. I hadn't a mite of claim on him more than common humanity. Father was his old friend, to be sure, and after he died there in that house in the woods Uncle Si came with his horse and wagon and brought me home, and I am sure he never begrudged what I cost him in food and clothes. I guess poor Uncle Si wouldn't mind if he knew I picked up a beetle the day after he died. He always said it was a good thing for boys to study the habits of creatures that live in the fields and woods, for it keeps them out of mischief. He bought me all the books of natural history I have, my fish book, a book of birds and one on hard winged insects.

"I guess, Elsie, I have reason to mourn for Uncle Si if any one has. Don't I remember how I lived alone in that house in the woods with father when he scarcely spoke to me a whole week together? I was a little chap then, too young to understand, but I know now he was a broken spirited, discouraged man. After mother died and he lost his property he wanted to hide himself like some wounded animal that creeps away to die alone. I had no playmates, no human being to speak to. So I talked to the crows sitting in among the pines on a stump, and I believed they knew what I said to them. It was at that time I kind of invented a boy to be my friend and to go with me on tramps. I called him Melchisedec, a name I picked out of father's big Bible, and we had a dog that we owned between us called Darkness. Mel was rather a sullen boy most times, but he was a good hand to find birds' nests and to hunt out moles and field mice, and Darkness was good for woodchucks and hedgehogs and all such things. Mel and Darkness were just nothing at all but inventions of mine, but sometimes now I see that sullen, low spirited Mel dogging my heels and hear Darkness pattering along close behind me, giving a short, quick bark at sight of a squirrel on the wall, but when I came here I hadn't any need for either of them, for I found you."

Elsie had perched herself on Uncle Si's work bench and was looking fixedly before her, her pretty round chin resting in the hollow of her hand. "But have you thought how it is going to be with us and those two poor, helpless old women? We haven't any right to stay here now."

"No," said he simply, examining his beetle with a small pocket glass, "I haven't thought. Only I'd give a good deal to know what kind of a chap that Arthur Hapgood is. If he'd let me take the farm, I wouldn't care how hard I worked to keep things together, and then Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty could live right on here, and you would help me, Elsie, and nights we could study together just as we have always done."

"I'm afraid that's a dream," murmured Elsie.

"Not if Arthur Hapgood is the right kind of a fellow. He wouldn't surely turn those poor old women adrift."

"Suppose he isn't the right kind, Paul? I have a note from him saying he will be here on Friday, but I can't make out anything from the handwriting."

Paul looked up a little startled, as if new ideas were coming into his head.

"Has it ever seemed strange to you," Elsie went on, "that Uncle Si left no will? He wasn't very fond of his brother Job from all accounts, and they hadn't seen each other for a great many years. Job Hapgood died a rich man, so they say, and now his son Arthur is heir to the farm, and the old house, and the animals, and everything we are fond of. It doesn't seem like Uncle Si to leave things so, and I've a notion it distressed him at the very last to think of those poor old women cast adrift. They firmly believe they are to spend the rest of their days in the front room, and I can't make them understand anything about Job Hapgood or his son Arthur."

"But look here," said Paul eagerly, "if that chap Arthur Hapgood is so rich, what will this old place matter to him, Elsie?"

"People never have so much but they want more," said Elsie, with a worldly wisdom that startled Paul, "and have you thought," she went on, "that he may look upon us as strangers?"

"Strangers!" repeated Paul, kinking his thick eyebrows and frowning momentarily.

"Yes, and interlopers."

Paul began to whistle softly to himself as he prepared his beetle by killing it with a little acid. The idea that Arthur Hapgood might look upon Uncle Si's best friends—those the old man had loved and trusted for years—as strangers and interlopers was an idea his mind could not gasp.

They clasped hands like two children.

Elsie had fallen into a muse again, and in the dim light he could see the anxious look in her dark eyes. "I might go out to service," said she at last, "for I know how to cook and to do nearly all kinds of housework, or I might get a country school to keep. If I could earn enough to support poor old Aunt Prissy and Aunt Hetty, I shouldn't mind how hard I worked.

"And I would keep you!" cried Paul. "Though I am only 18, I can do the work of a full hand, and I could study nights, but," and here he paused and hung his head, "perhaps we should have to live apart, Elsie."

"Yes," said she, with the tears gathering in her eyes, "we should have to live apart, Paul." They clasped hands like two children and stood there in the gathering darkness with hearts too full for words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Where Avarice Once Overreached Itself.

The Man With the Big Valise—How far is it to the Northwestern railway station?

The Cabman (with an eye to a profitable fare)—About two miles.

The Man With the Big Valise (consulting watch)—Pshaw! Then I won't be able to catch that train anyway. Guess I'll ride over in a street car and catch the next train after.—Chicago Record.

A New Employment.

A boy who had visited the office of a certain irascible merchant a good many times as a messenger and had heard how the old man talked to offending clerks lost his place and at once applied to him for a position.

"I've got nothing for you to do," was the ill natured response to the boy's request, but it never phased him.

"I don't want nothin to do," he replied promptly.

"What are you coming to me for, then?"

"Oh, I jest want a place to set around in yer office, so's you kin cuss me whenever you git mad and there's nobody else handy. I'm kinder used to that sort of thing. My pa ain't no Sunday school scholar himself."—Detroit Free Press.

The silk with which spiders weave their webs is a thick, glutinous, transparent liquid, like a solution of gum arabic. It hardens quickly when drawn into threads and exposed to the air.

James McCloud of South Dakota has raised a horse which has eight perfect hoofs, two on each leg.

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Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
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Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ROBERT E. LEE'S CHARGER.

Description of the Famous Animal Written by the General.

Few people in this broad land do not know that the late General Robert E. Lee's warhorse Traveler gained almost as much fame as did the celebrated Confederate commander himself. After the war an artist wrote to General Lee asking for a description of Traveler, which General Lee wrote for him. This is what the general wrote about his favorite horse: "If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest, short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eyes, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat and cold, the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable response to any wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist and can therefore only say he was a Confederate gray.

"I purchased him in the autumn of 1861 in the mountains of Virginia, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days' battle, around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredricksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign, in 1864, at Orange, till its close around Pittsburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and across the James river. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-5 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final day at Appomattox Courthouse. You know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, and one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one from the city of Richmond, but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis.

"Of all his companions in toil, Richmond, Brown, Roan, Ajax and Quiet Lucy Long, he is the only one that retained his vigor to the last. The first two expired under their onerous burdens, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

This ends the description, signed with the name of the famous General Robert E. Lee, Lexington, Va., the summer before he died.—St. Louis Republic.

Getting His Money's Worth.

"You look very bad, Pere Francois. Have you been ill?"

"Not exactly, sir, but my barber owed me 3 francs, and I couldn't get them from him. So, in sheer despair, during the last three days I got him to shave me thrice and bleed me six times, so as to have something for my money."—Masque de Fer.

A man may float in salt water without moving his hands or feet if he has the presence of mind to throw his head back and allow the body to sink to the position which it will then naturally take.

A Substitute.

He—I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling.

She—Oh, how kind of you! Now I shan't miss you when you are away.—Lyons (France) Republican.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, administratrix of the estate of Peter P. Gates, late of said county, deceased, and that she has duly qualified as such administratrix.

Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present them, with the proper vouchers therefor, to me at my residence at Lafayette, in said county and state, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated, September 7th, 1894.

RAMSEY & FENTON, Att'ys. for said Estate. ELLA J. GATES, Administratrix.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders.
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE

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$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
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