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West Side Division. 7:30 A M Lv Portland Ar 5:35 P M 10:15 A M Lv MeMinnville Lv 3:01 P M 12:15 P M Ar Corvallis Lv 1:90 P M At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad,

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### LOCAL DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES Baptist—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday schoof 9:50 a. m.; the young people's society 6:15 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat each month 2:00 p. m. METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. m. Thursday. Lee Thompson, Pastor. CUMB. PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school 9:30 a.m. Y. P. C. E., Sunday 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p.m. E. E. Thompson, Pastor. Christian—Services every Sabbath 11:00

a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 10

a. m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m.
H. A. Denton, Pastor.

is finished."

part of our social circle, for Isabel, poor child, had no friends of her own. They are good fellows, and at first they will

SECRET ORDERS. KNOWLES CHAPTER No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

C. H. McKINNEY, Sec. MRS. C. W. TALMAGE, W. M.

Custer Post No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:28 p.m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a.m. on ith Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

B. F. Clubine, Commander.

J. A. Peckhan, Adjt.

"do nothing refersion first."

"No," he if first thought of I lingered a him. W. C T U.-Meets on every Friay, in Wright's hall at 3 o'cook p m. L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
MRS A. J. WHITMORE, Pres

One day Paul, the junior counsel in a knew everything. And then-then he case of no apparent importance, found broke down, burst into a fit of weeping himself unexpectedly called upon to like any woman and thanked God solmaintain a legal position against the emnly that I had come to take his opinion of the court. He displayed in daughter away from him. 'For myself,' is argument so much ability and he said, I suppose I am sorry. That matknowledge of the law as to call forth an ters nothing. But for my children's expression of admiration from the judge sake, and especially for my daughter's nimself. I was myself present in my sake, I am—sometimes I am mad.' I quality of briefless barrister. On the think that when he was left alone after termination of the case we came out and our marriage he was really mad, and I stood for a few minutes talking over the point which had been raised. Paul's However, that is done with. Isabel must senior joined us and congratulated him, not know what has happened. And she prophesying that his table would never must not be made to suspect that our be without briefs after that morning's friends, her new friends, know her sework. Others came to shake hands with cret. Women are not always considerate him, and there was quite a little scene toward each other. I must think-I

of congratulation and triumph. In the must think what is best to do." as one makes way for a leper. Worse were going the same day.

cried, addressing him independently by health, he said, being too wretched to his Christian name. "Isabel quite well?" | think of his practicing any more.

by my Christian name?" How do you do, Sir John?" He ad- Isabel was their friend, unpaid governdressed one of the group, a well known ess, adviser, everything. "Gentlemen, you know me, all of you.

with a gesture of loathing. get that you married the only daughter always with Isabel beside him, was of my old friend, Sir Robert Reeve Byrne, enough for him. His love for Isabel was baronet, whom I defended. You remem- absorbing and sufficient for both. ber my famous defense, gentlemen. I am sure it nearly pulled him through, twenty years. Then the greatest possible

but not quite, for he got his five years' celebre. He had been, I remembered, life I staid a great deal with him, and defended by Mr. Brundish, Q. C., with he talked freely about his old ambitions marvelous skill and ingenuity. My and their sudden end.

delightful host was no other than that C. had described them?

man I know nothing of, except that he was certain."

saw on every face loathing clearly writ- 'You know, I suppose, that he married it might have been mistaken for a shed

cowed. He said no more, but slunk It was Sir John himself who laid his

hand upon Paul's shoulder and said met at dinner"kindly: "We are all sorry you should have been troubled by this scoundrel, SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS, your private affairs, but of them we ed not speak."

They all murmured something, the

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS arm and walked with him to his cham- Thank God, never, never for a moment Mail Train Daily, (Except Sunday.) bers. He threw his papers upon the after the marriage did Isabel feel that bog and rock close by, and a black cuttable and sank into a chair. "It is all over," he groaned. "My career is finished." "Paul, this is absurd."

"No," he said. "I have already made ever learn why you left London?" up my mind what will happen. These men are my private friends, they are



and leave me to think.' "For heaven's sake, Paul," I said -St. Louis Republic.

'do nothing rash. Think of your pro-"No," he replied. "Isabel must be first thought of." I lingered awhile unwilling to leave men of Bucks county. He is John peat out of the reeking bog.

"Now you know all," he said. "It is something like a cloud, isn't it?" "Is it possible that the courtly and

dress, but I never could. There was anthe day when I asked him for his daugh-

ter. 'Do you,' he said, 'know the story of my past?' I assured him that he need not open a painful chapter, because I

midst of our talk I saw, bearing straight | Next morning I was not surprised to

chambers and bought a cottage in the shadow and muse upon the mysteries spirits in the rocks and fairies in the might have further opportunities of see "How are you, Paul, my boy?" he country, where he proposed to stay, his that death has unfolded to them.

Paul turned perfectly white. "How I made many visits to the cottage. It dare you," he cried, "how dare you was three or four miles from any vilspeak to me? How dare you address me lage or house. It was on the seaside, and they had a boat. They had no chil-"How dare I? Ho, ho! Not use his dren, and the only people who ever vis-Christian name to the man who married | ited them were the family of the nearest my dear old friend's only daughter? clergyman, who came often to them.

counsel of very high standing and ex- Remark here a very strange thing. solicitor general, who made no reply. This man, my friend Paul, to whom at the outset life without success would I have been in court today, and I de- have seemed intolerable, who gave up clare I never heard a better argument | the most promising prospects solely on than my young friend's here. Why, I his wife's account, who was endowed with every quality which success re-"Your friend! Yours!" cried Paul, quires, was perfectly happy in this obscure retreat. He wanted no other kind \*\* FRANCISCO "Come, come!" cried the man. "This is rather too much. Why, Paul, you for on the sands, to meditate in his garden,

They lived in this way for five and misfortune fell upon Paul, for Isabel aught a fever and died. Then Paul be-Then there was a dead silence, and gan to break up. He was only just past nobody dared to look at his neighbor. 50 and should have been in the vigorous As for me, I understood it all. The enjoyment of his manhood, but he becase of Sir Robert Byrne was a cause gan to fail. In the last months of his

"I am sure," he said, "that I did famous baronet then, and the rest of his right in giving all up. Sooner or later guests—were they also what the ex-Q. Isabel would have found out—would have been made to feel somehow—that Paul recovered himself. "It is quite other people knew the truth. In such a

"But if you had staid your own career Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive. Also Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusions from Roseburg to "Perhaps - with the explanation

> would have heard it." residents of the village—the people we smoke; the hearthstone was broken.

"I do not know. Why do you ask?"

old man lied about them.

but you shifted the burden to your own | the turf mine-these gave the only an-

shoulders and bore it for her. Did Isabel | swer to such inquiry. suspected. The man Brundish died a dried, like a mummy, her dark red garvery little while after of drink, I be- ment and the yellow handkerchief

you lost?'

A Shower of Yellow Clay. In some places in the county thin, sticky | cowl behind her neck. about one-tenth of an inch, making a so beautiful as the face of Macha, caped his notice.

think what he would look like in prison able obstacle. He straps his single bar- must be that nature had created her for brightening moonlight down the rugged rel breechloading hammerless gun to his a whim, making her a sort of image of mountain, retracing the steps he ha other side to him, though. I saw it on right arm, and when he sights game he the wild beauty of this picturesque wil. made in the morning. The inn lay unswings the piece over the stump of his derness. left arm, takes quick aim and fires, generally with telling effect. His mode of abroad when Macha went out again, to in which she had grown to womanhood loading is as unique as his shooting. He roam round the lake in a fashion of her eating the potatoes she had helped to

> shell with his teeth and in a similar gloomy fringes trailing along the horimanner loads, then pushing his head zon. Delicate green tints overspread the into his hat to re-cover his head. Despite his affliction, Simon has done blossomed the round white moon, brightsome of the best shooting in Bucks coun- ening momentarily and shining among ty the past year, his record standing: 16 the early stars like a lily among daisies.

delphia Record.

## MACHA.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

midst of our talk I saw, bearing straight down upon us, with the evident intended with the content intended with the conte tion of speaking, no other than that ter- her husband was suddenly prostrated any wayfarer from the ordinary paths the sun and the moon, also of earthly always possessed a fascination for him rible ex-Q. C. He was clearly half with some kind of a nervous breakdown, of life. Mountains form bulwarks cities, wonderful, too, but not so beau- Did not the spotless white flower of the drunk. One of the men among us whis- though he looked very well, and that around it; the gates into it are narrow tiful, that lay down below the moun- bog flourish there as purely as though pered in disgust, "Good heavens, here's the doctor ordered him to give up all defiles between rugged crags; the centains in the busy world of men. She it had not sprung out of the black slimy that miserable man Brundish!" Every- work, break off all engagements and go ters of its silent valleys are deep lakes, meant to go to the one, but she did not substance that held its root? And Macha body stood aside to make way for him, away for three months at least. They told and gray as steel or black with the care to visit the others. Her mountain with her shining bare feet and arms han a leper in the courts of Lincoln's The three months became six, and the ter's margin the dark, sullen earth, with the desires of her heart. The old brown all the more enchanting to his imagina Inn is a man who has been disbarred. six became a year. They were traveling its gorgeous clothing of purple and em-As well should a man who has been about in unfrequented places, where broideries of emerald green, upheaves in port to the final happy destination of all spontaneous loveliness, out of the mount stripped of his commission and drummed Paul's health would not suffer from curious knolls and bosses or stretches patient souls, whither she and all she tain and had been nourished and per out of his regiment for cowardice show noise and talk of travelers. They staid away in wind swept levels. The peaks loved would depart when the Master fected between the wind and the sun only in towns where there were no Eng-around take fantastic shapes, and in should send them a message to come. without help from "civilization" or a This man, then, with a half drunken lish residents, and so on. Then Paul twilight the place is like some region of Nothing natural or supernatural dislaugh, walked straight to Paul and held wrote to me that he had given up his hades, where disembodied souls walk in mayed or disgusted her. If there were He was going back to the inn that he

> life, there are a few inhabitants of this all for the best. Here and there the infrequent traveler from the cabin. "Something will get tional beauty and character he would will come upon an isolated cabin built | you." of rude stone and roofed with the sod, hardly distinguishable from the heather | Macha, but still she lingered, looking | so lovely and unspoiled in her own se hearthstone within. On a summer morn- The clouds are alive and move and by a new excitement, and he wakened by the appearance of an exquisite face her and swung her into safety. imaginative mood, and open to all in- morning. look at the cabin, which seemed to re- her shoulder. treat into the fastnesses of the rock. beautiful eyes of the mountain girl pursued him, the message that lay a mys-

fierily behind a cluster of blackening lake. tion of the enchanted hovel. Macha, the owner of the beautiful the morning."

One crazy table, one chair and two or the water." three other nondescript seats, a kettle, Evidently Isabel knew nothing of a pot, a battered tin can, and a few whom I once called my friend. As for them. Perhaps, after all, the wicked mugs and plates—these were the chief contents of the dwelling's principal ings?" "I am glad to think," Paul went on, room. Looking around, one might well "that we never met any of them after ask by what means life could be sup- Mother says something wicked will meet them, hand and foot, that they might group broke up, and I took Paul by the ward, because perhaps they knew. ported in this place. Patches of pota- me. But I have only met you, and you all have enough potatoes and turf to toes that struggled for existence between are not wicked."

An old woman sat spinning in the

"No, she never knew, and she never corner of the cabin, lean and smoke wound turban wise round her head "And you never regretted all that making a spot of subdued color in the murky picture. The contents of a pot "Never-not for a moment."-Long- of potatoes had been turned out on the table, and Macha, who, with a peculiar cry, had summoned the family from their work at the bog to dinner, stood On April 4, 1892, Marion county, Ia., on the middle of the floor, with a slant and especially that portion of it contin- light falling on her from the sky, across gent to Knoxville, the county seat, was | the mountain peaks, through the smoke treated to a bath of thin, yellow mud. stained doorway. Her skirt of crimson The cloud came up from the south wool, spun by the grandame in the corsoutheast, but did not appear to be the ner, and dyed with madder by Macha result of any unusual meteorological herself, was short enough to show her disturbance. The barometer did not in- white feet, shining on the earthen floor. dicate cyclonic conditions, and the great | Over it she wore a short brown bodice mud vehicle which rolled across the and a few yards of coarse yellow white ridge which separates English and calico were wound about her shoulders "But I have only met you, and you are Whitebreast creeks was unaccompanied and had been about her head, but the

general cleaning up necessary after the crowned with its honey colored hair, "shower" was over. The Knoxville set with eyes dark and blue, with a myself," said Macha, "except, of course, the Irish, though poetical and musical horse saw the bicycle, ran away, child, had no friends of her own. They Journal of April 6, two days after the look half sweet, half troubled, a rose in the great dhiaoul' (devil), crossing enough, was not delicately correct, as smashed the buggy to splinters and child, had no friends of her own. They are good fellows, and at first they will are good fellows. St. James Catholic—First st., between G and H. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Vespers 7:30. Services once a month.

W. R. Hogan, Pastor

We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating among its locals, "We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating mud shower, contained the following among its locals, "We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating mud shower here on Monday morning, there are the women. They will resent the mud falling a few minutes only, but which her head was set on her should be a say that it doesn't make any difference among its locals, "We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a say that it doesn't make any difference among its locals, "We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a say that it doesn't make any difference among its locals, "We had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the same and think it too. But then, you see, the mud shower had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the same and the will never had a regular girl had never seen, and creamy, sating the same and the thing and show their resentment while it lasted it literally plastered the ders, the pose of her figure and the "I see the blessed spirits trooping up out her yellow hair to dry in the first favor of the bicyclist. Judge Buck too. Isabel must be spared this at any south sides of buildings and covered movements of her white bare arms re- and down the skies. Anybody could see beams of the sun, and who wore her cost. Go away now, my dear fellow, the windows and the people upon the called the goddesses in marble of the them. Sometimes they come down upon well bleached draperies like a princess, streets with a coat of thin yellow clay." early Greeks. With her almost super- the hills, but they change into white could not keep young nor old from dye. vehicles used very extensively for clergymen, those engaged in business, young from—to battle with the elements for too near me. There is my mother call-holes. An instinctive personal delicacy and business, and the riding of them and think for themselves.

A paper especially valuable for those in life, to grow sun tanned, weather beat- ing me, and the supper is ready." An armless Nimrod is the wonder of en, lean and withered in the struggle to the people and the envy of all the sports out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and of Rucks county. He is John poet out of the rock and out of th

The afterglow of the sunset was carries the shells in his hat, and when own. A strange amber and red refleche wants one bows low, drops his hat tion illuminated one side of the sky and on the ground, pulls out the empty the mountain peaks, intensified by opossums, 5 pheasants, 5 dozen black- Earth and heaven were pictured in the wealth and rank, accustomed to all that

blackening hills and the moving shapes | till rather a late period of bachelorhood, of orange, brown and purple that caught he had climbed a savage mountain in and rent the fringes of the approaching an isolated corner of what he considered There is a lone upper world among enjoying and understanding the beauty der a rock!

world of silent gloom and barren beauty. "Macha, come in," called her mother her a few times and studied her excep

capped rock except for the curl of smoke hard at a piece of rock that seemed to cret fastnesses, beyond the ken of the that steals through a hole from the be taking the shape of "something." | world. His rest was broken that night ing an inquisitive explorer of this lone-change—why should not the rocks? in the dawn to fancy he saw Macha ome world passed by one of these smok. Suddenly a living person seemed to walking with her bare white feet in ing hovels, and while gazing on it in emerge out of the rock and come beside the rosy light round the margin of the dismay, almost expecting to see a gnome her, and, startled, she would have fallen lake. He wanted to hear her voice again

or monster issue from it, was startled into the lake had not a strong arm seized and feel the touch of her hand. It which shone on him for a moment and "Holy mother! I nearly drowned shown no shyness of him, speaking to

eerie a spot was at the moment in an traveler who had passed the cabin in the brother, and he divined that this was so fluences of the beautiful and supernat- "I nearly drowned you," said the classes. Only the supernatural had powhim in her eyes, but shaking himself one side irradiated her hair, and the to the attentions of women, he would

"I thought you were-him who lives lighted him.

"Who is he?"

you are a living man, for I saw you in blue, and the rugged twigs of the broker face, had withdrawn it hastily into the The person addressed felt a strange of glory. The beauty of Macha's face

wonted sight of a stranger, as lowland gleaming arm and touched his hand her soul escaped through the opening dwellers might be scared by a ghost. with her warm fingers, as if to assure up to the kindred mystery of the star

ten. Half drunk though he was, he was Sir Robert Byrne's daughter.' And she for cattle. The earthen floor was un- said. "I almost thought you were a of her meeting with the stranger. She edge? I thought I saw you walking on thing.

see," said the girl mysteriously.

her father's sins were visited upon her." ting, that showed like an ugly wound said the man tremulously, answering was the one object of her existence.



"I do not much believe in wickedness Their speech, translated literally from Dodge on a bicycle. Mr. Thompson's "What do you see when you walk clothing spotless. Macha, who bathed brought suit for heavy damages, but

human beauty, where had Macha come clouds and run away when they come ing their skins and garments in the bog convenience, recreation, pleasure people of both sexes, men and women who read and think for themselves.

a few potatoes, I will bring them out to tain flower was worthy of being trans- unlawful nor prohibited, and they

der the hills, a few miles below the wild region where Macha had been born, produce and watching the blessed spir

its trooping up and down the skies. "Something will get you," said Macha's mother for the hundredth time as the girl appeared for her supper, and other, and in this fairer skyey field had she was not wrong, for fate had got hold of Macha.

Strange and unaccountable are the whims of men. Here was one with birds, 37 rabbits and 21 quail.—Phila- lake—the gemmed meadows and lurid- is cultivated, witty and beautiful among ly illuminated deserts on high, the women, and yet, having gone fancy free an uncivilized country, to fall in lov Macha clasped her hands over her with a wild girl with a wild name

head and gazed round her half fearfully, who lived upon potatoes in a hovel unthadow of the rainclouds By the wa- home, with its inhabitants, contained and her face like a poet's dream, was

lake, the Almighty knew what they ing this girl, and yet he told himself Uncongenial as it appears to human were doing there, and everything was that his admiration for her was merely go on his way contented, rejoicing to "Aye, mother, I am coming," said have perceived that nature can be still

struck him as remarkable that she had vanished. The solitary rambler in so you!" cried Macha, looking at the same him as naturally as if he had been her because she knew nothing of ranks and

ural, and almost believed that a sprite stranger, gazing in wonder at her beau- er to awe her, and she had felt safe and of the mountain had crossed his path, ty, which seemed to have become almost happy as soon as she had assured herself and that she had a fateful message for unearthly, as the still warm glow from that he was a living man. Accustomed into a more rational frame of mind he greenish moonlight from the other whit- have felt less attraction toward Macha went on his way, with only a lingering ened her round cheek and the drapery of had she shown any desire for his return

The absence of all coquetry in her de Yet, in spite of common sense, the wild down in the lake," whispered Macha. The girl thought of him, lying on her straw bed in the dead of the night. She looked all round in the air, and There was a hole in the roof above her tery in their depths bewitched him, and her lovely face caught a thousand reflechead, a hole that would be thatched over finally, as the sun shot forth long shafts tions of flitting colors and lights. Then with heather for the winter, but at

of flame and glances of gold, setting she signed with her hand toward the present it was good to let in the air of heaven. Through it Macha could see a mountain peaks, he turned upon his heel and retraced his steps in the direc there is many a thing down there. But land of splendor in an ocean of dark heather made a rough frame for the bi interior of the cabin, scared at the un- thrill as she spoke and put out her round lay quenched in darkness beneath, but

The cabin was so poor that, only for the herself that her own words were true, carrying with it the memory of the red hearth and the warm smell of smoke, and that he was indeed a living man. event of the evening. Her mind rested "And you are a living woman," he with placid wonder on the occurrence even and full of holes; the roof, of heather and sticks, was blackened with lake. Why do you keep so close to the with her, nor did she dream of such a Roundabout her lay her mother, her "I like to look in and see what I can grandmother, her little sisters, sleeping

soundly, with the love of Macha asleep "Do you aways walk here in the even- in their hearts. She loved them passion ately and had no thought or hope for "Yes, and sometimes a bit at dawn. herself apart from them. To work with enable them to live together without "I am not as good as I ought to be," more pain than they could endure-this "Why, Paul," I said, "they were, on the face of a distant level and was the look of simple faith and approval in Vague splendors and delicious rest and joy were, she knew, awaiting them all may beyond the gates of the sun. The only thing to be desired was that they might mother's arm. . not be parted meanwhile in their purgatory on the lonely mountain. As the night crept on and the stars waxed away with him." brighter Macha owned to herself that the "living man" might have been 'him who lives down in the lake,' after and a ring and to take me to his home.' all. Pondering this doubt, she fell

for many days afterward haunted the him than here. mountain. Macha had leave from her mother to accompany him in his search | ly, "have I vexed you, have I angered for the wild flowers which, he explained | you, that you would turn me from your to them, he wanted for scientific purposes. The little sisters frisked about them and took their share in the search, dancing like young kids on the edge of precipices, with wild bright eyes and flying locks. Potatoes boiled in the cabin were eaten on the heather, and the long summer days went past like the has rendered a decision of decided beads on a golden rosary, told brightly interest to bicyclists all over the with either wind, thunder or lightning. drapery had fallen back in a sort of the girl's wonderful eyes. "But I hope through the fingers. The man was broth-country. A few months ago M. A. I am not altogether wicked," and the erly and kind with the little girls and Thompson was driving along a Min-In some places in the county thin, sticky clay covered everything to the depth of clay covered everything to the clay covered

gulf between them and Macha. in the lake every morning and hung the supreme court has decided in had come to Macha with her exceptional "By what name is she calling you?" beauty. At the end of a fortnight the Simon of Zion Hill, and his prowess is something marvelous. Simon's arms were ground off above the elbows in were ground off above the elbows in the could she be the granddaughter of going back to the inn. But if you offer madness seemed now most sensible.

| Planted into the brightest parterre ever upper world of the barren Irish hills. How could she be the granddaughter of going back to the inn. But if you offer madness seemed now most sensible. of hunting spurred his ingenuity, and why had generations of ignorance and he overcame his seemingly insurmount hunger and rude toil produced her? It the stranger returned through the ing in the gloaming with a face of dis-

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"Mother," cried the girl passionate-

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says in his decision: "Bicycles are planted into the brightest parterre ever cannot be banished because they are who have a Farm, Garden or House Plants.

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