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"I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the garden of Eden," said Mr. Grumpin's wife. "It was just about what all women say when they are starting on a journey. She complained that she didn't have a thing to wear."

W. J. Furnish of Pendleton has permitted his local paper to announce his candidacy for Governor of Oregon on the Republican ticket. No Lake county citizen has as yet extended the same privilege to The Examiner, though we are expecting something of the kind at any hour. The Examiner stands prepared to "Furnish" a candidate whenever he is needed.

A hair-pulling match, an ambulance, a patrol wagon and a squad of police figured in the strike at the National Shirt Waist Company's shop in New York July 24. As the girls were being paid off an angry discussion arose between Annie Greenbaum and Eva Josephson. Eva did not go out with the strikers. Annie, it is said, grabbed her by the hair and a hair-pulling match ensued. More than fifty girls took a hand in the affray. Miss Greenbaum and Abraham Levin were arrested and held in $300 each.

A revival meeting was begun at the church of this place last Tuesday evening by Rev. Miller and Rev. Malone, and have been attended by a good audience every evening. Rev. Miller is accompanied by his wife and little daughter, who are beautiful singers and the music is greatly appreciated. Rev. Miller is one of the old-fashioned evangelists who preaches fire and brimstone, and spars right and left at all descriptions of sinners without caring whom he hits, and this fact keeps the church well filled, as most of his hearers are curious to know what he will say next.—New Era.

Queen Marie Amelie, of Portugal, has resolved to become a nun. Her husband, the king, weighs 350 pounds, is five feet four inches in his stocking feet and his morals are shocking. In fact he is without morals. Last week a prominent physician of Lisbon committed suicide over his beautiful young wife's fate, she having fallen into the clutches of the fat monarch. Don Carlos is said to be the most despicable rogue and rowdy in all Europe, and the queen has had her fill of him. Think of a brute like Don Carlos regarded by his people as one of the God-anointed rulers of the world! The devil must have had a hand in the work.

The East Oregonian sees division of the State in the air, and not being in sympathy with it, for the present at least, it would endeavor to find a way to avert its consummation, says the Oregon Republican. For this reason it calls on Eastern Oregon republicans to demand their rights and it believes if they will, an Eastern Oregon man will be nominated for governor on the republican ticket and almost surely be elected. Further, there are other positions on the state ticket that by right should be filled by East Oregon men. With the right general to lead the East Oregon forces and represent and push this section's claims, the result would be surprising, and to the great advantage of the whole state. The iron is hot, strike! East Oregonian.

The Salem Journal refers to Hon. J. N. Williamson as "scalp bounty" Williamson. Bless your sweet heart brother you couldn't have conferred a more honorable title, for in the smallness of your conception you would cast opprobrium on the official acts of our senator, but you can't do it in that manner. Do you remember a few years ago that "Wagontire" Brown earned that euphonious title by a somewhat similar proceeding—he introduced a bill for the adoption of wide tires on wagons in the state of Oregon and subsequent events have proven that he was about fifty years ahead of his critics. Furthermore Mr. Williamson has not announced himself as a candidate for anything, and the Salem brother will do well to keep his end of the string free from entanglements and not be so much concerned about what "Scalp Bounty" Williamson is going to do, for he may rest assured that whenever "Scalp Bounty" moves in a political way that he will have the whole of Eastern Oregon back of him.—Crook County Journal.

THE SUMMER WIND.

The breezes come, the breezes pass,
And up the glen they run, revealed
Against an overflowing field
Of gleaming undulating grass.

Like benedictions on the earth,
Like blessings on the summer day,
They make a soul more glad than gay,
And wake a joy more deep than mirth.

The troubles of the town increase;
But here there is no stir nor strife,
And here 'tis good to bring a life
To be persuaded back to peace.

I wis the year contained a day
When none shall suffer, die or weep;
One rest for all upon the steep,
One well for all beside the way.

The town is very tired. Alas!
Its thin smile cannot mask its pain;
And they are rich enough who gain
Cool breezes and a couch of grass.
—J. J. Bell, in Chambers' Journal.

THE WAY OF A CAD

"I DON'T agree with you! I see no obligation whatsoever. To be quite frank—"

He paused abruptly. He was actually blushing; but the faint tinge faded quickly from his cheeks and left them unusually pallid.

"Yes?" said Lieut. Winston, encouragingly and quite unblushingly.

"Oh, I don't know!" stammered the other man. "Are you really serious? If so, you must be—pardon me for saying so—either the most heartless beggar I ever met or the most absurdly sensitive."

"In other words, a knave or a blithering idiot—eh, Metford, old chap?" said Winston, cheerily.

"Exactly! I hope it is only a case of temporary insanity."

Dr. Metford was one of the ablest of the younger physicians in the West End of London; but, being also one of the most stupidly modest of clever men, his professional income barely sufficed to pay the rental of his rooms in Gower street. Some day he may discover that it is possible to be overmodest and that inward self-depreciation leads to penury, and then he will remove to Harley street and begin to make progress towards affluence.

Winston did not fail to observe the tinge of color on the doctor's face, nor its quick disappearance, but he gave no sign of recognition. Never before had he seen his old college chum look half so handsome as when that fleeting show of rosy color tinted the man's cheeks, nor half so pathetically glum as when it vanished.

"She saved my life. I think you will admit that, doctor? How many women would have taken the risks that she took? Would any other woman in the world have sacrificed herself as she did?"

"Any number of them!" declared the doctor, sententiously, although a flitting smile upon his face said: "None of them, bless her!"

"You medical men are utterly heartless cynics," protested Winston, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"Utterly," admitted Metford. "Now, I am so unromantic as to attribute your recovery chiefly to your cast-iron constitution, a rattling good physician—must sound by own trumpet if you won't blow it for me—and Old Nick's merciful consideration. Your cup of iniquity is not yet quite brimful; your liver and all the rest of you, including your heart, is as sound as a bell!"

"I know well what I owe to you, Metford, old chap!" said the convalescent in a grateful tone and with an affectionate grasp of the biceps of the doctor's nearest arm. "You don't appear to be aware of it, but you're a long way the cleverest medicine man in London, head and shoulders above all the rest of 'em. If you weren't such a confoundedly modest beast—"

"Skittles!" interjected his physician, in much confusion. "You can't think how I hate that kind of talk!"

"Nevertheless, I mean it, old chap! Just you think the matter over seriously! Well, to proceed: My sister Jess says that Miss Wethered—who, by the way, comes of tolerably good stock—was very different from the ordinary professional nurse, and that, during those weeks when my very valuable life hung on a very slender thread, she absolutely sacrificed herself to save me. My recovery, Jess says, is due entirely to her devotion. Not very complimentary to you, eh?"

"Mrs. Trevelyan is modesty and every other grace personified!" declared Dr. Metford. "So far as I could see, she 'sacrificed' herself almost, if not quite, as magnificently as—as the—paid nurse!"

"Be that as it may," persisted Winston, "I have chatted the matter over very seriously with my sister, and she says, imprimis, that Mary Wethered is, barring the wings, an angel; secondly, that the said angel without wings would make a jewel of a wife, and thirdly and most troublesomely, that I shall be the most ungrateful beast on earth and stupidest old duffer if I don't straightway let the lady know I think so. Unfortunately, as I protested to my sister and have admitted to you, I can't honestly say that I am the least bit in love with Miss Wethered. I like her very much, you know, and all that sort of thing—possibly more than I like any other girl of my acquaintance—and I have reason to believe that she is not entirely indifferent to me, and that if I only—"

The doctor's lips curved scornfully, involuntarily, and a glow of color that was hardly a blush suffused his face.

"And Jess tells me," continued the young officer, imperturbably, "that I might do a very much worse thing than marry Mary Wethered. You know, old chap, I've led a devil of a life in India and elsewhere! Terrible lot of racketing! We army men, you know—! So, you see, old fellow, I—er—oh—you know—I—well—er—love is for me a dream of the joyful past, and not a vision of the future. Miss Wethered's knowledge of nursing might be invaluable to me."

Metford groaned audibly.

"It must not be!" he exclaimed, indignantly. ("Shall not be!" he muttered, inwardly.) "You don't love the girl, you have admitted it; you are not half as fond of her as of that newest pup of yours." ("I would die to save her half a moment's pain, and I don't suppose she cares a straw for me," he reflected, bitterly.) "I feel like kicking you!"

He looked like kicking likewise.

"Kick me, or thump me, or do what you will, old chap! My feeling is just this: I am a worthless sort of fellow, have gone the pace, and don't deserve the love of any woman in the world—"

"What man ever did?" growled Metford.

"Oh, but you haven't a notion what a thorough bad lot I've been! Don't look so unbelieving!" proceeded the kickworthy convalescent. "I was going to tell you something that Jess told me which makes me tolerably sure that Miss Wethered—but you would only scoff. I never knew such a fellow as you, upon my word!"

Metford smiled illegibly.

"The position is a very simple one," he said. "Assuming that from what your sister has been—pardon me for saying so—unwisely suggesting to you, Mary—I mean, Miss Wethered—cares enough for you to marry you, a worthless and heartless but tolerably good-looking chap like you, who, as you justly remark, don't deserve the love of any woman, nor, for that matter, the succession to one of the oldest and wealthiest baronetcies in England—"

He paused, his face white and drawn, lines visible upon it that were not there when this debate began.

"You haven't any love to offer her. You don't know what love is. You merely want to cancel a supposed debt of gratitude by offering her your looks, your wealth—everything you have except the only thing that a woman like Mary Wethered hungers for!"

He was becoming eloquent, too eloquent, and he perceived it.

"Love will come later," Winston answered, confidently; "gratitude is said to be akin to love. The girl is not quite 'my style,' I admit, but I like her—I really do, old chap! She is passably good-looking, although, I suppose, one could hardly call her pretty—"

Metford snorted.

"Sings well—sufficiently well, that is, for drawing-room purposes. Don't look so beastly scornful! Of course, you can't appreciate anything humbler than Italian opera. She plays the piano nearly as well as Jess does, talks interestingly, and has, I must say, the gentlest voice imaginable. Whatever you may choose to say, you old calculating cynic, I am more and more inclined to agree with my sister Jess that if I return to India without asking the girl to be my wife I shall be the stupidest, most ungrateful and most contemptible beast on earth."

"I warn you," said Metford, warmly, "that if you pretend love to Miss Wethered and let her pledge herself to you you will repent yourself within a week, and the girl will find you out and be the most miserable woman on God's earth. You won't listen to my words of wisdom, of course; for of all the pig-headed, obstinate mules—"

"A somewhat mixed metaphor!" laughed Winston, unabashed.

"Mixed metaphor be hanged! Be a man and a gentleman! Go away undeclared, and if, after you have had six months to think about it, you feel something more than gratitude stirring within your bosom, get six months' leave, return to England, insert your head into the matrimonial noose—and be hanged to you!"

"Beastly old cynic!" declared the blase lieutenant. "I like your confounded impudence talking about love. Why, I don't believe you possess even the rudiments of a heart! Damned good chap, all the same! You shall be my best man. To-morrow or the next day I shall indite a hyperbolic epistle to Miss Mary, asking whether she cares enough for a fellow to wait for him until he gets his captaincy. 'It may be for years,' as the song says; but I flatter myself I am well worth waiting for, and I don't propose to take the risk of any other fellow—a cold-blooded chap like you, for instance—stepping into the lists during my absence!"

Metford was speechless with contempt. That Winston should have proved himself such an unmitigated cad! . . .

The funny part of it was that Miss Wethered, who was taking a brief rest at the seaside, received two letters by the morrow's mail—one from the "unmitigated cad," thanking her "ever so much" for all her kindness to him during his protracted illness; the other from the "beastly old cynic," the reply to which—it seems almost like sacrilege to print it—was as follows:

Dear Dr. Metford: I am so glad! How glad I cannot tell you! I have loved you ever since the day that I first met you, but I never dared to hope that I should be honored with your love. . . . Very sincerely yours, MARY WETHERED.

And this is the letter that sister Jessie wrote a day or two thereafter to her graceless brother:

My Darling Boy: You did it beautifully. If I were queen, you should be decorated with a cross for most conspicuous gallantry. I know how fond of the girl you had become, and what it must have cost you to act as you did. It was very hard work, wasn't it, poor boy? Mary is overjoyed. Some day, when she has been married a year or so, I may let her into part of the secret of our conspiracy. But "mum's the word" for the present.
—Chicago Herald.

An Ohio girl who was married to a man after an acquaintance of three days complains now because he turns out to be a convict and not the naval captain he represented himself to be. While she undoubtedly has cause to mourn, it is hardly right that she should receive all the sympathy. The man, on his part, ran some risk. He was probably led to believe that he was getting a wife who possessed reasoning powers.