

## FROM OUT THE WEST

Singly They Went to the East, but Together They Returned.

By MARY WOOD.

Missoula Ann gazed across the frozen stretches of the park with a delightful sense of ownership. The chill wind which had deterred all other wayfarers was as the breath of her own prairies.

"Jest the sky for a norther, Teddy," she said exultantly. "Seems like old times, it does."  
Teddy was not looking at the sky. Around a bend in the road came a horse, jet black, well groomed, head high, while the delicate nostrils sniffed the wind, and saddle invitingly empty—not ownerless, for a policeman walked close beside. But Teddy had eyes only for the horse. In a moment possession would be his and Missoula far behind. He set off down the walk as fast as his chubby legs would carry him.

Too late Missoula awoke to the realities of her position. She broke into a frightened run, and her voice rang out in command: "Teddy Barker, come back! Do you hear? Come back, I say!"  
If Teddy heard he gave no sign, except to redouble his efforts. But verily the way of the transgressor is hard! There was an innocent appearing strip of ice gleaming in the pallid glow of the wintry sun. Teddy's foot encountered it. He threw out both hands and slid forward on his nose. It is a tender member, and Teddy complained loudly.

The irate Missoula was now on the scene. Even the policeman offered his services to restore peace. Together they picked up the fallen, whose cries redoubled under the effect of Missoula's vigorous shaking. The policeman interfered.

"See here, now," he said good naturedly. "I'll have to arrest you if you make such noise. Come and see Jim Crow. You can have a ride on him if you aren't scart."

Teddy stiffened at the implied insult. "That's all I wanted to do," he protested stoutly, "only Missoula, she wouldn't let me!"

The man looked at the girl eagerly. "Be you from Montana, miss?" he asked.

Missoula nodded.  
"I hail from west Texas myself," the policeman hastened to explain, "but I reckon there's much of a sameness about them both."

Missoula Ann seized his hand joyfully. "I been watching you other days. I jest knowed you was from the west the way you sat your horse."

By this time Teddy was safely ensconced on top of Jim Crow. "It does seem as if most of the folks here made riding a hard matter," the policeman said reflectively. "And it's worse for the horse than it is for them. Why, the ladies have the poor beasts cinched up so tight they can't draw a full breath. Wish they'd just try it on a broncho. There'd be some tall bucking." And he laughed.

Missoula joined in. "I believe I could show them a thing or two myself," she said proudly, "even if I ain't got one of them swell riding skirts. But I jest better not be saying too much about it," she added sadly. "I might hev forgot, it's so long since I was on a horse. Mr. Barker, he got one of those automobiles, but I can't abide the creature."

The tall policeman agreed. "Just give me a good horse," he declared, "and a clear road, and I'd ride and ride to!"  
"Clear out to the west," the girl interrupted eagerly. There was a wistful look in her eyes.

"Be you long from there, miss?" he asked respectfully.

"Only since last fall, but it seems an age," Missoula Ann said, with a sigh. "You see, Mr. Barker, he's the biggest man out our way. He rules jest about everything but his wife, and she rules him. So when she took it into her head to cum to New York for the winter we all had to cum. I cum on 'count of Teddy. Seems as if he can't get along without me. I've hed the care of him ever since he was born." She smiled up at the child affectionately. "I'm not saying but what I was tickled over the idea. They'd been telling me all sorts of foolishness about the city. But it's not a bit like what I expected. Perhaps the fault lies in me, but I feel sort of smothered all the time. It's bad enough on the street, with people pushing of you out of their way, but indoors it's worse. Things are so awful dear here that Mr. Barker, for all he owns 'bout a whole section out our way, can't hev a whole house to himself. It's worse than the boys' quarters at a roundup the way folks crowd together. But you must excuse me fer saying so much," she broke off in conclusion as she looked up and met his dark eyes fixed admiringly upon her. "Only it's so long since I had the chance to free my mind. You're mighty good to listen. But come, Teddy; it's time we were making for home."

Teddy did not agree, but the tall policeman cut short his remarks by lifting him down in a peremptory fashion. "I'm much obliged to you, miss," he said gratefully. "It's been as good as seeing one of the boys. But perhaps you'll be coming this way again tomorrow?" he asked insinuatingly.

Missoula Ann thought that perhaps she might. Teddy was quite sure that he would be ready for another ride. The tall policeman leaped lightly into his saddle, and she watched him with a thrill of pride. He was certainly quite imposing in his blue uniform with the brass buttons, and his friendship was a thing to be desired. And then he came from the west! He

could sympathize with her longing for that faraway land. Yes, Missoula was sure to come that way tomorrow.

He was waiting for them on the next afternoon, and Teddy was swung up on the saddle in a jiffy. But now it was the big policeman who talked, while Missoula listened in shy silence. His name was Jones. "They used to call me 'Shorty' down in the Panhandle because I was so tall," he explained, with a laugh. "No, they don't do it here," in answer to her questioning look. "It wouldn't be healthy for them. The men on the force call me Jim. I haven't any pals up here."

Jim had come to New York with some full blood cattle. But the attractions of the big city proved too much for him, and after a debauch of several days he had come to himself only to find that the rest of the crew had gone back, and he was left alone, adrift. There had been some hard days. Jim spoke of them hesitatingly and with a shamed flush on his tanned cheek.

"But then I got on the force—and on account of my riding—and I've been on over a year. I can't complain of the pay, and the work's light enough. But I get such longing for the sun shining in a perfect blue sky and my pony pleking his way among the holes of a dog town—the little beggars sitting up and scolding at you as bold as you please and then scrambling down through the mesquite bushes into a water hole—and letting him drink as much as he pleases and then riding on 'till the sun sets as it never does up here, bands of light playing right across the sky and a purple glow over everything. Well, when I get to thinking of all that I get uneasy-like and tired of all this crowding. Some fine morning the feeling will be extra strong, and then—he laughed—"the force will be losing one of its ornaments."

Missoula was looking up eagerly. Her eyes were as blue as the Texas sky of which he spoke and wide with longing. "You will be going back, too, some day, Miss Missoula," he said softly.

She caught her breath sharply, like one suddenly waked from a dream. "Yes," she said dispiritedly. "I s'pose so—when Mrs. Barker's ready to go."

The three met often after that. Teddy had come to look on Jim Crow as one of his possessions, while Missoula and her master had become the best of friends, and meanwhile a tardy spring was breathing new life into the half thawed slopes of the park. Timid grass blades appeared.

The afternoon sun shone down warmly and showed Missoula engaged in restraining Teddy from picking a spray of the enticing "burning bush." The tall policeman came up during the altercation. As they walked on together he preserved an unwonted silence.

"Spring's about here," Missoula observed at last. "I've been thinking how the prairie must look by now—jest one big flower bed."

Jim looked off across the treetops with eyes unseeing of their delicate veil of leaves. "I've been thinking, too," he said, "and I just can't stand the city any longer. I'm going back west." Missoula's face paled.

"I'd have gone long ago if it hadn't been for you, Missoula." He looked down now and as he saw her agitation went on eagerly: "I won't go now unless you will go too. I've been saving money, and I've written out, so there's a position ready. Won't you go, Missoula?"

Missoula's face blushed a rosy red, but she met his ardent gaze frankly. "Yes, I'll go, Jim," she said. "I trust you. Teddy's getting so old now he won't be missing me. And, oh, Jim, we'll be going back to the west together!" There was a choke in her voice.

Jim drew her to him, and it was well that the path was deserted or observers might have been scandalized by the spectacle of one of the force who had quite forgotten his dignity.

### Had Better Draw.

Pellegrini was an artist with an exceedingly liberal vocabulary, upon which he would draw freely for the edification of the Beefsteak club, of which he was a member. There was one fellow member of the club, says J. C. Carr in a book called "Some Eminent Victorians," who was wont to entertain the table with little impromptu sketches and designs, which he executed with a certain degree of facility.

This innocent display of artistic power offended Pellegrini, who, possibly moved by a measure of jealousy that any one should encroach upon his special province, insisted, with some vehemence, that a club was not the place for such exercises.

"I like the boy," he said to me one evening, "and when he talk I listen, but 'tis pity he draw."

It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of the crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's unceasing flow of conversation.

In a momentary pause he turned to me and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment:

"Joe, I've made big mistake. 'Tis better he draw."

### As Defined.

"Father," said the minister's little daughter, "the paper says you 'officiated at the wedding clad in the traditional garb of the clergy.' What does 'traditional' mean?"

"Traditional," my dear," answered the good man as he looked at his cheap suit of black with a sigh, "refers to something that has been handed down."—Detroit Free Press.

## LOST CALHOUN STATUE.

Disappeared During Civil War and Never Has Been Found.

What has become of the handsome marble statue of John C. Calhoun which was brought to Charleston from Italy in 1854 or 1855 and placed in the city hall here? That is a question which several members of a generation which is able to recall events of a half-century ago have been asking each other recently. The statue, which was very much admired by all who saw it has not been seen since the war and has been practically forgotten. It appears, by all except a handful of people, none of whom knows certainly its fate.

The statue was made in Rome by the American sculptor Powers. It represented Calhoun standing, wearing a Roman senator's toga. In his left hand, which was uplifted, was a scroll representing "Truth, Justice and the Constitution." The right hand of the figure was pointing toward the scroll. The statue cost, it is stated, \$10,000.

The statue was shipped from Rome to New York. In transit, it is said, one of the arms was broken just below the shoulder, and under the direction of Mr. Powers it was repaired in this city by a stone-cutter whose name was Walker.

One story has it that the statue was placed in the city hall and remained there until the civil war, that it was then packed and shipped to Columbia for safe keeping, that upon re-birth Columbia the boxed statue was placed in the courthouse, but that when Columbia was burned the statue perished in the flames.

There are other accounts given as to the last chapter of the statue's history. Some hold that the statue was never sent to Columbia, but that it was buried in the lot around the city hall here. Others claim that the statue was shipped to Columbia, but that it was not burned. They are of the opinion that it was taken from Columbia court house by northern soldiers and may still be in existence. However that may be, the facts connected with the statue's history are as difficult to obtain as they would appear to be interesting.—Charleston News and Courier.

### Ancient Mechanical Carts.

There is nothing new under the sun. The taxicab, which is probably supposed by most to be a recent invention, was in use ages ago. Ancient documents plainly show, says Professor E. H. Parker in the Asiatic Quarterly Review, "that mechanical carts capable of registering distances, traveled by counting and recording the revolutions of very large cart wheels connected by cogs with other concentric or eccentric horizontal and perpendicular wheels of proportionate diameters have been well known to the Chinese for 1,700 or 1,800 years." On the top of the cart was the figure of a man holding a drum, which he beat when one li, a third of a mile, was traveled. Some carts had in addition a figure holding a cymbal, which was struck when the drum had been beaten ten times.

### Another English Scare.

Some of the London papers are giving attention to an enormous magnet which has been patented in Germany, and the Berlin correspondent of the Standard, speaking of what it is hoped it will do, says that, placed at the mouth of a river or port, it is to make scrap iron of all the iron and steel of an enemy's neighboring Dreadnought throwing all the machinery out of gear and generally sending the monster mad. A smaller ship, it is hoped may even be drawn out of its course altogether and swept into the port by the force of attraction, and a still smaller one may be sucked right under water. Worse still, the magnet's motto is, "Defense, not defiance."

### Imperishable Wood.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Montze in upper Tonkin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy soils, which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of very great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.—London Globe.

### Watered Butter.

An ingenious fraud in the butter line was brought to light recently in England. In that country the amount of moisture in butter is limited by law to 16 per cent. Australian and New Zealand butters, on the other hand, usually contain only 8 per cent of water. Taking advantage of this fact, several firms imported large quantities of these colonial butters, to which 8 per cent of water was then added, thus bringing them down to the British standard. As the added water naturally cost nothing and the product was sold at the current butter price, a substantial profit was made.

### A New Peel.

Sir William Bull writes to the papers to suggest that appendicitis arises from our habit of sharpening knives. "The head of every family invariably sharpens his carving knife as he stands before the joint. This means a shower of microscopic steel shavings on the meat." Appendicitis has increased enormously of late years. Perhaps our grandfathers always used blunt knives or dissected the joint in ways of which polite society has kept no record.—Westminster Gazette.

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