

ANDY WAS ALL RIGHT.

How an Indiana Agriculturist Humiliated a Chicago Bunco-Man.

Old Andy Arbuckle, from Tipton County, Ind., came to Chicago one day last week with a car load of hogs. After he had sold them the purchaser, writes Ed. R. Pritchard in the Arkansaw Traveler, handed Andy a check on the bank for his money, saying, as he did so: "You can get that cashed now, or wait until you get home, Mr. Arbuckle, if you do not care to take the risk of carrying the currency with you."

"Guess I'll just get the money on it, if it's all the same to you, mister," replied old Andy, with a grin. "I'll be home in a week or so, and I'll be sure to get it." "All right," replied the stock dealer, "only it's not safe to carry so much money with you in a large city like Chicago."

"Yes, so I've heard," assented Andy, "but I've bin hustlin' long fer darned near forty years, an' the feller that gits a dollar from me has mighty near allus giv me two fer it 'fore he got it."

The dealer smiled and made no reply. He had seen such men before.

Old Andy went to the bank, drew his money and set out to see the sights. He took a cable car into the city and began his tour of inspecting Chicago's many fine business buildings, gazing in at the shop windows, etc. He had just halted in front of the Eden House, and was staring at the wax figure of a tramp which stands at the entrance, when a dapper looking little fellow seized him by the hand and exclaimed: "Why, how are you, Uncle Andy, and when did you leave old Tipton?"

Uncle Andy looked the fellow a moment, and then said: "Kinder 'pears to me I'd order know that mug of yours, but you've got it on me this time, I guess."

"You used to know Scott Hawkins, didn't you?" "Thunder, yes; you're not his son Rafe, that run away from home—"

"Yes, I'm Rafe Hawkins, and I am mighty glad to see you, Uncle Andy."

"So'm I, Rafe. How yer makin' it—layin' up any dust these days?"

"Well, yes, a little, and that reminds me. I have just drawn a prize in a lottery down the street here and was going to get the money on it when I met you. Come on with me, and after I get it we'll go out and see the town."

"Say, Rafe," said the old man, as he held his hand on the young fellow's shoulder, "I'm a Hoosier, an' I live down in the Tipton County shales. I know my face looks like I didn't know enough ter go in out of the wet, but I've got er pet calf down ter home, an' ef I thought that brate hadn't more gump than ter be taken in by your little game, I'd trade it off for a yaller dog and then shoot the dog. Us Hoosiers, Rafe, don't put on no style, but we've got schools an' we read the papers; an' some of us don't take the trouble ter ask as well as we know how, but we ain't allus asleep when our eyes is shut."

Before he had finished his little speech the confidence man, seeing his mistake, was attempting to get away, but old Andy held him fast. Just then an officer happened along, and he turned "Rafe" over to him with a short explanation of the matter. The fellow who had tackled him was one of the slickest confidence men in the West, and as the policeman knew him he was soon behind the bars in a cell at the Central station.

That night the old fellow related the incident to me, and added, by way of explanation: "I was took in once in that confidence game 'bout fifteen year ago down in Cincinnati, an' it's been tried on me a hundred times since, I reckon, but I've allus kinder got the best of it."

GETTING INFORMATION.

A Reporter's Experience with the Patroness of a Philanthropic Institution.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropic institution. Said a New York Sun reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?"

"Oh, dear me, are you a reporter. I just dread to see one come in. They never get any thing right. I never knew one to I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for any thing. I hate—"

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?"

"Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose its any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right anyway."

"Why, every thing most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self-reliant and ready for emergencies and—"

"Who are the patrons of the institution?"

"Oh, nice people. Every body ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get any thing right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?"

"Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose they just get their pay. Excuse me; I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and, approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those volleys up a little nearer your chin."

"If I don't know any thing about it, and I'm busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, you might as well let it go. I've told him about it, but he'll get it all wrong, anyway. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get any thing right."

A Tough Mountaineer.

One of the pluckiest fellows that ever lived in Montana is John Myers. He is twenty years old, and has just gone through a thrilling experience. He is a cowboy and was hunting for horses with a party on the Still Water river. He was missing the other night when the others came in. It was thought he had stopped at some "squaw man's" house and so fear was felt for his safety. Two days after the men in the camp noticed a dark object slowly sliding down the side of an opposite bluff. It was Myers. Both of his legs were broken and his head and face terribly lacerated. He was weak from loss of blood and the exposure he had undergone, dragging himself along for thirty hours in the snow. His horse stumbled and threw him on the rocks and ran away. He crawled up the side of steep bluffs, where few men could walk.

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Now in arrears are urged to take advantage of our big discount, by settling old accounts and joining the grand throng of one dollar subscribers

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But a solid, permanent reduction. We have come to stay

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We say, send us your names. If you want to take advantage of our "one third off for cash," and are not where you can get postal notes or other convenient method of remitting, send us your name and state that you will remit at first opportunity. This will ensure your being placed on the dollar list.

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PORTLAND PAW V. A. 4:00 p.m.

Foot of Jefferson St. 1:50

Ray's Landing, Ar. 12:47

St. Paul's 12:47

Woodburn, " 12:00

Townsend, " 11:40

McKenzie, " 11:40

St. Angel, " 11:24

Downs, " 11:00

Silverton, " 10:20

Johnston's Mill, " 10:00

Switzerland, " 10:07

East side Junction, " 9:46

Maclean, " 9:46

Amesville, " 8:18

West Stayton, " 8:30

O. P. Crossing, " 8:40

West Selo, " 8:28

Crabtree, " 8:00

Spiles, " 7:34

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Plainsview, " 6:48

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Discharge on completion of course.

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First term begins Monday, September 13, 1899. Send for catalogue. For further particulars address

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FOUR MORE MADE HAPPY.

A CARD: For three years I have been a sufferer from various ailments, and for the past ten years I have been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism and nervous debility. In this condition I came to Drs. Darrin, and I am happy to say I have been restored to health again, and I cheerfully recommend them to the public.

MRS. J. MARTIN,

Olex, Oregon.

SORE EYES CURED.

EUGENE, Or. Feb. 23, 1899.

MR. EDITOR: My little girl 5 years old has been for the past eight or nine months afflicted with granulated conjunctivitis, complicated with ulcers on the eye ball. I had her treated by some of the most prominent physicians in Chicago, but without success. The child was getting worse every day. Hearing of Drs. Darrin, I consulted them in regard to her case, and now, after three weeks, she is pronounced practically cured. Refer to me at Springfield, Oregon.

D. J. Graham.

CROSS EYES STRAIGHTENED.

SALEM, Or., January, 1899.

TO THE PUBLIC: It affords me pleasure to say that Drs. Darrin cured my little girl, 11 years old, of a very bad cast or cross of the right eye. The eye was straightened as good as ever in two operations. The eye had been in a crossed condition for more than seven years. This is not intended for an advertisement, but as an expression of gratitude due to Drs. Darrin for their careful and proficient work.

J. B. TICHENOR.

HEARING RESTORED.

EDITOR—Dear Sir: I have been troubled with deafness for over fifteen years. I applied to the Drs. Darrin, and after a few treatments by their wonderful electro-magnetic method of treatment, my hearing was entirely restored, and now I can hear my watch tick for the first time in many years. I can be referred to and seen in regard to my case at any time at Howell Prairie, or address me at Maclean, Oregon.

HENRY SLOUGH.

DRS. DARRIN'S PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted free at 235 Fifth street, corner Main, Portland: Office hours, from 10 to 4 o'clock daily; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12. All curable chronic diseases, less of manhood, blood taints, syphilis, gleet, gonorrhea, stricture, spermatorrhea, sexual weakness or loss of desire of sexual power in man or woman, catarrh and deafness are confidently and successfully treated. Cures of private diseases guaranteed and never published in the papers. Circulars sent free. Most cases can receive home treatment after a visit to the doctors' office.

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GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES!

a child can buy as cheap as a man at our store. We mean business, and if you wear shoes look us up. YOURS FOR "KOLD KOIN."

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