



OUR STORY.

The Oregonian, Portland, will publish a story...

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Going West, are you, Bob?" asked the old man...

"Yes, I leave for Texas in the early train to-morrow, Cousin Tom," the young man answered...

"Do you find—have you heard that there is a good opening for a physician in the city of Dallas?"

"I don't care a continental whether there is a good opening for a physician in Dallas, I am going West to go to work," said Bob quickly.

"And how does the little Alice like the idea of your going?" asked Cousin Tom, who seemed to be watching him...

"Perhaps I may as well tell you," he continued after a moment.

"I will be through in no time, and you will be through in no time, and you will be through in no time," said Alice.

"The old man pulled slowly at his pipe. The young fellow's indifference did not escape him."

"The coming of his young cousin had hardly dispelled the visions he had been recalling, and he waited a long time before replying."

"Yes," he said at length, between the puffs, "I have seen a great deal of the West, and a very different country it is from this, I tell you."

"There is hardly a square mile of ground in the whole state of Texas that I have not been over, and Mexico and the territories and California, too, I know pretty well."

"I was a younger man than I am now when I went to the frontier. I little thought then of becoming the dejected old man that I am now, with hardly strength to light my pipe."

"Did I ever tell you, Bob," said the old man suddenly, "how I came to go to the war?"

"No," said Bob, "and I have often been curious to know why you throw up everything and spend so many years of your life in wandering about."

"Well," said the old man, leaning forward to empty his pipe on the hearth, "I may make a pretty long story of it, and if you get tired you must let me know."

"Here, boy," he said, as he fumbled in his pocket and produced a little worn velvet case, "that has been with me everywhere through all that Western wild. Look at it as I talk to you."

"Why, this is Alice, sir," said Bob eagerly, as he opened the case.

"Aye, Alice," said the old man, "but not your Alice. My Alice I used to call her in the old days. She was Alice Ames' aunt. I can see her now, boy, as I saw her the day she sat listening to me as I told my love to her."

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The estimated value of Holston, Mont., is \$22,000,000, or \$3700 for each man, woman and child in the city.

The salmon catch in Alaska has been immense, hundreds of thousands being thrown away on account of the lack of packing material.

When the young woman of the family in Hannover, Germany, practices upon the piano the windows of the room must be closed in order that the neighborhood shall not be annoyed.

A rather named Quinn, living west of Livingston, Mont., killed his wife and five children with an ax. Their bodies were horribly mutilated. The man was druggist, and when discovered was eating an arm of one of the children. He was killed in an attempt to secure him.

Richard Webster, the driver of a brewery wagon at Stockton, is under arrest on a charge of manslaughter for having run over and killed a Chinaman the morning.

The transmission of blood from anti-venereal diseases, and those which cause the same, is a matter of great importance. It is a matter of great importance.

Henry Wentworth and his young wife were getting in the carriage as I passed the gate. He had married, he told me, a week after I left a girl from the South. They both seemed very sad and in a hurry to go.

"Alice is the funeral," I said, as I turned to go.

"My God! it was my Alice, and I had gone and left her!"

The old man pressed his head upon his hand and the tears trickled down his sunken cheeks. Bob did not speak; his face was hidden too.

"After that," the old man said by and by, "I spent the next 25 years of my life in prowling about the West, and it was only when I had come an old man, when I had nothing left but Alice's grave over there on the hillside, that I came back home to rest. But here am I," he said, with a sudden start, "keeping you up listening to my chatter, when you ought to be in bed, getting ready for your rest to-morrow."

The young man sprang to his feet, "just one check," he said, "I can't get the 1:30 train to town. I shall not go West at all, Cousin Tom, and if my Alice will forgive me you may come to my wedding next month.—Patience Orel, in Philadelphia Times.

When the value of silver reaches \$1.25 per ounce, the silver dollar is at par with gold, and there is practically free coinage. The weight of the dollar is 412.5 grains, but 10 per cent of it is copper, which leaves 271.25 grains of pure silver in the dollar, which at \$1.25 per ounce is equal to one dollar in gold. There are 480 grains in an ounce, and any schoolboy can figure it out.

In the year 1867 this country imported 12,277,229 pounds of hops more than it exported.

In the year 1888 this was changed and 1,207,910 pounds were exported over and above the imports.

In the year 1889, 12,589,222 pounds were exported and only 3,076,108 were imported—the past two years changing the balance of trade in our favor, thus adding to our national wealth. The country is indebted to the great northwest for this favorable change. It has been fully demonstrated that the rich soils to be found in the valleys on our west coast are well adapted to the growth of hops. It is estimated that the crop in Washington and Oregon this year will reach 14,000,000 pounds, and if the growers receive 15 cents per pound, which is less than the present price, that will yield to these two states the nice sum of \$2,100,000.

Mrs. Hammond of Losford was driving home from Stockton on Saturday when a young man of good appearance asked for a ride. She granted his request, and the young man repaid her kindness by snatching her purse, containing \$150, and running away with it. Subsequently, while the police were looking for the thief, he appeared at Mrs. Hammond's residence and returned the money.

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Mining Application No. 2. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. OREGON CITY, Oregon, Aug. 11, 1890.

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SINGER SEWING MACHINE. Office 181 Commercial St. All styles of the Famous Singer constant in stock...

Notice for Bids. Sealed bids will be received by Hon. county court of Marion county, Oregon on Wednesday the 14th day of October, 1890...

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