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A SONG OF BEDFORD SQUARE.

It's a long time ago and a poor time to boast of,
The foolish old time of two young people's start:
But sweet were the days that young love made the most of—
So short by the clock and so long by the heart!
We lived in a cottage in old Greenwich village
With a tiny clay plot that was burnt brown and hard;
But it softened at last to my girl's patient till, age,
And the roses sprang up in our little back yard.

The roses sprang up and the yellow day lilies,
And heartsease and pansies, Sweet Williams and stocks,
And bachelors' buttons and bright daffodilies
Filled green little beds that I bordered with box.
They were plain country posies, bright hued and sweet smelling,
And the two of us worked for them, worked long and hard;
And the flowers she loved in her old country dwelling,
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went to the shop where I toiled all the day;
And at night I returned and I found my love looking
With her bright country eyes down the dull city way.
And first she would tell me what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped into a hand that was hard,
And she led through the house, till a breeze came perfuming
Our little back hall from our little back yard.

It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy;
And we don't live in state up in Madison square;
But the old man is hale, and he's happy and healthy,
And his wife is none the worse for the white in her hair.
Each year lends a sweeter new scent to the roses:
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard;
And each year a new love for old love discloses—
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard.

—H. C. Bunner in Puck.

FIRST CLASS FISHING.

"That is the place we must go," said Edith, as her father read aloud an advertisement of a summer boarding place. "First class fishing is what we want."

"Oh, pooh! You girls won't put a line in the water, and I have to stay here all week days," grumbled her father, putting down the newspaper which his daughter had given him.

"But, papa dear, you can fish Saturday afternoons. Do please take us to this place, Willowcreek," coaxed Agatha and Lily.

"We will enjoy the quiet, and get the roses in our cheeks again, as you said we must, after last winter's dissipation," added Edith.

Finally Papa Andrews was convinced that his gay daughters pined for a quiet summer resting place, and Aunt Clara, who cared for nothing so much as an easy chair and novels, was easily persuaded that there was no place so conveniently near, so select and promising of comfort, as the village of Willowcreek. Her nieces managed her, and she chaperoned them unobtrusively and obediently.

The elaborate costumes which these young women found necessary to take to the secluded village would have surprised any one not acquainted with their plans; but could one have heard a portion of their conversation on the morning before they showed that advertisement to their father the wardrobes would have been explained. "Willowcreek! Listen, girls; that's the place Alice Wall found her millionaire. She says the best men go to fishing places, the quieter the better, so they can lounge around and dress as they please. We will go to Willowcreek and try our luck," said Edith.

"At fishing," added Agatha.

"And we will take plenty of bait—the most fetching gowns and hats and shoes!" said Lily.

So they went, and they found that their boarding house was a mile from the village, and contained no other boarders but themselves. This was a cruel disappointment at first, but at supper they learned that there was a camp of fishermen only a mile up the creek. "Awful fine folks from town, with two men to cook and work for them," said Mrs. Cracken, their landlady. There were also some "cottagers" down on the bay, a mile the other side of the villagers.

"We won't trouble the cottagers," said Edith, as the sisters discussed the situation.

They learned, further, that some of these gentlemen went down to the village nearly every day, and that they often stopped at the farmhouse to order butter, eggs and vegetables. The prospect seemed much brighter after this information, and the girls now congratulated themselves on being Mrs. Cracken's only boarders.

The next morning they went fishing. They put on bewitching boating suits, carried rods and walked along the road which led up the creek, close beside the water. They frequently remarked, in silvery, though rather loud tones, that they wished they could find a boy who would get them some bait and put it on their hooks. Oh! what would they not do for such a boy! But they found no boy, and met nothing but a cynical looking cow, who caused them to turn and hurry back to Cracken's landing.

The day was very hot, and the men they were looking for were lying around in limp heaps, giving thanks that there were no womenkind within three miles. There was no middleman—nor woman, to create a movement between demand and supply, so supply rejoiced in its freedom, and demand tried to nap in a hot, stuffy farm bedroom.

Toward supper time the fishermaidens arose and made elaborate toilets, and after supper they got into a skiff, which Edith poled along the edge of the stream among lily pads, where the water was shallow and still. Presently they allowed the boat to stop, and they all sang, and made a charming picture. Agatha played her banjo and leaned gracefully against Lily, whose gay Japanese parasol made a bright spot against the dark foliage, and Edith leaned on her pole. They sang in a manner calculated to draw the fish out of the water, providing that those finny jewels were gifted with musical and artistic tastes, and presently Edith, who was captain and lookout also, heard the sound of oars.

"They're coming; sing that first verse again."

In a few moments a skiff containing three handsome young men came down the stream, but the unconscious girls sang on, with downcast eyes, until Edith dropped her pole, tottered until the boat rocked, and exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, what shall we do? The pole is gone!"

The singing stopped, the girls screamed and reached over the side of the boat, apparently trying to get the pole, but really, it is sad to relate, pushing it out of sight under the lily pads until it floated almost to shore. Of course these distressed damsels were promptly rescued by the three young men, and a delightful acquaintance began. It soon appeared that Frank Lawrence, the eldest, knew Papa Andrews quite well—by name, and had often been in the city of Rivermeet, and that Robert Somers and Charles Rich knew a cousin Tom, whom the sisters had not seen for a couple of years, but whose acquaintance made a formal introduction to these young men quite superfluous, since he was a most proper person, married and well to do, living in Chesterfield, where the young men lived. When Papa Andrews came up on Saturday evening, he was pleased to find his daughter happy at their cheap boarding place in the society of "Cousin Tom's friends."

There were many boating parties and picnics, limited to seven people, of whom Aunt Clara was the merest nobody, the bare shadow of a chaperon; for the attentive young people always settled her in a hammock with a mosquito net over her, while they strolled around. The young men described the village as the stupidest of places, affording neither cigars nor candy, but boxes of these indispensables were sent for to the city, so the young people did not visit the village, the mail being brought by one of the gentlemen, as they took turns in going down for supplies.

There were long evenings on the porch, when it rained or had rained, and left the grass too wet for walks and tennis, and there were cozy whist parties, when two of the young people had to take turns waiting on the porch while the other four played. The fishing was indeed first class, but, as the prudent Edith observed to her younger sisters, it was the catching that concerned them most seriously, and when, on comparing notes, after three weeks' stay, they found that kisses had been respectfully but earnestly begged for, the fair fishers felt justified in calling them "nibbles," and in putting forth extra caution and skill in landing their prizes.

"We must be very careful, now; a kiss begged for is an extremely promising nibble, but a kiss taken or given is letting him run away with your bait," said Edith.

"Charlie called me dearest," murmured Agatha.

"Robert called me darling," said Lily.

"That all goes for nothing. I've known men to actually propose and be accepted and then get up a quarrel when they were tired of the girl. We can't be too careful. I wish we knew more about them. I have a mind to write to Cousin Tom," said Edith, the wise virgin.

"But Cousin Tom has gone to some place in Canada," objected Lily.

"Let us say we're going home and see how they take it," suggested Agatha. "You know papa said on Monday that he was getting tired of the empty house."

This suggestion seemed good, and that evening each maiden observed to her attendant in a gently regretful tone that these pleasant days would soon be at an end, for papa wished them to come home. The result was pleasing, but not entirely satisfactory. Frank and Robert and Charlie declared that their summer joy would end as soon as Edith, Lily and Agatha departed, and they immediately proposed to fill the few remaining days with pleasant amusements. But they proposed nothing else.

"I suppose this sort of thing goes on all over the world," sighed Lily, when the sisters were once more in council.

"Not in Europe. There the chaperons attend to business. They have all the anxiety, and the girls just stay quiet and let themselves be married," answered Edith.

"Oh, I wish things were managed that way in this country! It is such a nuisance to have to chase after men and not know what they intend. They are so deceiving," wailed Agatha.

"If we American girls sat down and waited, we should all be old maids. I've seen that sort of thing tried by nice, good, bright girls, and they just totally failed. Since we're in America we have to manage in the American way," said Edith decidedly.

"I wish that something would happen. In books the horses run away, or girls fall into the water, or thunderstorms drive people together in unexpected ways, and they show their true selves," said Lily.

"The Cracken horses are not likely to run away, and the creek is not deep enough to make it worth while to fall in, and the only thunderstorms we have had have been when we were in bed. If only we had some other men to stir these up with!" sighed Edith.

"It seemed to me that when Robert was saying he would get the buckboard and drive me alone to the Glen, while you four came in the rockaway, he was thinking about something—something serious, I do believe. His look was not like his usual looks," said Lily reflectively.

"Well, we shall see, and I shall write to papa tomorrow morning that we will be ready to go home on Saturday, for if nothing comes of this Glen trip or the moonlight walk we need not waste any more time here," said Edith, as she extinguished the light and threw herself impatiently on her creaking bed.

The Glen trip was a perfect success, so far as lovely weather, an excellent luncheon and devoted attention from the men could render it so. But, alas! it was not attentions, but intentions, which the girls required, and they were actually relieved when they reached the farmhouse, just before supper.

"See that storm coming," exclaimed Lily, as they were dressing.

"If only it had come while we were in the woods! With the wind roaring and the thunder crashing we might have come to an understanding. Men always feel tenderly toward the women they protect from danger or fright."

"Just our luck," assented Agatha.

The men had promised to come down after supper, and the girls were anxious lest the storm should prevent them, and it threatened to be heavy. Clouds of dust rolled along the road, and the girls, who went to the porch as soon as supper was over, listened gloomily to the thunder.

"What's the good of a thunderstorm when there's not a man around! I wish some one would come. I would welcome any one!" exclaimed Edith.

Just then a carriage hurried up the road and stopped at the gate. This gate was at the side of the house, and as Mrs. Cracken went out in response to a call the three girls looked through the vines at the end of the porch and saw three women alighting.

"Yes, of course you may stay; you'd never get there dry. Come right around here." And the good soul led her new guests to the porch.

The three girls who had been wishing for any one were confronted with three of the prettiest young women imaginable, gowned to perfection.

"Oh, horrors! more fisher maidens!" whispered Lily.

One of the ladies turned to Mrs. Cracken and said: "We have heard how kind you are, Mrs. Cracken. Let me introduce Mrs. Robert Somers and Mrs. Charles Rich. I am Mrs. Lawrence, and I must thank you for taking such good care of my husband."

Mrs. Cracken bowed and then introduced her boarders, with an embarrassed air. But no embarrassment was shown by the Misses Andrews. They declared they were charmed to meet the ladies from the Bay cottages and wished the meeting had come sooner, for they had been so lonely, but had promised papa to stay perfectly quiet this summer, after being so constantly gay last winter. Yes, they had seen the gentlemen several times and were sure they must be tired of their life at a stupid camp all this time. The wives, to whom the men had merely said that an old maid was looking after some young neices at Cracken's, played their part equally well.

They explained that they had refused the delights of camping, and had been enjoying the cool bay side, and wished they had known of these young ladies having been buried in such dull seclusion. They would have called, of course. All this polite fiction was published before the storm came, and, after all, it was only a shower, soon over, and just as the wives were ordering the carriage to proceed on their way to surprise their husbands, these young men came gayly to the farm, and then, of course, every one had a pleasant evening.

When the guests were gone Mrs. Cracken put her head out of her bedroom door, as the sisters went up to bed, and said, in a tone of deepest concern:

"Say, I never knowed them fellers was married; I thought they was sparkin you'ns."

"Oh, my! What a joke, dear Mrs. Cracken! Why, these people are dear friends of our cousin, Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Chesterfield," exclaimed Edith, with a merry laugh.

But when the sisters were in their room they looked at each other with rage and shame in their pretty eyes.

"I wish I were a French girl," moaned Lily.

"I wish I were dead," sobbed Agatha.

Edith simply remarked, "Better luck next time."

And this is the American way.—Eva Muller in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Storks in England.

While there is no known record of storks having ever nested in England, it is not improbable that they occasionally did so, from the fact that they at one time nested as far north as the capital of Scotland. Bower, an ancient Scottish chronicler who resided near Edinburgh, states that in the year 1416 storks came and nested on the roof of St. Giles' church, in High street, of that city. They remained a year, he says, and departed to return no more; and "whither they flew no man knoweth."—Chambers' Journal

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talk about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottle free at Fry's drugstore, 225 Com'l St.

She Was Known.

Here is a story told of Professor Maria Mitchell. After Professor Mitchell resigned from Vassar college she went to live in Philadelphia. Two of her old pupils residing in the Quaker City determined to call upon their former professor immediately. On the way to the hotel where Miss Mitchell was staying the two ladies debated with themselves in what form it would be better to put their inquiry. If they asked for Professor Mitchell, the clerk, not having had the superlative advantages of Vassar, would probably say that there was no such gentleman in the house. On the other hand, how could they so lower the dignity of their dearly beloved professor by inquiring if Miss Mitchell were at home?

The question was a stupendous one, and after being argued pro and con it was finally decided infavor of the miss. The ignorance of the clerk was a fact, and not to be gainsaid. Accordingly, the ladies on reaching the hotel walked up to the man at the desk and inquired for Miss Mitchell. Much to their consternation they were told that there was no such person in the house.

"I am sure she is here," said the lady.

"Pardon me, madame," replied the urbane clerk, "perhaps you have made a mistake; your friend may be stopping at some other hotel."

"No, she is here," and forthwith was given a most accurate description of the distinguished lady. Light began to dawn in the mind of the puzzled young man.

"I beg your pardon; you mean Professor Mitchell. Certainly, she is staying with us. Your cards?"—New York Advertiser.

John O'Groat's House.

In the reign of James IV of Scotland John O'Groat and his two brothers—Malcolm and Gavin—arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warse and Dugisby, on the beach at the mouth of Penland Firth, the northeastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland. In time their families increased until there were eight households of the same name. They lived as neighbors in the greatest peace and amity, holding an annual festival in the same house. At last the question of precedence arose among the younger members and they disputed as to who should sit near the head of the table or enter the room first.

Old Johnny O'Groat was made arbitrator of the dispute. He promised that before the next meeting he would settle the question to the satisfaction of all concerned. Accordingly he built an eight sided house in which to hold the annual dinner. This octagonal house was fitted with a door and a window on each side and a round table in the center of the room, so that the head of each family of the O'Groats might enter by his own door and sit at a table which was practically "without a head." This famous house was situated about a mile and a half west of the point of land called Dugisby Head. The site of the house is now marked only by some grass covered mounds.—St. Louis Republic.

About Cranks.

"Speaking of cranks," said Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, "it would almost seem that to accomplish anything remarkable in this world it is necessary to become what we call a 'crank.' That is, a man must become a specialist. But does it pay? Is it the best use a man can be put to? Is it the ideal of intellectual manhood?

"I have a cousin in Tennessee who is a harmless crank. He has been fooling with the sun and the time o' day until he seems to be pretty well known by the experts even here in New York. He put his name in the light shade of the 'V' on a watch dial so it could not be seen with the naked eye.

"He made a chronometer so perfect that it can be put in the oven and baked, taken out and be frozen in an ice cream freezer, then boiled and during the entire process it would not only keep on running, but wouldn't vary a twentieth of a second in time."—New York Herald.

Awkward Occurrences at Court.

Awkward contretemps happen at court sometimes, as well as everywhere else. Years ago one of the Earls of Gainsborough, who had the habit of kicking his shoes off at dinner, had done it, as usual, and when the queen rose to leave the room he fished under the table to try and recover them, but in vain, and he was obliged to get up and open the door for her majesty in his "stocking feet."

Another thing happened not long ago, but the name of the unlucky man will not be given. Somebody was entertaining one of the princesses at dinner with a good story, at which she laughed heartily, and the queen turned and asked what she was so amused at. The story teller repeated it, of course, but it was not approved of, and the queen said, in a very severe way, "We are not at all pleased," and left the table.—London Tit-Bits.

Two Literary Mobs.

To the mob of gentlemen who write with ease must now be added the mob of ladies. Women, who in the last century would have left behind them a chest full of letters, now consume their literary energies in the production of a shelf full of novels. But there are a thousand volumes to one book, a thousand echoes to one voice. Of the crowd of novels which annually issue from the press scarcely one in a hundred carries the reader out of the beaten track.—Edinburgh Review.

The Coming Line.

The Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line offers the best accommodations to the traveling public en route from San Francisco and Portland, Chicago. Through trains, fast time, magnificent sleeping cars, elegant dining cars, colonist sleepers, reclining chair cars and handsome day coaches. eod—Aug.

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Tonic and Nervine,
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Assets Over 350,000 Dollars.
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—VIA
Southern Pacific Route
Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

South.			North.
7:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
9:18 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv.
8:15 a.m.	Ar.	San Fran.	Lv.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg Junction City, Irving and Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:00 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
10:52 a. m	Lv	Salem	Lv.
2:40 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv.

Albany Local, Daily (Except Sunday).

5:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
7:52 p. m.	Lv:	Salem	Lv.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.
For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:
DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.

Through Tickets
—To all points—
EAST and SOUTH
For tickets and full information regarding rates maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't
R. KOERNER, Manager

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.
OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD
And Oregon Development company's steamship line. 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays).

Leave Albany
Leave Corvallis
Arrive Yaquina
Leave Yaquina
Leave Corvallis
Arrive Albany

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.
The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

SAILING DATES.

STEAMERS, FROM YAQUINA
Farallon, Friday, June 19
Willamette Valley, Tuesday, July 7
Farallon, Sunday, " 12
Willamette Valley, Thursday, " 16
Farallon, Tuesday, " 21

STEAMERS, FROM SAN FRANCISCO
Willamette Valley, Friday, June 26
Farallon, Tuesday, July 4
Willamette Valley, Sunday, " 12
Farallon, Thursday, " 16
Willamette Valley, Tuesday, " 21

This company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice.
N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.
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A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.
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