

IN POLITE CIRCLES

Musical Criticism of an Event of the Week.

WEDDINGS, WHISKS AND SURPRISES.

Miss Mable Jenness to Appear in Salem Tuesday Next.

THE PARVIN MUSICAL.

It has been said, over and over again that a good thing in music is not appreciated. This is as true of Salem as of other cities that are not large enough to have a distinctively musical audience.

Classical music appeals only to the cultivated ear and the multitude wait for the popular music of the day. It is never Mr. Parvin's show that the public goes to hear; it is his pupils.

It was on the whole a brilliant display for the conservatory of music and will do not a little to maintain its fame and reputation. There were two four-handed pieces and two glees.

TO SAN FRANCISCO. Mrs. E. C. Baker who has been at Salem for nearly four years, conducting a large dressmaking business and of late a student at the Capital City Business college, goes to San Francisco to make her future home.

MISS MABLE JENNESS. This eminent platform lecturer on physical culture and artistic dress will be in Salem, Tuesday, April 18th and lecture that evening. The place for lecture and exhibition of costumes will be announced elsewhere in the Journal.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. H. Heffebower, who live near Waldo's station, in the Waldo Hills, they were surprised by the appearance of nearly twenty teams and some seventy-five persons driving up before dinner time.

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON a musical recital was given at the home of Mr. G. Steiner by the pupils of Mrs. Walter A. Denton, to a number of invited friends. The pupils are making substantial progress and have made the history of music a special study.

THE MINSTRELS ARE COMING! Not only to the small boy, but also to that boy of larger growth is the coming of the minstrel men pleasant intelligence.

goodly number of courses, hot and cold but all of the most delicious, was served. This was against the law but all partook, and it is doubtful if a prosecuting witness could be found to complain of a jury of that crowd to impose a fine.

TO CLOSE A LARGE INVOICE of useful and ornamental articles was auctioned off, some selling for fabulous sums, and in all provoking much pleasure. The club meets next Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fleming.

AT THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE. The young ladies of the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception and served tea to the Y. W. C. A. on Monday afternoon from five to half-past seven. The lunch and toasts were produced in a unique manner planned by the young ladies.

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A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

When the curtains are drawn, and the baby's asleep, And the older boy dreams on his couch up the stairs, While the clouds and the moonbeams are playing loose,

Ye were new long ago and in dignified state, All glossy and spotless, close fitting and trim, No mortal had ventured to pass your fate.

Though business may vex with its ups and its downs, Though ships may delay and though bills be postponed, Still man, let his home be in fields or in towns,

AN EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

"It's an uncommonly queer world," said Zedekiah. He leaned back against the broken gatepost and stared hard at the setting sun.

"I had been a desperate struggle to keep their heads above water ever since their father's death two years before. Farming carried on by a delicate widow and a boy of 15, however much energy and good will they bring to bear between them on the work in hand, can hardly be expected to afford brilliant results, and the wet season just passed had 'finished the job,' as Zedekiah himself would have said.

"So I've heard tell, Zed," his wanderings became more energetic. "Well, then," he said, "I don't believe we ought to let it go while we can stick to it. It isn't just because it is the only thing we shall have left when we leave here to let the children know that we came of a family that was well to do once. If they don't make people respect them for themselves, it isn't much use having a tail of grandfathers behind them, but when I think of the poor old great-grandfather bringing that big clock across the sea to his home in the new country, because he prized it more than anything he had, and when I think of all the generations it has ticked for I can't find the heart to let it go into strangers' hands."

"Come in to your supper, Zed," she called again as he came up the flagged walk with an air of intense jauntiness to hide the fact that he was footsore and lame where the flints had bruised through the worn boots. The children are that hungry that I can't keep them quiet, and they ought to have been in bed, poor things.

"I believe it's worth ever so much more than \$2," he said, examining the quaint engraving with care. "Anyway, it's not going for that, nor for anything. I don't mean to say I wouldn't sell it to keep us from starving, but we're not there yet, and I hope we shan't be."

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"I guess I've got that place, mother," he said. "I went to the store Mr. Norton told me of and they've pretty well settled to take me on. The wages don't seem fabulous, to be sure, but they'll be something, and then there's the prospect of a rise."

"Oh, Zed!" The darning fell into Mrs. Barnes' lap. "You poor boy! Yes, the wages are something and no mistake, but I can't bear to think of you, your poor father's son, just a common errand boy in a grocery store!"

"I don't see why!" he said stoutly. "Groceries are honest enough, and they're clean, too—a great deal nicer than a good many other things, I think. Besides, errand boys always make their fortunes right away. Did you ever hear of a millionaire in a book who didn't begin by sweeping out a store?"

"I don't believe, do you know, that he had anything to leave. Folks say he was really very poor." "Poor? Not he!" Mrs. Barnes was roused to indignation. "I guess he wasn't! But he was an awful miser for years before he died, and he lived for all the world like a beggar! We fancied he'd have left you hundreds—and there was nothing!"

"The clock!" scornfully. "Ah, by the way, that reminds me; there was a peddler here this morning—not that it is much good for anybody with anything to sell to come here—he saw the old clock and seemed to fancy it somehow. He said he'd give you a couple of dollars for it if you liked, and I thought you'd be glad enough to let him have it."

"No, I'm not," he had risen and was wandering about the low ceiled room, his hands deep in his pockets. "At least, I don't think I am. But somehow it goes against me to part with Uncle Zed's legacy. Hasn't it been in the family as long as there's any record, and didn't my great-grandfather, generations back, bring it with him when he came to America?"

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Mrs. Barnes' thin face flushed a little. "Why, yes," she said, "it did say so, to be sure, but it wouldn't go when it first came, although your father tried to make it, and you know there never was the money to spend on watchmakers, even if we hadn't felt too badly over the way Uncle Zed had deceived us. What ever are you after, my boy?"

"Only going to see what I can do to it," said Zedekiah, with calm resolution. "It seems too bad, somehow, not to have a try. Poor old clock, how could it be true to us when we weren't true to it? I'll fetch the tools and have it to pieces anyhow."

"You'll only make bad worse!" Mrs. Barnes rose in some meek exasperation and went to the outer kitchen. There were plenty of small "chores" to do for tomorrow, and she felt unreasonably vexed with Zedekiah for his refusal to sell the clock. Dearly as she loved her only son she was growing dimly aware that in strength of mind and will he was leaving far behind the little red haired urchin who used to lean on "Mover" for everything, and then he was becoming as "queer" and fanciful as his father had been before him.

"Guess what's the matter, mother! No wonder the old gentleman wouldn't tick! The works are all stuffed up with paper. I can't make them move. I shall have to take off the dial before I can pull it out. What on earth could have been the object of feeding the old thing with crumpled paper?"

"The children are badly off for boots, and \$2 are \$2. Besides, it'll have to go next week with all the other things, and maybe it won't bring as much as that at the sale."

"Perhaps I shall not sell it," said Zedekiah slowly. "Zed, you must be crazy!" "No, I'm not," he had risen and was wandering about the low ceiled room, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Mother! Oh, mother! What is this?" It was Zed's voice, but so altered that she hardly recognized it for his own. Startled, stumbling, half blind still with the half shed tears, she reached his side and stood bewildered, half terrified, half expecting she knew not what, as he held out to her with trembling fingers a roll of strange, stained, fluttering paper.

"Mother, oh, mother! Don't you see?" he cried; "don't you understand? They're bills—notes—greenbacks. There must be thousands of them packed close and hard. It's Uncle Zedekiah's fortune! My legacy, hidden away here all these years till some one should set the poor old clock true to time again and find their reward. There! there!" He caught her thin form in his arms as she reeled forward and knelt by her side as he laid her gently in her chair.

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THE PARENT'S EYE

Must Be Upon the Children. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

(From the Latest Work of the Webfoot Warbler.) There is a Dollar in a glance, When applied to Buying pants; 'Tis the Parent only knows What it costs to keep in clothes A Home full of Happy Busting Boys.



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