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TO JUDITH.

Oh, her eyes are amber fine—
Dark and deep as wells of wine,
While her smile is like the noon,
Splendor of a day of June.
If she sorrow—lo! her face
It is like a flowery space
In bright meadows, overlaid
With light clouds and lulled with shade
If she laugh—it is the trill
Of the wayward whippoorwill
Over upland pastures heard,
Echoed by the mocking bird
In dim thickets dense with bloom
And blurred cloyings of perfume.
If she sigh—a zephyr swells
Over odorous asphodels
And wan lilies in lush plots
Of moon drowned forgetmenots.
Then, the soft touch of her hand—
Takes all breath to understand
What to liken it thereto!
Never rose leaf rinsed with dew
Might slip soother-suave than slips
Her slow palm, the while her lips
Swoon through mine, with kiss on kiss
Sweet as heated honey is.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ROMANCE OF FIR TOP.

Up a long, rock walled Colorado mountain road crept a swaying, yellow painted stagecoach. With heaving chests the dappled leaders strained the thick tugs, while the driver idly swung his whip and shot streams of "ambeer" at saucy chipmunks. Two passengers were walking. They were a tourist from Boston and the manager of the Horseshoe Mining company. Horseshoe stock being at low water mark, the manager showed every possible mark of attention to his companion, who, if appearances counted for anything, was quite well to do. On the box with the driver sat a youthful person with an oldish face surmounted by a pocket hat. Something in his manner denoted an acquaintance with the vicissitudes of life in all its aspects. The driver looked at him curiously and cracked his whip.

"Ever in a holdup, pardner?"

"Yes."

"Tho't so. Ever helt up by a woman?"

"No."

"Tho't not. I wuz onct. Want ter hear 'bout it?"

The passenger looked sharply up and said, "Is it a true story?"

"D'ye s'pose I could stuff you?"

"I think not."

"That's what I 'lowed."

"All right, then. Pitch in," exclaimed the other.

"See that bend up thar whar th' road slips round behin th' mount'n?"

"Yes."

"That air's th' place."

"What were the circumstances?"

"They wuz a pile 'r circumstances. 'Member Dick Brand?"

"Where did he live?"

"Fir Top."

"I was never in Fir Top."

"You will be soon. Dick Brand wuz a wunner. Kep' th' hotel 'n Fir Top. Could drink mo' whisky than any other man 'n th' county. An gamble! Gambled 'is clo'es away onct. Some feller gin 'im a hoss blanket ter wear home. What you s'pose he wanted ter do then?"

"Don't know. What was it?"

"Wanted ter bet th' hoss blanket ag'in a quart 'r licker. Dick Brand had two darters, Linda an Bet. Linda marr'd the fo'man of th' Royal Flush here las' spring.

"Well, Dick gambled an drunk, drunk an gambled his time away. Never los' much stuff by it, though, tel Doc Martin come ter town, for th' boys all liked Linda an Bet, so whenever Dick wuz losin they'd make th' squeezers run his way awhile.

"When Doc Martin struck th' diggins, he put on lota of side 'ith his stovepipe hat an yaller gloves. First time 'e seen Linda 'e smirked a lot, an purty soon 'twuz goin th' roun's that th' doc wuz lovin Brand's gal. Linda wanted none 'r his love, an she tole 'im so. Bin a white man he'd 'r let her be then. But 'e wa'n't. So what d'yer s'pose 'e done?"

"Don't know. What was it?"

"Say! Is them air fellers back thar in sight yit?"

"Yes. They're just this side the bend."

"Whoa thar, you devils. Hol up yer heads, will yer, an stan steddy. Why, Doc Martin got playin poker 'ith Dick Brand. Martin wuz a dandy 'ith th' cards an won all 'r th' pore fool's dust. Dick wuz wild ter git 'is money back, of co'se, an ast Martin ter wait tel 'e could go an borry some stuff from some 'r th' boys. Martin then up an smiled a Chinee smile an pulled a roll 'r bills outen 'is inside coat pocket. Jest a roun thousan dollars. He slapped th' bundle down on th' table an—say, ain't you fellers tired 'r walkin? Yas, I s'posed you wuz. Climb in an be darned quick 'bout it, fer I'm goin ter rattle down this slope like a tornader tearin up Kansas farms. Air you ready? G'lang, ye sons 'r Belzebub. Say, pardner, whar 'r 'bouts wuz I at when I bit it off?"

"You were saying that Martin put up his cash."

"Sure. I rikkolect now. Well, Dick jumped like a wile bronck when he seen th' pile. More money 'n he'd laid eyes on since th' railroad wuz built up ter Sunset. Martin tole 'im ef he'd make out a morgedge on th' hotel fer a thousan dollars, payable in a year's time 'ith intrust at 8 per cent, he'd stack th' col' thousan ag'in the dockyment.

"Brand done it like th' loon that 'e wuz. Martin knowed a lot 'r lawyer doin's, an 'e drawed up the paper, an a couple of his cronies from down th' valley that wuz thar signed fer witness.

"Then th' cards wuz dealt. Martin discarded three; Dick jest tuck one. An, by gum, pardner, I'll eat th' off leader of Dick didn't lose."

"What did Martin have?"

"Four aces. Dick had a full house, an Martin done th' deelin."

"Of course he fixed the cards, but why did he act as if he wanted to draw his opponent on when it was a simple showdown?"

"Jest fer straight out deviltry. Soon as 'e had pore Dick floored 'e showed what 'e wuz leadin fer. Plunked th' cash down on th' morgedge an offered Dick both fer his gal Linda. In case Brand refused 'e wuz ter be sol outer house an home.

"Dick wuz clean white an true ter his gals, even 't 'e did play fool at gamblin. Tole Martin ter go som'ers down 'bout Mexico—that ain't th' place 'e said, but it's in th' neighborhood. Shuck 'is fist in th' schemy doctor's face an tole 'im he'd rather see Linda marry a Hong Kong washeeman than pair off 'ith him. Martin jest turned chalky roun th' gills an went out 'thout sayin of a word. Took mitey good keer ter pocket th' morgedge an cash, though, befo' 'e went. An 'e didn't stop tel 'e wuz outer th' Rockies, nother.

"By gum, sir, that air feller never showed 'is face in Fir Top again fer a year. Yes, 'twuz mor'n a year. Brand knowed 'e'd come back, though, an th' pore devil tried ever way under th' sun ter git up that morgedge money. 'Twan't no use, though, and th' mis'ry of thinkin on it turned 'im sick.

"Jest befo' his time run out 'e called Linda an Bet ter 'is bunk an tole 'em th' whole story 'bout that ar poker game an th' morgedge. Course they didn't give back no lip, bein as he wuz erbout ter cash in 'is chips. It struck Linda col', though, and I allers noticed arter that she had a mopy kind 'r look.

"'Bout 13 montns later on—Brand had bin planted 10 months an wuz mitey nigh forgot—I carried in th' mailbag one day, an old man Jinks, th' postmaster, went ter work sortin out th' mail. Arter while 'e hefted one letter ter th' light an looked at it kinder grim through 'is specs. I wuz settin on a sugar bar'l eaten crackers an cheese. Th' ole man spoke up an sed:

"'Yere's a letter fer Dick Brand. I d'no wuther or not to sen it back or give it ter Linda.' In speakin 'r th' gals folks allers used Linda's name, 'cause she kinder helt th' lines.

"'Give it ter Linda,' said I; 'hit mout be 'mportant.'

"Jest then Linda come in. She pushed back her gingham bonnet an said, 'Is thar ennything fer me, Mister Jinks?'

"'Well, Miss Linda, I jest got a letter yere fer yer paw, but bein as he ain't present ter receive it mebbe I'd better give it to you, seein as how you air his darter.'

"'Yes, lemme take it,' said Linda. The ole man poked it out, an Linda tuck it. She turned th' envelope over ever' which way, jest as if she could read 'thout openin of it, like th' trick feller in th' circus. Then she tore it open an begun to read. I watched an seed her growin pale an skeered like. Then she gave a sort of quick gasp an tore th' letter all ter pieces. At that time I didn't know th' ins an outs of th' game, but I had a glimmerin. Linda turned ter me an sed in a sorter jerky tone of voice:

"'Phil, what 'ud you do if a man wuz goin ter sell yer outer house an home?'

"'I'd kill th' skunk, Miss Linda,' sed I, short off.

"'Well, looky yere now, Phil,' put in ole man Jinks, speakin slow an lookin wise, 'don't yer think that air 'ud be agoin contrary ter th' statoots?'

"'Spec' it would,' said I, lookin in Linda's purty eyes, 'but when th' statoots makes a sweet little gal look like she wuz pluggin up the weeps I sez consarn th' statoots.'

"Linda looked at me, 'ith a soft little smile creepin outer th' mist of cry in her eyes, and went out.

"Now, who d'ye s'pose I tuck over ter Fir Top second trip arter Linda got th' letter? Don't know, eh? Well, yer oughter. 'Twuz Doc Martin. Yes, sir, when I pulled up 'longside 'r th' train down thar at Sunset, th' doc come walkin out big as Ike an got in 'thout so much as sayin howd'y. Two other fellers got in likewise. One wuz a miner and t'other some sorter science crank—minrologist, I think they called 'im.

"'Twuz th' middle of th' month, an skacely enny express money goin over.

"Well, ter come down ter fine p'ints, as we nighed that air bend in th' road that I showed you, th' hosses got skeered at somethin they smelt in th' wind. I give 'm th' lash, an away they went. Jest as we rounded th' turn—me holdin 'em in then, you know—I hear'd a shrill, boyish soundin voice yell out 'Halt!'—an halt I did.

"Gosh! how well I knowed them tones. Right in front of th' leaders stood a slim young feller, 'ith a mask over 'is eyes. Ther' wa'n't no whiskers or mustash on 'is face, nuther. Stickin outer th' firs, 'longside 'r th' road, wuz four or five gun bar'ls. Mor'n likely th' wa'n't no men behin 'em though. Jest then, out steps another slim dandy kid, 'ith 'is 44 cocked.

"'My fr'en's,' sed he ter th' folks in th' coach, 'tain't no use for you ter show fight. Them thickets is full of my men. Step out an cash up, please.'

"They got out an he went through 'em. Lef' the'r watches, but tuck the'r cash. Tuck all the'r papers, too, an was specially keerful is 'is 'tentions ter Doc Martin. When the'r play wuz over, th' robbers 'loped back inter th' firs, and I druv on. Th' miner 'lowed as how they must be green stock, fer they never looked at th' express box.

"Purty soon arter that we got ter th' hotel. Them fellers didn't know whuther or not ter go in, bein as they had no cash, but I 'spicioned how things 'ud turn out an tole 'em I'd stan fer th' gang. They went in at that, and Sally Jinks fixed things fer 'em, bein as th' gals wa'n't at home. 'Bout a nour arter that they come in, though, and the dinner bell rung. Th' strangers, lookin purty doleful, walked out ter dinner an set down. Before they got through eatin Big Wallace—him that runs th' farrer bank—come hustlin in an sed:

"'Is them air gents that come in th' stage here?'

"'Yes,' they all hollered at once.

"'Well, ther vig'lance c'mitty's done tuck them fellers that robbed th' stage an strung 'em up. Yere's all th' plunder. You gents jest name th' mounts you had in stuff, an if th' totul fits you kin divide up 'mong ye. These yere dockyments, I s'pose, kin be 'dentified.'

"Linda an Bet wuz a settin rite thar all th' time. Bet spoke up an sed, 'Mister Wallace, wuz them robbers enny folks we knowed?'

"'No, Miss Bet. I guess they wuz new han's, jest struck th' trail. Dime novel cranks mebbe.'

"'Twa'n't no time before them fellers had the'r stuff fixed proper, and they wuz mighty jubilant, you kin bet, all exceptin ther Doc, who kep' touslin his papers about like he wuz huntin for somethin.

"'What's th' matter, Doc?' said I, 'ennything wrong?'

"'Why, yes,' said he, 'they's a valubul paper yere that's missin. It's a morgedge fer $1,000, an overdue too.

"'He kep' lookin an lookin, but 'twa'n't thar. Then he kinder sighed an sed, gentlelike, 'It don't make no difference nohow, fer th' morgedge is recorded in New York.'

"Yer ought 'r jest seed them gals. The'r faces looked as if the'r best fr'en had sent 'em an invite ter 'is fun'rul. Big Wallace wuz that sheepish he couldn't show 'is eyes, an I felt sorter slack myself."

"Did he sell them out?"

"He would 'r, but you see th' morgedge wuz paid. Linda wuz engaged ter th' foreman of th' Royal Flush, but she never had tole 'im 'bout th' poker game. When she foun 'er road scheme wa'n't no go, she let down an tole 'im th' whole story. Cried doin it, too, I surmise. Her feller had some stuff saved up, an 'e jest paid Mr. Doc an then kicked 'im outer camp. Linda named the day then, an she lives 'ith her husband in a snug little shack up by th' Royal Flush mill, an Bet runs th' ole house. Thar she is now, stan'in on th' po'ch an peeking out from under her bonnet at th' stage."—Henry Howard Heath in Argonaut.

The Uses of Old English Churches.

In more than one well known case the holy edifice consists merely of a barn attached to but walled off from a regular Pele tower. Even in southern England a semimilitary character is given sometimes to a church tower by the cresset, wherefrom, in cases of general danger—such, for instance, as the Spanish armada or the French incursions of a later period—the beacon fire spread the news from town to town and from village to village.

In a later age than that of civil war the vaults of coast churches played a very important part of what was an important branch of business. When a new rector was appointed to a church in the wealds of Kent or Sussex it was usual for him to receive a contribution to his wine cellar, accompanied by a concise intimation that out of regard for his future peace and happiness and perhaps safety he would do well not to inquire too closely into the uses to which the vaults beneath his church were put. —London Standard.

Goldfish as Weather Indicators.

Some time ago, while stopping at one of our southern Missouri hotels which had, strange to say, some of the "home comforts and appearances" about it, I was somewhat surprised and interested at the actions of the landlord's goldfishes. They all kept near the surface of the water, as I observed, and so remarked to the landlady, when she in turn informed me that that meant a change in the weather. Said she: "When there is to be a change in the weather from warm to cold, with snow or rain, these fishes keep near the surface; while if fine, clear, sunshiny weather is approaching they will invariably be found near the center of the reservoir." This seemed to me rather odd at first and worthy of note, but I since learned by close observation the correctness of her statement.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nature and Woman.

"Nature never grows old," said Barlow.

"Yes, she does," said Hawkins, "but she is enough of a woman to be able to conceal her age effectually."—Harper's Bazar.

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Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

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7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv.	5:45 a. m

THROUGH TICKETS

To all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. SKINNER, Agent, Salem. E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Ag't. R. KOEHLER, Manager.

The Yaquina Route.

OREGON PACIFIC R. R.

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 Sunday.)

Lv Albany	1:00 p m	Lv Corvallis	1:00 p m
Ar Yaquina	5:30 p m	Lv Yaquina	8:45 a m
Lv Corvallis	8:30 a m	Ar Albany	11:15 a m

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at Yaquina with the Oregon Development Co.'s line of steamers between Yaquina and San Francisco.

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.

Passenger and Freight Rates always the lowest.—For information apply to Kamm BULLMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 255 and 257 Front street, Portland, Or., or

C. C. HOGUE, Ass't Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Or. Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr., Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agt. Ore. Development Co., 254 Montgomery St.