A LIGHT IN THE YARD

MRS. GALLUP RECOGNIZES IN IT HER SUMMONS TO HEAVEN.

But She Fails to Get Any Information From Her Husband as to the Manner in Which She Should Act When She Enters Her Home Among the Angels.

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When Mr. Gallup sat down for the evening, he had his newspaper on his knee and Mrs. Gallup was singing "Rock of Ages" and clearing away the supper table. He had been reading for a quarter of an hour when she quietly entered and sat down and said:

"Samuel, I don't want to disturb you nor make you feel bad, but I feel obliged to ask you a few questions. Last night at midnight Mrs. Watkins saw a light moving around in our back yard. It was a light which bobbed up and bobbed down and dodged this way and that, and when it finally went out it gave a great wink and a splutter. It was what they call a ghost lantern, Samuel, and it meant that there would be death in this house within a week. It'll be my death, of course. I've got 27 different ailments, with heart disease thrown in, while you are as healthy as a cornfield. Yes; it'll be me, but I'm not weepin over it. I'm sittin right here as calm as catnip, but I want to know some few things."

Mr. Gallup must have known of her presence, but he was too deeply interested in his paper to recognize it. He had found an article which said that a bedbug could be boiled in water for four hours and then come out with his ambition undaunted.

"I shall go to heaven when I die, of course," continued Mrs. Gallup as her voice broke a little. "I orter go there. Any woman who has whitewashed the cellar every spring for 27 years, besides makin soft soap, cuttin carpet rags, dyein over old clothes and makin one corset last her for 13 years, will go to heaven on the jump. What bothers

"I'M SITTIN RIGHT HERE AS CALM AS CATNIP,"

me, however, is how I'm goin to act arter I git there. You know how company allus flustrates me. If three or four of the neighbors come in, I'm almost sure to fall off my cheer or knock over sunthin. How's it goin to be when I git up there and meet a hull pasture full of angels? There'll be millions of 'em, Samuel, and they'll all be lookin at me and wonderin who I am, and I'll be so upset that I'll fall over my own feet."

She paused to wipe the tears from her eyes with the palm of her hand, but as she had asked no direct questions Mr. Gallup finished the bug article and turned to one on the care of clothes lines.

"I don't want to be looked at and p'inted out and made fun of up there," said Mrs. Gallup as she sat with her eyes on the carpet. "All night long last night I couldn't sleep for thinkin that some of the angels would turn up their noses at me and want to know what on airth I was doin there. You remember Sarah Jane Bixby, who died two years ago? Sarah was snippy and sassy. If she went to heaven, it would be jest her way to want to know why I'd come flyin up there, with my rheumatis and back aches. I'd have to sass her back, and then what would happen? Angels do sass each other sometimes, don't they, Samuel?"

If Mr. Gallup had ever given the matter a thought, he was too busy to discuss it. The statement was right before his eyes that 1,000,000 miles of clothesline went to destruction every year for want of being hung up in the wood shed when not in use, and he was reflecting on the carelessness of humanity in general.

"I may git up to heaven in the night, when all the angels are asleep, and so I'll slip in all right. I hope that'll be the way, because it'll give me a chance to kind o' git used to the place before daylight. Do you think they have any breakfast up there? Mrs. Watkins says they don't, but I don't really see how they git along without it. I know I should feel a goneness all day without breakfast. And I want you to look at me, Samuel, and see if I'm the humbliest woman ever born. I have read that when we die we are changed as in the twinklin of an eye. I hope it's so. If it ain't, then I can't expect no good times up thers. Them angels will be p'intin out my lop shoulder, my big feet and my wabbly knees and whisperin to each other that I'd better staid down on airth among the cabbages. Nobody as knows me can call me obstinate or sot, but I'll be snummed if I propose to die and become an angel to be made fun of. You'll be on my side about that, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup heaved a long sigh and seemed about to speak, but no word came. He had finished with the clothesline and struck an article about the reasoning powers of the crow, and the most direct question from Mrs. Gallup would have passed unheeded. Her fears fell for two or three minutes, and then she asked:

"And how about the beds up there? You know we've slept on a feather bed ever since we was married, and I've allus tin particular to smooth it down from head to foot. I've got used to feathers, and if I changed off I'd jest lay there and kick around all night long. Do they hev beds, Samuel, or do they keep on flyin around all night long and singin 'I've Reached My Home at Last?' Seems to me that flyin and singin all day would be enough unless I feel stronger than I do now. You orter know these things, Samuel, and you orter tell me so I'll know what to depend on. I might stand sass from a thousand angels, but I do want my own bed when night comes, and if one of my headaches comes on unexpected-ly I want to know that I kin hev a cup of tea. Mrs. Watkins says they don't drink tea in heaven, but I don't see how she kin know."

Mr. Gallup was not directly appealed to, and as he was reading that a crow had been known to feign death to avoid having a crowbar thrown at him he made no sign.

"Waal, I've made up my mind to a few things," said Mrs. Gallup as the silence grew painful. "I'm goin up to heaven to do the best I kin. I'll be payburly with all the angels I meet and let 'em understand that I don't want no more'n my share of harps and wings and things. If I don't find anythin to eat or any beds to sleep on, I shan't raise no fuss nor go into hysterics, the way Mrs. Taylor did at camp meetin last year. Yes; I'll put up with things as I find 'em and make the best of it, and I won't be jealous if a few of 'em hev better clothes on or kin sing better'n me. That's how I'll act, Samuel, and then if they pick on me they'll git as good as they give. I kin be sassed and picked on jest so fur, but arter that they want to look out. Would it put you out any, Samuel, if I died at night instead of in the daytime? As I said, if I died at night I could slip into heaven without any fuss, but if it's goin to make you any extra trouble I'll perish by daylight. What will be the most convenient hour fur you?"

There was deep silence. Mrs. Gallup's tears made no thud as they fell upon the carpet, and Mr. Gallup was reading with bated breath that an ostrich covers 13 feet of ground at every stride when in full flight. The clock ticked, the silence grew deeper, and the cricket on the hearth fell into a doze. Then Mr. Gallup suddenly laid aside his paper, stretched his arms and legs, with a "Ho-hum!" and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep in her chair. She hadn't gone to join the angels—not yet. M. QUAD.

THE KING OF HANDCUFFS.

How Harry Houdini, American, Surprised the British.

When Harry Houdini, the American king of handcuffs, arrived in England, he tried to arrange for an exhibit of his skill at Scotland Yard, but the authorities refused to allow him an opportunity of putting on or taking off official handcuffs, says London M. A. P. So, accompanied by a skeptical London manager, he paid an ordinary call as an American visitor to the police headquarters. Mr. Houdini, after making the usual remarks on everything he saw and heard, casually asked a question about a pair of handcuffs. The guide took them down and answered:

"Oh, these are handcuffs impossible to remove."

Houdini was greatly interested, and the incident closed by the American visitor requesting his guide to lock the handcuffs on his wrists. Then he turned his back and succeeded in getting them off in a couple of minutes.

One of Houdini's strangest adventures happened at a big hotel in St. Paul, Minn., where he was very well known. To his surprise, he found that a couple of men occupying the rooms on either side of his own appeared to be mounting guard over him. At first he only suspected this, but after a few days he was perfectly sure that one or the other of his neighbors shadowed his every movement. One afternoon, when Houdini was sitting in his own room, he heard the sound of scuffling outside the door. Flinging it open, he discovered his two unknown friends grasping a third man, who had evidently been wearing a long dark cape that was dragged on one side, showing that he was heavily handcuffed.

"We're a couple of detectives, Mr. Houdini," panted one of the men. "This fellow made his escape from jail some days ago. We knew that he wouldn't dare to go to a locksmith to get his handcuffs removed, and we suspected that he might come to you."

Sunday Habits.

The average man does himself so much harm on Sunday that he does not recover until the following Wednesday. In the first place, he loafs around the house, instead of being active, as on weekdays. In the next place, he eats his breakfast later than usual, and his dinner earlier, and the result is that he is knocked out until Wednesday. The best thing to do on Sunday is to conform to your usual habits as much as possible.—Atchison Globe.

A Poser From the Small Boy.

Mamma—Don't boil those canned peas, Bridget. They only want to be warmed.

Little Tommy—Mamma, peas can't talk, can they?

Mamma—Of course not, dear. Why?

Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want?—Philadelphia Press.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

The first time a man is appointed on a "committee" he is very apt to think his position a very important one.—Atchison Globe.

Sword of a Thousand Pieces.

What do you think of a sword blade that contains a thousand sheets of metal? Yet they are not uncommon and, as you will readily imagine, are of oriental workmanship. Our painstaking, patient Japanese friends are the makers of them, and a few days ago I had the pleasure of seeing one in a Fourth avenue curiosity shop and had its method of manufacture explained.

The blades of these sabers are made from magnetic iron ores. The steel is produced in small, very thin sheets, and the workman begins by making one of them to the end of an iron rod which serves as a handle. To this are soldered other small sheets until the mass has a length of about eight inches, a width of about two inches and a thickness of a little more than a quarter of an inch.

This bar is brought to a white heat, doubled on itself and hammered until it is down to its original dimensions. This process is repeated 15 times. Four similar bars are then soldered together, doubled upon themselves, resoldered and heated, the operation being repeated five times. This process makes the superposed layers so thin that a saber contains at least a thousand sheets of metal.

If you find one of these swords that has a veined appearance, you may know it is caused by alternate layers of iron and steel being soldered together.—New York Herald.

A Word Kept Him Up.

An absentminded rurality was the cause of much amusement at a Memphis hotel a few nights ago. He registered early after supper, but did not go to his room right off. About 9 o'clock, his usual bedtime, he remarked to the clerk that he believed he would "remain."

"All right," said the obliging man behind the counter. The big clock ticked off another hour, and the old man addressed the clerk again:

"I say I believe I'll remain."

"You have my permission, sir."

When the hands on the dial pointed to 11, the old fellow, who was so sleepy he hardly knew where he was "at," called out in a half angry voice:

"By the eternal, I say I believe I'll remain!"

Again the clerk assured him of his permission, but the situation was becoming critical, and something had to be done.

"When you are ready to retire," said the clerk, "you can get your key at this desk."

"Retire," said the exasperated guest. "That is the very word I've been trying to think of for two hours. Give me the key to my room. I'll sleep until 10 o'clock in the morning to make up for lost time!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Poverty's Penalty.

"Poverty's no crime," said the Job's comforter.

"Maybe not," replied the poor man, "but it seems to be punishable by hard labor for life."—Philadelphia Record.

HOW RAPID FIRING QUICK DELIVERY TARGET PRACTICE

By Means of the Little Two-Bit Want Ads. are Doing Business for Our Readers

How Orders for Dried Apples Swelled One Man's Mail—Four Line Ad. Three Times Daily for 25 cents, or Daily and Weekly for 50 cents.

A want ad. sets the wheels in hundreds of heads in motion on your business. It is the silent canvasser that goes to the fireside where people figure out quietly what they want and how best to get it.

THE JOURNAL want and exchange column becomes during the week a regular country market—a trading place where all kinds of bargains are made.

One man bought a cow the past week through THE JOURNAL want column and sold two articles that he had on hand for several years and got his money.

Last week the want ads. in THE JOURNAL covered nearly a hundred different subjects, and in many instances we know the advertisers got just what they wanted. On a fifty cent ad. one man sold three cows, and made good profit on each of them, another man offered to trade a gold watch for a farm wagon, and he found out that gold watches are commoner than vehicles. He didn't get a wagon, but as a result of his ad. he made a trade that suited him even better. Thus the man or woman who actively talks business makes business, and it pays every day in the year.

If you have something to trade or sell, whether its a calf or a half interest in your business, a want ad. will touch the right person nine times out of ten, just the person who wants what you've got.

THE JOURNAL is a live, aggressive paper, and people will read it if they have to steal it. That's why it brings results to advertisers.

THE JOURNAL always "Gets There," and the advertiser who uses its columns liberally and keeps in touch with its advertising department will be carried to success with the paper.

The Want Column of a live newspaper makes its readers a partner in your undertaking. A 25 cent ad. may do a thousand dollar's worth of business for you.

A man and his wife wanted employment the past week and a two-bit want ad. in THE JOURNAL brought them many applicants and now they are comfortably settled in a nice home in charge of a large farm. They were perfect strangers, too, right from the East.

A farmer had several thousand pounds of good dried apples to sell. A want ad. brought buyers right to his house, and he was kept busy putting up samples to mail to applicants. He got more orders than he could fill and has customers for all he can dry this fall.

DAILY and WEEKLY EDITIONS OF THE JOURNAL reach at least 20,000 persons in a week. A want ad. of four lines in both papers for 50 cents will surely find some one during the week who is the correspondent in need of what you wish to dispose of.

The Free Rural Mail service will soon double the scope of this paper's influence from a business standpoint. Daily carriers go out on eight routes every day in the week. JOURNALS go on every mail stage and to every postoffice in Western Oregon. It is the one paper taken by people of all parties, and good cash people.

$8000 of 4 per cent upon Funding Bonds for Sale.

The City of Independence, Oregon, in accordance with an ordinance passed by the City Council on March 19, 1901, has opened in the office of the City Recorder, a book for subscriptions. Subscriptions will be received in the following denominations at the option of the purchaser: $50, $100, $200 and $300.

Interest payable semi-annually. Bonds payable on or before April 1, 1911.

Principal and interest payable in U. S. Gold Coin.

The last assessed valuation of the City of Independence was $264,000.

The total Liabilities of the City are $8000.

The bonds will be issued May 1, 1901; but dated April 1, 1901.

Subscriptions received at THE JOURNAL office, in Salem.

J. L. STOCKTON, Mayor.

H. M. LINES, City Recorder.

3 23 1m d

Bids for Wood at Oregon School for Blind.

Bids are requested for wood to be delivered at the Oregon School for Blind not later than September 15 1901, for all, or part of same. As follows:

100 cords of large growth body fir.

100 cords of second growth fir best quality.

18 cords of grub oak of medium size.

5 cords of body oak, straight split.

All of this wood to be cut in four foot lengths from solid green timber and to be closely corded without bulk heads.

Bids to be sent to the Superintendent of Public Instruction and will be opened by the trustees of said institution on the 6th day of May 1901 at 10 a. m.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

J. L. CARTER, Superintendent.

4 3 d-w s-wt4

Reservations to Open.

The Kiowa and Camanche country in Indian Territory will be opened for settlement this summer. It is a grand country, and reached only via the Great Rock Island Route. If you are interested, write for booklet "The Oklahoma Opportunity." It tells you all about Oklahoma and the country to be opened.

A. E. COOPER, G. A.
250 Alder St., Portland Oregon.

2 6 tf

Large Wall Maps of the United States....

Given Away

—HOW TO GET ONE—

If you are going East, or thinking of sending for your family, do not buy your tickets until you have secured rates from the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD Co. Their service is excelled by none, and they can reach all points in the East, South or Southeast from any point in Oregon or Washington. Through tourist car from Pacific Coast to New York.

If you will send fifteen cents in stamps to the address given below, we will forward you by return mail a large wall map of the United States, Cuba and Porto Rico, 34x40 inches.

For particulars regarding passenger or freight rates, call on or address,

B. H. TRUMBULL,
Com'l Ag't, Ill. Cent. R. R.
142 Third st., Portland Ore.

GAP CLOSED

The operation of through trains between San Francisco and Los Angeles, via Surf and Santa Barbara, will begin on SUNDAY MARCH 31, 1901 on the new

COAST LINE

Two Through Trains Daily. The Coast Line Limited leaving each terminal in the morning, equipped with elegant cafe and parlor cars, will make daylight trips through the most picturesque, varied and entertaining scenes on the continent. Inquire of agents of the

Southern Pacific

3-21-1m

PULLMAN ORDINARY SLEEPERS

The tourist travel between the East and the Pacific Coast has reached enormous proportions in the last few years, and calls for a special class of equipment. To meet this demand the Pullman Company has issued from its shops what it technically calls the "Pullman Ordinary Sleeper." These cars appear similar to the regular sleeper: being built on the same plan, but not furnished with the same elegance. They are equipped with mattresses, blankets, sheets, pillows, pillow-cases, towels, combs, brushes, etc., requiring nothing of the kind to be furnished by the passenger. Each car has a stove for making tea and coffee and doing "light housekeeping," and each section can be fitted with an adjustable table. An uniformed porter accompanies each car, his business being to make up berths, keep the car clean, and look after the wants and comforts of the passengers. In each of the trains which are dispatched daily from Portland by the O. R. & N. Co. is to be found one of these "Pullman Ordinary Sleepers." The car attached to the "Chicago-Portland Specials" goes through to Chicago with change, and the one in the "Atlantic Express" runs to Kansas City without change. Passengers in this car for Chicago change to a similar car at Granger.

Much of the first class travel is being carried in these cars, the rates being lower, and the service nearly equal to that in the palace sleepers.

For rates and full information, including folders, write to

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co.
Portland, Oregon.

Correspondent wanted in every city town and villages in America. Newspaper and other work. Experienced and inexperienced. Good remuneration News and stories wanted. For particulars address The Bulletin Press Association, New York. 1 16 tf

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Buggies...

Bee Line Buggies, Henny Buggies (best on earth for liverymen.) Babcock buggies for city use. One and two horse surreys, carriages, top and open buggies, road wagons, carts, farm wagons.

OPEN EVENINGS

Harness...

We carry the best made single and double harness, of all weights and up to the finest grade.

MITCHELL

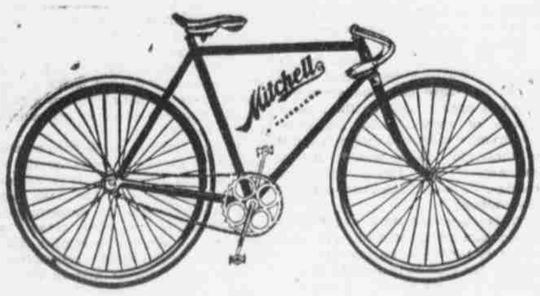
Defender Special

Tires are winners.

Have You Seen

Dunlop Steel Rim

It's the thing for a wet country like Oregon.



Dunlop Detachable

Are the best double tube tire.

Oxford Tires

Are good tires at little money.

...$35.00...

Other Wheels, $15 to $30.

We have just received another lot of ladies' wheels including the newest chain guard. Everybody should see this modern improvement before buying. Call and examine its advantages.

BICYCLE SUNDRIES

Repair men supplied with material in all quantities. We can save you money. Call and see us.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co. Branch

F. F. CARY, Mgr. Salem, Oregon

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Harrows, plows, seeders, drills, fanning mills, cultivators, garden tools, spray pumps, mowers, hay rakes, binders, and everything needed on a place from a family garden to the largest ranch in Oregon.

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Bicycle Shop

We have a complete new shop, with the finest lathes and machinery known to modern mechanism where we can repair any kind of a wheel, or build an entirely new bicycle. This is in charge of H. M. Edgar, machinist.