

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF

Everybody should be vaccinated. Now is the time to buy property. The Deschutes falls are booming. Did the smallest scare disturb you? Look out for the bill collector. Monday.

Beth Laughton, daughter of the Lieutenant Governor, visited the family of Judge Allen this week, and left for Tacoma Wednesday. Rev. Dr. Chase, of Massachusetts, has accepted a call from St. John's Church, and will soon arrive to take charge of that rectorate.

County Attorney Ayer, to whom the matter was referred, has submitted to the school directors, an opinion that Treasurer Mann has no right to the sum of \$1,190.90 retained by him as Commission on the sale of school bonds, made two years ago. He expresses the belief that the district is entitled to recover that amount with interest from the time it was needed for school purposes.

THE NEW YEAR. A flower unknown, a book unread; A tree without a harvest; A path untaken; a house whose rooms lack yet the heart within; a person whose life is a mere shadow; a heart whose love is a mere dream; a soul whose faith is a mere hope; a body whose strength is a mere power; a mind whose knowledge is a mere science; a spirit whose love is a mere passion; a life whose purpose is a mere dream; a death whose meaning is a mere nothing.

at a few yards' distance Deb might communicate her. "Look at that exposure of powder at the muzzle! Discommodious, vanity—vanity! How often for that my dear sister should look down on this 'red light'—her own offspring gone over to the worship of Baal! Debauch, Debauch—you air a lost soul! Worm of the dust, what will that vain heart of yours land you?"

she snow muffled the footsteps of passersby, and she did not hear the man who had approached and who stood very quiet in the shadowy angle of a porch. "He only wanted to hear her last words, then he sprang forward and caught her to him, looking the fashionable stranger in the face.

"The Hiram whose heart would break—got anything to say to me?" he asked in a voice of fury. "No, there was nothing to say. Retract was best. In a moment Deb was alone with Hiram, the snow falling around them like a veil.

HIESTAND, WARNER & CO. OUR SPECIAL OFFER OF HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS. Fancy Piano Lamps, former price \$20, now \$17.50. Fancy Piano Lamps, former price \$12.50, now \$10. Fancy Hanging Lamps, former price \$8, now \$7.

HIESTAND, WARNER & CO., Stevens' Properties. W. F. NEWELL, Agent. 211 Main Street, Olympia, Wash.

FOR SALE. MAPLE PARK LOTS, Choicest Residence Property in Olympia. OLYMPIA HIGHLANDS. On electric street railway. Highest ground between Olympia and Port Townsend.

Hard Times. For the last year everybody has been crying hard times! No money. Can't buy any goods! We have been preparing for it for the past three months and now make the announcement to the public that there need be no occasion for that cry.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, RUBBER GOODS, ETC. Ever brought to this city—all bought for cash at the lowest possible prices, and we are going to sell them at such

LOW PRICES CHICAGO CLOTHING & SHOE CO., ODD FELLOWS' BLOCK, MAIN STREET, F. C. BROWN, Manager.

THE WESTSIDE MILL CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Rough and Dressed Lumber, ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

City Office, Fourth St. Bridge; Telephone 71. Mill, West Olympia, Telephone No. 5. March 6, 1891

OLYMPIA DOOR & LUMBER COMPANY, Manufacturers of All Kinds of LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, Mantels, Band-Sawing, Turning, Stair Work, Etc.



THE MESSAGE BELLS

IN THE chill of the October twilight the first of the message bells rang out from the bell tower at Holly farm.

Deb set before it and impatiently looked her small, rough hands against the clockwork mechanism. Her delicate black brows above intense violet eyes met in a frown, as if she molliated nuptials.

Her arms, wrapped in a gray woolen shawl, were doubled round her bosom. Napoleon surveying his army did not give a better idea of sublime slumbering strength than little Deb as she sat there.

"Poor, passionate, motherless little Deb! She was so unhappy—or she thought she was, which was far as suffering counts is quite the same thing.

"I love myself best," I hate most everything! Aunt Ann sez there's nuth in wuth a cuss on this airth, but Miss Mirabel Vane has showed me it ain't so!"

"The ache of longing darkened Deb's eyes as she leaned closer, as if the blazing twigs could furnish an answer to the question tormenting her.

"The cry! How I wish I could go just once! Hiram sez he'll take me there on our wedding journey—but," and the pretty nose gave a scornful tilt upward.

"I don't know. I'd care to see it when I'm married to Hiram! I don't know as I want to marry Hiram at all—there! He ain't like my folks no more'n I am."

As if this audacious statement even shocked the twigs! They crackled the louder and sent up fiercer orange and purple flames that lit the path to Holly farm.

In the interval his generous heart had argued out Deb's cause, and he had forgiven her absolutely.

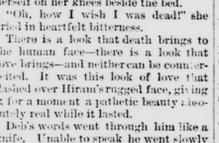
"Was just a longing for fine clo'es and things that such as makes gals frackans at times that make her say what she did to me. Praps tonight, arter she's had her cry out, she'll say she loves me—dear, sweet, little Deb!"

"Aunt Ann! What is it?" he gasped. "Oh, Hiram, don't blame me! I warn't to blame! I was holding out for a ring, appealing hands—" "I was mad, I allow, and I told Miss Vane to get out; that I might 'a' known a curse would come from retin my room to a play acting, gossips critter who could wear such clo'es, but—"

"But Deb?" interrupted Hiram fiercely. "What about until her false teeth rattled."

"She's gone with that Vane woman! Deb's gone!"

"Dear!" came in a hoarse, hoarse, quivering cry from Hiram's white lips, as he clasped his great, strong arms hard against his breast, as if longing to shut her cage within that shelter.



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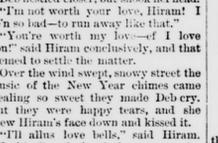
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