

A Mood.
It is good to strive against wind and rain
In the keen, sweet weather that autumn
brings.
The wild horse shakes not the drops from his
mane.
The wild bird flicks not the wet from her
wings.
In gladder fashion than I toss free
The mist-dulled gold of my bright hair
in the sun.
What time the winds on their cool wings
sing
And all the tempest is friends with me.
None can reach me to wound or cheer:
Sound of weeping and sound of joy
Neither may trouble me; I can hear
But the wind's loud laugh, and the sibilant,
strong,
Lullied rush of the rain through the sapless
woods.
O rain, dear days, ye are here again!
I will woo ye as maidens are wooed of men—
With oaths forgotten and broken creeds!
Ye shall not lack for the sun's three shining—
With the gold of my hair will I make ye glad:
For your brows, red forehead and cheek
Here are my lips; will ye still be glad?
Comfort ye, comfort ye, days of bliss,
Days of shadow, of wrath, of boast—
I who love ye am come at last!
Laugh to welcome me, cry aloud!
For wild am I as thy winds and rains—
Free to come and to go as they:
Love's moon aways not the tide of my veins:
There is no voice that can bring me stay.
Out and away on the drenched, brown leaf
Out to the green, and heart of the tree!
Nothing to grieve for, nothing to fear!
Fetterless, unloved, a maiden free!
—Annie Rivers, in Harper's Magazine.

VERY PRECIOUS.
"I did not give it to him! He stole
it out of the mother's album. He did
it!" she said. The speaker's voice
rose with each repetition and her
cheeks got redder and redder. "I
must know better than you, Rosie,"
she said. "Of course; you do not call it
giving, but I do. You were standing
by, I suppose, when he took it? Your
eyes were cast down and you put your
most becoming pout on? And now
that Tom Crichton, with his ten
thousand a year, falls in love with
you and wants to marry you, you are
afraid that poor Geoff Hamilton will
show him your photograph and talk
about your silly letters and make mis-
chief. You incorrigible little flirt. It
would serve you right to be treated as
you have treated others. How many
men have you made fools of, I wonder?
A dozen?"
The speaker spoke sarcastically; her
hearer was beginning to cry. The
girls were sisters, says a story teller
in the London World, both young, both
pretty and charming. Letty, the
younger, was a lovely, brainless little
flirt. The elder, Rosalind, had plenty
of brains, but scarcely experience
enough to enable her to use them ju-
diciously. She was a brilliant creat-
ure to look at—warm-hearted and im-
pulsive to a fault. There is nothing
she would not do or dare for one she
loved, and she dearly loved her be-
witching little sister, and rejoiced
with all her heart when the genial,
good-looking young "squire," Tom
Crichton, who came into the neighbor-
hood to take possession of an unex-
pected inheritance, fell in love at first
sight with Letty and proposed to her
after a week's acquaintance.
But Tom was a quick-tempered,
jealous young fellow, and he had al-
ready spoken his mind to Miss Letty
about her love of flirtation. She
promised to mend her ways, but it
was more than she could do to keep
her promise when temptation came in
alluring guise.
Mireford was a garrison town, and
one of the gallant Dashiire regiment,
Geoffrey Hamilton by name, had
quickly succumbed to the fascination
of the younger of the two daughters
of the widowed Mrs. Maitland, who
lived in a pretty cottage on the Lon-
don road about half a mile or so from
Mireford. It was in vain that Rosalind
warned the heedless young coquette
that she was treating poor
Hamilton disgracefully. But
in good truth the young man was very
well able to take care of himself. He
was not very deeply wounded; but as
soon as Crichton appeared upon the
scene he made up his mind to punish
Miss Letty, if possible, for her tricks
by pretending to be broken-hearted
and desperately jealous.
He was, however, sufficiently in love
to be able to put a fair amount of sear-
lessness into his reproaches, and when
he flatly refused to give up the photo-
graph Letty had given him and one or
two absurd little notes she had writ-
ten to him and a glove he had pur-
loined, the silly girl was thoroughly
frightened and firmly persuaded that
"Tom" would hear all about it and
break off his engagement. Had Rosalind
but known how slightly Hamil-
ton's heart was touched she would
have quickly laughed Letty out of her
fright; but when the girl solemnly as-
sured her that Geoff was so much in
love and so angry and jealous that she
knew he meant to have his revenge
the sensible elder sister forgot that
she was not living in a melodramatic
age, and, moreover, she quite over-
looked the fact that Hamilton, being
a gentleman, it was not likely that he
would act as if he were a cad.
So, on the whole, things were look-
ing very serious when, for the fiftieth
time at least, Rosalind tried to make
her sister confess whether she had
given Geoff the photograph, or whether
he had taken it from Mrs. Maitland's
album. She had her own opinion
on the subject, and so she really
waste of time to cross-question the
naughty little girl, who was anxious to
keep peace between the old love and
the new.
"I think you are very unkind,
Rosie," she said at last; "and if you do
not believe me, how can I expect Tom
to do it?"
"I do not expect Tom to do it! You
talk as if believing in you were a sym-
bolic feat. I know what I should do
in Tom's place if another man told me
he had a photograph of the girl I
meant to marry, and gloves and things—"
"He has only one glove and no things!"
interrupted Letty, whimpering.
"Don't exaggerate; and I gave
Tom two photographs—one sitting and
one standing—and he has heaps and
heaps of letters."
"I hope the spelling is all right."
"I hope so. He is not much of a
speller himself."
"He spells 'adored' with two d's the
other day—My adored one. It looked
so funny."
"Mr. Hamilton is away just now, is
he not?" Rosalind asked presently.
"Yes. He went to his sister's wed-
ding. I wish it was to his own."
"He does not live in the barracks, I
think?"
"No; he has rooms in Diamond Cres-
cent, No. 15, and Gerard Townsend
lives with him."
"He is the woman-hating person
who is reading for something and
never goes out?"
"And now I suppose you are going to write to
your 'adored' Tom? I am going out
for a walk."
"And won't you advise me how to
get back my photograph? I wish I had
not given it to him!"

"O, so you did give it!"
"I am afraid I did," sighed Letty.
"But he begged so hard and said he
had never cared enough for any girl
to ask for her likeness before."
"Poor fellow! But he must give it
up. Now go and write your letter."
And Rosalind ran out of the room.
About an hour later a young lady
with a mackintosh on her arm knocked
at the door of 15 Diamond Crescent.
She had evidently been walking fast,
for her cheeks were glowing and her
eyes were bright.
"This is awful," she said to herself,
door on the inside. A civil-looking
woman opened it.
"Are—the gentlemen at home?"
The visitor asked. "I mean—is Mr.
Townsend at home? I am his sister,
and she expects me, I think."
"Oh, walk in, ma'am, if you please.
Mr. Townsend told me you were not
coming until to-morrow. He is out
just now, but your room is quite
ready. Have you no luggage, ma'am?"
The visitor muttered something
about the station as she went into the
hall. "Please show me into the sitting
room," she said; "I can wait for my
brother there. No, thank you; no tea
is this the room?"
"Yes, ma'am. The gentlemen has
this between them. Mr. Hamilton is
coming back unexpected this evening.
He was telegraphed for, as there is
some talk of the regiment leaving at
once."
"What is that noise?" the visitor
asked.
"Rain, ma'am. It's a thunder show-
er, I think. It always makes that
noise on the roof of the veranda. It's
wonderful, as you under cover, ma'am."
Rosalind gave a sigh of relief as she
looked at last closed behind the land-
lady. "Now, if by a stroke of good
fortune I can commit my felony and
get away before my brother comes in
—what an extraordinary thing that is
suppose he is expecting his sister. I
suppose (glancing at a cabinet photo-
graph on the chimney-piece) that is the
man himself. Why, he must be 40 at
least. Now, I wonder where Mr.
Geoff keeps his treasures. In a drawer,
of course; but which drawer? I do
not half like rummaging among the
poor man's possessions, but he brought
it on himself."
She presently came upon a packet
neatly tied up with red ribbon and
sealed. She pinched it. It evidently
contained a photograph, for she felt
the cardboard, and there was some-
thing soft that might be a glove; and
surely those were withered flowers
that crackled as she pressed them!
And the more lumpy inclosures must
be letters. Should she untie the ribbon
and break the seal. But time was
passing and there was really no neces-
sity. Then she turned the packet over
and found an inscription that settled
the question. In a man's writing were
the words: "L's likeness and letters."
Very precious.

"Poor Geoff! Poor, dear fellow!
How devotedly he loves her! I am so
sorry for him. Very precious, he
calls them." Rosalind murmured.
"But precious or not, I must rob him
of them. We cannot lose Tom. I
wonder what Letty will say when she
sees them? Now, I wish I were safely
out of this. I must write the tiniest
scrap of a note and leave it for poor,
dear Geoff." She closed the drawer,
put the packet in her pocket, and
wrote hastily on a half sheet of paper,
"L's likeness has taken what you have
no right to keep against her will."
She had just addressed the envelope
when she heard steps on the stairs;
in another moment the door was
opened and a handsome young man
came in.
"How awkward!" thought Rosalind.
"But I must keep up the character of
Townsend's sister. Who in the world
is he?"
The new-comer stood still and stared
at her. She was the prettiest girl he
had seen for many a day. She made
him a little bow. "I am Mr. Town-
send's sister," she said, "and I expect
him every moment; he not expect me
until to-morrow. Did not the landlady
tell you I was here?"
"She—she—she did!" the young man
gasped.
"What a donkey he is!" thought
merciless Rosalind, quite at her ease,
although she had just been robbing a
drawer. "I wonder if you would mind
going to look for my brother?" she
said aloud in the sweetest manner.
"It would be so very kind. It is awk-
ward to be here all alone with—people
coming in." She gave him a little
smile to indicate that he was one of
the people. "I have to go to the sta-
tion for my luggage" (what dreadful
stories I am telling! she added to her-
self); then aloud, "and, perhaps, by
the time I come back he will be here."
"Oh, you will come back, will you?
But it's raining cats and dogs! You'll
be drenched."
"Oh, dear, no! I have a water-
proof," and Rosalind took up her
cloak. "Thank you," as the young
man rushed forward and put it round
her shoulders. "And you will go and
find—Gerard for me," she said, turn-
ing to him with the sweetest smile.
There was the slightest possible hesi-
tation before she said the name. He
noticed nothing but the beauty of her
eyes. "Thank you very much."
She was gone before he recovered
himself, and when Geoff Hamilton
came into the sitting-room at No. 15
a few minutes later he found his friend
Townsend hanging out of a window.
"Hallo, Geoff!" he said, "what's up?
You look dazed. Seen a ghost?"
"No; but the prettiest girl in the
world. She was here. She said she
was my sister. She asked me to go
and look for—myself, while she went
to the station for her luggage."
"Then she'll be back?"
"Not she! She turned the other
way."
"Then who in the world is she, and
what brought her here?"
"I suspect you know all about that,
you rascal! She's one of your army
of martyrs. I take it."
"Rubbish! I am the martyr. What's
this?" He had picked up Rosalind's
note from the writing-table.
"G. Hamilton, Esq. Now for the heart of
the mystery." He opened the note
and read it. Then he threw himself
into a chair with a very red face.
Then he laughed. Then I am afraid
he swore.
Meanwhile Rosalind, with her heart
thumping half with fright and half
with triumph, was speeding home-
ward. She flew to Letty's room and
found that young person on her bed
reading a novel.
"There!" Rosie cried, throwing down
the packet, "never say again that I am
not your best friend. There are your
letters and your photograph, and all
the keepsakes you gave that poor, dear
man from time to time; and you ought
to be ashamed of yourself!"
"What!" cried unabashed Letty.
"Did he give them up? He is a dar-
ling!"

"No," answered Rosalind, calmly;
"I stole them."
"Oh, you dear delightful darling!
How sweet of you! Poor boy, how
sorry he will be. But what fun.
What is this written outside? 'L's
likeness and letters. Very precious.'
Poor, dear Geoff, how fond he is of
me! And she gave a little sentimental
sigh.
"Had you not better open the thing
and see if you have them all right?"
said practical Rosie. "Here, cut the
knot."
No sooner said than done. A cabi-
net photograph fell out, then a piece
of deep crimson ribbon, a few faded
flowers, and two or three notes.
"This is such a good likeness Tom
had better have it," said Letty, as she
took up the picture, which had fallen
face downward on the bed. "Look,
Rosie!"
Rosie looked, and, behold, it was a
likeness of a tall, handsome girl, who
bore not the slightest resemblance to
handsome little Letty. Beneath was
written in a firm and dashing woman's
hand the one word "Louie."
The sisters looked at one another
with blank faces. A glance at the
notes revealed the same dashing hand.
"So you are not my only one, and I
made a fool of myself and robbed the
man's drawer for nothing!" cried Rosalind.
"Oh, I had but known."
"Never mind, dear," said Letty; "I
am sure I don't. But I wish I knew
what he sees to admire in that black
woman. Just pack her up and send
her back to him."
A tap at the door interrupted them.
It was a maid to announce that Mr.
Townsend was in the drawing-room.
He wanted to see Miss Maitland for
a few minutes on business. He had a
message and a little packet to de-
liver.
"Tell Mr. Townsend I am coming
directly," said Rosalind.
"Oh, Rosie, do you mind?" cried
Letty, as the maid went out. "He
has sent my picture, I suppose, and
he wants his black woman back. Tell
him we think her frightful. Are you
sure you do not mind seeing him?"
"Not in the least," said Rosalind. "I
saw his likeness in their sitting-room,
and he is plain and elderly. Give me
those things and trust to my ingenuity
to get myself out of the scrape. You
cannot say much when they know I
was another girl's photograph I car-
ried off."
And just as she was—in her maddy
little boots and with the wind-blown
untidy hair—she went down stairs;
and it still is and it ever will remain
a mystery what those two said to one
another when they stood face to face.
But Geoff got back his precious
packet and Letty got her photograph.
She gave it to Tom forthwith and he
was delighted.
It is now Mrs. Crichton, Hamil-
ton was finally captured by a pretty
young widow. I do not know what
became of "Louie," but Rosalind mar-
ried Gerard Townsend and he still
thinks she is the prettiest woman in
the world.

Her Last Comfort.
She was not a pretty sight—an old
woman tottering under sixty years of
poverty—and now was the worst
poverty of all. Her hand, which
gathered a grimy plaid shawl at her
throat, trembled ceaselessly from priva-
tion, and the vile liquor privation had
brought. She was hungry; it seemed
to her that she had never eaten. She
was cold; it seemed to her that she had
never known warmth.
She crept into a little hallway on the
water front. The breeze from the
river was not a strong one; but to her
it was a hurricane. The drizzling rain
hurt her. The minor tones of a bell
from a ship at the near-by docks told
that it was midnight. With inarticulate
moans she crouched down in a corner,
closing the door to keep out the wind
and rain.
Something was in the corner, she
felt it with numb hands. It was soft
and warm to her touch. A plaintive
mew followed. The something was
a cat. At first she rather resented
its presence. Then she gathered it up
in her arms and pressed it against the
bosom of her ragged old dress. Here
was a creature as miserable as she. It
was only a cat, but she felt less lonely
with it in her arms. With she had
been a little girl she had had a pet kit-
ten.
Each was cold—the cat and the
woman—but each found some warmth
in the other. The cat stopped mew-
ing and the woman stopped moaning.
The wind had shifted and the rain had
ceased. The door swung open again
and the moon hanging calmly beau-
tiful among the clouds, shone through
the tangle of masts and corings and into
the hallway.
The woman, crouched in the corner,
held the cat as she would have held
a child. By-and-by she began to rock
slowly to and fro. The clouds drifted
away and the stars joined the moon in
peeping through the door.
The woman's eyes were closed and
she was crooning an old-fashioned
lullaby. The cat was very faintly pur-
ring and one of its paws rested on her
bare neck. The moon sank slowly out
of sight and new clouds obscured the
stars.
When the policeman peered in the
hallway just before daybreak, the
woman and the cat were asleep.—Edward
Marshall in Short Stories.

Not Pompous.
The Washington Post credits Sec-
retary Blaine with telling a story illus-
trative of President Lincoln's somewhat
frank manner of receiving dignified
officials.
At the beginning of a session of con-
gress Mr. Blaine had been appointed
by the speaker of the house of rep-
resentatives a member of the joint com-
mittee to wait upon the president and
inform him that congress had duly as-
sembled. Senator Foot of Vermont,
one of the most dignified of men, was
chairman of the committee.
On being ushered to the presence
of the president, Mr. Foot involuntarily
struck an attitude, and proceeded to
speak, in his stately manner:
"Mr. President, we have been ap-
pointed a committee on the part of the
two houses of congress to apprise you
that they have met and organized, and
are ready to receive any communi-
cation which it may be your pleasure to
make to them."
As he concluded, Mr. Lincoln stepped
up to him, and taking him familiarly
by one button of his coat, said:
"Now look here, Foot, if it is a mat-
ter of life and death with you I can
send my message in today; but if it
isn't, I should like to keep it till to-
morrow to sicken it up a little."
An English company is working a
silver mine in Bolivia which yields
more than 500 ounces to the ton, while
specimens of almost pure silver are
met with.

A MAN-EATER.
Thrilling Experience of a Diver in the
Waters of Hawaii.
A diver, who gives his name as Jim
Hartley, told of a wonderful encounter
he had with a tiger-shark a month ago,
says the San Francisco Chronicle.
He laid the plot of the yarn just off
Diamond Head, Honolulu, and there
is no doubt about shark material being
plentiful enough in that vicinity.
Hartley said he was a deserter from
an English ship, and had learned diving
in the old country. When his
funds gave out at Honolulu the first
job that presented itself was an ex-
ploration of the sunken wreck of a
hardware-laden vessel on the outer
edge of the reef. Here is the story as
told by himself:
"They rigged up the only diving ap-
paratus in the islands, and I tackled it.
They gave me a little sloop to work
from, and I found a reliable fellow for
a helper. The only weapon I had was
a big knife, made out of the blade of a
sheep-shears, I guess—anyhow it looked
as though it was. Everybody told me
about the sharks. But I didn't antici-
pate any big ones, and sharks don't
bother a diver much, anyhow. I made
two descents. The first one landed me
among a lot of sharp rocks and rough
coral edges that I didn't like to tread
around among much for fear of cut-
ting my air-hose, which was old and
not overstrong."
"I soon went up, and on the next
good tide made another descent, and
this time I hit the bark just right. I
found a hole in her port bow big
enough to poke a house through, and
was starting to go around to the other
side when I felt a jerk at both air-hose
and signal-line, accompanied by a swirl
of water. I knew that some big fish had
found my connection, but I was not
prepared for what I saw when I turned
my windows upward. A couple of
fathoms over my head was the biggest
shark I ever saw, and a man-eater if
ever there was one.
"His underside trap-door looked big
enough to take in a whale, and I am
dead sure he was one of the tiger kind,
though the Kanakas tell me that that
species is not common in those waters.
He was having a look at me, and was
at a standstill when I saw him, just
staring his fins enough to keep his
position.
"What did I do? I dropped flat on
my back mighty quick. I knew his
game, not from personal experience,
but from what some of my diving mates
had told me. I knew that he would
settle down on me in about a minute
and that my chance of winning in a
stand-up fight would be slim.
"I should say so; but a diver
has got to keep his cool under any
circumstances, and I kept my little
thicker-a-going at top speed. I had
two main fears, one that he would
break my hose and another that the
fellows in the boat would see him and
commence hauling me up. If they
did it was a sure shot that Mr. Shark
would take my rubber suit for the skin
of a Kanaka and bite me in two while
I was in midwater and had no fighting
leverage for my feet. I was lucky;
the men in the sloop never pulled a
pound.
"In a minute, that seemed an hour,
the shark commenced to settle. He
hauled off a few feet backward, and
then came slowly forward again, a good
deal lower down, but still not low
enough to reach me. Of course I had
my knife all ready long before this.
He repeated the performance, and this
time passed within three feet of me,
and stopped with his ugly yellow
stomach just over me, started to back
off again, and the next trip, thinks I,
I would fetch him right at me mouth on.
I didn't want to meet him that way,
and as he began to move I gave him
the knife with both hands right in the
stomach.
"He went like a shot when the old
shears-blade stung him, and sting him
it did, for I drove it good and hard,
with a pulling slash that ripped him
open for a good two feet. The whirl of
his forked tail knocked me flat again
and kicked up so much sand that I
couldn't see an inch. I gave the line
a vicious tug as soon as I could find it,
and away I went for daylight.
"I passed another one on my way
up, but he was a baby compared with
the fellow down below, as I'm a living
man. They got me into the boat and
I pulled my helmet off, and as soon as
I got a drink I felt better. I was all of
a tremble for a good hour afterward,
and a pint of perspiration ran out of
my boots and jacket when I pulled
them off."
GRANT AND SHERMAN.
The Few Jokes That Passed Between the
Two Old Army Friends.
It is said that one of the few jokes
Grant, the silent man, ever perpetrated
was in conversation with Sherman.
The two Generals were in Grant's tent
discussing details of a campaign when
a third General, a Brigadier, entered.
He was a great soldier but careless
of his personal appearance and in no
respect could be likened to a carpet
knigh. After he had transacted his
business and left the headquarters tent
Grant pulled meditatively at his cigar
for fully five minutes. Then he said:
"Sherman, I wonder who in— that
man gets to wear his shirts the first
week?"
Although men of diametrically op-
posite characteristics, Sherman dash-
ing and impetuous, and Grant as un-
conditional as a block of granite, the
friendship of the two was
closer than that of brothers. It lasted
through good and evil reports, and was
unblemished by any of the petty
jealousies which in the Civil War as
in the regular service existed be-
tween officers. An incident showing
how firm their feeling for each other
was, and that differences of opinion
could not effect, it occurred at Vicks-
burg. Grant after careful study of the
situation decided to move to a point
below the town. All his Generals
made strenuous objection; Sherman
expressed himself of the emphatic
opinion that the movement would be
fatal. Grant persisted in his intention,
and when he started to carry it into
effect Sherman drew up a protest, the
contents of which he explained to
Grant, and asked the latter if he had
any objections to sending it to Halleck.
"Certainly not," replied the man of
few words.
After the memorable capitulation of
the city, when Grant had been almost
defeated, he said to Sherman: "You re-
member that protest that you wished
to have returned to the Department?"
"Yes," returned Sherman. "Well, I
put it in my pocket. I thought any
time would do to forward it. I'll send
it now, or you may have it, just as you
wish."
Sherman took it very naturally.
Grant never referred to the circum-
stances again, and it was given pub-
licity by Sherman himself.

STORIES FOR YOUR GRANDCHILDREN.
A Dreamer at the Club Concocted Up Some
Tales of Hardship.
He was sitting before a great fire at
the club, his eyes half closed, when a
friend roused him.
"Dreaming, old man?" asked the
friend.
"Half dreaming, half musing," was
the reply as the young fellow stretched
himself. "My grandfather has been
telling of the hardships of early days,
and I was wondering what I'd tell my
grandchildren in that line."
"Couldn't think of much, could you?"
"Well, I don't know. Hardship is
hardship only by comparison with lux-
ury. The luxury of one age is the
hardship of the next. Now I con-
jured up a picture of my grandchild
sitting on my knee asking me for a
story."
Several men had gathered around
the arm-chair and one asked:
"Did you tell a story?"
"O, yes," replied the dreamer. "I
remember I told him that about 1890 I
had a brother in New York. One day
I received a dispatch that he was dy-
ing. I took the limited, and for twenty-
six hours, fearful lest he should die before
I arrived, I dilated a little on the ter-
rible suspense, and told how my ap-
petite seemed to have left me."
"And what did the boy say?" asked
one of the party.
"The boy? O, he wouldn't believe
it at first; wanted to know if it was
possible that there was an accident that
delayed me, and if there was, why it
delayed me so long. He figured it out,
too. He said:
"Regular time from here to New
York, two hours. O, they couldn't
have delayed you twenty-four hours,
grandpa."
"And when I told him that twenty-
six hours was the regular time he look-
ed sorry for me and said:
"Poor grandpa! You must have
had an awful hard time. And how
slow you were in those days. Ate on
a train, too! Dear me, I caa go from
here to San Francisco without getting
hungry! Didn't the pneumatic tube
work well?"
"And then?" was the query as the
dreamer paused.
"Then I explained that the pneu-
matic tube route wasn't in operation
at that time, and drew out a little
more sympathy by telling him about
an exorbitant gas bill that I had re-
ceived and had to pay, because if I
didn't the company would cut off the
supply. O, but he was surprised!
"Gas! he explained, 'what did you
want of gas?"
"I explained that we used to light
our houses with gas and the boy
couldn't pity me enough; said it must
have been awful to have to depend on
gas for light.
"But it was when I told him about
going home one night when the elec-
tric lights on Clark street went out
that his heart bled for me.
"You must have had a terrible
time, grandpa," he said. "I wouldn't
have lived in those for anything."
"My boy," I said, "we didn't have
the comforts then that we have now,
but those hardships are what made us
the hardy race that we are."
Then the dreamer asked the crowd
to leave him while he figured out an-
other hard-luck tale for his grandson.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Foolishness of Pride.
It is astonishing how many things
people find to build their pride upon:
nationality, as the Jew; citizenship as
the Bostonian; a large house; an extra
servant; a wealthy or distinguished re-
lative; an old name; a frequently
printed one; a little prosperity; a big
adversity; the empty air itself.
"He is the proudest man in town,"
said one citizen to another.
"What is he so proud of? Is he
wealthy?"
"No."
"High-born?"
"No."
"Handsome?"
"Why, no. There is nothing in par-
ticular, you see. He is just—proud."
In this, as in everything else, "one
touch of nature makes the whole
world kin." Mired, wrapped away
in his grandeur, has a devout if
comical imitator in the valet who struts
before him with a haughty nose tenfold
greater than his own. How mildly,
meeting out, with exquisite tact, her
smiles and her condescension, would
shudder to behold the parody on her-
self in the first floor of that meager
house near Golden Square, where Mrs.
Kenwigs is in the delightful act of en-
gaging French lessons for her little
family.
"And when you go out in the streets
or elsewhere, I desire that you don't
boast of it to the other children," said
Mrs. Kenwigs, "and that if you must
say anything about it, you don't say no
more than, 'We've got a private
master comes to teach us at home, but
we ain't proud, because ma says it's
sinfal.' Do you hear, Morleena?"
Perhaps eccentricities of pride show
themselves most in the country. There
every man's house is emphatically his
castle, and independence reaches its
acme. Any peculiar advantage takes
on for its possessor vast proportions.
Gillness of tongue, a little learning,
make one man an autocrat. A little
money—a very little—makes many an-
other an overbearing aristocrat.
The proudest family we ever knew
was in a tiny country village. The
grandfather had been a wild swearing
blacksmith. But his son had been left
with means sufficient to provide a
pretty little home for wife and daugh-
ters. Through whatever occult men-
tal process, these people built them-
selves up in the belief that it was theirs
to dominate the place. And having
great energy and insolence, they ac-
complished their purpose. Who be-
lieve the unlucky wight who ventured to
question their supremacy. We wonder
whether there is not more than one
little village having such a tale of woe
to tell.
"Poor and proud" is an old, oft-re-
peated tale. To the student of life it
is startling to see with what absurd
devices men fence themselves away from
their fellows. But the spectacle be-
comes grim when out of the lone-
liness, out of the bitter need, they still
cry persistently, as though their very
life were in it: "In the name of all
that is sacred, come not nigh me! I
tell thee, I am better than thou!"
—Harper's Bazar.

Souvenirs of Battle.
Gov. Jones of Alabama has arranged
with the State Commission of Agri-
culture to procure for him trees from
all the most notable battle-fields of Vir-
ginia, to be transplanted to the Cap-
itol grounds at Montgomery.
The fancy for the lance is creeping
into England. It is being proposed to
arm the front rank of dragoons with lances.

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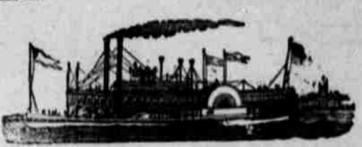
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