THE FRONTIER.

At the hushed brink of twilight-when, a Some solemn journeying phantom paused

mincus finger on the awestruck day, holds her breath till that great pre-

20nent comes of visionary glow.

Pendalums 'twist the gold hour and the gray, Lovellar than these, more eloquent than they if memory, foresignt, and life's shb and flow. Is I have known, in some fair woman's fate, While viewless yet was Time's more gross im-

The first faint, hestiant, elusive hint

Of that invusion of the vandal years Beem deeper beauty than youth's cloudle grace, Wake subtler dreams and touch me nigh to

-WILLIAM WATSON.

Clarence.

By Bret Harte, Author of "The Luck of Hoaring Camp," Etc.

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PART II-CHAPTER VII. Not a word was exchanged till they had reached the lower landing and Brant's pri-vate room. Dismissing his subaltern and orderly with a sign. Brant turned toward his prisoners. The jaunty case, but not the self-possession, had gone from La-grange's face; the eyes of Captain Faulkwere fixed on his older companio:

with a half-humorous look of perplexity. "I am afraid I can only repeat, general, that our foolhardy freak has put us in collision with your sentries," said La-grange with a slight hauteur that re-placed his former jauntiness; "and we ware very property made prisonees. If were very properly made prisoners. If you will accept my parole I have no doubt our commander will proceed to exchange a couple of gallant fellows of yours, whom I have had the honor of meeting within ur own lines, whom you must miss prob-bly more than I fear our superiors miss

Whatever brought you here, gentl men," said Brant, dryly, "I am glad for your sakes that you are in uniform, al-though it does not unfortunately relieve me of an unpleasant duty."

"I don't think I understand you," re-turned Lagrange, coldly.

"If you had not been in uniform yo would probably have been shot down a ples, without the trouble of capture," mid Brant, quietly. Lagrange's check flushed. But he re-

Lagrange's check flushed. But he re-covered himself quickly, and with a for-mal bow, said: "You will then perhaps let me know your pleasure?" "My duty, colonel, is to keep you both class prisonera here until I have an op-portunity to forward you to the division commander with a report of the circumstances of your arrest. That I propose to do. How soon I may have that oppor-tunity-or if I am ever to have it-" continued Brant, fixing his clear eyes sig mificantly on Lagrange, "depends upon the chances of war, which you probably un-derstand as well as I do."

"We should never think of making any calculation on the action of an officer o such infinite resources as General Brant, said Lagrange, politely.

You will no doubt have an opportunity of stating your own case to the division commander," continued Brant, with an anmoved face. unmoved face. "And," he continued, turning for the first time to Captain Faulkner, "when you tell the commander what I believe to be the faci-from your name and resemblance-that you are a relation of the young lady who for the last three weeks has been an inmate of this house under a pass from Washing-ton-you will, I have no doubt, favorably explain your own propinguity to my

'My sister Tillie!" said the young offlore, impulsively, "But she is no longer here. She passed through the lines back to Washington yesterday. No," he added with a light laugh, "I'm afraid that ex-cuse won't count for today." "I regret," concluded Brant, as he sum-

moned the officer of the guard, "that I shall have to deprive you of each other's company during the time that you are here, but I shall see that you, separately, want for nothing in your confinement." "If this is with a view to separate in-terrogatory, general, I can retire now," said Lagrange, rising with ironical polite-

"I believe I have all the information I require," returned Brant, with undisturbed composure. Giving the necessary orders to his subaltern, he acknowledged with equal calm the formal salutes of the two

"is the weak point in the position of this place, that is neither overlooked nor de-fended. But perhaps," he added again. "Sho'ly-just now!" gasped the fright-He flung her aside. There might be still

stimity, "you already know it." "It is the marsh where the flowers grow, near the path where you met Miss Faulkner. I had crossed the marsh to give her a letter," she said slowly. A bitter smile came over Brant's face, but passed as quickly. "Enough," he said quietly, "I will meet

you bealde the run and cross the marsh with you until you are within hailing dis-tance of your lines. I will be in plain clothes, Alice." he went on slowly, "for mulatto woman!"

it will not be the commander of this force accompanies you, but your husband, without disgracing his uniform, he will at least be your equal, for the instant he passes his own lines, in disguise, he will become like you, a spy, and amenable to its penalties." Her eyes seemed suddenly to leap up to

his with that strange look of awaken-ing and enthusiasm which he had noted before. And in its complete preposession of all her institucts she rose from the bed unheeding her bared arms and shoulders and loosened hair, and stood upright before him. For an instant, husband and wife stood beside each other as unreservedly as in the nuptial chamber of

When shall I go?"

He gianced through the window, al-ready growing lighter with the coming dawn. The relief would pass in a few noments; the time seemer propitious "At once," he said, "I will send Rose

But she had already passed into the closet, and was tapping upon some inner door. He heard the sound of hinges



HE DROPPED LIKE LOG BESIDE HIS SUBALTERN. turning and the rustling of garments

said: "Go! When she comes to your of-

fice for the pass, you will know that I

have gone." He quickly descended the stairs as the

sound of trampling feet on the road and the hurried word of command announced

officer had little report to make, beyond the fact that a morning mist, creeping along the valley, prevented any further

bservation, and bade fair to interrupt

their own communications with the camp, Everything was quiet in the west, al-

though the enemy's lines along the ridge

his way to the commissary wagons, one

to visit the pickets without recognition,

The

the return of the scouting party.

The nung her aside. There might be said time to overtake and save her before she reached the picket lines. He ran up the gully and out on to the slope toward the first guardpost. But a familiar challenge reached his ear and his heart stopped beating "Who goes there?" There was a apuse, a rattle of arms voices, another pause-and Brant stood rooted on the spot. Then the voice rose again, slowly and clearly: "Pass the

Thank God! she was saved! But the thought had scarcely crossed his mind before it seemed to him that a blinding crackle of sparks burst out along the whole slope below the wall, a characteristic yell, which he knew too well, rang in his ears, and an undulating line of dusty soldiers came leaping like gray wolves out of the mist upon the pickets. He heard the shouts of his men falling back as they fired; the harsh commands of a few officers hurrying to their posts, and

he knew that he was hopelessly surprised He ran forward among his disorganized men. To his consternation no one seemed to heed him! Then the remembrance of his disguise flashed upon him. But he had

only time to throw away his hat and snatch a sword from a falling lieutenant before a scorching flash seemed to pass before his eyes and burn through his hair, and he dropped like a log beside his subaltern.

An aching under the bandage around his head, where the spent bullet had grazed his scalp, and the sound of im-possible voices in his ears were all he knew as he struggled slowly back to consciousness again. Even then it still seemed a delusion, for he was lying in the hospital of the headquarters, with officers of the division staff around him, and the division commander, himself, standing by his cot, and regarding him with an air of grave, but not unkindly concern. But the wounded man felt in-stinctively that it was not the effect of his physical condition, and a sense of shame came suddenly over him, which was not dissipated by his superior's words For, motioning the others aside, the ma-jor-general leaned over his cot, and said

jor-general leaned over his cot, and said: "Until a few moments ago, the report was that you had been captured in the first rush of the rear guard, which we were rolling up for your attack, and when you were picked up, just now, in plain clothes on the slope, you were not recognized. The one thing seemed to be as improbable as the other," he added, milicantly. The miserable truth flashed across Brant's mind. Hooker must have been

captured in his clothes-perhaps in some extravagant sally-and had not been rec-ognized in the confusion, byt his own offi-cers. Nevertheless, he raised his eyes to his superior. "You got my note?"

The general's brow darkened. "Yes," e said, slowly, "but finding you thus uprepared-I had been thinking just now that you had been deceived by that woman-or by others-and that it was a clumsy forgery. He stopped, and seeing the hopeless bewilderment in the face of the wounded man, added more kindly "But we will not talk of that in your the present condition. The doctor says a few She reappeared, holding the curtains of the closet together, with her hand and hours will put you straight again. Get

strong-for I want you to lose no time-for your own sake-to report yourself at Washington."

"Report myself-at Washington!" repeated Brant, slowly.

"That was last night's order," said the commander with military curtness. Then he burst out: "I den't understand it, Brant! I believe you have been misun derstood, misrepresented, perhaps ma-ligned-and, I shall make it my business o see the thing through-but these are the department orders. And for the pres ent-I am sorry to say you are relie of your command."

seemed to have received. Brant had listened impatiently, for a new idea had selzed him. Hooker was There was something of a strange and fateful resignation in his face, a few hours later, when he was able to be helped of the party, and was the one man in the party in whom he could partly confide and obtain a disguise. He at once made again into his saddle. But he could see in the eyes of the few comrades who com-miseratingly took leave of him a vague of which he knew Hooker used as a tent. Hastily telling him that he wished half-repressed awe of some indefinite in the man that mingled with weakn their heart-felt devotion to a gallant sol-dier. Yet even this touched him no he induced him to lend him his slouched hat and frock coat, leaving with him his longer. He cast a glance at the house and

Hooker would have forced upon him. As he left the wagon he was half amusedly conscious that his old companion was characteristically examining the gar-ments he had left behind with mingled admiration and envy. But he did not know, as he silpped out of the camp.

THE BLOOD OF THE WANDERERS. never allows that she was pretty. Well, To wander and wander while life remains, And never to find me a place of rest-For the blood of the race flows through my velo That wundered away to the unknown West.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, JANUARY 6, 1895,

They wandered and wandered, and so will I. Reaching and touching the world's far ends. With the hill and the plain, the wind and t

And when years are gone and strength is

And never a crust the good chance sends,

Not Practical,

By Anthony Hope.

(Copyright, 1895, by Anthony Hope.)

I have never been nearer doing it in m

"He's not a bad chap," said I. "Only," observed Lady Amy, "he's

"I don't suppose," said she, impressive y, "that, with the fall of rents and so or

I looked at Lady Amy. Then I re

"Yes," said she, "it's horrid for him

GET, DICK.

Amy, and she bowed most graciously

The satire did not reach Lady Amy.

marked, with a touch of satire: "Unhappy devil!"

AUBERON HEREERT

I shall curl me to sleep where the

And may good-bye to the old-tim

ou?" said Lady Amy.

"So what?" I cried.

"Only,"

14

aunt dies.

miliar to me.

heart, Amy,'

'Mr. Vansittart!"

poor, poor boy.

friends

WOLD.

inown it was absurd, mustn't you "" "I knew it," said I, gloomily, "till half-The sun and the stars, as their earthi

way through." "Then you forgot it," she asked, lift-ing her laahes for an instant. "Yes; clean," said I. A pause followed. Then Lady Amy gave another little laugh, and said: "Heighe! I-I nearly forgot it, too. Shail we go back to the rcom?" (We had been upon the stairs.) "I suppose we'd better," said I, rising. "In a minute," said Lady Amy; and she took a little lace spider's web, and delicately.- "Am I all right, now?" delicately-she asked.

ber 17, 1811, and was the daughter of John Banton and Eliabeth Campbell, who were both children of heroes of the "No one would ever suspect it," said

I, giving her my arm. She took it, and we set out. Just as we reached the door of the room, I felt a sudden little pressure on my arm, and

life. In fact, I was just about to do it when young Stevenage hove in sight. "I rather like Lord Stevenage, don't Dick. And before I could answer-for just at

first I couldn't answer-Lady Amy was gone, and I drifted alone across the room till I found myself opposite the mar-

daughter? I've been looking for her every where, and Lord Stevenage has been helping me, but we can't find her." "I lost sight of her only a minute ago," he can have more than five thousand a

said I. "What can she have been doing?" asked

"I want to introduce Mr. Br-, Oh, why, there she is now with Mr. Bramp-ton. Thank you, Mr. Vansittart." And the marchioness, having no more need of me moved on

ton. She sat down with Mr. Brampton Brampton is a decent enough fellow, and he is supposed to have 5500 a day. After I had looked (from round a corner) as long as I wanted, I went and got my coat. It chanced that Stevenage was getting his coat, and we walked off together, smoking our cigars. Suddenly Stevenage ob served:

night, didn't you?" "Deuced," said I, licking the stump of

my eigar.

said L

a good sort. I don't mind telling you. wish I wasn't so confoundedly poor." I took Lord Stevenage's arm. I felt very friendly toward him.

"That's what's the matter, is it?" I isked

out he may get a little bit more when his "Of course, the old lady-well, you know the old lady! I was well enough There was a thoughtful, speculative till Brampton came along, don't you ok in Lady Amy's eye. That look is fa 10w?"

I pressed his arm sympathetically. "My aunt is dead." said I, proudly, "And I tell you what, Van, I believe that if it wasn't for the beastly money, Lady Amy would have—" "Upon my word," I cried suddenly. "I "and she left me-"" "But it won't be more than two or three

thousand," pursued Lady Amy, sadly. "Not a bit more," said I. (It was two or three hundred, really). "Still, it would just help," said Lady believe she would!" "You noticed something in her manner?"

he said, eagerly, "Rather-a lot," said I.

"Isn't it infernal?" he asked. "It's as infernal as they make it,"

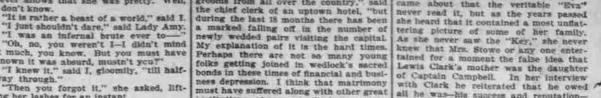
Stevenage. Matters standing thus, I thought I would do it after all. It would relieve my agreed. It happened that at this point we came feelings, for she was looking atrociously pretty; it might also he healthy for Lady opposite my club. I took Stevenage in and we had some brandy and soda-water. Stevenage drank his at a gulp, and ob-

Amy. "One mustn't think of money," said I. "Of course, one oughn't to think too much of it," arreed Lady Amy. "If I loved a girl," said I, "the fact of her only having a thousand or two a year served: "The poor girl daren't do as she likes

things to them if they dared bring scan-dal on his name. In a little while he re-turned again from the war for a visit, and found the waver still on his estate. Then there was another scene, and he "No, if she did--" said I, gazing at the smoke rings. "If she did-" said Stevenage, leaning threatened to cowhide Clark, who bade him do as he pleased, for he loved Letilia. "Hoot, toot, man?" exclamed Campbell. "You're a grand fool. Do you suppose I

"Wouldn't it, indeed, Mr. Vansittart?" "Not it," said I. "We must think of the orward. "Upon my honor, I believe she would

ave-" But I stopped abruptly. Yet something caught Stevenage's eye have for he said:



way through. ness depression. I think that main mony must have suffered along with other great institutions: at any rate the happy young couples don't come along as they used to."

war of the revolution. Her grandfather Captain Samuel Campbell, was a Scotch-man, and lived near Silver creek, in Madison county, Ky., to which place he

a sudden grip of slim fingers; and a voice said in my ear: "It was rather dear of you to forget,

"Oh, Mr. Vansittart, have you seen m

the marchioness. "Oh, she's been all right," said I, re

me, moved on. I looked and beheld her with Mr. Bramp-

ought Lady Amy looking well to-

"I say, who's that chap Brampton?" "Oh, he's got a pile," said I.

Stevenage stopped short in the middle of the pavement. "Hang the fellow!" said he-and walked

on again. "He's just as good a fellow as most,"

"Oh, it's all very well for you," he broke out. "Look here, Vansittart, you're

'IT WAS RATHER DEAR OF YOU TO FOR

were led away, and returned quickly to his bedroom above. He paused instinctively for a moment before the closed door and listened. There was no sound from within. He unlocked the door and opened it

quiet was the interior that for an instant, without glancing at the bed, he cast a quick look at the window, which till then he had forgotten, and which he remembered opened upon the veranda roof. But it was still closed, and as he iched the bed he saw his wife still lying there in the position in which he had left her. But her eyes were ringed and slightly filmed, as if with recent tears. It was perhaps this circumstance that

softened his voice, still harsh with comand, as he said: "I suppose you know those two men?"

Yes. "And that I have put it out of their

power to help you" "I do." ero was something so strangely su missive in her voice that he again looked

suspiciously at her. But he was shocked to see that she was quite pale now, and that the fire had gone out of her dark eves.

"Then I may tell you my own and the only plan to save you. But first we must find this mulatto woman who has acted as your double."

"She is here."

"Here?"

"Yes." "How do you know it?" he asked, in quick suspicion.

"She was no to leave this place until she knew I was safe within our lines, I have some friends who are faithful to me." After a pause she added: "She has in here already."

He looked at her, startled. "Impossible

"Tou locked the door. Yes, but she has a second key. And even if she had not, there is another entrance from that closet. You do not know this house; you have been here two weeks; I spent two years of my life as a girl in this room."

"Perimps," he said, grimly, "you have abready arranged your plans."

She looked at him with a singular repreachfulness even in her submission. "I have only told her to be ready to change clothes with me and help me color my

face and hands at the time appointed. I have left the rest to you." "Then this is my plan. I have changed only a detail. You and she must both leave this house at the same time, by different exits, and one of them must be private-and unknown to my men. Do you know of such a one?"

"Yes," she said, "beside the negro quar-

'Good," he replied. "That will be your way out. She will leave here publ through the quarters, armed with a pass from me. She will be overhauled and from me. She will be overhauled and challenged by the first sentry near the guardhouse, below the wall. She will be subjected to some delay and scrutiny, which she will, however, be able to pass better than you would. This will create the momentary diversion that we require. In the meantime, you will have left the house by the wing and you will then

You are in danger." keep in the shadow of the hedge until you can drop down along the run, where it empties into the swamp. That," he It empties into the swamp. That," he her arm, " continued, flating his keen eyes upon her, leave her?"

know, as he slipped out of the camp, that Mr. Hooker was quietly trying them "You were speaking of those prowlin mulattoes, sir. on, before a broken mirror in the wagon passed one out this morning."

bead. "So I have heard." The gray light of that summer morning "I reckon she didn't get very far, was already so streng that to avoid de-tection he quickly dropped into the shadow of the gully that sloped towards was just at the time that we were driven in by their first fire, and I think she got the run. The next moment he saw the figure he was waiting for stealing to-wards him from the shadow of the gully beneath the negro quarters.

The light was growing stronger; he had reached the top of the gully the cor uld hear voices in the nearest picket poral pointed to what seemed to be

her share of it, too. Do you mind walk ing this way, sir." The lieutenant did not mind, although he rather languidly followed. When they When they

A FEW COMBADES COMMISERATINGLY TAKING LEAVE OF CLARENCE.

line, and the sound of a cough in the in-vading mist. He made a hurried sign to the oncoming figure to follow him, ran ahead and halted at last in the cover of a hackms-tack bush. Still gazing for-ward over the marsh, he stealthily held out his hand behind him, as the rustling at last his hund was at last his hund was The lieutenant hesitated. He was you

ed, and turned quickly. It was not his wife, but Rose!-her mulatto double! Her face was rigid with and slightly fastidious as to unnecessary right, her beady eyes staring in their hina sockets; her white teeth chattering. wait until the searchers brought her up-when the corporal might call him. Yet she would have spoken.

"Hush!" he said, clutching her hand a fierce whisper. "Not a word!" She in a flerce whisper. was holding something white in her finers: he snatched it quickly. It was a note from his wife-not in the disguised hand of her first warning, but in one that

"Forgive my disobeying you to mave you from capture, disgrace or death, which would have some to you where you were poing. I have taken Rose's pars. You need not fear that your honor will suffer by it, for if I am stopped I shall confess

BUSINESS ITEMS. that I took it from her. Think no mor of me. Clarence, but only for yourself. If Baby Is Cutting Teeth.

He sure to use that old and well-tried remaly, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syray, for children techning. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind collo and He crushed the letter in his hand. "Tell me," he said, in a flerce whisper, seizing her arm, "and speak low. When did you

(To be continued.)-

It had nothing to do with it. I resumed You know the general ny declaration. "I've loved you for years, Amy," said

"I said, we must think of the heart."

"But you-you-you-" "Oh, I meant it," said I, quickly. "But you called me--" "By the sweetest name in the world"

I. "But I have toiled in silence till I have amassed-thanks to the death of my aunt-a suitable sum-"

"I think you're very curious tonight, Mr. Vansittart." "Of upwards of three hundred a year.

It shall all be yours-every farthing "Three hundred a year?" and Lady Amy

"And," I added, "a love such as-"Please, Mr Vansittart! Surely you ist see that-Oh, it's absurd, it really ! Oh, what are you doing?" "I was taking your hand," said I,

"Well, but you mustn't; because it's quite impossible, and absurd and-there you've held it quite long enough now, I am very sorry, really I am, Mr. Vagsittart, but-"Sorry? What are you sorry for, Amy?

"Now, you mustn't call me-" "I do believe," I cried "that you're go ng to refuse me!

"Certainly 1 am." said Lady Amy.

"I never heard of such a thing in my fe," said I, indignantly. Lady Amy looked at me. I had never ulte known how much (or how little) I loved Lady Amy. The question, you see, was really not a practical one; but I think I looked as if I loved her a good ical, for she said, with a perplexed little augh:

"How silly you are! Becauze we were uch good friends, Mr. Vansittart." "Your heart is softening," I observed.

'You like me very much, really.' "I should just really like to hear what namma would say!" said Lady Amy. "You shall enjoy the pleasure in 10 min-"Oh, Mr. Vansittar, please! Oh, no, please! Oh, please, sit still I-I didn't mean anything of the kind. It is abso-lutely out of the question. Besides, I don't-don't care for you, you know."

"That's a mere afterthought," said I

"And even if I did-" "And even though you do-?"

would he-

The mist came up gloriously from the swamp like a golden halo. And as Clar-ence Brant, already forgotten, rode moodily through it toward Washington, hug-

"Well, I suppose it is painful in a way," I conceded reluctantly. "But I shall always like to remember ging to his heart the solitary comfort of his great sacrifice, his wife, Alice Brant, for whom he had made it, was lying in

"You oughtn't like to remember it, you

There's Lord-I mean, there's somebody

"It's nothing to me who's coming." said I. "I am only being refused-and if I don't mind, why should you?"

Then Lady Amy said in a curious tone-quite low, you know, and not quite teady, and, oh, hang it. I can't describe

"You mustn't be unkind to me, Mr. Vanstittart.



THERE WAS A THOUGHTFUL, SPECULA TIVE LOOK IN LADY AMY'S EYES.

"By the way, you had a good long siting with her on those stairs

"Oh, that was nothing," said I, modstly "You seemed to find a lot to say

though," he remarked. I leant forward in my turn, and laid my

my hand on Stevenage's knee. "I was only," said I, "asking her to narry me

"What!" he cried. "I was only," I repeated, "offering my

hand to her." "You were offering your hand to Lady Amy?

"Well, my dear fellow, haven't I told

verely

"Oh, dear me, what's the use of talking about it? If I liked you ever so much,

Only half as much as I like you," said I was quite interested in the thing

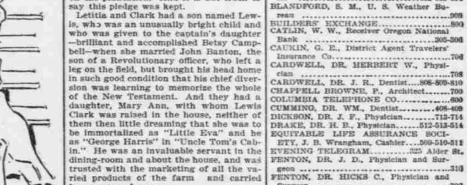
unpleasantness. He believed he would "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, this is most pain-

'Painful?" I cried.

that you paid me the-

minute.

she was a charming girl.



CARDWELL, DR. HERBERT W., Physi sion was learning to memorize the whole of the New Testament. And they had a daughter, Mary Ann, with whom Lewis Clark was raised in the house, neither of them then little dreaming that she was to be immortalized as "Little Eva" and he as "George Harris" in "Uncle Tom's Cab-in." He was an invaluable servant in the

grooms from all over the country," said came about that the veritable "Eva"

LITTLE EVA.

Mary Banton, of Kentucky, Figured

in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

She was born in Lancaster, Ky., Octo-

moved from Virginia. He was a large landholder and a wealthy man for his day, and possessed many silves, among whom was a handsome quadroon named

Letitia. She was one of the most val-ued slaves Captain Campbell owned, and while she was much liked by all, she was an especial favorite with Mrs. Camp-

bell. When the war of 1812 commenced he went to the front and left his wife

and children at home with an easier

mind, knowing Letitia's faithfulness and capacity as a house servant. Letitia was brought into even closer

relation with her mistress, because she

was an unusually expert seamstress as well as an adept in spinning. Nowadays

when we neither spin, nor card, nor weave, nor even knit, it is difficult to

comprehend the immense responsibility of every mistress, in those days, who had

to grow, spin, weave, cut and make each

LITTLE EVA (MARY BANTON).

garment worn by every man and woman

slave employed about the house, the gar-

In those days it was found most ex-bedient to engage the services of a pro-dessional weaver who went from place to

place in the neighborhood in turn. Wheth-

place in the neighborhood in turn. Wheth-er it was because of the well-known su-periority of the Scotch in this direction, or whether it was because Captain Camp-bell, being a wealthy man, attracted to himself his humbler countrymen, the weaver employed by this family was a Scotchman named Clark. But I dare say the captain was canny and simply em-ployed the man for his skill. When the master went to the war, his wife man-

master went to the war, his wife man-

aged these large interests with the asslat-ance of Lettila, the trusted house servant, who was, of course, frequently thrown with the weaver.

In a year the captain came home for a

visit, and it was sad news he heard from the anxious wife. Well, the upshot of the matter was that the master ordered Clark

off the place, and lectured Letitia, and took an oath that he would do awful

want a lot of white negro children on my

place? And don't you know your children

will be my slaves-that I will put them in

my pocket-that I will sell them?" But nothing daunted Clark, and he mar-

ried Letitia, vowing her master would never sell her children for he would make

them the most humble and valued slaves on the plantation. And it is but truth to say this pledge was kept. Lettia and Clark had a son named Lew-

den, the dairy and the fields.

never read it, but as the years passed ahe heard that it contained a most unflat-

all he was-his success and reputation-to "Miss Betsy," whom he said was a strict but always a good mistress. In

his loctures in Stanford and the surround-

ing country he made the same statement and said a mistake had been made for which he was not responsible. Mrs. Lo-gan and her family have always held

It was not until six or seven years after the interview with Lewis Clark, when the

newspapers had wearled of the story of the man's life and she had ceased to re-gret those things that had wounded her,

that she could be persuaded to see the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabia." In the scene where Eva crowns Uncle Tom with flowers her eyes filled, while she smiled

at the recollection of herself-a mischleyous, lovable little hoyden, bedecking old Uncie Yammer, a slave of her fath-

Num, lovable little hoyden, bedecking old Uncle Yammer, a slave of her father's. She declared afterwards she was plad she went to see it, but it would take her many a day to forzet how odd she fel at the death scene. It was with this in mind that her eldeat daughter, being in Hartford, hoped to see Mrs. Stowe and tell her of it, but learning the hrilliast writer's mind, had somewhat yields to the strain of emotion that fired her her pion, she posiponed the visit-preferring to demember her as a gifted woman at her best.
Be of the strain of emotion that fired her her bost.
Be, whose personality inspired the character of little Eva, ided in Elizabethtown, Ky, August 6, 1988, and lies at rest in Louisville's beautiful Cave Hill, of a gentle slope that catches the first gint of the morning sub before it spies out the lake that flows peacefully below at the foot of the soldiers' graves. The heroine of the book that was more listrumental than any other thing in bringing about the slave war lies facing the when this story, like good wine, can show a respectable age, their children will seek out her children, and they will speak together reverently of her.

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Im

Mrs. Stowe blameles:

tering picture of some of her As she never saw the "Key," sh

dining-room and about the house, and was FENTON, DR, J. D., Physician and Surtrusted with the marketing of all the va-ried products of the farm and carried large sums of money.

One unlucky day his master was com pelled to mortgage his to a neighbor, who would not consider any other slave than Lewis, but who agreed to allow Mr. Banton to redeem him at his convenience. In his new life Lewis was put with the com-mon field hands and harshly treated, and, instead of eating the same that was put on the master's table, he was half starved. The man had cheated Mr. Banton out of the servant as well as the money to take up the mortgage-who was thus unable to buy Lewis back when he was offered for sale-and no one else would bld on hin because he was considered "a spoilt dar ky." This was a bad state of affairs for Lewis. He now belonged to a hard maste and no one would buy him, and he wa

powerless to run away until Caldwell Campbell, the son of the captain, came to him as he stood on the auction block and slipped into his hand a gold piece, saying: "If this will help you, use it;" and Lewis fied to Canada. About 13 years ago Lewis Clark went to

Stanford, Ky., to see Mary Banton, his playmate, and the daughter of his mis-tress, now the widow of William G. Logan. And then it was he told her that "little Eva" was the same Mary Banton he loved so dearly as a child. She was surprised, amazed, but thanked Lewis for the lovely character he had given her, but she expressed her regret that he had said such harsh things of those near and dear

to her Mary Banton was not the typical goodygood child, but she was a warm-hearted affectionate little giri, who, while full of and was truly pictured by Mrs. Stowe, who says: "The gentle Eva * * * is an is an ersonation in childish form of the love of Christ." It seemed to be her special care to shield the servants, to comfort them in their troubles which she did in blithe, happy way that knew no touch of sanctimonious asceticism.

Physically she was exactly as Mrs you so twice already? Oh, don't be un Stowe describes her except that her love-ly, rose complexion was of the healthy, enduring kind that outlived more than easy. You can fight it out with Brampton. She refused me." But Stevenage finished his brandy and three score years and ten. Those who have cherished her as a beautiful ideal will be glad to know she was always a soda-water, threw away his cigar, rose, put on his hat, buttoned up his coat, and thus equipped, stood staring at me for gracious and a handsome woman, as her photograph at 74 shows.

I believe he still tells the story-as an example of impudence-but he doesn't tell it all; and he still thinks himself very ill-"Uncle Tom's Cabin" created such in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" created such in-tense excitement in the South, and more especially in Kentucky, where many of the scenes were hald, that Mrs. Stowe, in self defense, published the "Key." Her scathing pen was merciles; indeed, friends of the persons at whom her satire was directed burned the "Key" in a evient of kindness that sought to anars used by Lady Amy Brampton. Ah, well,

Hard Times and Honeymoous.

"AM I ALL RIGHT NOW?"

"Well, that is a good 'un," said he,

"You mustn't be unkind to me, Mr. Washington Post. Vanstittart." "For years past Washington has been I looked at Lady Amy. My cousin Flo the Mecca of happy brides and briderit of kindness that sought to spa the families of these people. And so it

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