THE OLD TENOR.

Did you say the singing was only fair? Sir, if the chance was given me To change from him on the stage up there Straight to an angel's symphony

Well, it might stagger my poor old brain But I think, on the whole, I back should come To hear these worn, sweet notes again, And see you form that is cumbersome

The why of it all? It fell, my friend, A matter of fifteen years ago.

• A certain man was nigh his end, Lying racked in a fever glow,

And a fine young star, in his flush of fame, Stept to his bedside, took his hand, And tried to waken life's spent flame By singing songs of the lovely land.

God, how he sang! till the sick man turned His face from the wall and toolsdeep breath, And said, as his eyes with new light yearned, That life ran sweeter far than death

Hone might hearken to strains like this. And he swore he would live in death's de-Then sleep dropped down on him like a kiss,

And he woke with his blood all cool and right. Perhaps you can fancy who was the man, And who is the singer there on the stage, And why I listen and sob and can

But love his faults and his hints of age. Some folks will say, when they pay their coin, The perfectest singer is their choice, Where youth and art and genius join, But I like a man behind the voice! -Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

AN IDEAL.

"When I find the girl who looks like that picture I am going to marry her." George Milman, who made this remark, and his aunt, Mrs. Henderson,

were standing before a picture of hers almost beautiful enough to justify such extravagant admiration. It was called a girl in all the sweet freshness of budding womanhood.

acteristics of this picture and their sigabundance only slightly confined by a in two miles. The carriage was now althoughtful; the mouth and chin, though after it. marked by the tender lines of youth yet, used word.

miraculous way in spite of much intel- ambrosial locks from the elements. tering. Such a woman I most admire,

"But she might be the original of this picture, and yet not have the character you describe," said Mrs. Henderson.

"No, that is impossible; a woman could not look that way without being all that I have suggested." "But if you find her you still might

not win her." "Yes I would, no matter if she was engaged to be married and her wedding

day was appointed."

"It is like you to be so sure, and like with a nicture."

In this Mrs. Henderson was right; such a determination was characteristic' and his mother of German descent. until I do." This, with a practical American train-German and American characteristics. His peculiarly intellectual head, so large some of his features, especially his brown in Texas. and rather dreamy eyes, and occasionally his manners and conversation, were German, while his figure and usually his following account of his experiences: manner were American. He had the German's ideality, romanticism and love as before I think I had best begin at the of deep thought, philosophic and specutical attention to details.

deepest disgust for his work, but he al- whom I recognized my ideal. ways remembered that it brought him a

found the object of his adoration.

"I can't exactly say that I have, but ture, and so my ideal. your question reminds me that I have a story to tell you, and I suppose I might just as well begin at the beginning." "Please do. It is about that picture,

I know," she replied.

sponse, and he began:

and St. Louis train on my way to Nash- marriage to a gentleman of Dallas. ville. I had been traveling twelve hours old lady, a young lady and a boy about | what she thought of it, but if I can be | nani Messenger.

lady turned around.

"Aunt, she might have been the origithe broad brow, the dark brown hair the other fellow was away. loosely confined, the dark gray eye, the sweet, firm mouth, and above all the expression of intellectuality, unselfishness and ingeniousness. I forgot the story, and I could not take my eyes off her one minute-I fear she must have noticed it."

"I know she did," interrupted Mrs. Henderson. "You must have stared her

out of countenance.'

"I suspect I did, and all the time I how I could make her acquaintance.

"After, an hour's ride in this way I case, which I had left there. I was detained by a friend whom I met there and left the car just as the train was starting again after having stopped at a small saw my new found ideal and her party just getting into a carriage, which had apparently been waiting for them. Aunt. just one thought filled my mind that I could not afford thus to loose my ideal so soon, and that unless I followed her she was lost. This was rather an impulse than a thought-there was no time for that, and I piled off after her.

"The carriage had started, and there was only one man in sight-the depot "Future," and represented at half length- agent. I spoke to him and asked who the people who had just left were. He said that he did not know; that he had "Yes," he continued, "note the char- never seen them before; but I believe now that he did and that he must have nificance and you will see why I say so, taken me for a lunatic; my appearance The figure is graceful, the head, deli- was outlandish enough and I suspect my cately poised, is rather large, and the manner was excited. I tried to hire as car to a new city, where he was working brow, of unusual breadth, is brought horse, offered him a large price for the into full relief by the dark brown hair, use of one an hour, but the fellow told brushed straight back, with its wavy me that he had none and there was none ribbon around the head. The eyes are a most out of sight, and still hoping to dark gray, large and at once bright and find out something about it I started out

"But I did not go far before I realized show sufficient decision of character. that pursuit was hopeless and that by Intellectuality and unselfishness are in- such conduct I was making myself dicated, but the one characteristic most ridiculous, and I returned to the station prominent brought out its ingeniousness | -then for the first time I remembered in the noblest sense of that often mis- that I had left all my baggage, which was very valuable, my umbrella and "It is more than innocence and does overcoat, on the train, and even my hat, not depend on ignorance. It is most as at the time of the incident I was makoften seen as a characteristic of a noble ing myself comfortable in a skull cap, woman, and is retained by them in some which was all I now had to protect my

lectual knowledge of the world's wicked- "I was now sufficiently disengaged to ness. Such a woman as is portraved in find out something about the place this picture would naturally be clinging which I had so unexpectedly visited. It and dependent, but finding herself with- consisted of the railroad station and one out a support, or her chosen protector store, which was unfortunately closedaway. I questioned the agent again treated that way yourself. and such a woman, if I have the good about the party I had pursued, but fortune to find her, I shall certainly gained no further information. I telewhich he was kind enough to do, and after twelve hours in this neglected spot, no longer.' spent sitting on a barrel, realizing my ridiculous conduct and bemoaning the loss of my ideal, I took the next train and finished my journey in safety."

"Well, that is quite a story," Mrs. Henderson, and you have seen how I have enjoyed it. Who but you would have fallen in love in such a way, and it is too bad that you lost her. But it canyou, too, to fall so desperately in love not have gone very far, even with you, and you will soon find some one else."

"We shall see about that. I don't know whether it is love or not, but I beof George Milman. Though born in this lieve that I shall find that girl again country, his father was a native German some day, and I am not going to marry

Two years passed during which George ing, gave him a curious combination of | had been true to his resolution, and used often to say that he was waiting for his ideal. Then he was transferred by his that all his hats were made to order; house to the west and took up his abode

> Not long afterward Mrs. Henderson received from him a letter giving the

"I have another story to tell you, and beginning. Hempstead is a nice place lative, with the American's keen ob- to live in, and I have had a pleasant servation, eye for the machine and practime here and have made many friends. You know that I am not a society His dual nature was shown in his busi- man, and steer clear of the profesness. He was a drummer for a large sional Four Hundred which we find manufactory, selling to jobbing houses, in every city. But the larger class and so had to take long trips from city of cultivated people I like, and go when to city. When actually at work he was I can to their occasional entertainments. all attention to business and put his Three months ago I went to one-it was whole soul into it-with distinguished given by a musical club, and combined success. On the intervening trips he a programme of the best amateur talent yielded to the speculative side of his na- with social features—that I am likely to ture, spending his time in reading the remember. For one of the last pieces best novels, histories and philosophical was a song by 'Miss Ethel Lyndon.' It works from Carlyle to Henry George, was well sung; I noticed that, but my He would sometimes feel and express the chief interest was in the singer-in

"I traced the resemblance in each parhandsome income and held on to his posi- ticular, and tried to discover whether she was the woman I had seen in Ten-Some three months after the above nessee. She was so like her I thought doned lime kilns. Just where it began conversation George again called to see she must be the same, though I could nobody can tell with certainty, but in his aunt, who asked him if he had yet not determine, but there was no doubt all probability Ireland has the best claim

"I asked my friend about her and discovered that her father was a prominent business man of Hempstead and had lucky chap destined to become her huslived there for years, and that she was bond. In such a prodicament all she has very popular among those who belonged to do is to arm herself with a spool of "Well, you shall see," was the re- to her society, so much so that half the strong thread and start off after dark on young men of the town regretted her the eve of All Saints to some old lime "I was on the Nashville, Chattanooga announced engagement and approaching kiln reputed to be the abode of evil

"I was already in love, and you may and was rather tired. I was reading the imagine that this was discouraging inthat is, for my mind was stranglye wan- been 'nothing venture nothing have,'

seventeen, evidently mother, brother and entertaining I was then; and I found her sister. The mother attracted my atten- all I had expected her to be from her tion first, and I was idly admiring her face, and became more in love than ever. still unusual beauty, sublimated, but I told her that I was a stronger, having not destroyed by age, when the young recently come to live learn, and she was kind enough to invite me to call.

"I had no time to lose-I could only nal of your picture, so like she was in attempt to take the for ress by storm, a every detail. I was astonished and could dangerous thing to no, our there was no hardly believe my eyes. I watched her opportunity to try the safer plan of a quietly and studied her features, until masked seige and strategems. Thad one there was no doubt about it. There was thing in my favor: I was on the spot and

> "I soon availed myself of her invitation to call and speut a very pleasant evening-one of those moments of delight' that are at once so sweet and so painful to remember in less happy times. "What made it especially pleasing to

me was that Miss Lynnon seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. I remember that you have often langbed at love at first sight, but I think that my experiwas endeavoring to realize my good for- ence demonstrates its renth. And that tune, and thinking how I should manage evening suggested another question to find out the young lady's name and which I endeavored to solve, but could not. I will ask your opinion. Not only did I feel pleasure in being with the wowent into the smoking car for my cigar | man I loved, but I had also a feeling of being thoroughly en rapport with her, as if she felt the same pleasure and there was some subtle and mound sympathy between us. Now, was that feeling a station. Chancing to look to one side, I creation of my own brain, independent of any similar feeling on Her part, or was it what it seemed, and could I therefore know because I experienced it that she was similarly impressed.

"It would tire you to read the details; it is enough to say that I made the most of our acquaintance. I called as often as I possibly could, oftener than I had any right to; met ber at receptions and any other entertainments where she was likely to go; went with her to the theater and to the Beriboven club, at one of whose meetings I had first made her acquaintance-in short. I took every opportunity I could and or make of seeing her.

"Finally I went with her, her father and a party on an excersion in a private up a real estate boom.

"On our return I seized a favorable opportunity and told her that I loved her-how I did it I cannot tell even you -and of course Traceived the reply that she was engaged. But she said it very sweetly, and made me love her better than ever. Then I said. How I wish I had known you sooner,' and she said, 'I wish so too.'

"Then, darling, if you do wish it you need not; if it can be that you love meah, you do, I see you do -you can marry me in spite of all.

"'No, I will not break my promise, and I will have to give up your acquaintance unless you respect it.

"'I promise;' I was too happy at finding out my love returned to care very much. It could not be kept of course, and I very soon broke it by asking Ethel if she did not think it wrong to marry a man who she did not love.

"I think it is wrong to break faith proving unworthy, would meet the the agent informed me that its owner with one who is faithful to me, she emergency heroically and stand unfal- was attending a camp meeting six miles said, 'and so would you if you were

"Yes, I know that, out as I am the one to profit by it I wink that it is all graphed to the conductor on the train I right and the other fellow ought not to had left to take care of my effects, care. I certainly think that you ought at any rate to tell him that you love him "'Yes, I ought to do rost, and I will;

> though it was made principally to please my parents, as I see now, and, without the love that could alone justify it.' "This she did, and soon thereafter received a letter from her hance, in which he thanked her for ber frankness, and

but I will offer to fulfill my promise,

told her that she had relieved him from a similar embarrassment, as he had lately discovered that his affections were engaged elsewhere, but had felt in honor bound to her. Such are the curious and inexplicable workings of the human heart, but I did not quarrel with them, for they brought me my heart's desire. "One day I asked Kinel if she had ever the wife.

been in Tennessee.

"'Yes,' she said; 'two years ago in October, on a visit to my grandparents.' "'Were you on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis train, and did you get off at Uxton station?

"'Yes.' "Then you are, as I have believed, the woman I saw on the train then. Darling, I fell in love with you then, and have been hunting for you ever since.'

" And you are the man who stared at me so hard on the train and followed me off, leaving his hat bekind; I recognized you when we were first introduced.

"We were married, very quietly, although in church, just a month before the time originally set for Ethel's intended marriage, and we are now on our wedding tour.

"So you see I did find my ideal, and have won her, and you will have to imagine how happy I am, for it is beyond the power of words to tell you."-W. P. W. in Atlanta Constitution.

A Well Superstition.

One of the comparatively modern superstitions of the eve of All Saints is found at the bottom of old and abanabout her being the woman in your picto it. At all events, it used to flourish in that country some years ago. A girl with no bean or a girl with too many beaux is puzzled to find out who is the spirits.

Standing alone on the edge of the deep hole, the candidate for matrimony re-"Tale of Two Cities"-trying to read it, telligence. But my motto has always peats the Lord's prayer backward. Then she takes the end of the thread in her dering in spite of my interest in that re- and I immediately determined to try the left hand, and after to soing the spool into markable story—the best Dickens ever fortune of war, knowing that I had the chasm before her, patiently waits for wrote. Looking up in one of these fits nothing to lese-having so completely a bite. Soon she will feel three pulls of inattention, I happened to notice a lost my heart already-and that I might and she must politely ask his saturic maj- orator sat down. party which must have got on at the win. So when the musical programme esty to be kind enough to tell her the last station, and had taken seats diago- was over I was introduced by my friend. name of her fulture barband. A voice nally in front of me. It consisted of an I cannot tell you our conversation, or below will pronounce the name. - Galig- were coming down to the house afther

A DETECTIVE STORY.

How the Finding of a Visiting Card Led

to an Important Arrest. Two men sat in a secluded corner of the Ebbitt House lobby and enjoyed a quiet chat over their after dinner cigars. That was not a remarkable fact, but one of the men is one of the best known members in his profession, and if he were inclined to tell a history of his interesting experience it would fill volumes. The smooth shaven gentleman with the quiet demeanor is one of the keenest of criminal catchers, G. M. Fletcher, of Chicago. Mr. Fletcher related what he calls the strangest and luckiest piece of trailing in his life, and the end of the trail was in Washington, "although," says Mr. Fletcher, "it was only luck on my part that it did."

Fifteen years ago a wealthy old farmer named Wilson was found murdered just outside his house, near Evanston, Ill. The old man had that day concluded the sale of a piece of property, and was returning with nearly \$2,000 in his pocket, as it was growing dark, the cash having been paid over after banking hours in Evanston, and Wilson incantiously allowed the remark to drop that he wished he had not made the sale until next

much wealth to his home, five miles distant. These facts, besides the murder itself, and the knowledge that a notorious gambler named Edmondson had overheard the speech, were all the clue offered the detectives, who were set to work on the case with a reward of \$3,000. held out as an inducement for running down the murderer or murderers. Months passed, but no further trace of the gambler who was suspected could be found anywhere.

During the early spring of 1877 Fletcher was sent east on a mission by the agency of which he is a member, and in the course of his trip concluded to spend a day or two in Washington before returning to the Lake City. While passing up Pennsylvania avenue, near Sixth street, with a friend, his attention was attracted to a small visiting card, which, after the manner of his profession, he picked up and examined.

"I wasn't thinking of business just then," said Mr. Fletcher, "but I suppose instinct led me to do as I did, and what do you suppose that pasteboard contained? The autograph of the very man I had been looking for for months. Of course the signature was not familiar to me, but the first thought to suggest itself was, 'How did the card get there?' and I could answer it only one wav-Edmondson had dropped it—but how did he happen to retain the same name if he was guilty, unless he did not fear detec-

"Well, to cut a long story short, I determined to stay in Washington awhile and see what could be seen. I found out the most notable houses where a gambler of his type would be likely to hold forth, and after ten days' shadowing I found him in an old frame house on Four-and-a-Half street. Edmondson came with me without a requisition. and made no fight. In fact, he was tired of leading a hunted life and confessed the crime. He said he always had an idea that the visiting card would prove his doom, but somehow or other he could not destroy it, and knew at once when he missed it from his case that it would be a clew, for he had been traveling under an assumed name since the murder. The card was the last link of his former life.

"Edmondson was hanged a few months later, and that ended the most curious episode in my twenty-five years' experience as a detective." — Washington Post.

Something Wrong.

"Well," said the "brute" to his wife as he took his place at the breakfast table, "who are the new neighbors next

"Why, how should I know?" answered

"Don't you know their name?"

"Of course not." "Are they wealthy?" "I'm sure I don't know."

"The man an old skinflint?" "I don't know." "His wife extravagant?"

"You will have to ask some one else." "Any daughters? And are they proud and stuck up?" "Why, Harry? I don't know."

"Anything mysterious about them? A secret connected with the family?" "I don't know anything about them." "What! You don't?"

"No." "They have been, here twenty-four hours-I'll send the doctor up as I go

down town." "What are you going to send the doctor up for?"

"Something must be the matter with you. That family has lived next to us for one whole day and you don't know the first thing about them yet. You need attending to."

And then he buried himself in his paper.-Philadelphia Press.

Good Authority.

Congressmen "before the war" were somewhat accustomed to the exchange of unparliamentary language, but perhaps no American legislators were ever so practiced in vituperation as the members of the much lamented, vanished Irish parliament on College Green. Somehow they contrived to keep on friendly private terms while treating one another to most picturesque abuse.

On one occasion a member, pointing a quivering finger across the house at his opponent, one Thaddy Burke, concluded with these words: "And every mimber of the honorable

gintleman's familee is benayth contimpt -from the white livered hound that is shivering on the flure to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery."

"How did you know his sister was in the gallery?" whispered a comrade as the

orator sat down.

"Sure, didn't Thaddy himself tell me she was going to be prisint when we HENDERSON BROTHERS, Chicago, III. dinner?"-Youth's Companion.

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