

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 sapling
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! He did! He did!" 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 mischief. 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 judiciously. She was a brilliant creature to look at—warm-hearted and impulsive to a fault. There is nothing she would not do or dare for one she loved, and she dearly loved her bewitching little sister, and rejoiced with all her heart when the genial, good-looking young "squire," Tom Crichton, who came into the neighborhood to take possession of an unexpected 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 already 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. Miredford was a garrison town, and one of the gallant Dashshire 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 London road about half a mile or so from Miredford. It was in vain that Rosalind warned the heedless young coquette that she was treating poor young 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 seriousness into his reproaches, and when he flatly refused to give up the photograph Letty had given him and one or two absurd little notes she had written to him and a glove he had purloined, 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 Hamilton's heart was touched she would have quickly laughed Letty out of her fright; but when the girl solemnly assured 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 overlooked 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 looking 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 it really was 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 gymnastic 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—"

"O, so you did give it!"
"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 he 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 shower, I think. It always makes that noise on the roof of the veranda. It's never so loud as under cover, ma'am."
Rosalind gave a sigh of relief as the door at last closed behind the 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 expects his sister. I suppose (glancing at a cabinet photograph 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 something 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 necessity. 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 and letters, very precious. 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. Townsend's sister," she said, "and I expect him every moment; he does 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 Rosalind, "and 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 awkward 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 station for my luggage" (what dreadful stories I am telling! she added to herself); 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 waterproof," 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, turning to him with the sweetest smile. There was the slightest possible hesitation 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 homeward. 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 darling!"

"No," answered Rosalind, calmly; "I stole them."
"Oh, you dear delightful darling! How sweet you are! 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 cabinet 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 deliver.
"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 am another girl's photograph I carried 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, Hamilton was finally captured by a pretty young widow. I do not know what became of "Louie," but Rosalind married Gerard Townsend and he still thinks she is the prettiest woman in the world.

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 exploration 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 apparatus 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 anticipate 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 cutting 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 as another girl's photograph I carried off."
"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."
"Scared! I should say so; but a diver has got to keep his cool under any circumstances, and I kept my little thinker 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, would fetch him right at my 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 knight. 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 opposite characteristics, Sherman dashing 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 between officers. An incident showing how firm their feeling for each other was, and that differences of opinion could not effect, it occurred at Vicksburg. 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 remember that protest that you wished to have sent 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 circumstance again, and it was given publicly by Sherman himself.

STORIES FOR YOUR GRANDCHILDREN.
A Dreamer at the Club Conjures 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 luxury. The luxury of one age is the hardship of the next. Now I conjured 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 dying. I took the limited, and for twenty-six hours, fearful lest he should die before I arrived, I dilated a little on the terrible suspense, and told how my appetite 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 looked 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 can 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 pneumatic 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 received 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 electric 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 another hard-luck tale for his grandson.
—Chicago Tribune.

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