

A LOST CHORD FOUND.

We stood alone in the choir loft, By the organ tall and grim, While over the keys her fingers Followed their own sweet will...

THE MEDAL.

For five minutes the early morning storm had raged, and the cold rain was making great bubbles where it fell into the gutter.

"Come on, the north!" shouted the conductor, never suspecting the audacity of his ellipsis. "Only three places left inside: one, two, three: no one answers: four, five."

"Here, four and five," said a sweet voice from the depth of the great white cap of a sister of charity.

"Tickets," And after having closed their tremendous large, old, blue cotton umbrellas—such umbrellas are never seen anywhere nowadays except on the country roads—the two nuns climbed up into the bus.

"One more seat," called the conductor, "hurry up, six." And still another woman came out of the crowd and gave her number—a woman of the lower class, with her linen cap.

"What, sir," quickly replied the woman, seeking to retain her self possession. "he is three years and a half."

"And a little more; well, well, it is very bad weather: climb up lively, now." The poor woman, with a shame faced air, took the only vacant seat, near the bus door and opposite the two nuns.

Although seated side by side and dressed exactly alike the two sisters of charity did not resemble each other. The elder was perhaps fifty, with the strong physique and ruddy color of a farmer's wife.

would." Then, quickly altering her tone, she said to the conductor in a sympathetic manner, "You have no children, have you?"

"Oh, yes, three," replied the old soldier, "but they are much larger than your boy. I have three daughters. My eldest has been married about a year, and the youngest has just entered upon her apprenticeship."

"Then you know just how it is. When we began to be worried about our boy's health it was at the worst season of the year, in July, when so many young children die. My husband is a bookbinder, if you please: he makes book covers. He works at home and has customers among the middle class, but during the summer every one goes away either to the country or to the seashore."

"But the next day, I can tell you, he thought no more of his decorations or his illuminations. The doctor came, looked alarmed and put on the poor child's back a plaster as large as my hand. Pleurisy. Do you understand how a child no older than he is could have such a sickness? We were in straitened circumstances. I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. My husband went out to try to collect two or three bills, but it was of no use; every one had gone away. And then it almost seemed as if we could not make our boy well again, our dear little fellow."

"We live, you see, at 32 Vinaigries street. We have only two rooms, and the bedroom has no window except one that looks out upon a wall. Then the doctor said: 'You must take him to the hospital. I will give you a line to the house surgeon, who is one of my friends. Oh, but that was hard. We carried him there in a cab, although I had to take a pair of sheets to the pawnshop to pay the fare. But at the hospital door my husband embraced our little boy, whom I was carrying wrapped up in a woolen blanket, and said to me abruptly, 'You go in alone; I haven't the courage.'"

"I went in—mothers are strong; they have to be—but when the house surgeon took Leopold from my arms it seemed as if my heart would break. Then I went out of doors to find his father, who was smoking while he waited for me. When he saw me come out alone with my blanket over my arm, he threw his pipe down on the sidewalk, where it broke into twenty pieces, and then we walked home side by side without saying a word. I shall never forget those six weeks that Leopold staid at the hospital. It was summer, and I believe that the weather was beautiful, but all that time it seemed to me as if the sun never shone."

"Yes, I could see him Sundays and Thursdays, and in spite of the rules I carried him sweets, toys, like this, concealed under my shawl, and they told me that he was getting better, that he would certainly get well. But when I would once get out into the street on my way home it seemed as if I could never stop crying. Still I had to force back my tears and not return home with red eyes, on account of my husband, who could not go with me, for he had found work again."

"He suffered as much as I during our boy's absence, you understand, though all the time he tried to put on a brave face; but once when I returned from the hospital I surprised my poor husband, who was weeping before one of Leopold's old photographs, which he had placed on his work bench. Now it is all over, and happily over, all the sorrow," said the poor woman, half devouring her child with kisses, "and you will see your father again; he is even now getting breakfast for you, and you will get well, my darling, and you will grow large and strong. He has good plump cheeks already. And you will take your cod liver oil to please your mother, will you not, my boy?"

While the poor woman was thus pouring out the fullness of her heart the bus conductor (he was a father) and the older sister of charity (she was a good woman) listened to her with encouraging smiles. But what was the other nun thinking about, the young sister, so pale, with the aristocratic looking hands, who had lowered her velvety eyelashes as if absorbed in deep thought? She thought to herself as she sat there, "Here are two people who are bound together for better or for worse, who love each other and who have a little child." She thought to herself that "once—oh, it was a very, very long time ago, long before her kindly hands had ministered to suffering humanity—she had had a dream, a pure and noble dream, which came back to her like a vague remembrance, revived by the simple remarks of the unworried working woman. She is dreaming of the past she remembers."

Her name then was Annette de Cardailan. She graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and in the duke's (her father's) house the high windows of the young girl's room looked out into the large garden. It was spring-time, and she gazed into the midst of a blossoming chestnut tree, all alive with the song of birds. Then her uncle, the archduke, arranged with the help of her parents her marriage to Lord Cavendale, of the oldest nobility of Ireland. And she hears again the sad theme in a minor key of the Hungarian mazurka, which the orchestra, concealed behind large palms, played at her coming out ball.

name to herself with a smile of tenderness. She did not love him yet, but suddenly his fearless look—his strange smile—awoke in her—Then quite abruptly her father, taking her with him, left her one of his castles in the depths of Auvergne.

At last she summoned up her courage and asked for news of her betrothed, and the old duke, purple with rage, had sternly ordered her never to speak again his name before him. She had obeyed, grief stricken, understanding nothing, until one day when by chance she saw a newspaper and then first learned of a horrible duel fought by Lord Cavendale, in which he had killed his man; in the shameful trial, and then the dates, the frightful dates.

After that she remembers a long illness and the name of Douglas repeated in her delirium, and the troubled star of the night lamp twinkling faintly out from the midst of clouds of insomnia; then she recalls the heartrending walks taken during convalescence in autumn on the castle terrace, looking out toward the grand mountain panorama, while the plane trees sadly strewed the ground with their great yellow leaves, and how melancholy she felt while following with her eyes the flight of the clouds chased by the northwest wind, which raged even to the summits.

Then she took the great step of her life, and in spite of her father's grief, in spite of the advice of her uncle, Mgr. de Cardailan, who came with all possible haste from his diocese, she took the veil of a sister of charity, and for six years she had dressed wounds that seemed to her less incurable than that one inflicted upon her own heart. She had watched with the dying, whom she almost envied because they could leave this world before herself. But suddenly she remembers that if dead to the world, as she believes herself to be, she still preserves and yet wears around her neck the little medal, blessed by the pope, which Lord Cavendale had brought back to her on his return from a short visit to Italy.

The weakness of a woman who has once been in love! Just at this moment her companion softly touched her arm, believing her to be asleep. "Wake up, sister; we have just reached the place."

Mlle. Annette de Cardailan, in her religious life Sister St. Ursula, opens her eyes and sees just in front of her that poor woman with her little boy on her knees, who had been the involuntary cause of her dream.

Quickly putting her hand to her throat, after some difficulty she succeeded in inserting two of her fingers under the stiff starched calico of her stomach, and drawing out a small gold medal held in place by a fine cord, which she hurriedly snapped. She placed it, yet warm with the heat of her body, in the working woman's hand, saying: "Won't you please accept, madame, this remembrance and hang it around your little sick boy's neck? It is a medal which our good father, the pope, blessed at Rome six years ago."

And disengaging herself from the excited mother's half stammered thanks the sister of charity followed her stout companion, who had already got down from the bus and was walking bravely along through the mud.

The conductor had a great desire to say a word or two, but he was an old infantry corporal who had had part of his ear cut off by a Russian bullet at Balaklava and who felt the deepest respect for women. Besides, the poor mother was looking at the blessed medal with a very serious and moved expression. "French and a soldier," so runs the song, and the conductor contented himself with smiling behind his gray mustache while he muttered to himself, "Oh, these women—these women!"

Translated for Boston Transcript from the French of Francois Coppee.

Genuine Attar of Roses. When you see "genuine attar of roses" offered on the "bargain counter" for twenty-five cents a half pint you are justified in suspecting that article. The real "attar" comes in copper canteens, which weigh about twenty ounces. They are valued at \$100 apiece. The present supply of attar is chiefly derived from a small tract of country on the southern side of the Balkan mountains in the Turkish province of Roumania. The principal seat of the trade is in the town of Kizanlik, and the damask rose is the flower grown.

The Professor in a Fix. The herr professor has entered the lecture room and taken off his overcoat. Now he takes his seat at the desk, when he becomes aware that he has left his manuscript behind. He is greatly perplexed, for without manuscript it is impossible for him to proceed with the lectures. Apologizing to the students and saying he will be back immediately, he hurries home, as he remembers having left the papers in his other coat. He runs up to his room in breathless haste. His coat hangs there on the peg, and sure enough the manuscript is in one of the pockets. He takes it out and transfers it to the pocket of the coat he is wearing. He then takes off this coat and puts on the other, and hurries off to the college to find when he gets there that he is again minus his manuscript.—Fliegende Blätter.

If You Think any kind of crop will do, then any kind of seeds will do; but for the best results you should plant FERRY'S SEEDS.

BILLIOUSNESS HEADACHE. THE S. B. HEADACHE AND LIVER CURE. IS A SAFE | PHYSIC | SURE & CHEAP.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.

LONG TIME WITHOUT INTEREST. A GOOD INVESTMENT is one that brings big returns. A GOOD MEDICINE is the one that does what is claimed for it.

W. S. MAPLE, Blacksmithing and Repairing. Having one of the best shoers in the state in my employ, I make HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE. To all whom it may concern: Take notice that the undersigned will apply to the County Court of Clatskanie county, state of Oregon, on Wednesday the 30 day of May, 1909.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrators, with the will annexed, of the estate of W. W. Bullock, deceased, has filed account for final settlement in the County Court for Clatskanie county, Oregon, and the 1st day of April, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said court for hearing objections to said account, settlement thereof.

WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING. BOXES OF ANY SIZES MANUFACTURED. Parties desiring Wood Turning, terms, Brackets, or Shop Carpenter's Work.

WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING. BOXES OF ANY SIZES MANUFACTURED. Parties desiring Wood Turning, terms, Brackets, or Shop Carpenter's Work.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clatskanie. Adie R. McMillan, plaintiff, vs. R. H. McMillan, defendant.

PETITION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE. To the Honorable County Court of Clatskanie county, State of Oregon: The undersigned, legal voters and householders of Cascade precinct, Clatskanie county, and state of Oregon, most respectfully petition your honorable body to grant a license to F. A. Blythe...

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clatskanie, ss: Mrs. Mahala Ann Teeter, plaintiff, vs. Sarah L. Mack, Dyele A. Pope, David P. Pope, Ernest F. Pope, Daniel E. Pope, Hardy M. A. Pope, and Clarence Floyd, defendants.

OFFICERS. Captain, J. W. Ganong, First Lieutenant, F. S. Kelley, Second Lieutenant, L. L. Plekens.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrators, with the will annexed, of the estate of W. W. Bullock, deceased, has filed account for final settlement in the County Court for Clatskanie county, Oregon, and the 1st day of April, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said court for hearing objections to said account, settlement thereof.

Society Directory. OREGON CITY BOARD OF TRADE. Meets at Court House on Second Monday of each month. VISITORS welcome. F. E. DONALDSON, GEO. C. BROWN, Secretary.