(4)

A RENCONTRE.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN 1863—BENTELSBACK 1880.

"Yah, I shpeaks English aleetle; berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."
"No, not a word." "Vell, den, meester, its hardt for to be oonderstandt.
I vas drei yahr in your country, I fights in der army mit Sherman—
Twentiet Illinois infantry—fighting Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?" "Vell, I tell you
Shust how it was. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei York;
I shpends all my money, gets sick und near dies in der hospital Bellevue;
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecsgo to look for some work."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?" "Yah, svansig, about; und der beoples
Vat I goes to for to ask for some work, diy haf none for to geef.
Efery one laught; but I holds my head ope shust so high as der shteeples;
Only dot var comes along, or I should haf die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh! What battle? At Lookout! Don't say?
I was there, too—wait a minute—your beer glass is empty already;
Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of der mountain—der sky vos all smoky und hazy.
Ve fight all day long in der clouds; but I nefer got hit until night—
But—I don't care to say mooch about it. Der poys called me foolish und crazy;
Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dat ting ofer again, shust der same, und no matter
Vot any man say." "Well, let's hear it; you needn't mind talking to me."
For I was there, too, as I tell you—and Lor' how the bullets did patter
Around on that breastwork of bowlders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee!"

"So? Dot vas a Tennessee regiment sharged upon ours in der efening,
Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey sharge, und ve geef a hurrah.
Der roar of der guns it ver orful." "Ah, yes, I remember, 'twas deafening.
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night comes on, I listen,
Und dinks dat I hear somepody a-callin'—a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater, for Gott's sake'—I saw his pelt blate glisten
Oonder der moonlight, on der barapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to ver he lie, but he answers
Dot his left handt vas gone, und his right arm broke mit a fall;
Den I shump ofer, and gif him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharpshooter's bullet, and dat's how it vas—dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended—
The reb, I mean—what became of him? did he ever come round?"
"Der tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vas all ended,
Until day come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from the ground.

"But before ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob Keller,
You loses you leg for me, und some day if both of leefs,
I shows you I don't forget'—but he must haf died, poor fellow;
I nefer hear of him since. He don't get well I beliefs.

"Only, I always got der satisfachshun ofe knowin'—
Shtop! vat's der matter? Here take some peer, you're vite as a sheet—
Shteady! your hand on my shoulder! gootness! I dinks you vas goin'
To loose your senses avay und fall right off der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vas a soldier
In dot same battle?—a Tennessee regiment?—dot's mighty queer—
Berhaps after you're—" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you, old fellow, I told you
I'd never—no never, forget you. I told you I'd come and I'm here!"

HER STORY AND HIS.

HER STORY.

"What you can both be thinking of, whatever you can see in him to admire, I really can't make out!" I exclaim, pettishly. "He certainly is not the sort of a person to go into raptures about!"

"Vera!"

But in spite of my aunt's expostulatory tone, and a frown from my cousin Gerald, I continue my remarks.

"I never was so disappointed in all my life. To think of calling him a hero—that weakly, delicate-looking cripple!"

"Oh, Vera, hush! He's coming."

It is a warm afternoon, and we are all out upon the lawn; my cousin is swinging lazily to and fro in a hammock, which is suspended just beneath the tall elms, and, from his elevated position, he has been able to see the slow approach, along the walk by the side of the house, of the individual under discussion. Can he have heard? For once my self-possession entirely deserts me, and I sit with crimson cheeks and down-drooped, frightened eyes, ashamed of myself—and deservedly so, for have I not spoken slightingly of a guest, and my cousin's dearest friend?

"How cool and comfortable you look," said a pleasant voice. "I have obeyed your injunctions, Mrs. Yorke, and rested for a full hour, and I can assure you I feel greatly refreshed after my long journey."

Involuntarily I draw a sigh of relief. He has not heard; if he had he could never look and speak so unconcernedly. He takes a seat near me, and when, at last, I venture to raise my eyes, they meet a calm, friendly, answering gaze. No, it is quite evident he has not heard.

Before proceeding I will describe this college chum and beau ideal of all perfection of my cousin Gerald Yorke. His name is Austin Buchanan, his profession that of a doctor, and his age I should judge to be somewhere about thirty; he is not tall, and is very delicate-looking, and, what detracts still further from his appearance, he is very lame.

Now, therefore in remote ages—very remote, I should say, as I have heard it quoted ever since I knew enough to be proud of a new sash—some one made the remark that "beauty is but skin deep." However that may be, it is just as true that I was born with an eye for comeliness and an aversion to a deformity or blemish of any kind.

A week goes by; seven suns have risen and set since Doctor Buckanan first came to "Fellmount"—by which name our beautiful home, situated in the very heart of the lovely Westmoreland Lakes is called. The last of these seven days finds my first impression of my visitor decidedly modified.

When he is silent I think him plain, and my eyes wander to his crutch; but when he speaks, and his face brightens till it fairly glows, then I cease to wonder at the charm he exercises over my cousin.

Two more weeks hasten by.

"I must go at the expiration of another," Dr. Bauchanan says decidedly. "Now, Gerald, no urging, my kind friend. I cannot leave my duties any longer."

That night I pushed back my curls and study my reflection in the glass. I have a reason for doing so. That very afternoon, as I sat reading in my favorite retreat, tucked away from the heat and flies, in an odorous bower of Nature's own making, with drooping rose sprays sailing all about and hiding me, distant only a stone's throw from where my cousin and his friend had ensconsed themselves; they were finishing a previous conversation, and before I could rise and make myself known, I overheard something which effectually kept me where I was.

"I know your admiration for a noble character," Gerald was saying, "but you must not think Vera is as frivolous as she appears. You haven't seen her best side. She is fretful and capricious before you because I think your indifferent manner rather piques her. The spoiled child is very young, and has been spoiled by too much admiration; she is accustomed to see every man she meets do homage to her pretty face.

The answer came musingly and absently:

"Yes, your cousin might be pretty—nay, beautiful—in some eyes, but to me there is something wanting in her face, perfect in outline and color though it is—the Undine needs a soul."

My glass shows me two dark, mischievous eyes, set in a round, fair face; a small, curved mouth and a straight nose.

"Undine needs a soul!"—what could he mean? But my mirror does not possess a like gift with the ancient oracle, and I turn away unanswered and dissatisfied.

The last week of our visitor's stay has drawn to a close, and he has gone.

Ah! truly in three short months of daily companionship, I have grown fully to understand Gerald's admiration for Austin Buchanan. Never before have I had such a mine of varied and entertaining knowledge unlocked before me. Of things above the sky—reverently touched upon; of things below; of the marvels of foreign countries, and of the interesting objects in our own—upon each and every topic he has been equally at home; and though he has paid but little attention to me, I have quietly listened and benefitted by what I have heard. Now that he has gone I awake to find that, like Gerald, I have allowed a hero-worship to spring up in my heart, that I miss his quiet footfall, and that, though I fear he does not even like me—deems me doll-like and frivolous—I have grown to care for this grave, plain man, so different from the shallow youths of whom I meet a plenty in society.

When I ask Gerald he readily tells me all about his friend, and I learn how it was that he came to be lame. How, when a mere youth, he had been present at a large fire, and how, when no one else had dared, he had climbed to a ladder in the face of the blazing flames to save a little child. The ladder had broken before his descent had been completed, and he had fallen with the little one in his arms. The child had been unharmed, but then it was that he received the injury which made him a cripple.

As I listened to Gerald's enthusiastic description of his friend's brave act my heart stirs and throbs within me. This is the man of whom, in my girlish thoughtlessness, I spoke slightingly, almost contemptuously.

HIS STORY.

There is a lull in the storm—for at least three days I have not been called to any new cases, and at last I think I may safely say that the cloud is lifted, which for the past month has lain so heavily upon the people of this ill-fated town, where for so long fever and disease, bred of foul smells and bad ventilation and drainage, aggravated by privation—for nearly all the mills have stopped work on account of a strike among the employes—have held sway.

I write hopefully, and well I may, for, together with the joy of knowing the woe about me is abating, into my own life has dawned an overwhelming and unlooked-for radiance. I will tell how it has come about.

As one morning, a month ago, I went my rounds, in one of the hospital wards, bending over a patient, I saw a new nurse.

I watched her a moment unseen, when suddenly, as she slightly turned her head, I recognized one whom I had not seen for five years. Notwithstanding the stiff regulation dress and the close cap which confined the hair, I knew her—for was it not a face which the more I had tried to forget, the more it had remained engraved on the inmost tablets of my heart. I had seen it first when a dear friend had persuaded me to give myself a short rest to recruit, at his country home, the health which my arduous duties had impaired. I went, promising to remain a month, if nothing urgent recalled me. I found an ideal home, such as one reads of in books, situated in a spot nature must have created with a smile upon her face.

The hostess, a gentle, gray-haired lady, made me cordially welcome.

"A friend of her son's was as her own," she said.

There was another inmate of my friend's home—his young cousin.

A gay, radiant creature, with a music as of rippling brooklets in her merry voice, and a face full of fun and laughter, but without a particle of earnestness underlying its varied expression. I could see that she shrank from me at our first meeting, and I learned the reason. I was a cripple, and she was one to whose exuberant health and beauty-loving nature any deformity or weakness gave a sensation almost of repulsion. But as we grew better acquainted, as the passing days opened out to us each other's character, her manner toward me changed. Though she suspected it not—a dangerous one to me. I had thought her incapable of any seriousness of feeling; now I found my mistake. I had thought her superficially fair, but I soon came to find beauty in her girlish face, surpassing that of any other I had ever seen.

The time flew by until the day came on which I had decided to go, and it was well that it was so; for I knew then that almost unconsciously, an all-absorbing love had been growing up in my heart for the beautiful girl who was no more a fitting mate for one like me than a dainty humming-bird would be for a grim, sombre raven.

Not for such as she was a work-day life like mine—even had I not been as I was—a cripple.

So I went away, thanking my kind entertainers, and binding with cords of iron my heart, which throbbed like a wild thing, when at parting she laid her little hand in mine and said she was sorry I was going.

Sorry—and I, who was more than sorry, could only utter the merest common places.

To return to where I broke away into reminiscences—

As I stood watching her, she turned and came towards me. I was not mistaken—enough graver and paler than of old, before me she stood who was always in my thoughts. So I addressed her now.

"Miss Carleton, can it be possible you are here risking your life in this fevered atmosphere?"

She gave me her hand quietly, as if it had been but yesterday we parted.

"I have been in the midst of the worst of it," she said, "for I came to D—— (naming a town a few miles distant) six months ago. There I have been since, until yesterday. I was sent here to take the place of a nurse who has been taken sick."

"But your aunt, where is she?" I asked, "and my friend your cousin? I have had no word from him for a long time."

An expression of sadness clonded her face.

"Did you not know," she exclaimed, "that both my dear aunt and my noble young cousin—all I had in the world to love and be loved by—were taken from me within one short month? Oh, it was hard! I was almost beside myself with grief. Then I read of the suffering here, and the need of nurses. I was alone in the world—no circle would be broken by my loss—and I thought, perhaps in hard work I could be able to drown my sorrow. So I came."

As she spoke I gazed with amazement at the brave woman before me (for though young in years, "girl" she could be called no longer.

"The first month I took the fever," she continued, "but my perfect health brought me through safely."

Truly the ways of Providence are mysterious! How little I ever thought that I should meet Vera Carleton in such a manner and place.

After that I saw her daily; saw her kneeling in prayer by the dying, or whiling away the weary hours of convalescence by her beautiful, cheering presence.

A month passed. It was cooler weather now, and the fever was at an end. The time had come when my services were no longer indispensable, and I could return to my home in London. I called to bid Miss Carleton good-by.

I found her alone. We talked awhile, and suddenly, although my reason told me it was madness, impelled by an inward prompting I could not resist, I disclosed to my listener the love which had been hidden in my heart all the long years which had passed since we last met. As my passionate words fell on her ear a faint rose-drift tinged the snow of her exquisite face. Ah! I saw only too clearly by the difference that existed between her great loveliness and my poor, maimed body, how foolish I was even to dare to hope, and yet I kept on.

Then bowing my head, I awaited my answer. It came not in words. Soft, round arms clasped my neck—a tender, tear-wet face pressed itself close to mine; there, close by my side, with eyes whose joyful light gleamed through a mist of tears, was Vera.

"Austin, take me," she whispered. "I am yours. Undine has found her soul!"

So she had heard me say that. Well, I tell her later, my offense is canceled, for I, too, overheard a remark never meant for my ears—a remark which was the means of forcing me to keep silence then and ever since until now.

Was ever a man so blest as I? As I picture the future—my love-lit home and the beautiful companion who is to be its guardian angel—a sense of thankfulness rises in me too deep for words; for surely, this side of the heavenly shore, God can give no man no more precious gift than that of a noble, loving wife.

The San Francisco Gallery.

(From the Sunday Welcome.)

Within the last few years, and particularly within the United States, the science and art of photography have been developed to a wonderful degree of perfection. Appealing at once to the practical and poetical sides of human nature, borrowing the latest ray of chemistry and universal physics, and engaging the inventive and artistic faculties of the most progressive people on the globe it has grown up to prominence among beaux arts—bourgeoning with beautiful creations and bearing fruits of permanent usefulness.

In Portland photography has long been represented by professional work of the most artistic finish, keeping pace with the progress of the science in the metropolitan cities of the world. The extensive gallery on First street, long conducted by Mr. Buchtel, and which, under his management, attained a reputation all over the Northwest coast for the perfection of its productions, is now conducted by Mr. W. H. Towne and wife, assisted by a brilliant corps of artists. Daily a crowd of delighted spectators may be observed at the foot of the stairway leading up to the photographic parlors, attracted by the display of pictures in every style known, which, in handsomely mounted cases, adorn the hall. These triumphs of art display the mobility and animation of life looking down upon us with all the subtile gleams and elusive shadows of expression which characterize the "human face divine."

THE GALLERY

Is composed of ten rooms each of which is completely and expensively furnished for the purpose it is intended to subserve. The reception parlors are richly and handsomely furnished with a piano, pictures, chairs, etc., after the manner of the most elegant drawing rooms. There are separate dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen, liberally and tastefully upholstered, with pier glasses and all the luxuries of the toilet. Everything in these apartments is sumptuously comfortable and affords a striking proof of the popularity and prosperity of the establishment. The operating room is excellently lighted and furnished with every appliance that science and taste have suggested for beautiful and perfect work. The back-grounds are of original and striking designs, and the cameras the best in use, including a large one for pictures 11x14 inches. The dark room is presided over by Mr. Towne himself, than whom no one is better versed in the chemical mysteries pertaining to his art, or more conscientious and efficient as a practical photographer in all its branches.

The retouching department is in charge of Benj. W. Talliaferro, an artist, in his line of national repute. The printing is supervised by Mr. A. Owen Gregory, with Mr. J. T. Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio, the president of the photograph association of America. From thirty to fifty photographs are continually in his charge undergoing the process of completion. From his hands the pictures pass into another apartment, where they are glazed and mounted.

In connection with his gallery Mr. Towne has been fortunate to secure the services of the only colorist in the city, Miss Flora Haskell, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose life-like portraitures are the admiration of all.

The illustrious Oliver P. Morton while in Portland a few years ago had his photographs taken in this gallery, and he pronounced it the best work he had ever had done for him. We noticed also magnificent pictures of Dan Holton, Dr. Chapman, General Sprague, General Green, and the Earl of Airle. Handsome men all and splendidly photographed. In fact the elite of the city patronize the San Francisco gallery and the business transacted is immense, as an indication of which we may mention that Mr. Towne has now on hand 30,000 negatives preserved for future use. To conclude, this gallery is a credit to the city and richly deserves the universal recognition it has received. And nowhere else are patrons received with more courtesy or more diligently waited upon than here.

Claim that Stewart's Body Has Been Discovered.

Many persons in Garden City and Hempstead believe that the body of A. T. Stewart now lies in the crypt in the Stewart Memorial Cathedral at Garden City. It is said that about two weeks ago two large slabs of blue stone were brought up on a freight train. They were so heavy that special appliances had to be brought into requisition to take them from the car and carry them to the cathedral. In each corner of these slabs there were eyeholes for the insertion of heavy bolts. It is supposed that one of these slabs was designed to lie beneath the coffin, and the other on top of it, and that they were to be bolted together. Next, the story has it that about twelve days ago a special train arrived at Garden City at midnight, consisting of an engine, a baggage car and a passenger car. That Mr. Hilton, and Mrs. Stewart, and about half a dozen others got off the train and went directly to the cathedral, while from the baggage car was taken a coffin, which was also taken to the cathedral. The party was there a long time; the cathedral being lighted and the doors locked. It is further said that the body was put in the crypt in the basement of the cathedral beneath the chancel, and that a mason then laid the stones, bolted them, and poured lead around the bolts in the eyeholes, and sealed the masonry with cement. It is further said that electricians skillfully led wires from various parts of the masonry of the crypt up to the chime of bells in the steeple in such a manner that if any person should attempt an entrance, every bell in the steeple would ring. It is further related that the cathedral has been lighted frequently since that time, and much work is going on in it. Formerly there was a watchman in the day time, but now it is said there are two at night.—[New York Sun.

APPOINTED ATTORNEY.

Mr. Benjamin I. Cohen has removed his law office to the suit of rooms numbered 20 in Union Block, Portland, Or. Mr. Cohen has been appointed Resident Attorney of the Equitable Mercantile Company of New York, and the North American Attorney's and Tradesmen's Protective Union Company of Connecticut. These are two of the largest and most responsible collection agencies in the country, and claims placed in Mr. Cohen's hands will receive careful attention and be vigorously pressed by the best legal talent of the United States and Canada. He has also engaged a competent assistant to aid him in the enforcement of local claims.

Black cotton gloves will not crock the hands if scalded in salt and water before wearing. The salt prevents fading. When almost dry, one should put them on, in order to stretch them and keep them in good shape.

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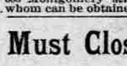
Must Close by the 15th.

T. H. Chandler

Of Portland will positively close business by the 15th of June, safe and office fixtures for sale at a bargain. Parties indebted MUST close their accounts at once.



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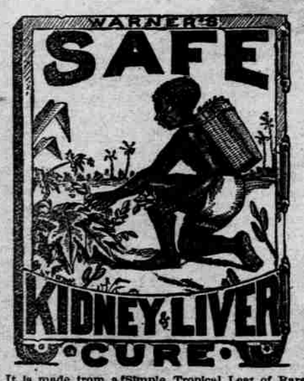

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WHAT THE

FARMERS AND MECHANICS' STORE

ARE DOING.

A Splendid New Store Being Taken Possession Of—The Men Who Work to Develop the Resources of a State.

It has been said that the men who succeed in life are the men who expect to succeed; and the men who fail are the men to whom success would have been a surprise. It is certain that some men carry about with them the true and unmistkeable indices of success. In everything they do a fine business sense is as manifest as the morning. They show wise forecast and undaunted courage; study purpose and pluck; persistent industry and native endowment; unflinching integrity and steadfas fidelity. Such men are predestined to succeed in whatever they undertake. With them to resolve is to do. The world belongs to the energetic man. It is a pleasant study to watch the progress and movements of these leaders and organizers among men; these pioneers in new paths of art, industry and commercial enterprise. It is a fortunate thing for any commonwealth when large means fall into the hands of large-brained, large-hearted men, who feel an honest interest in the upbuilding and carrying forward of the substantial industrial and commercial prosperity of the community in which they live; men who have come to understand that the surest way to rise to command is to stoop to serve; men who seek to lessen the burdens of life among the toilers and strugglers, by giving them remunerative employment, and by reducing the necessaries of life to a minimum of value. The foregoing thoughts have had their inspiration by a visit to the new

FARMERS AND MECHANICS STORE
At 184 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

And a short history in connection therewith will be of interest to our readers. Some four years ago an enterprising gentleman came to the city of Portland and opened a Clothing Store, which he appropriately called the Farmers and Mechanics. Louis Prager was the name of the gentleman, and to-day no firm in Oregon stands higher in the estimation of the public than does the Farmers and Mechanics Store. The motto of "One Price to All," was adopted by the proprietor, and in no instance has he deviated from it. He has enjoyed a large city trade, but by far the largest part of his patronage has come from the interior. Farmers who come to Portland and traded once with the Farmers and Mechanics Store, from that time on become regular patrons of that store, for they always know that the goods they bought were well worth the money paid. So large has been the patronage of this house for the past year that Mr. Prager has been compelled to seek new quarters, and to meet their requirements he has leased the large store at 184 First street, and after thoroughly refitting it he has taken possession. The new store has a frontage of 25 feet, a depth of 100 feet, and is three stories high. Heretofore the Farmers and Mechanics Store has carried only gentlemen's furnishing goods and clothing, but with the increased facilities he determined to enlarge and increase the lines of goods in which he dealt. The lower floor of the new store has been elegantly arranged and shelved, and a full line of ladies' goods, silks, satins, velvets, dress goods, etc., has been placed in one side of the store, while an increased quantity of gents' furnishing goods occupies the other. Everything that is possible to make the store attractive has been done, and its arrangement shows that master hands have it in charge. A cashiers' desk and book-keeper's office has been placed in the rear of the store. The force will be increased to sixteen clerks, and the whole store will be systematically divided up into departments, which will be kept full of standard goods and novelties. The second floor is devoted to groceries. Here a large quantity of fresh groceries has been placed and the firm will make a specialty of jobbing as well as selling goods at retail. Farmers from the country can purchase a barrel of sugar or goods in that line, at wholesale rates, and as the Farmers and Mechanics purchased their goods for cash in San Francisco and the eastern markets, he can sell at as low figures as any house north of San Francisco. Mr. Prager has always believed in selling goods rapidly, at a small margin, and giving his customers the benefit of his advantages in purchasing, and in their new quarters, with their enlarged facilities for carrying full stocks in every line he will be more than ever able to please his customers and offer them inducements which will hold this trade. By the steamer Columbia, which arrived this week, the Farmers and Mechanics Store received 500 cases of goods, which is one of the largest shipments received by any one house in Portland this spring. Mr. Louis Prager has just returned from San Francisco, where he has been personally engaged for the past few weeks in laying in a new stock of goods for the enlarged stores and by every steamer that comes to Portland for the present will arrive large accessions of every kind of goods in which this house deals. The ladies' department is especially large, embracing everything that can be found in a first-class establishment, from calicoes to the highest priced silks and satins. The lady readers of this paper should not fail to call and inspect the goods offered for sale by this house, when they next visit Portland, for no establishment in this city carries a better stock or sells at more reasonable rates. The Farmers and Mechanics Store is conducted on the ONE PRICE principle, and the poorest man can purchase goods as cheap as a millionaire, and an order from the country is always filled at the same rates as is given to the customer who purchases in person.

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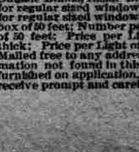

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