

A CHERISHED NOTION.

Do you know I cherished the notion,
Were I rich as I'd like to be,
With my own little yacht on the ocean,

ESTHER VALE.

BY J. WILL. GRAHAM.

From the Portland Telegram.

Esther Vale was but a little more than
a child in years, but a woman's soul
looked out from her clear gray eyes,

And so, when Esther Vale was seven-
teen, the time in which our story opens,
she had finished her education—had sur-
passed in knowledge the teachers of the

She was suddenly startled by a footfall
behind her, and the next moment she
was joined by a young man, evidently a
farmer's son, with a frank, boyish face,

"I love you, Esther. Will you be my
wife?"
Esther did not reply. Her manner
sufficiently expressed her astonishment

your love for me was other than brotherly.
We could neither of us be happy
in such a marriage.

The young man pleaded in vain. For
a long time he drew such pictures of
what his life might be as mistress of the
Verney farm and his own loved and honored

"I do not love you enough, Richard,
and cannot marry you. Do not ask me
again, in pity to yourself and me."

"I will tell you," she said at length.
"I have not thought much of these things
Richard! but every girl expects at some

"And you would cast away my true
and honest love for fashionable society,
Esther?" exclaimed Verney; "You reject

"You mistake me, Richard. I have
no taste for fashionable society. But I
would marry a man whom I could feel

They had been walking up and down
the river bank, while Esther had told
her lover how different her ideal was

"I understand you, Esther, and do
not blame you for rejecting an awkward
country boy who has been to full of

He pressed her to his heart, kissed her
passionately, and then with a choking
sob he turned and walked away through

Esther returned to her home and went
about her usual duties. The next day
she heard that Richard Verney had gone

The summer months wore away and
were spent by Esther in fruitless at-
tempts to procure a situation as teacher,

But in the evening hours, when she
was alone in her own room for the night,
she would remember with a keen pang,

The young girl immediately entered
upon her duties, and in the active life
to which she now accustomed herself, she

It was ten years from the evening of
their parting on the banks of the Sacra-
mento, and Esther Vale, attired as be-
came her queenly beauty, was seated in

Esther's cheek flushed and paled as
she read the name, and her voice fal-
tered as she commanded the servant to

some man regarding her with a puzzled
expression. His face was bronzed and
bearded, a graceful mustache and imper-
ial lent dignity to his massive chin.

"Miss Vale," he said, bowing.
Esther bowed.
"I have brought my ward to you to be

It was plain to Esther from his manner
that he did not suspect her identity with
the Esther he had known and loved in

As soon as she remembered that it was
years since her mother had died and that
her step-father had soon after removed

On entering the parlor she found that
her guest had turned on the gas and was
contemplating the pictures that graced

"Found at last!" he said; "I have
looked for you a long time, Esther, have
you waited for me?"

Esther Vale found in her old lover the
ideal she had once pictured to him, and
the following Christmas she closed her

And now she turned round, and re-
lapsing into her old self, said, with that
arch, lively, coquetry, which seems to

The Jablochhoff Electric Light.

The London Metropolitan Board of
Works has recently renewed a contract
for one year for lighting the Victoria

My words would lose their point, their
force, their effect, if I were to utter them
with perceptible and painful slowness

He eyes sparkled. I had evidently
tumbled upon a point which especially
interested her.

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their parting on the banks of the Sacra-
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came her queenly beauty, was seated in

GERNHARDT.

A correspondent of the New York
Herald seems to have a particularly suc-
cessful interview with the great "Sara,"
and the following extracts from her

"What sort of gloves are these?" Her
answer was characteristic: "C'est mon
invention, c'est le gant Sara Bernhardt."

"I shall mark a copy of this paper and
send it to him. Then, while he is read-
ing it, I will steal up behind him with a

"The majority of the educated people
do," I replied.
"Will they understand me?" she asked

"O, yes; but will you allow me to give
you a little advice?"
"Delighted to receive it," she said,

"Many Americans who understand the
language theoretically, but speak it im-
perfectly, would comprehend you better

"I assented and explained: "I did not
mean that you should speak more slowly
in your great dramatic moments or your

"You have referred to an experience
of my artistic life," she replied, "than
which none can be more varied. Audi-

"Which audiences are apt to be the
most appreciative?"
"Those consisting of young people,"

"How do you feel after a scene like
that, for instance, of the death of
Adrienne Lecouvreur? Do you easily

"The illusion! Ah, with me it is re-
ality at the time. I am always ill after
that death scene, and generally have to

Charity is the first mortgage on every
human being's possessions.

I lose my identity utterly, and for the
time being I am no longer Sara—I am
only the helpless woman I represent. My

To-day I got shaved at a barber shop,
where I begged the operator to kill me
and put me out of my misery.

I have been accustomed to gentle care
and thoughtfulness at home, and my
barber at Laramie handles me with the

I shall mark a copy of this paper and
send it to him. Then, while he is read-
ing it, I will steal up behind him with a

"The barber no doubt had never heard
of me. He no doubt thought I was an
ordinary pug who didn't know any-

This man made up his mind three
times that he would kill me, and some
one came in just in time to save me.

His hand was very unsteady, too. I
lost faith in him on the start when he cut
off a mole under my chin and threw it

That is why I could not restrain my
tears when the barber cut it off and then
stepped back to the other end of the

Fighting It Out in the Newspapers.

The fact which recently came out
through a cable dispatch that the Em-
peror of Russia had found it necessary

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through a cable dispatch that the Em-
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The bequest of Mrs. Dorsey to
Jefferson Davis is bringing him many
law suits, the latest just brought by

How to Build a Log House.

A correspondence of the Canadian
Farmer writes: Select straight trees, say
one foot diameter at the butt, trim limbs

Choose a building spot where there is a
little rise of ground (not a hill or small
mountain to travel up and down "forty

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Words and Language.—It is an
extraordinary fact that when people are
told that is commonly called high water