

NEVER AGAIN.

She stammered by the lonely shore,
And looked to the morning sun.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out of Court twenty-four
hours, and stood eleven to one.

The recusant juror had stood out from
the first. He acknowledged the cogency
of the proofs, confessed his inability to
reconcile the facts with the defendant's
innocence, and yet on every vote went
steadily for acquittal.

Though still in the prime of manhood
his locks were prematurely white, and
his face wore a singularly sad and
thoughtful expression.

At the prospect of another night of
fruitless imprisonment we began to grow
impatient, and expostulated warmly
against what seemed an unreasonableness
and some not over kind
remarks were indulged in as to the im-
propriety of trifling with the south like
that under which we were acting.

"How can that be?" queried several at
once.

"Conscience may not always dare to
follow judgment."

"But here she can know no other
guide."

"I once would have said the same."

"And what has changed your opin-
ion?"

"The speaker's manner was visibly
agitated, and we waited in silence the
explanation which he seemed ready to
give. Mastering his emotions, so if in
answer to our inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man
just beginning life. Few had brighter
prospects and none brighter hopes. An
attachment, dating from childhood, had
ripened with its object. There had been
no verbal declaration and acceptance of
love—no formal plighting of troth; but
when I took my departure to seek a
home in the distant West, it was a thing
understood that when I had found it
and put it in order she was to share it.

"Life in the forest, though solitary, is not
necessarily lonesome. The kind of so-
ciety afforded by nature depends much
on one's self. As for me, I live more in
the future than in the present, and hope
is an ever cheerful companion. At
length the time came for making the
final payment on the home which I had
bought. It would henceforward be my
own; and in a few more months my
simple dwelling, which I had spared no
pains to render inviting, would be grazed
by its mistress.

"At the land office, which was some
sixty miles off, I met my old friend
George C—. He, too, had come to
seek his fortune in the West, and we
were both delighted at the meeting. He
brought with him, he said, a sum of
money which he desired to invest in
land, on which it was his purpose to
settle. I expressed a strong wish to
have him for a neighbor and gave him a
cordial invitation to accompany me home.
He readily consented and we set out to-
gether. We had not ridden twenty miles
when George suddenly received a com-
mission he had undertaken for a friend,
which would require his attendance at a
public land sale on the following day.
Exactng a promise that he would not
delay his visit longer than necessary,
and having given minute directions as
to the route, I continued my way home-
ward, while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the
night of my return when a summons
from without called me to the door. A
stranger asked shelter for himself and
his horse for the night. I invited him
in. Though a stranger his face seemed
not unfamiliar. He was probably one
of the men I had seen at the land office,
a place at that time much frequented.
Offering him a seat, I went out to see to
his horse. The poor animal, as well as
I could see by the dim starlight, seemed
to have been badly used. His panning
sides bore witness of merciless riding,
and a tremulous shiver came at the slight-
est touch betokened recent fright. On
re-entering the house I found the stran-
ger was not there. His absence excited
no surprise; he would doubtless soon re-
turn. It was a little singular, however,
that he should have left his watch on the
table.

"At the end of half an hour, my guest
not returning, I went again to the stable,
thinking he might have found his way
thither to give personal attention to the
wants of his horse. Before going out,
from mere force of habit—for we were
as yet unindicted by either thieves or
policemen—I took the precaution of put-
ting the stranger's watch in a drawer
in which I kept my valuables. I found
the horse as I had left him, and gave
him the food which he was now suffi-

An Adventure of Carl Schurz.

It was in Spindlar that the adventure
occurred which von Carl Schurz has
lately spoken of in one of his political
columns in the unfortified age. But
the adventure is too thoroughly romantic
to leave the hands of a mere chronicler.

"I was too much stupefied at first to
ask what it all meant. I did so at last,
and the explanation came. It was ter-
rible. My friend, with whom I had so
lately set out in company, had been
found murdered and robbed near the
spot at which I, but I whom, knew we
had separated. I was the last person
known to be with him, and I was now
arrested on suspicion of his murder. A
search of the premises was minutely in-
stituted. The watch was found in the
drawer in which I had placed it and was
identified as the property of the mur-
dered man. His horse too, was found
in my stable, for the animal I had not
put there was none other. I recognized
him myself when I saw him in the light.

"What I said I know not. My confusion
was taken as additional evidence. And
when, at length, I did command lan-
guage to give an intelligible statement, it
was received with incredulous incredulity.

"The motive is obvious in nature,
at least in crowds of men. It may be
always manifest itself in physical vio-
lence. It sometimes manifests itself with-
out a physical character. But whatever its
form, it is always relentless, pitiless,
and cruel.

"As the proofs of my guilt, one after
another, came to light, my indignation
gradually grew into a clamor for ven-
geance, and for the kindness of the
man, the officer who had me in charge.

"At the end of some months of trial,
I could not have had any possible
circumstances so plainly declared my
guilt. I alone knew they had. The
absence of the jury was very brief. To
their verdict I paid very little heed. It
was a single sentence of death, but I had
long anticipated it, and it made no im-
pression. As little impression was made
by the words of the judge, which I did not
hear, and his solemn intimation that God
might have that man's eyes, the whole
man was too just to condemn, would
like the holiest of holies, no one could
deny that he had been the victim of a
crime, and that he was innocent. The man,
when the first shock of our indignation
in the house, and then himself to repen-
tance, the heart of the other, which I had
not expected, was in his eyes, some
being himself to ask pardon of God. I had
gradually overcome the feeling in spite
of the good counsel of a young man, who
was my main support, but I could not
retract a confession without which he
assured me, he had no hope, neither on
the morning of the day, nor for my re-
turn, I felt necessarily resigned.

"I had so long stood fast to face with
death, but a sudden remembrance of
myself, upon it as merely a momentary
pain, that I no longer felt satisfied with
my former choice, one day he suggested
that I should I had gone to prepare a
home had already found one in heaven.

"The tidings of my voluntary had been
kept her heart. She alone of all the
world, believed me innocent, and she
died with a prayer upon her lips that
the truth might yet be brought to light.

"All this I had heard, and it seemed to
me with increasing trouble upon. Death,
however, under the shadow, was now
a portal, beyond which I could see
one angel waiting to receive me. I
heard the sounds of approaching feet,
steps, and moved myself to meet the
expected summons. The door of my cell
opened, and the sheriff and his atten-
dants entered. He held in his hand a
paper. It was doubtless my death war-
rant. He began to read it. My thoughts
were busied elsewhere. The words fell
and free pardon, were the first to strike
my consciousness. They glided the
last minutes more than myself. Yet so
it was; I was pardoned for an offense
I had never committed.

"The real culprit, none other, it is
useless to say, than he who had sought
and abused my hospitality, had been
mortally wounded in a recent affray in
a distant city, but had lived long enough
to make a disclosure, which had been
laid before the Governor barely in time
to save me from a shameful death and
condemn me to a cheerless and hapless
sole life. This is my experience. My
judgment, as yours, in the case before
me leads but to one conclusion, that of
the prisoner's guilt; but not less con-
fident and apparently unerring was the
judgment that falsely pronounced my
own.

"We no longer imperturbed our fellow-
juror, but patiently awaited our dis-
charge on the ground of insanity to agree,
which came at last.

"The prisoner was tried and convicted
at a subsequent term, and at the last
moment confessed his crime on the
scaffold.

"Established by law the Mallet register
in Washington, and our Congressmen
will soon pay off the national debt.

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