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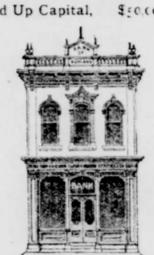
Harrows, Hay Rakes,

And all kinds of

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And the lily censers swing

Along the eaves the leicles no tonger glittering lady brought up in an aristocratic quarter of cling:

| Along the eaves the leicles no tonger glittering lady brought up in an aristocratic quarter of pressed him. Again the drew heavily on "Topics for Poems," and occasionally on And the golden carkins swing

The lilies white you bring Paid Up Capital, \$50,000 In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blos breast doth fling.

So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain. So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace.
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices That death is life, and God is good, and all things while it admitted her right to work, had no way, but around the corner at the pawn That bitter days shall cease In warmth and light and peace

That winter yields to spring— Sing, little children, sing—Cella Thaxter in St. Nicholas



Having one of the best skylights in Oregon, and knowing how to use it,

Having one of the best skylights in Oregon, and knowing how to use it,

M. E. TYLER, expression on the face of the handsome girl, who, taking a bit of unengaged time for reading, had just finished a paragraph on the whereof this chronicle is made, and umbrella Asilland. - Original Stence. She did not comprehend its philosomorning already mentioned the young attache to The Daily Argosy had come hurrying into Bartholomew's from a sudden out-ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, ETC find greater mastery of thought, there is no teous, appeared a little over critical in his

reason why I may not develop right here choice of an umbrella. Laura opened or A smile of doubt passed over the fair countenance which had not the slightest trace of a patent fastening, and impaled one of her a handsome woman's consciousness. She was fingers upon a wire. With all her self-con of that uncommon type which is beauty at its best—beauty which does not know it is being looked at. Her hair, brown and full of one in the establishment flocked around her, yellow glintings, was gathered high upon her | while the proprietor and the would be purhead in a knot of unruly little curls, and as chaser extricated the wire from the lacerated she turned the soft decline from the crown to thumb. When the sufferer recovered suffithe back of the neck revealed that portion of ciently, a carriage was called, and the gray a woman's head which is so rarely handsome. haired porter of the establishment escorted Everdale of the gentleman before her.

thing he looked or thought, for with ever quired excuse, he never failed, at the peradready romance, Shakespeare's Beatrice, and venture of criticism, to remark to Mr. Barthe tinge of her pleasantry in "Much Ado tholomew that "such a wound in such a sen-About Nothing," which he had seen the night sitive place might be a serious matter." At him to leave the store without making furbefore, flashed across his mind. umbrella. Given its component parts, and ous matter to Mr. Starr, just as it was. there seems to be no more of it. What inge- In due time Laura returned to duty, and her by not entering, gave him not only self

gan Starr's note book among Ts for Ss
Ts for Ss
Ts for Ss
Ts for Ss
which headings comprised the kinds of work

Ts for Ss
Ts for Ss
which headings comprised the kinds of work

Ts for Ss
gree in other cases of thumbs impaled on wires, and after a dreary hintus of a week, agreed so willingly to Laura's determination he engaged in as a struggling, pushing can during which he drew heavily on his Topics to end their innocent acquaintance. He even didate for journalistic power? Ts for Ps, which meant Topics for Poems, would scarcely suggest "An Ode to a Silken Sphere." Ts for Ss, which meant Topics for Stories, would for Ss, which meant Topics for Stories, would scarce the suggest "An Ode to a Silken Sphere." Ts for Ss, which meant Topics for Stories, would start to the suggest that is to the story of the stor probably be barren of a novelette based on not be allowed to make her conspicuous, and him as the man who had attended Laura Will furnish plans for any and all kinds of either finding, borrowing or purloining an at the chance of seeming ungrateful for his home at the time of the accident. The porter umbrella, and surely Topics for Paragraphs kindness, she must request him not to call also remembered the young jos would be forever blank if something original again

September, and torpor seemed to have fallen upon every hind of trade except that of wet weather accessories. Laura Everdale, however, had never known a brisker week in the many that she had passed behind the counter of the beh at Bartholomew's, and as she stood there on this particular morning, the brightest picture of all the eye could rest on, who would have believed that she had ever lived in fashion's portunity came up for prenewal of the constant the constant to see a good pasy of hear the music, and over and above all I am intensely "and pray tell me who are they?"

"Why, Mr Starr," said Themas, "you must curred, and then another, and finally no opportunity came up for prenewal of the constant the constant in the constant



in the place where Morgan Starr has found young journalist, whose heart fairly beat the of her father and the succeeding care of two motherless little sisters. They were merest had as many disappointments as he, and "For should I walt some time the light." around her at the outset, she had successively such an annoving matter. There were so opened a kindergarten school, filled a position many ways by which Laura Everdale and all Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty and poems-all fitted excellently well, it orable and not unworthy their acquaintance." would be supposed, to supply an income to a For days something like melancholy op-



all of these employments proved delusive. The very society of which she had been part, speak, put up, not over her head in the usual hesitation in making a distinction between Laura Everdale rich and in the current of and thought of Menelaus spreading his green fashion and Laura Everdale earning a living. Very little of the "noble compassion and kind intuitions of the struggles of toilers" fluttered through the hearts of friends in her fluttered through the hearts of friends in her old set. Society simply drew its intangible line, and Laura soon discerned in its waning everything in heaven above and earth be the interest of self love. To join the great HAT a face it was army of practical workers now gave her that looked up from freedom and relief. She realized that a ent, and brought Mr Bartholomew to the finally he heard the singers coming down, and counter tranquil and satisfactory life may be followed spot. A bit of broken glass had grazed Morat John Eartholo almost anywhere where there are no fictitious mew's on Union wants and no exaggerated ideas of happiness square! Great and unhappiness. Plans for the children bebrown eyes, soften- came plain and possible, for she had proved, ed by long lashes experimentally, that, so far as utility is con-

and faint shadings cerned, poetry gives way to bread. of the face around them, a patrician nose, with the brow filled with personal articles of the most

duties of every day life as helps to ideal ex- sales had been particularly active. On the ntesquieu worked in dusty garden beds to burst of the clouds, and while properly courafter another of the handsome shields, when,

"What can I show you?" asked Laura Laura home.
Several days passed by before she returned "Umbrellas, if you please," he said; "a to her duties, and meantime Morgan Starr Sangster, if you have it." called daily at Bartholomew's to inquire This was what he said, but not at all the after the invalid. As if the attention rewhich at last the merchant smiled and said ther inquiries respecting Laura Many a Now there is not much poetry about an within himself that it appeared to be a seri-time as he had passed the door, the feeling nuity could enhance the importance of the article until it would take its place in Mor- Morgan Starr when he found her there one if he could not see her, he could honor her

ticket to hear Camp and Heeny sing in the opera house."

an Italianized cognomen, probably, was singing in concerts with Campanini, and also it some New York church, but where! Mor gan's first impulse was to employ Thomas to find her, but knowing that with her fine pride and dignity such a course would offend her, he at once abandoned the idea. Days passed before the unconscious something which drove him on in the pursuit of happi-ness developed any plan for finding the one woman who held his life within her hands. Every church on every avenue now had the young journalist for an occasional attendant, and as Easter drew near and choir rehearsals were in order, all of his evenings were devoted to dropping in wherever there appeared to be the slightest hope of finding Laura. At last it was within a day of Easter, and Morgan Starr's courage had almost touched the point of negation. Business called him to the western side of the city late in the afternoon of Easter Even, and as he sauntered back familiar neighborhood, and in the peculiaatmosphere of a foggy twilight heard a melo your money. Now to overcome this trouble, dious church bell not far off. "What an exquisite tone!" he exclaimed

in any bell up town!" A few more steps brought him to the front of old St. Clement's. Furrowed by the marks of time and browbeaten, as it were, by an elevated railway structure, the venerable edifice seemed pushing itself forward to the recognition of passers by. Something of its persistent dignity and patience in holding its way through so many changes crept into Morgan's heart. Like the pyramids, it held an atmosphere of uncomprehended strength, "If it were worth while," said be, "I would

her? Necessity for work came by the death measure of a war dance as he walked up go in, but surely she would not be here. 1

Broadway, looking into the gayly decorated windows, he thought of the beautiful girl who had so strangely unsisted on his banish grown into his heart and life through silent, "To forget a thing I find means almost al one morning, "and just this once I'll saunter into Bartholomew's and see if Miss Everdale is there." Up and down the place he walked but no glimpse of Laura rewarded him Then he paused and looked at umbrellas "She might come in," he said to himself And then be thought possibly he might write something about historical umbrellas, Paul Pry's, Sairey Gamp's, the one Dick Swiveller wanted, but which the Marchioness had, so to broker's. Then he leaned upon the counter ish guard aloft as he tore himself, in a drench of tears, away from beautiful Helen. "What an idiot I am!" said he, as his elbow

gan's wrist, and while the proprietor bound it with a handkerchief, he put on an air of indifference that was all the more conspicuous because it was so artificial. He could not resist saying to Mr. Bartholomew that this little incident reminded him of another that occurred in that very store, and which, but for this mishap, he probably would not recollect the accident by which a young



Bartholomew "Now that you speak of it, I do recall it. I forget the young woman's name, but I well remember her. She has Kneeling beside her mid a kneeling throng gone out of trade, as we say-left here some time ago, greatly to my regret." Morgan turned away abruptly. He had nothing more to say to Mr. Bartholomew, for while it was easy to express something he did not feel, it was quite another thing to feign | Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs indifference where he was so greatly inter ested. And now it was almost impossible for (Ah, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine.) that she was within and that he was serving cheery morning was a credit to his kind, at a distance, and wait. But now, to fi Within a day or two be called again to offer her gone, utterly disarmed him, and held him

Office on the west side of the plaza with Index of the plaza with and to be said of an article so commonplace. Still, romances have resulted from smaller things, and the young representative of The Daily Argosy had his note book with him at Bartholomew's that morning

ONTRACTOR & BUILDER.

Would be rever blank it something original had to be said of an article so commonplace. Still, romances have resulted from smaller things, and the young representative of The Daily Argosy had his note book with him at Bartholomew's that morning

It was a rainy week in the latter part of September, and to room seemed to have fallen the conventionality, for which I presume you care as little as I do?

"It is not conventionality that is in question," answered Laura, "it is propriety and the convention of the time, and to be said of an article so commonplace. Still, romances have resulted from smaller things, and the young representative of The Daily Argosy had his note book with him at Bartholomew's that morning

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It was a rainy week in the latter part of September, and to room senting original had to be said of an article so commonplace. The we now go back, and become utter strangers, because of conventionality, for which I presume the figurity making reference to Miss severals is in question. The time had to be said of an article so commonplace. The we now go back, and become utter strangers, because of conventionality, for which I presume the first of the presume the presume the part of the presume the part of the presume t

"Sing in the New York Opera house, and I never even hear of them? You must be mistaken, Thomas!" "Not 1," maintained the man, "that Camp

and Heeny sings murderers' parts in the choicest style, sir, and I have heard him!" Suddenly the mist vanished. Laura, with

"I wonder if people in those crumbling old houses appreciate it—there's no such melody and the anxions lover felt its power

was about to turn away, when a soft prelude from the organ detained him, and in another moment a clear soprano voice began Luther's knew it well. His heart bounded as its strains brought back the associations of his boyhood Christmas days not long afterward ar rived, and the shops were beautiful to book in upon. Daily as he passed to and fro along Broadway looking into the gave to be provided. Christmas days not long afterward ar

patient waiting and acted but unspoken love.

scended the narrow stairway into the full light, it was as if some one had presented him to his queen. He made a movement of such in him to express, that she at once advanced and placed ber hand in his. He transferred it to his arm, and together they passed out from old St. Clement's. What they said and what they did belongs to the new life of Easter day, but when the young lover heard his promised wife sing Tersteegen's glorious entirely possible for men to be "while yet on earth, in heaven." FANNY M. HOWELL

Osteral spirit of spring time, Awake from thy slumbers deep Arise! and with hands that are glowing Put off the white garments of sleep In new and resplendent array, For the footsteps of Him who has risen Shall be heard in the dawn of day He is here The long watches are over. The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise," is the song of today. O Music! no longer lamenting. On pinions of tremulous flame

And swell the new song of his fame

In the dim twilight of the temple, where The Easter buds, scent laden, filled the air With sweet aroma, and the solemn song, Low chanted, floated through the holy place, I watched the curtain of her melting eyes Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face Then lifting her white forehead from its pil-

Turning her sad sweet visage, pure with thought She murmured, bending toward me as I sat, "Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter hat!"
-Unidentified.



o market she went With her eggs-and she took the first prize

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# Along the eaves the letters to longer gattering of the garden lifts its bright face of the sun. W. H. ATKINSON, F. H. CARTER E. V. CARTER to the sun oped morbidly New York and accustomed to what is so in definitely called "the best society " Each and to enter the old church, waik part way down to the sun. And in the meadows softly the prooks begin to oped morbidly New York and accustomed to what is so in definitely called "the best society " Each and to enter the old church, waik part way down the aisle and look up at Laura Everdale—for the aisle aisle aisle aisle aisle aisle aisle a

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