IN THE NIGHT.

I enter the shadowy portals of night.
To stray in her solitude vast,
Pale memory whispers a vanished delight
And summons a shade from the past,

Inl my Marguerite plays: the sweet pas

That we loved speak again in her art.

Sow the strains of her violin sound, at her violen the chords of a human heart

It is only a dream, such as travelers say Thirst gives in the lands of the sun; And the sad, sweet face and the form pass

The music and giory are done!

I call on my love in grief's passionate words. If only one moment to stay;

But all that I hear is the twitter of birds

That wake in the morning gray.

Where the far distant Alps seem a cloudlan-

Are a lake, and a valley so fair, To tell she is sleeping there.

-W. Gow Gregor in Once a Week.

WAYLAID.

"Chip, you'd better start at once. Don't be on the road after dark with so much money about you.'

The window was high from the ground, and the disreputable looking tramp who had entered the garden heard Mr. Stockwell's remark and came to a stop on the

Neither Mr. Stockwell nor his trusted clerk, Chip Ferris, saw him as he half cronched beneath the open window, from which place their tones were plainly mudible

Mr. Stockwell had the largest grocery in Lebanon, and Chip Ferris, though only 17 years old, was his right hand man.

He owned another grocery in Milldale a thriving little village eight miles away, and Chip had just been directed by him to go over and collect the month's reexipts from the man in charge.
"Tell Hanley I'll be in Milidale to see

him just as soon as I can get out of the house," said Mr. Stockwell, who had been evercome by his old remedy, the rheumatism. "Twe instructed him in the note turn over the collections to you, and if any stock is needed he can let you

The man at the window did not wait to hear more, but went noiselessly to the gate, all thought of begging removed from his mind.

A companion, as ragged and vicious looking as himself, stood waiting for him some distance down the street. "What kept you so long?" he growled. "Any luck?

"I should say so," was the response.
"You didn't get any money, did you?"

"No, but we'll soon have plenty if we age things right." And be proceeded to confide what he had overheard, whereat the other worthy's

eyes glistened. Well, that is luck, and no mistake," he said. "If he's only a boy it will be as easy as rolling off a log. There he comes

At that moment Chip Ferris was closing Mr. Stockwell's gate.

He walked down the street in the direction of the two men, giving them no more than a casual glance as he passed by, for tramps were no rarity in Lebanon.
"Those fellows are pretty rough looking customers," he thought. "It's a wonder the constable hasn't got them."

It was 3 o'clock then, and he went to the stable in the rear of the shop and ssed the horse to a light vehicle.

The drive to Milldale was a pleasant one, and Chip enjoyed the prospect of it of his knife he released him from his un-About a mile from town, resting un-

der a leafy tree by the roadside, were the two tramps he had seen some time "Hello!" he said to himself. "There

are those fellows again. I wonder what them. they're up to now.'

He passed by in a cloud of dust, and, solving back, saw that an animated conversation had suddenly sprung up between the two.

Somehow Chip got it into his head that they were talking about him. They can't know about the money of course," he said, uneasily. "Such

men look evil enough to do anything." When he reached Milldale he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Hanley had gone into the country to look at a colt that he thought of purchasing.

The money was locked up in the safe and he had the key with him, so that there was nothing for Chip to do but to wait for his return, which he did with a good deal of impatience. It was nearly 6 o'clock and the sun

was far down in the west when Mr. Hanley came back, and Chip lost no time in transacting with him the business on which be had come.

"Better stay with me to supper, Chip," said Mr. Hanley. "There'll be a moon at 8 to light you back."

"No, thank you," said Chip. "I don't want to be out late with this money. I'll just take some bread and cheese with

He bade Mr. Hanley good-by, and, giving his horse the reins, was soon going at a smart pace through Milldale, until the last of the straggling houses at

its ontskirts was left far behind. The sun sank behind the distant blue hills and twilight came on.

"It won't be long now before it's dark," mid Chip. "I hope I won't meet those tramps again. They'd stop me in a minute if they thought I had so much money

As the light faded he grew more nervous, and, with an idea in his head, he reined in the horse to carry it out, first looking around to satisfy himself that no one was in sight.

In his pocket was a copy of the village paper, which he carefully tore into strips the size of bank notes.

Hanley had given him four of the least valuable and wrapped them around the strips, placing them in his pocketbook.

The money he hid in one of his shoes.

"Perhaps I'm over cautious," he told himself, with a smile. "Those men have likely enough taken another road, but if they should try to rob me this bogus roll may fool the

He was half way home when he came (Mass.) Homestead.

to a large tract of woods, through which

the road passed for some distance. The thick foliage of the over arching trees shut out the light, and the road was so bad that Chip was obliged to let the horse walk.

There was an absurd story which had long been current of a headless horseman who appeared in these very woods, and Chip could not help recalling it with a shudder in spite of its utter improba-

Suddenly the horse shied, and the startled boy caught sight of two dark figures lying in wait at the side of the road.

The horse gave a leap forward, but a hand seized the bridle and swerved the animal to one side, so that the vehicle was nearly overturned in the deep rut. "No, you don't, youngster," a gruff voice said. "Just you give up that money you got at Milldale or it will go

hard with you." "How do you know I got any money?" asked Chip, with a fast beating heart, for he saw the gleam of a revolver that

was in the man's hand. "None of that," replied the rascal angrily. "You just give it up, that's all.

If you don't you'll never drive this wagon Chip took his pocketbook out with trembling fingers, and the man greedily

snatched it from him. "You'll let me go now, won't you?" the boy pleaded.

"Not much," said the robber coolly. "Get out of that vehicle, and don't waste any time about it. Do you hear me?" With shaking limbs Chip obeyed and

pockets, after which he was bound, with his arms behind him, to a tree. "There, I fancy that'll do," said the man, with a chuckle. "Turn the vehi-

cle round, Bill, and let's be off." "Are you sure you've got all?" his companion asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "If we hadn't used up all the matches trying to get a light for our pipes I'd count what was in the pocketbook." The two rogues jumped into the vehi-

cle and drove off in the direction of Milldale, leaving Chip straining and tugging at the rope that bound him. His fear that the robbers would return when they discovered the deception that had been practiced upon them made him

almost frantic, but all his efforts to free himself were in vain. Helpless and exhausted he awaited the outcome, turning paleat every noise that

he heard in the woods. He was as brave as any ordinary boy. but beads of perspiration were on his brow and his hair almost stood up on end when at length he heard the ominour sound of wheels drawing near.

'Good gracious!" he said in terror. "It's they; and they'll kill me." Nearer and nearer came the sound. and then, as the vehicle passed by, there was a sudden transition from despair to

hope. "Stop!" cried Chip wildly. "Help.

help!"
"Who is it?" a startled voice called back. "What are you doing there?"
"It's I—Chipman Ferris," said the boy. "Two men, who tried to rob me, have

tied me to a tree. He heard some one alight, and the next moment footsteps came crashing toward him.

Chip was overjoyed to recognize Mr. Bolton, a farmer well known to him. "How did you come to get in such a fix, Chip?" he asked, as with a few cuts

comfortable position. Chip explained to Mr. Bolton how he had been waylaid, and the farmer said indignantly:

"The villains! They must have taken the road to Malden, for I didn't pass Just as they were getting into the farmer's vehicle they heard the sound of

angry voices from behind. "Quick, Mr. Bolton!" cried Chip, excitedly. "They are armed, and they are coming back."

The farmer needed no urging, but gave his horse the whip.

As they flew on they still heard the desperate men venting their rage in angry threats, and they knew they were in hot pursuit. They emerged into the open, and look-

ing back in the light of the moon that had risen, Chip could see the men as they beat their jaded horse in their effort to overtake them. The rascals shouted out for them to

stop, and discharged their revolvers to intimidate them, but Mr. Bolton's horse was the fresher of the two, and they soon gave up the chase.

Chip was glad when he saw at length the lights of Lebanon shining out from ahead, and it was not long before everyone in the village knew of the attempted robbery.

The constable and several men at once started out to arrest the tramps and found the horse and vehicle abau doned by the roadside, the men having feared capture and taken to the woods. But the telegraph is effective, and the very next day the robbers were acrested in another county and got the punish ment they so richly deserved.—New

York World. He Didn't Purchase the Shoes.

It was nearly 6 o'clock one evening when a gentleman, apparently 60 years of age, entered one of our leading shoe stores. He wanted a pair of shoes, he said, and the clerk proceeded to supply his wants. The customer selected a pair of \$3 shoes, and while the clerk, who was in a hurry to get home, was hastily doing them up the man hunted his pockets over and after much exertion pulled out thirty coupons in payment for the shoes. The clerk protested He selected from the roll of notes Mr. that the coupons were of no use, and the tankey had given him four of the least man insisted that they were. The clerk explained that the firm had published coupons in an evening paper with the announcement that they would deduct ten cents from each dellar purchased. The man had cut the coupons from thirty papers and saved them to secure a pair of shoes, and was deeply disgusted that he couldn't get them.—Springfield

ODDS AND ENDS

Miss Nellie Gould is said to have mad up her mind never to marry. Pails and tubs saturated with glycerine

will not shrink. To be well shod and better gloved are peculiarities of the French and American

The man who makes loud claims to good character ought to be careful and have it

always with him. Gen. Miles, the Indian fighter and pacifi-cator, is an expert rider of the bicycle.

The people of the United States will eat \$6,000,000 worth of candy this year.

Don't carry your umbrella with utter disregard of the people behind you or on either side. Don't fret. Fretting and fault finding

make more women thin and wrinkled than anything else in the world. A piano should never be allowed to re-

main unopened for a period of several months or longer. When merely eating an ice or other slight

refreshment between dances it is not neces sary to take off your gloves. The emperor of Germany, while enter-

taining much more freely than his grand-father did, has a keen eye to economy. Cowper was over fifty when he published John Gilpin" and "The Task," and Defoe 58 when he published "Robinson Crusoe. The first London directory was printed in 1657, and contained but 64 pages, with the names of 1,790 persons and firms.

If paint has been scattered on window panes wet the spots with water and rub thoroughly with a new allver dollar, or they may be washed with hot, sharp vin-

The actual expenditure of the British government in 1889 was £88,683,880, or, if we consider \$5 to be the equivalent to £1, submitted to a thorough search of his

A dealer in old sermons in London advertises 400 manuscript sermons in job lots at a very low price per 100. Those that are written "in a large, bold, clear hand" bring a higher price.

"I gave my mother such a fright the other day," said a pretty girl. "You know that although she has a grown up daughter her hair is the same shade of brown as mine, and there is not the slightest tinge of gray to be seen in it. I am very fond of doing mamma's hair, and as I can arrange it in a more becoming manner than she can she generally allows me to fix it exactly as I choose, and goes out afterward feeling that she looks as well as she possi-bly can. Lately my task has been more difficult, as mamma's beautiful hair has been falling out and getting thinner and thinner. We have both worried a little over this, and have tried every hair renewer we could think of, but without suc

"One day when I was pondering how ! could make my mother's coiffeur especially beautiful for a reception that she was to attend in a few days, an idea came into my head, and collecting all my combings I had a switch made up which matched mamma's hair perfectly. On the eventful evening I dressed her hair as usual, and without saying anything to her used my new switch. She paid no attention to what I was doing, and only praised my efforts when I got through, saying that her hair had never looked so well. I was nearly asleep when she returned from the retion, but was suddenly startled by a loud scream. Rushing to my mother's room, I found her with the switch in her hand and I do, Alice! she exclaimed; 'look at this enormous piece of hair that has just come off. I must be perfectly baid.' Of course I immediately explained, but she has hard ly forgiven me yet for giving her such fright."-New York Telegram

Inland Lakes Increased and Utilized. It is not generally realized that there are in this country literally millions u ions of lakes available for water farming, in size all the way from mere ponds to the alone there are tens of thousands of lakes and hundreds of thousands more can b readily created. There are in that state hundreds of thousands of extinct lakes which can easily be transformed into sheets of water by the simplest means. All the enormous "Lake Plain," as it is known to

is dotted with countless sheets of water, conditions being abundant for creating a million more by such inexpensive artifices as the damming of streams By damming at intervals every creek and rivulet can be made to form artificial lakes. Everywhere in the United States it is pretty much the same, and every acre of this water can be made to produce several

times as much food as can be obtained

geologists, comprising Wisconsin, Minne-sots and Michigan, north of the Ohio river,

from the most fertile acre of land. Even the vast arid region, the "Great Desert" of the west, is specked all over with multitudes of extinct lakes which can be filled once more and made to teem again with fish life as they once did.-Washington Star.

Arranging for a Speedy Trip Lecturer (to hackman)-Now you're sure your horses are in good condition? Hackman-Oh, yes, sir. Trust me for

"It's only proper for you to know that when I get through my lecture I like to leave the hall in a hurry."
"What time shall I expect you, sir?"

"Um; ah—well—that will depend a good deal on the audience."—Texas Siftings.

A boy under six years of age was bemoan-ing to his mother the escape of one of his white mice, which had disappeared through a hole in the floor of the nursery; but a happy thought struck him, and he reconciled to the loss as he remarked quite cheerfully to her, "Oh, mamma, won't it go among the black mice, just like a mis-sionary to black men?"—London Tit-Bits.

Neglecting His Business. In one of Addison's plays the undertaker eproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him: "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look."

A Heavy Smoker. De Mascus—Did you say Wings was a heavy smoker? I find that he rarely smokes more than one cigar a day. St. Agedore—I know. But he weigh 200 pounds.—St. Joseph News.

Old Parrott-My boy, you ought to be like a postage stamp-stick to one place. Young Flyaway—Humph! What is there that goes around more than postage stamps

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will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

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