Current Titerature.

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease; And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I did not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then: But I struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimeon twilight, Like the close of an angel's pealm, And it lay on my fevered spirit With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow. Like love overcoming strife; It seemed the harmonious echo From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace; And trembled away in silence As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, That came from the soul of the organ And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again. It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen,

My Friend Edith.

CHAPTER IV.

From that day Edith and I were on a different footing, The interest I felt in her was changed rather than lessened that which she felt, in me had been increased by our mutual confidence. When we met, cleverly parrying my efforts to ascertain the name of her lover-and I confess I was curious-she turned the conversation to the subject of the estrangement with my nephew.

The mysterious person referred to as "he" or "him," had evidently departed from our neighborhood, and I think Edith missed him a good deal. Mrs. Lyall asked me more than once if I did not think a change would do her good, which gave me an opportunity of teasing Edith on the sly. It ended, however, in her going on a visit to some friends. She departed with so much cheerfulness that I felt convinced she had contrived some means of seeing the "nameless one," as I called him, and I accused her of it, but she only laughed to be amused. and said "Nonsense!" and that is easily said, and we had quite a touching little parting in the garden, and I called her "my dear child." I found the place very dull without her, and went abroad until the following autumn. I was pleased to find that Edith did not forget me, and received several letters from her in which she "hoped the waters were doing me good," for my expatriation was to the pier " I asked. drink of a very nasty spring recommended for the gout, which afflicts me intermittently. I found she was still "Don't you think you are wasting val-harping on my estrangement with my uable time with me?" I asked mischievwrote, "if you have you will be happier, for you have a kind heart although it is rather an obstinate one." When I came home in September I heard the Lyalls go down and ascertain how Edith's love know where he is." affair was progressing. They were stay-ing at a little place which has been familiar to me from a child, and which is mixed up with all my early memories; its attraction, therefore, were two magnanimous. fold. I arrived there late in the evening "And now," and found I had forgotten their address, so I went to the hotel, deciding to ascertain it in the morning. When it came I was awoke by a numerous and noisy ousy. Go, my child, go! Flap your family on my floor who were eager to downy wings in the sunshine." catch the first train. Nature had supplied them with peculiar penetrating pleasure. voices, and they could have hardly "I haven't got any wings to flap yet! made more of their feet if they had been but will you let me go, really?" centipedes. Sleep being out of the question, I dressed and went out. The bright sea and sky put me in good spirs, and the sait breeze made me consider with some interest what would be too clever and sensible for any such fool- had made me very meek and very gratethe nicest breakfast I could order when ish ideas. I never knew a less narrow- ful. I told Edith as we parted on the I returned from my early walk. I left the little town, and made my way to the grassy summit of the cliffs, which, slop"Flatterer! flatterer! I see through was dry. A number of dirty boys folsight of the sea from the footpath marked at intervals with patches of white chalk, landmarks at night for the lair coast guardsmen in their lonely rounds. How well I remember the place! Recalling the past with that strange feeling, half pleasure, half pain, when we scarce know whether to smile or sigh,

er's and they were gazing as lovers, I suppose, do, into each other's face, heed-

the sunshine gleaming on his glossy wings, cawing clamorously; but they

semingly to melt away into the peb- on the shore; but people at the seaside have been very ungrateful; please forbles like shadowy wraiths rather than will laugh at anything. headstrong young people, and I was forced by a feeling of giddiness to avert my astonished gaze. No wonder Edith took such interest in me! It did not arise at all from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly calm except where the tide swept over a tall from the reasons I had fondly the reasons I had fondly the reasons I had fondly the steps was the only means of ascent from the beach below.

I had no need to wait long. Edith appeared alone. Charlie, for some diplomatic reason, I suppose, had been left behind.

"Have you dropped from the clouds, Mr. Merton!" she exclaimed.

'You don't look too pleased to see me," said I, as we shook hands.

"I'm too surprised to look glad," said she; but I am all the same.

Was it a troubled conscience that called you out so early?" I inquired. "I don't know if I have a conscience,"

she said smiling; "I got up to bathe."
"You don't look as though you had been bathing." "I haven't this morning."

"What made you break so virtuous a rule? Anything to do with the nameless one?

"What a tease you are!"
"A tease indeed! Are we not fellowconspirators? Come! on what sly errand have you been this morning?

But Edith looked at me with grave gray eyes, and said it was time to go in to breakfast, adding, "if you have nothing else to do, perhaps you will take us on the pier this moning?

"You will be sorry to hear," said I on our way to the house, "That I've heard nothing of that scamp of a nephew of mine, ungrateful young ruffian!

"I am sure he is not ungrateful," answered warmly. "Why! how on earth can you know,

Edith? "Because I'm sure he's not."

"One would fancy you spoke from personal knowledge.

"I remember what you said of him last June. What has changed you?" "I have become convinced that there is no good in the young fellow, and I'll

do nothing for him." "Hadn't you better wait till he asks

The wrath that she strove to concal amused me. It was my revenge. "You do take a strange interest in the

young fellow! Enough to make the nameless one jealous. "I am surprised at the change in one I used to think so kind," said she. "The

change is not an improvement." Her pretty face was so troubled that I

half relented. "Well, it can't matter to you," I said in wet swadling clothes, rily. "He's nothing to either of us. mated sponge on the seat. airily. I'll cail after breakfast, and shall expect

And I went off in my jauntiest manner, leaving Edith on the steps of the house gazing at me with wistful eyes.

CHAPTER V.

On calling after breakfast I found that, for some inscrutable reason, Mrs. Lyall had decided that she would stay at home, and that I was to take Edith "Do you particularly wish to go on

"I will go wherever you like," she said blandly, although I could see she would have given anything to get rid of me.

nephew, for she trusted I had become ously. "I know where you want to go reconciled with him. "I am sure," she —to see the nameless one. You can't deceive me!"

Edith hesitated, and while she was inwardly debating, I went on:
"I have not lived all this time in the

were at the seaside; and having, as world without gaining some knowledge usual, nothing to do, I thought I would of human nature. Come, Edith, you "Oh, Mr. Merton," she said, "what

wonderful penetration you have." I could see she was laughing at me in her sleeve, but I was determined to be

"And now," I said, "I suppose you intend to desert me for the nameless one. I know he is dodging about somewhere watching us, and suffering pangs of jeal-

Edith beamed at me with eyes full of

"Let you, indeed!"

ing down from the brink, shut out the it all. Although I consider myself re-

"You are the kindest man in the world!" said she.

"And the most easily beguiled," said I but don't imagine I'm blind."

'No, no, you are a perfect lynx."

And off she went, with joy in her and sparkling sea. I was never so astonished in my life! There, below the beetling wall of dazing white, stood Edith Lyall and my nephew Charlie. Their hands were clasped in each other than the stood of the stood colleagues. Not finding this amusing I went on the beach, and to me, mediless of the sharp eyes watching from above. My intrusion startled a jackdaw from a chalky cranny, and he flew off. Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

"I'll take a cance if you have a nice one," said I, seeing several on the sea. were too intent on their occupation to Of course he had, and in a few minutes

imagined. Then wondering what might be the most satisfactory use of my disto sharl and show gleams of white covery, I retraced my steps and sat on a teeth. Beyond was a lonely boat, apbench on the parade, where a flight of parently drifting with the tide. Almost the fountain of my emotions. before I was aware of it I had reached the troubled waters. The little choppy waves began to splash over my gunwale, and, while I was alranging the waterproof over my legs, suddenly, to my dismay, my paddle fell into the sea-Using my hands as oars I began to propel myself laborously toward the paddle rising and falling in the most tantaliz-ing manner a few feet from me. Just nervously forward to clutch it, a larger wave than usual struck me, and I toppled over with a stifled bellow, and the water was hissing around my frightened ears. Coming to the surface again, wildly shouting "Help!" I struck out for my treacherous craft that floated

> whenever the waves, which hit me viciously in the mouth, would let me. The canoe seemed drifting further away, or else my frantic efforts produced retrogression. My clothes were coiling around me like clammy snakes; my cries sounded like the shouts of some one else; I was horribly, horribly frightened, and my struggles were growing feebler. Like in some nightmare, I could do so little for itself; and finally found myself, like a newly-caught fish, gasping at the bottom of the boat, and looking up in mingled terror, joy, and amusement, at my nephew Charlie and the frightened face of Edith Lyall.

"You're all right now, Uncle, eh?"

cried Charlie cheeringly.

"Yes—all—righ'—all—right—now!"
I gasped. Then, feeling like a mummy
in wet swadling clothes, I sat an ani-

It was all so strange that I could only blink my eyes in wonder. "Thank you, my dear boy!-thought it was all up!-watery grave! ugh!"

At length gradually my breath in a measure returned. "So this is the nameless one, then?" said L "Found all out 'fore breakfast.

Saw you from the cliffs." But how could I enjoy the triumph while my teeth were chattering with cold, and I realized the force of the expression "to look like a drowned rat?"

They were both full of solicitude; Edith looked at me compassionately as I shivered and shook. All the dignity had been washed out of me as effectually as the starch from my linen. How thankful I felt! How inclined to hang up my dripping garments to the power-ful sea god! At Edith's suggestion I took an oar to row to shore, whence my accident had evidently been observed; for a number of boats came and joined us, and we formed a sort of triumphal procession toward the beach. I felt like some prize rescued from the deep! On land was a crowd to welcome us. A few enthusiastic spirits raised a feeble cheer; others were guilty of rude re-

marks. "Old chaps didn't ought to be allowed out in them cranky canoes," said one. I inwardly agreed with the speaker and regretted that some by-law to this effect did not exist.

As I walked up the beach the by-standers laughed in vulgar glee at the sorry sight I afforded. "Ain't he wet! Don't he look blue! That's the young chap what pulled him out!" etc.

Charlie, however, rejected all offers of assistance, for I was too quenched and helpless, too inclined to crawl away into "I thought, you know," said she, "you some place where I could not be seen, might have some absurd notion that I to assert myself. I had had one leg in was under your charge, but you are far a watery grave, and terror and damp it all. Although I consider myself responsible for your behavior, go! Don't little disappointed I had only been keep the nameless one waiting in his partly drowned, for the young are fond lair." of excitement. Here I separated with Charlie; imbibed a strong tumbler of brandy and water, and commenced to change my dripping clothes. The spirits mounted to my head in the most foolish way; and while I was still fum-bling with feeble fingers at the buttons he informed me that he had only learned that very day that I was a friend of Edith's.

"Strange," said I, "she has been begging me to forgive you ever since last June."

"Why, that's exactly what she has been doing with me," said he. "She look up. By this time their figures were 1 was affoat in it, my embarkation made me promise to ask you to forgive beginning to reel and dance in the haze, causing some mirth among the idlers me this morning," continued he. "I give me, uncle.

Forgive him indeed! Where should I

game Edith had been playing. And my eyes grew moist; something-perhaps the brandy and water-had touched

"I only staid away," said he, "because wanted to show you I wasn't such a muff as you thought I was.

"You have been quite right to become an artist." said I, shaking his hand an unnecessary while, "and I am sure you will be a successful one.

It seemed to me he must be capable of anything after pulling me out of the water. Then we went down to lunch, when I had reached it, and was leaning objects of curiosity to the other guests, and drank a bottle of dry champagne, a wine I only take when my nerves have received a shock. That day it seemed to have a strange effect on the root of my tongue and to increase the warmth of my affection for the world at large. Charlie told me how his pictures were upside down a few yards from me.

"Help! Help!" I clamored peared to me in a very rosy light. beginning to sell, and everything ap-

Lunch over, I had an interview with Mrs. Lyall. "Your generous offer," she said,

places the matter on an entirely different footing."

The "generous offer" referred to an allowance I wished to settle on Charlie if he would allow it. "Generous, forsooth! Why, if he hadn't pulled me out of the water he would be in possession could see the boat rowing toward me. of all my belongings, and it seems hard How slowly it appeared to move! My people should suffer for doing their duty body seemed turning to lead. I don't So Edith and Charlie are happy; their believe any one ever had such a body, story has ended; the curtain has dropped for suddenly it dragged my head under inspite of its efforts to keep above, and some of his pictures hanging on the I felt as one might feel shut up in a line. Already I am beginning to get a gigantic bottle of soda water at the reflected glory from his talent. I have moment some Titantic hand drew the a picture of myself by him, which in cork, the water hissed, fizzled, and my opinion-and I am no bad judgeswirled so hideously. As it closed over is equal to almost any portrait I know my crown, suddenly a strong hand except one of Andrea del Sarto's by clutched me and dragged me to the himself, which you can see any day you surface again, and I heard above the like at the National Gallery. Besides awful, jubilant splashing of the sea a this I propose another, a very droll one familiar voice uttering I know not what too. A stout gentleman is struggling of encouragement. Then, somehow, I in the water; the expression of his face clutched the side of a boat; there was is very comical, while a young lady with is very comical, while a young lady with a long struggle with my inert body that disheveled hair, standing in a boat, is wringing her hands. Beneath is written in Edith's hand, "Reconciliation with my uncle.

I stole it from Charlie's sketch book and, although I brag a good deal about "the great work of myself in oils," which hangs in the best light in my dining room, no one ever sees the other. Whenever I am, owing to gout or other causes, disposed to look on the world with eyes of discontent, it reminds me how grateful I ought to be, and is of more value as a mental tonic than any sermon I have ever heard.—Temple Bar.

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