

THE INCOMING TIDE; OR, The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Town.

Five feet eleven of agile, sinewy, well-moulded humanity, its crown a well-sheathed head of "king-like and admirable poise," with an outward sufficiency of close-cropped, Indian-black hair, and an inward plenitude of brains, with an eye like a hawk's—gray, penetrative, cynical—and a smile mocking enough to drive wild the most accomplished coquette. This was Guillaume Renville.

An eye by turns all tenderness and all fire; the frame of a young giant, and muscles of steel; a fierce, jealous temper and a wonderful brain; a jet black, silk coat; four horse, impatient feet, that crawled or flew at their master's bidding. This was Saron.

The two were inseparable. Their very names, therefore, came to be linked together. People said, "There goes Guillaume and Saron." This was behind their backs, so to speak. Somehow the quaint foreign names caught and stuck among the sober Cape Codders. To his face no one had achieved anything more familiar than "Mr. Renville."

I do not know why he had spent four summers in this out-of-the-way Cape Cod town. I do not think he knew either. He was restless at Newport, bored at Saratoga, savage and moody among the mountains. Here he was content of a strange expectancy—awaiting for some one who was to come, for something that was to happen. Now and then in his rides he chanced upon bits of scenery that were oddly familiar, and quite as if he had known them of old. I think he was unconsciously just then, at a strange, unexplained experience not foreign to the human race as some well-meaning expounders of soul and science would have us believe, without being conscious of it. All our experiences in this life, that have been not only painless from the standpoint of the world of sense.

It is necessary for us to outline, ever so faintly, our dramatic persons. We will fill in the coloring of the sketch as we go on. We pass hence, then, over many a mile of hill and dale, to Felicie Arnauld, sitting of a chair, dizzily May evening, by the cooling, open door of an old-fashioned chimney, in the old-fashioned house of an old-fashioned city street. The name of the city is neither here nor there. A nondescript room, the carpet a conglomeration of many qualities, where the brightest piece of all adorns Felicie's particular nook by the window-seat. On the walls Raphaels and Correggios jostle cheap prints and chromes, framed cheaply or not at all. An old-fashioned piano in the corner reflects the red rays from its well-polished sides; a straight, high-backed, cushioned rocker of "ye olden time" other chairs, whereof no one more or less disapproved; and an ancient, time-worn table, standing oddly beside Felicie's prim, modern work-basket, complete the incongruities of the room.

Yet they are plainly not the incongruities of poverty. There is even a decent woman, an old-fashioned as the house, a very personified economy—if one did but know it—who takes upon herself all household cares, lest Felicie shall so much as soil her fingers. Besides, the fire has died down, and the glimpses one gets of Felicie in the twilight give only pleasant impressions of youth, grace and freshness. And are not these beauty?

well I know the ways of them—don't my? "Indeed, father, all I want is a quiet place in the country, by the sea—the real sea!" she said, all aglow with joy, and a tumult of self-regarding exultation. She puts her arms about his neck, and kissed many times his thin cheek and brow, worn with the myriad lines of many years' sharp scheming and art contriving; and he said again that she was a good girl and bade her to go to her room. The man was known on "Change as Fennel Arnauld, the miser. Felicie went on lonesome shopping expeditions—she was used to loveliness—her purchases, with dressmaker's eye, completed her ample, happy preparations; and on a fair June day was translated—or so it seemed to her—from this work-a-day world of brick and mortar, smoke and sordid living to the fair, green paradise of woods, vines and streams, and hills that lost themselves in purple mists of distance, and long, blue lakes that nestled among the bases of those hills, and happy, restorative fountains that found room in the wide freedom of nature to expand.

It is so easy to find an external paradise when we carry one within us! To the number, and dank of the water, and the green firmament of woods, eyes saw only the lovely panorama that unfolded itself in wide, green country and smiling shore-reaches. Felicie had never known it come, for something that was to happen. Now and then in his rides he chanced upon bits of scenery that were oddly familiar, and quite as if he had known them of old. I think he was unconsciously just then, at a strange, unexplained experience not foreign to the human race as some well-meaning expounders of soul and science would have us believe, without being conscious of it. All our experiences in this life, that have been not only painless from the standpoint of the world of sense.

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What is this shadow behind her? This weird, quaint, old-fashioned shadow, quiet in keeping with the place, ancient and smiling of face, thin of figure, and habited in a queer, flowered dressing gown and absurd big shoes?

"Why, father! I didn't hear you come in." "I changed my coat in the entry," answered the smiling shadow, in the thinnest, weakest shadow of a voice, that has yet cracked, though joyous intonation, as of one in high good humor with himself and all the world.

"Felice, how would a—a new silk do, my dear—a black one?" "It would be very nice," says Felicie, still drowsily.

Armed consciousness. Now—he "Well, now!" said Felicie, resolutely seeing he paused. "I have no wish in them now, as a general thing. I think I am a faithful sort of person," he said, with a faint smile. "I only know that some of mine have come true."

She looked at him without speaking. "Here is the hollow, where the red bluffs," he went on, in an absent way. "I saw you standing precisely where you stood just now. I went to meet you, as I came to day. The conventionalities of life were done away with. I was conscious only of a great joy that crowned my mind, as if it never was crowned before. It seemed to me that I had found the life of my life!"

Felice could have sworn, as he looked at her that Guillaume Renville, eyes were blue as the skies. His eyelashes would have assured her they were gray. His face was transfigured. Felicie's own eyes were wet. "Your hair was my own," she simply said; "but, oh, my friend, you must look other than this for the life of your life!"

The tender innocence of her answer sweetly subdued the fire of his eyes. A humility of worship crept into her. Did I imply a doubt of Felicie's beauty? At this in her eyes was beautiful as a dream. In her eyes was the softness of a great joy. Felice was not like other girls. She did not question this strange happiness that had come to her in a strange way; she accepted it contentedly, as if it were a dream, wider than any romance, in this real life of ours.

Saron, from the slant of the light watched the two with wide, jealous eyes. His master had no word for him, no ear for his low, appealing, whining. Do horses reason? Saron resented the neglect. He came softly behind and between the two. He nipped viciously at Felicie's sleeve. "Saron!"

The cautious threat in that low voice! His master had never so spoken to him before—never turned him back as such an iron nail. A dull rage began to seeth in his brute heart against this stranger who had come between him and Guillaume Renville's love.

then turning a fierce apprehensive eye backward at the prostrate, motionless figure of his master. Felice could not think; she felt benumbed and sore. The light was gone from the day, the charm from the sea and sand. She thought now, with a strange, dull pang, of the quiet old room at home, and the smiling shadow that waited for her. And the black horse, with stealthy steps, and the white showing all round his glittering eyes, stole closer and closer.

An old weather-beaten boat lay high and dry among the reeds. She stepped up on the gunwale and steepled up look, with a strange, mechanical kind of fascination, upon the twilight, the vast gray dullness of sea and sky that typified the monotone of her own white life henceforth. Then she saw Saron and stretched out her hand.

He came draggingly, step by step. His brute hatred was overpowered for the moment by the fearlessness of her manner. He submitted to her touch, with a sort of sullen endurance. She put her foot into the stirrup and sat down upon the saddle—clinging so, at that moment, to the bare contact of anything that was Guillaume Renville's.

In the depths of her stricken, innocent heart she fancied the creature had followed her from sympathy—how should she, sweet soul! Now, at the black depths of a hatred that only years for the annihilation of the hated. Her hand strayed over his thick mane.

"He will not be separated from you, Saron," she said; "it will be summer for you always."

Her breast heaved, the tears stole from her eyes. By some mysterious instinct, the brute felt the change in her mood. The tiger nature asserted itself by a snarl and a bit viciously into her riding-skin; then, with a new note in his remorseless brain, he plunged seaward, and struck out through the deepening shallows.

Do not think Felicie felt one atom of terror—all lesser emotions were swallowed up in the greater—she kept her seat mechanically, and only experienced a dull sort of wonder at the strange behavior of the snorting brute.

A man with a nightgown, on a hill-top had a fine way of her in range and followed her motions for a moment.

"It's that pretty flower-faced little girl down to Miss Harrowell's. Gracious heaven! And how come she of that ornery brute, with the tide almost high, and a ragged sea on!"

The next instant he was tearing down the slope, only pausing for a word at a cottage door where three of the water-men were sitting sipping. All were directly about and after him. The cold wash of waves about her feet brought Felicie to herself. Saron was utterly unmanageable. With the bit between his teeth he plunged on into the long, green swell of the sea. A great thrill of fear came over the girl. In one hasty, backward glance, she could see nothing of Guillaume Renville. No cry of help could be heard at that distance in the roar of wind and waves. The sea wind drove the water over her face, she was drenched. She was swimming now. A heavy oar swept her from her uncertain seat, overwhelming horse and rider. She saw the satanic black head, with its gleaming teeth, turn upon her through the green gloom of the wave.

When Saron emerged he was alone—only a little bon glove dangled from the buckle of the curb. There was a blood-stain upon it.

Guillaume Renville lifted himself heavily at last. "Felicie!" he said, with a half-groan. The white mare still browsed on the leaves of the beach-plum. Saron was nowhere in sight. The unopened letter had slipped from his pocket and lay on the sand. He picked it up with a curse. How well he knew the queer unbinding hand, the torrid spelling of American words. He opened it, and as if to tear it, then, with an indomitable gesture of contempt, removed the envelope and began to read.

God of heaven! What! His majestic, his dignified, his so happy spirit, who so happily departed this life, he entered in the world a world of woe? Renville, or Felicie in the tomb at Newport? "Free! Merciful God! Free a month ago!"

He passed, almost staggering as he thrust the letter back into his vest-pocket. His quick eye searched the sand. No Felicie, no Saron. A strange, awful, creeping fear began to beat at the door of his heart. He thrust it back.

The next instant the astonished white mare was galloping in long stretches over the beach. She had never before felt the impetus of so wild a rider.

"Listen," he said, looking to her dress; "wait only a moment! Listen, and forgive me if you can! Ten years ago I married, and was most bitterly deceived in the woman I called wife, whose habits were such that a terrible loathing took the place of my former regard for her. When I forbore, on my part had ceased to be a virtue, unwilling to connect the name she bore with the scandal of a divorce, I made arrangements for her maintenance and put the sea between us. I came here, distrusting all women. I met you, feeling—God knows what strange bond united us! I loved you, and dived madly with the current, not knowing, nor caring, whither it drifted. Now—O God! my love! I have wrecked your innocent life with mine! Forgive me, if it is possible!"

"I will come again," she answered, vaguely, her eyes still fixed on the horizon line, as she drew her dress from her fingers. "I want to thank you."

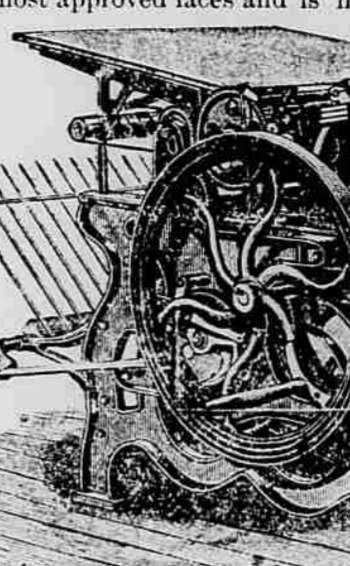
He lifted his marred, disfigured brow, and gazed after her down the beach; then flung himself prone upon his face and so remained.

Saron watched it all. A paroxysm of jealous hate seized him. He fastened his teeth in her shoulder as she passed by. Guillaume Renville had compelled his two years' absence to Felicie; it was beyond the power of the man to control the brute hatred of his heart. He crept after her, further and further along the beach, now and

AN ENTERPRISING JOB PRINTER.

The Fine Work and Low Rates to be Secured of J. H. Burkhardt.

Below is given an illustration of the power press used in the job printing establishment of J. H. Burkhardt in this city. He has one of the most complete and thoroughly equipped offices in the Willamette valley, and is prepared to do all kinds of job printing from the plainest card to a mammoth poster. He has recently added to his assortment of type the latest and most approved faces and is in



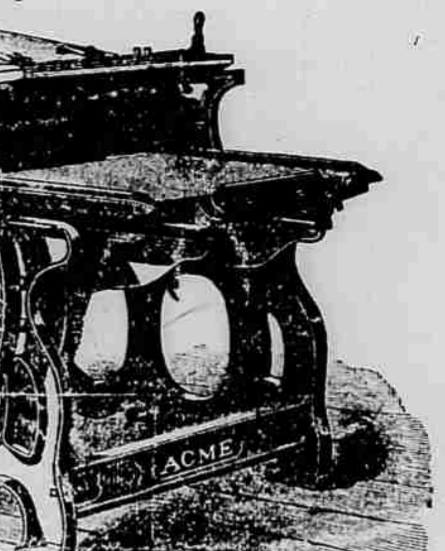
ZEISS & HOCHSTEDLER.

A View of the Factory of This Enterprising Firm.

Situated on the bank of the Willamette, as shown in the accompanying illustration, obtained from a photograph by Crawford, is the sash and door factory and planing mill of Zeiss & Hochstedler. The excellence of their work, together with their strict application to business, has brought them a thriving and successful trade. They handle doors and sash made from the

all respects thoroughly up with the times, while his prices are guaranteed to be as low as in Portland or San Francisco. With this opportunity to obtain first-class work promptly, and at the lowest possible figure, there is no need of any one sending away for any kind of job printing, a fact which the business men of Albany are fast finding out.

His office is now located in McIlwain's brick, but will soon be removed into his new quarters in Flinn's new brick block, where his facilities for turning out fine job work will be even better than at present.



The Depot Hotel Where All Trains Center.

The completion of the Oregon & California railroad, giving a through rail connection with San Francisco, is causing a steady increase in the travel over this route, and it is gratifying that there is an elegant hotel and depot at Albany, where all the trains on the O. & C., the Pacific branch and the Oregon & Lebanon center, the latter road having built a switch to the depot for this purpose.

The Depot Hotel is under the efficient management of Mr. J. A. Gross and wife, who have won a deserved popularity among the traveling public for the superior style in which they are dined and accommodated. Our artist has obtained a very good view of the depot with both trains in. It shows in some degree the life and bustle that characterizes Albany. The building is one of the best depots in the state, and will probably only be supplanted when Albany advances to that stage requiring a grand central depot of all the lines of railroad which centers here and which contribute much toward making Albany the lively and growing city that she is.



The Scio Flouring Mills.

Edward Goin, one of the proprietors of the Red Crown Mills, of this city, has purchased the Portland flouring mills at Scio and will assume control of the same on January 1. The price paid for the mills was \$60,000. He has sold his interest in the well known Red Crown Mills to the other proprietors, Messrs. Lanning & Ison and will remove to Scio to operate the mill purchased at that place. It is his purpose to supply the mill with a full roller process, making it second to no flouring mill in the country. The mill is supplied with improved pumps and a 10,000 gallon reservoir which supplies the water-works of the city. A view of the mills is given in the New Year's issue of the HERALD, as appears below.



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