

A TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

"Hello, Snyder!" The alert young fellow, hurrying through Union Square, turned to look over his shoulder. There was no one in sight whom he knew.

"Odd," he ejaculated, and passed on.

"Jack Snyder!"

"Who the Dickens is calling me?"

A disreputable old tramp approached, and doffed his fragment of a hat.

The journalist gazed at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're a cad not to know your best friend."

"What the—? But a wink of the tramp's one visible eye closed the pointed remark.

"Didn't know me, eh?"

"Your own mother wouldn't."

"Good enough; that's exactly as I like it."

"What's up?"

"This," pointing to his costume in general. "The 'chiefs' has de-failed me to write up the tramp question from the unwritten side. Guess I'll pass muster?"

"I should presume so; but I'm willing you should have that lot."

Twenty-four hours later, Tom Al-lard, the popular and fastidious newspaper reporter, now an amate-ur tramp, had reached the out-skirts of a little village lying among the Hudson Highlands.

He was tired, and about sick of wearing his disguise, but he had already stored away in his ragged pockets considerable data, and hoped, ere the week of his exile was over, to have "material" for some most readable articles.

Coming upon an inviting-looking barn, well stocked with fresh hay, he "tramped in" for the night, and made himself comfortable upon a loft over a roomy stable, where a number of cows were ruminating.

"Rebecca, there is late with thy milking; the breakfast is ready."

"Don't keep it longer, mother dear. Thee and father sit down without me."

Such a sweet little milkmaid she was! none ever praised in song or story could be fresher, brighter, lovelier. A mass of wavy brown hair was coiled at the back of her shapely head, in the demure fashion of her society; but the hazel eyes, the piquant nose, and the beautiful mouth told of a nature prone to merriment, yet full of tenderness as well.

She was dressed in the friendly garb of gray, with kerchief and apron of snowy whiteness, and like an embodiment of the morning's early purity, she passed over the dewy path to the great barn where she superintended and as-sisted in the milking.

Primrose farm was a model one, its rich acres and broad pastures were brought to the highest per-fection, and its herd of Holstein-Friesians the finest in the county.

"Primrose butter" brought fabu-lous prices, and it needed but one look at the perfect dairy to explain why. Exquisite neatness prevailed in every nook and cranny of this prosperous homestead; it gave one a sense of increased personal dig-nity even to visit the place; and truly farmer Isaac and his wife ex-plained that "cleanliness is akin to godliness."

Mr. and Mrs. Loder were staunch friends, and, unlike their neigh-bors, had brought up their child in strict observance of their faith; but she was the only maiden in the community that wore the "plain dress."

Rebecca was so late that the other milkers had finished and gone ere she began her task, and left alone, she broke, unconscious-ly into song—a worldliness her father would have reproved.

Suddenly there was a noise overhead, as of someone moving in the loft, and surprised, the girl looked up. In an instant she sprang to her feet in terror as the mass of hay slipped and fell, and with it the worst-looking man she had ever beheld.

He struck the floor and lay motionless a few paces from her. Her heart beat frantically, for at first she thought him only shamming, and all his horrible stories she had ever heard flashed through her brain; but she soon saw that he was really stunned, and flying to the door, she called for help. Two or three farm laborers were soon about her.

"Turn him over and raise him, Dennis is a good fellow."

"He's a bad one, I tell that by the lukes; my white hand 'at never done honest work."

Still, he lifted the sufferer kindly enough, and pushed back the mat-ted hair from the temples; the face, ghastly under its disfigurements, seemed the face of the dead.

Father Isaac had heard the on-try, and joined the group about the prostrate tramp.

"Well, if he entered this place to do evil, the Lord hath punished him. Take hold, lads, and bear him into the house."

Rebecca was there before them, and had prepared her mother, who bade her, "Open the windows in the east room, child, while I get wine and bandages."

So they bore him in, and laid him on the snowy bed, and the good souls, being of that rare class who live their religion, cared for as if he had been their own.

"Does thee want anything more, doctor?"

These were the words Tom Al-lard heard as he came back to con-sciousness and pain.

"You have had a fall, friend, and broken your arm. I am going to set it."

"All right."

Nothing more was said on either side, but ere the work was done, the injured man had relapsed into his stupor.

"The internal injuries are worse than the arm. He is like to die."

But he did not, though for days

he lay unconscious of what went on about him.

At the very first chance, Mother Hannah insisted upon having her charge made "clean and comfort-able"; and great was her amazement on gently sponging his face, to see the change that operation wrought.

Dennis, holding the bowl of wa-ter, became so convulsed with laughter that he spilled its con-tents, and was sharply reprimanded.

"Can't help it, missus. 'Pears loike ye was washin' 'im from way back."

It did. The old lady warmed to her task, for in all her life she had never had one which promised to pay such a good return on the ex-penditure. Again and again the bowl was emptied and the towels changed, ere she rested satisfied that all the grime and stain and false beard had been removed from her victim's flesh.

satisfied at length that he was clean, and equally satisfied that he was burglar and murderer as well, Mrs. Loder took up, with fear and trembling, the duties of head nurse.

"Thee must cure him first," said her husband, "then thee may try to save him."

"Is thee awake?"

The patient's dark eyes roamed about the cheerful room, and fi-nally rested on the dainty figure, in a sober silken gown, approach-ing him.

"Where am I?"

"In Isaac Loder's house, at Woodbury. Thee has been very ill."

"How came I here?"

He tried to rise, but an arm in splints claimed his attention, and brought his memory back.

"Was it in his barn I slept?"

"It was, but I must not let thee talk any more."

She moved away from him, and sat down quietly by the open win-dow, turning her head in profile.

The sick man lay and watched her with that half awakened sense which follows a long unconscious-ness. The red light of the sinking sun fell over and illumined her, till she seemed a something too pure and spiritual for mortal life—a vision still remaining from his fe-vered dreams.

A man entered the apartment and seated himself in the great rocker near the bed. Allard knew, instinctively, that it was his hu-mane host. He spoke, and the other came instantly to him, an honest gratification in his kindly face.

"I am heartily glad to hear thy voice sound so strong. Thee has had a long illness."

"What was the matter with my head—a broken arm should not affect that."

"Thee struck a beam in thy fall, and has had brain trouble. Thee will be all right now, with pru-dence."

"And all this time I have been a burden on thy household?"

"It is never a burden to care for the suffering."

Then, in spite of all contrary ad-vice, Tom insisted upon telling his story, to which the Quaker listened with grave courtesy, yet painfully evident unbelief.

The next day Allard pleaded so earnestly that his kind nurse al-lowed him to be dressed and lie upon the lounge.

There, Rebecca served him with his dinner, and he rejoiced to see that the face which seemed so coldly spiritual in the waning sun-ner was alive with healthful human color in the clearer light of noon.

"Can I still further tax your ex-celling kindness, dear Miss Loder? Will you write a letter for me?"

He pointed significantly to his right arm.

"Certainly, with pleasure."

So, at his dictation, the girl wrote the "chief," who had been all this time utter ignorance as to the whereabouts of his subordi-nate, and added a word or two for John Snyder.

Tom's thanks were more effusive than the occasion seemed to re-quire.

The letter was posted, and a re-ply came quickly in the person of the anxious child.

"Well, old fellow, this is realis-tic."

The eyes of both men were elo-quent, and hands were warmly clasped yet they said no more in words.

There followed a speedy convales-cence, and in the heart of it is-nance of the world a love sprang up almost as sudden for the innocent Quaker lass who had benighted him, and ere he knew it, the pas-sion filled his whole being, to the exclusion of every other thought.

On the eve of his departure from the home of his benefactors, he sought farmer Isaac in his private room, and when he tried in vain to express his gratitude as he would have done, he added:

"But one thing yet remains: To all your generosity I beg you to add one favor more! Give me the privilege to woo, and if I may, to win, your daughter!"

Astonished by this request, old Isaac put on his glasses the better to survey this modest young man. Here was audacity! Here was nineteenth-century progress! Then he rose up in his wrath.

"Young ingrate! Is this thy way of returning evil for good? In a single breath thee thanks me, and tries to rob me!"

"To love is not to rob."

"And where are thy credentials? Dressed in filthy rags, thee prowls into my building—with what in-tent I know not—and there the hand of the Lord prevents thee from thy sin. Does thee think I hold my little lass so light of worth as to toss her to the like of thee?"

"No, no. Indeed, sir, I can see you cannot help your judgment of me. Appearances are all against me. But is not the word of my friends something to prove? I am not the tramp I personated!"

"Humph! I care naught for thee or thy friends! A parcel of penny-pots, fabricating false-hoods and selling them to buy no-

bread they eat! Nay, nay! Thee is welcome to the care thee has had. It was not given for thee but for the Master, and in his name I forbid thee further speech on this matter to me or mine."

Then he strode out of the room, and Tom followed, sore at his de-feat, and came into the moonlight to find Rebecca pacing placidly up and down the long veranda.

"What has so disturbed thee?" she queried, in her sympathetic way.

Then out burst a torrent of pas-sion that startled and thrilled the listener's soul.

To the romantic girl, their guest had long since ceased to be "the tramp," and had become the per-sonification of all that was cultured and beautiful in manhood.

And now, when all this tide of love and indignation was poured out to her, she found an answering something in herself. It was the "old, old story," too sweet to know or yield to any law save of its own being; and when denure little Rebecca laid down her head that night, it was of a lover's kiss she dreamed, and not her father's wrath.

John Snyder had come out to Primrose Farm for the night, and to bear his "chum" company back to town and waiting friends. To him, in the privacy of their upper room, Tom divulged his happy se-cret. So jubilant was he in his darling's love, that her father's op-position counted as naught.

"He'll come round—very soon my little girl will be of age."

"Bah! Runaways—old joke—won't sell. But you would never steal a woman for a wife?"

"Confound it! I'm going to marry Rebecca Loder the very first day she'll have me. I'll try fair means first, but—"

"Oh, shut up, and go to bed. If I ever fall in love, I won't give my friends more than a column of rhapsodies at a time."

For about five minutes Tom gazed at the indifferent one in pity, then did as advised; and—alas! for sentiment!—in another five was snoring.

Toward morning Snyder roused him.

"Get up, quick, don't make a noise."

"What's the row? Punching a fellow—"

"Hush! There is something wrong in the house."

"Its name is Snyder."

"Idiot! Burglars, I fear."

There came a sound from the outer hall of some one moving stealthily across the floor.

"It may be some of the family."

"No—hark!"

Tom waited for no more, but got into his clothes in a jiffy, and through the door.

There was a hurried scuffle, a noise as of an earthquake falling down stairs, a pistol shot and silence. Farmer Isaac opened his bedroom door upon a mixed lot of burglars, guests and plate, into which he threw himself with ardor, pummeling right and left, and lustily shouting for help. The whole household was on the spot, the men servants almost immediately who obeyed with a will their master's orders to tie up the whole gang.

Terrified Mrs. Loder, clad in an unaccustomed "mother Hubbard" gown of white, rushed to the front.

"Father, father, stop! Thee is holding thy guests; these two be the ruffians."

Tom gave her a grateful smile and Snyder hastened to explain.

"We heard these men in the hall and rushed out for them. In the struggle we all fell down the stairs."

"Hold your ungodly tongue, and add no more lies! Jerry, hand his hand and feet as well as the others and these, Dennis, ride hard for the coast-land."

It was Rebecca who spoke out af-ter the crisis as he rushed to obey orders, and cried to him:

"Bring the doctor as well! They have broken my darling's arm again."

"Where! by that way the way the land lies?" wondered Dennis, then he like death.

Only one pair of eyes had noted poor Allard still so weak from a long illness, sink down where the men had bound him, too faint to care or fight, but the horrible agony in his injured limb.

John Snyder had taken in the situation, and treated it as a huge John subduing with perfect equanimity to being tied like a sack.

As Rebecca came flying back, he saw her kneel by Allard, and real-ized in a moment what had occurred.

"Do what you like with me, but for humanity's sake take care of my poor father!" he begged.

Hannah turned at his words and looked at Tom, as Rebecca lifted her pale face to cry out:

"Father! what has thee done to him, father?—and he half sick!"

"Naught. He but fell in his own trap. He would have robbed his host."

"Never! Oh, father! is thee blind? My poor love—my love—! And heedless of all but his hurt who was so late a stranger to her, she bent and kissed him there be-fore them all. But her mother put her gently away, and with a pity-ing face ordered the men to carry "her patient" back to the east room.

"Thee shall spend no more labor on that scoundrel, wife."

"Hold thy unchristian tongue, man! Is thee in thy dotage, that thee knows not friend from foe? Drive not an old wife to beshrew thee before folk. Unloose friend John there, and leave me to nurse the sick."

Such a night was never known at peaceful Primrose Farm. Ere it was ended John Snyder and the burglars were safely lodged in the village lock-up, and Tom was back on his sick-bed with his arm again in splints, and Rebecca in attendance—her mother aiding and abetting. Love and suffering—womanly Hannah could not resist this double temptation to conjugal disobeisance.

Of course the untaught country girl came out equal to the occasion. It was her "dispatch" summoned the needed friends and defenders to the aid of the imprisoned news-paper man, whom they found as imperturbable as ever.

"Hold on, boys, I'll come out in half an hour. I'm just finishing up a little bit on 'Inside a country lock-up.' Time and material. 'Busy Bee', etc. Guess that'll sell."

Matters were very soon set right, and the two real housebreakers dis-posed in a safer place, where they could repent at leisure.

Poor old Isaac! there followed some bad hours for him. Proud as a prince, and about as stubborn, it was hard work for him to own him-self beaten on his own premises; but he was just, as well as proud, and when once he had conquered himself, he watched the opportu-nity when his too sharp-sighted wife was out, and walked valiantly into that fateful "east room."

"Thomas, my lad, I am con-victed that I have wronged thee. I believe thee to be honest, accord-ing to thy lights, and—I ask thy pardon!"

All honor to the brave old man; he never plowed a stiffer furrow, and when he reached the end—well, his brow was "wet with sweat." And it hurt Tom even more to have this grand christian stoop to him like this, and in his heart of hearts he vowed that never son should be so true as he.

Tears that were no disgrace to his manhood stood in his eyes as he clasped the kind hand so gener-ously extended.

"I will make and keep my life worthy of all your goodness to me father, and I will wait for Rebecca till you give her to me."

Isaac Loder did nothing by halves.

"Thee and the lass must settle that; 'tis naught of my affair."

Probably they did, and satisfac-torily, for cards are out for the wedding, and the "chief" is going out with Snyder, having first extracted from that enterprising youth a promise not to use the event as "material."

EDISON'S NEW CLOCK.

Possibilities of the Speaking Time-piece.

New York Press.

Thomas Edison, the phenomenal inventor, has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should make him positively abhorrent to the grow-ing generation. Over in his labora-tory at Llewellyn Park is this in-vention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a phono-graphic clock which, instead of chiming the hours, calls them out at every quarter in a voice full of clearness. It may be fitted with any set to suit the purposes for which it may be intended. To a reporter it was exhibited recently.

The inventor was as cheery and playful as he always is. "The clock," said he, "is an improve-ment, and if it were only on the market now it might save you re-porters a good deal of worryment. For instance, say you are at a poli-tical meeting with a dozen speak-ers carded. They are to have each a half hour. You know what a fiction that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work," and here Mr. Edison paced a set within it. He pointed the hand to the quarter of an hour and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not encore. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The only fear I have," con-tinued Mr. Edison, "is that the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married? No? Well, I don't give this out as a bribe, but when you get entangled in the preliminaries come to me and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a fibber. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor clock with the younger people."

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear. A more tantalizing ornament to a parlor of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor phonographic clock cannot be imagined. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beat-ing as one started by the voice from the mantel: "Good night, a fond good night. In another hour it will be midnight." Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeed-ing quarter comes but his hoarse creakings, until 11:55 o'clock when it blurted out:

"In five minutes more it will be to-morrow," and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its maddlings, such as "Ah! how still the hour," "Mabel, I am watching thee, ha, ha," "Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs." "Please don't heed me, it is my misfortune that I must wait you that the hour is half-past 12." "Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?" "Will you kindly remember me in your prayers!" "Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling thee!" "I'll soon have to call father to go to his office."

And so the clock jabbers on most exasperatingly. Of course, the words are set to suit the circum-stances. If the wooer be a favored person, of course the language will be much different, the tone of the clock will be sweet and simpering and the words coy and captivating.

Pocket Cutlery.

The largest and finest display every brought to this valley just received at Stewart & Sox's. Call and examine.

GRAND Lotion

A POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT.

How Julius Gradwohl's Golden Rule Bazaar Meets the Public Want.

One of the most extensive and elegantly stocked establishments in the Willamette valley is to be found in the Golden Rule Bazaar store of Julius Gradwohl in this city. In order to accommodate his many customers he is in the field early this year, and has already commenced receiving his immense line of beautiful goods for the fall and winter and for the holidays, and has one of the most gorgeous and dazzling displays to be seen in any Golden Rule Bazaar in Oregon.

The line carried comprises a bewildering assortment of fine china, queensware and glassware of the latest styles and most delicate de-signs. The beautiful china and glassware, together with the decorated and fancy wares, novelties, elegant stand and hanging lamps, toys, boys' wagons and general bazaar goods, present a scene well worth one's time to visit.

Here may be found a complete line of table cutlery of the cele-brated makes, Roger Bros.' silver and silver plated goods and Bohemian wares of every variety, while his stock of dolls, toys, toilet and fancy goods, in plush and silver, and novelties for the chil-dren will be larger than ever be-fore. Mr. Gradwohl has enlarged his stock in such a replete manner that his Golden Rule Bazaar is not only a credit to the city of Albany but to the entire Willamette valley, being one of the most ex-tensive establishments of the kind in Oregon. The most important feature to purchasers is in prices, and when we assert that his prices are as low as any house in the state and that his goods are sold at figures that cannot be equaled in the Northwest, it is but the recital of an absolute fact. It will be to the interests of the country mer-chants to purchase their holiday goods from this establishment, and orders should be sent in at once.

Mr. Gradwohl has long since proven his adaptability to this business, and it is taking no risk to say that this emporium of elegant fancy and decorative ware is the most complete in the Willamette valley. Those who deal at the Golden Rule Bazaar, will find a large assortment to choose from, and a square, reliable gentleman to deal with.

BRIEF MENTION.

Try the "Polka Dot" 5c cigar at Ellis's.

Boots and shoes at cost at W. F. Read's.

Smoke the Resort 10c cigar at Ellis's cigar store.

Stop at Will & Stark's and ex-amine their large and new line of watches.

That fine tea in baskets at La-forest & Thompson's is going at 40 cents like hot cakes.

Barrows & Searls have just re-ceived a fine line of the latest styles in gents' neckties.

Have your prescriptions filled at the new drug store. H. C. Hub-bard, prescription druggist.

We are in the field and in the lead for competition. Suits to or-der for \$20 at Zaches Bros., oppo-site the postoffice.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven.

The fish will quiver where the pincers tear and trade will follow where the merchant's striven.

As Brownell has to, to make his prices fair.

We have just opened another in-voice of cloaks, and we feel con-fident that we can suit everybody, both in style and price. W. F. Read.

Fortmiller & Irving have just opened a new line of portiers, table covers, towel rings, stair nails and novelties in furniture and house-finishings. Call and see their elegant new store in the Masonic building.

Croup Can Be Prevented.

We want every mother to know that croup can be prevented. There is no question about this; as it has been done in thousands of cases, and you may depend upon it that when a child takes the croup it is wholly owing to the negligence of its parents. True croup never appears without due and timely warning; a few hours or a day or two before the attack, the child be-comes hoarse. This hoarseness is the first indication of croup, and is a sur-sign that croup is to follow, unless promptly and properly treated. The true use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as "prevented" with each bottle, under the heading "To prevent croup," will describe the symptoms of the dis-ease. This first sign of croup, hoarseness, may be overlooked by young mothers or those not familiar with the disease. Under such circum-stances, or when not properly treated, the hoarseness becomes more marked, and the child shows symptoms of having taken cold, then a peculiar rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the croup, but after the cough has developed the croup is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand, it costs but 50 cents, and only a few doses, or at most not over a third of a bottle, is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always re-quired, as it contains no injurious substance. As proof of this fact we refer to John L. Olson, of Des Moines, whose 18-month-old boy drank the entire contents of a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's cough remedy without the least injury. Certainly it made the baby vomit very freely; but after taking a nap he would have been glad to have drunk another bottle of the remedy, as he liked it. A similar in-stance occurred near Valley Springs, Dakota. Mrs. Mattie Johnson's two-year-old daughter, Annie, drank a full bottle of the remedy without injury. This remedy has been the sole re-liance of thousands of mothers for croup, and especially as a preventive for many years, and has never been known to fail. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping-cough. For sale by Foshay & Mason.

Call at Barrows & Searls' and see their line of lace curtains in tasteful designs.

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