

UNFULFILLED.  
BY ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE  
Within a poet's heart a song  
Throbb'd wild and sweet  
Yet ere he saw the whole day long  
The music of his tuneful soul.

FORGED TOGETHER.  
I am French by birth, and my name is  
Francis Thierry. I will not burden you  
with my early history; but will begin  
by stating that I was sent to the galleys,  
and I find myself to-day an exile.  
Breeding was not out of date at that  
time, and until my death I shall bear  
some fiery letters on my shoulder.

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sion. "Hurry up!" he said, "it is getting  
late, and you must be married before  
dinner."

"Married?" I repeated.  
He laughed as he lit a cigar. I was  
again led through another corridor into  
a damp court, where wild looking men  
with clanking chains were walking up  
and down before the muzzles of canon.  
"Bring No. 206," cried the officer, "and  
then call the priest."  
No. 206 came in, dragging a heavy  
chain behind him, and with him a robust  
blacksmith.  
The ring of an iron chain was put  
round my ankle, and forged together  
with a single stroke of the hammer. A  
like ring bound my companion. Each  
stroke re-echoed through the arches like  
the scornful laugh of demons. The offi-  
cer drew a small red book from his  
pocket and said:  
"No. 207, listen to our prisoners' laws:  
If you attempt flight and fail, you will  
be bastinadoed. If you succeed in get-  
ting to the harbor and are there cap-  
tured, you will be doubly chained for  
three years. If you are not captured,  
three cannon shots will be fired and sig-  
nals of alarm will be hoisted on each bat-  
tery. Telegraphic messages will be sent  
to the harbor guards and to the police  
throughout France."

After the officer had read this, with a  
terrible satisfaction, he relit his cigar,  
put the book away, and left the hall. I  
was now a prisoner forged to another  
prisoner. As I looked at him, I found  
his eyes turned toward me. He was a  
sister-looking fellow, and about forty  
years old, not any taller than I, but of  
Herulean build.  
"Then you are in for life?" he said.  
"How do you know that?" I exclaimed  
angrily.  
"I can tell by your cap—green is for  
life. Why are you here?"  
"I conspired against the government."  
He shrugged his shoulders contemptu-  
ously. "Then you're an elegant one.  
We other prisoners hate such aristocratic  
company."  
I made no answer.  
"This is the fourth time that I've been  
here," continued my companion. "Per-  
haps you have heard of Gasparo, the  
counterfeiter?"  
"I had heard of the daring criminal, and  
drew back from his gaze. An uneasy look  
in his eyes told me that he had noticed  
my shrinking. From that moment he  
hated me. Gasparo and I, with two hun-  
dred other prisoners, were put to work  
in a stone quarry on the other  
side of the harbor. Day after day,  
and week after week, from sunrise to  
sunset, the rocks resounded to our blows.  
Thus spring and summer passed, and  
autumn came. My fellow-prisoner was  
a Piedmontese. He had been a thief,  
counterfeiter, incendiary; and when he  
last fell from prison he committed a  
murder. Heaven alone knows how my  
sufferings were intensified through this  
terrible comradeship. How I shrank  
from the touch of his hand! What  
loathing took possession of me when I  
felt his breath on my face at night! I  
tried to overcome this aversion, but in  
vain. He knew it as well as I, and took  
every opportunity to revenge himself in  
such ways as only a depraved mind can  
think of. However, it would have been  
of no avail to put myself in opposition  
to him, and any complaint to the over-  
seer would only have provoked the  
wretch to worse tyranny. At last there  
came a day when his hate seemed to di-  
minish. He allowed me my night's rest,  
and seemed to be in a hurry. The next  
morning, shortly after we had begun  
work, he came close to me and whispered  
in my ear:  
"Don't you wish to escape?"  
I felt the blood rush to my face, and  
could not say a word.  
"Can you keep a secret?" he went on.  
"Until death."  
"Well, then listen. To-morrow Mar-  
shall d'Arvergne will inspect the har-  
bor, docks, prison and stone-quarry.  
Salutes will be fired from the walls and  
ships, which will make it difficult to  
hear the guard's signal for two escaping  
prisoners. Do you understand me?"  
"Yes."  
"What, then, will be easier than to  
knock off the fetters with the pickax, and  
peep when the overseer is not looking  
our way? Will you dare?"  
"With my life."  
"Your hand!"  
I had never before touched his blood-  
stained hand, and could not refrain from  
shuddering as I clasped it. The next  
morning we had to undergo an inspec-  
tion before going to work. An hour be-  
fore noon the first salute from the har-  
bor reached our ears. The dull report  
went through me like an electric spark.  
Gasparo whispered to me:  
"When the first shot is fired from the

baracks, strike with your pickax on the  
first ring of my chain close to the ankle."  
A sudden suspicion came over me.  
"And if I should do it, how can I be  
sure that you will then free me? No,  
Gasparo; you must strike the first  
blow."  
"As you say," he answered, smilingly,  
but with a muttered curse.  
At that moment a flash came from the  
baracks, and then a report that rever-  
berated a hundred times from the rocks.  
As the echo rolled over our heads, I saw  
him get ready to strike, and felt my  
chain fall. Hardly had the thunder of  
the first shot died away before the second  
came. Now I was to free Gasparo. I  
was less dexterous than he, so it took  
several strokes to free his chains. At the  
third shot we threw away our caps,  
climbed up the rock, and struck for a  
path that led into the valley. Suddenly,  
at a sharp bend in the road, we stood be-  
fore a little guard-house, in front of  
which were two soldiers. They pointed  
their guns at us, and ordered us to sur-  
render. Gasparo turned toward me,  
struck me heavily, and said:  
"There, stay, and let them capture  
you. You always were a thorn in my  
path."  
As I fell I saw Gasparo throw down  
one soldier and rush toward the other.  
Then a shot, and all was dark and still  
around me.

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750 feet; there is a winding roadway  
from the bottom leading up on an easy  
grade to the top, wide enough for ear-  
riages to pass over, which is said to be  
23 miles in length; the outer walls of the  
roadway are laid in solid masonry from  
huge blocks of granite in rubble work,  
and the circles are as uniform and the  
grade as regular as they could be made  
at this date by our best engineers. The  
wall, however, is only occasionally con-  
tinuous, being over with the debris  
and earth, and in many places the  
saharo and other indigenous plants and  
trees, have grown up, giving the pyra-  
mid the appearance of a mountain. To  
the east of the pyramid a short distance  
is a small mountain, about the same size,  
which rises to about the same height,  
and, if reports are true, will prove more  
interesting to the archaeologist than the  
pyramid. There seems to be a heavy  
layer of a species of gypsum about half  
way up the mountain, which is as white  
as snow, and may be cut into any con-  
ceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to  
retain its shape after being cut. In this  
layer of stone a people of a dark skin  
lived, and built up hundreds of  
rooms, from 5x10 to 16 or 18 feet square.  
These rooms are cut out of the solid  
stone, and so even and true are the  
walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and  
level as to defy variation. There are no  
windows in the rooms. The houses or  
rooms are one above the other, three or  
four stories high, but between each story  
there is a log or recess the full width of  
the room below, so that they present the  
appearance of large steps leading up  
the mountain. Who these people were, and  
what age they lived in, must be answer-  
ed, if answered at all, by the "wise men  
of the East." Some say they were the  
ancestors of the Mayas, a race of  
Indians who still inhabit Southern Sina-  
ma, who have blue eyes, light skin and  
light hair, and are said to be a moral,  
industrious and frugal race of people,  
who have a written language and know  
something of mathematics.

He Was Forgiven.  
The Philadelphia Press tells the fol-  
lowing amusing story of the late De-  
an Richmond, President of the New York  
Central railroad, a well known railroad  
and steamboat man: One of his sons at  
the time was a conductor on the Central,  
and very strict orders had been issued  
it is supposed emanating from the old  
gentleman, that no passenger should be  
"deathheaded" on any excuse whatever  
without showing a pass from some offi-  
cer named Mr. Richmond, the elder,  
was one on his son's train when the  
young man was collecting tickets, and  
making no move to show a ticket, was  
plumply asked by the boy for a ticket.  
"Go away, I haven't got any," said he.  
"But my orders are strict," said the con-  
ductor, "to let nobody pass without a  
pass or a ticket." "Well, no matter,"  
said Dean, "I'm president of this road  
and don't need either." "Can't help it,  
father; you see how I am fixed. Shall  
have to put you off if you don't do one  
or the other." The old man looked at him  
square in the eyes, but the son didn't  
quail and looked a look that meant  
mischievous mischief, the president deemed  
it best to come down with the "spondulics"  
and did, amid the merriment of those  
around. But, at the same time, the young  
man's mettle in the line of duty, he was  
soon forgiven.

Tricks on a Traveler.  
Andrew Dam of the Union-square  
hotel told me a story that is  
too good to be lost. It appears that  
among the guests at the hotel was a  
maiden lady from the rural districts. Dam  
noticed that about nine o'clock every  
night she would come down stairs, get  
a pitcher of water and return to her  
room. "One night," he said, "I made bold  
to speak to her, and asked why she did  
not ring the bell for a bell boy to bring  
the ice water to her."  
"No bell in your room, madam! Pray  
let me show you," and with that I took  
the pitcher of ice water in my hand and  
escorted her to her apartment. Then I  
pointed out to her the knob of the elec-  
tric bell. She gazed upon it with a sort  
of holy horror and she exclaimed:  
"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the  
hall boy told me that was a fire alarm  
signal, and that I must never touch it,  
except in case of fire."  
"And that," sighed Andrew, "is how  
the hall boy saved himself the trouble of  
going for the ice water."—"Man About  
Town" in N. Y. Star.

When Rachel, the famous tragedienne,  
died she left a life annuity of \$1200 to  
Sarah Felix, known to fame as the  
patroness of comedians, and bestowed the  
reversion upon her own natural children.  
When, however, Sarah Felix died, the  
two surviving sisters of Rachel stepped  
in and objected to the reversion going  
to the children, urging that the clause in  
Rachel's will was a covert means of  
favoring her natural children, while  
eluding the law. The Tribunal of First  
Instance dismissed the claims of the  
sisters, but this decision has now been  
reversed on appeal, and Rachel's chil-  
dren will not get what she intended for  
them.

PARALYZED.—Owen M. Schwatka, a  
relative of Mayoy Nichols, was suddenly  
stricken, on Monday last, by paralysis of  
the face called hemiplegia, one side be-  
ing nearly destitute of motion and feel-  
ing. He is a young man, not more than  
28 years of age, and up the time of the  
attack, had enjoyed good health. On  
the day of the attack, he began to find  
some difficulty in talking, and also  
in performing the necessary movements  
in walking. Nothing serious, however,  
was apprehended and he laid down on a  
bed, but in a short time he was unable to  
rise again, and has been helpless ever  
since. He has lately resided at San Mi-  
guel, and was by profession a telegraph  
operator.

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste.  
An aromatic combination for the preservation  
of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any  
preparation of its kind in the market. In large  
handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale  
by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., whole-  
sale agents, Portland, Oregon.

Take Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.  
Garrison repairs all kind of sewing machines, I

STILL IN THE LEAD.  
Mr. J. B. Garrison, one of our weighty fellow  
workmen, still keeps foremost in supplying  
factories and families with the best sewing  
machines that are manufactured in America.  
Mr. Garrison is the oldest dealer in sewing  
machines in the state, and he owes his contin-  
ued success to his honest and straightforward  
method of doing business, until, like his ma-  
chines, his record in White and his name is a  
household word. Mr. Garrison keeps in sup-  
ply every variety of machine manufactured, but  
takes a pride in specially commending his  
"Homestead" and "White" machines. Those in  
need of a new machine, or who have an old one  
that needs repairing, can get better suited at  
Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 107 Third  
street, Portland, than elsewhere in that city.

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work will tempt the most searching taste, for it is  
made by genuine artists, who understand their  
business.  
Roaring catarrhs of honest applause, foaming  
oceans of fun, and the best show of the season  
ago have cut their way through the state, and  
Oregon. Regular prices 25 and 50 cents.  
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167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of tele-  
phone.  
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CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT.  
A Pleasant and Efficacious Remedy.  
SLAVEN'S CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT  
IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF  
By over indulgence in eating or drinking, have sick  
or nervous headache, dizziness of the brain, with a  
feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by  
all means use  
Slaven's California Fruit Salt,  
And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend,  
Try it; at per bottle 6 bottles for \$5. For sale by all  
druggists. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents,  
Portland, Oregon.

DR. HENLEY'S  
CELERY  
The Greatest  
Nervine  
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BEEF  
(Lieber's Extract),  
The Wonderful Nutritive  
and Invigorator.  
AND  
IRON  
(Pyrophosphate),  
Tonic for the Blood,  
and Food for the Brain.  
Another Great Victory in Medical  
Science!  
Worth Millions to the Human Family!  
CELERY, BEEF AND IRON  
Is acknowledged by all Physicians to be  
the Greatest Medical Compound  
yet discovered.  
Is a never failing Cure for Neuralgia  
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Bottled expressly for the  
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Superior in quality and purity to all  
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One Trial Will Convince.  
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