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A TOWN GARDEN.

A plot of ground—the merest scrap—
Deep, like a dry forgotten well,
A garden caught in a crack-wall trap,
Where men make money, buy and sell;
And struggling through the stagnant air
Died flowers, with sapless leaf and stem,
Look up with something of a sigh
That somebody else has had in them.

There is a rose arched wall,
With scented, smoky incense leaves;
Fair flowers on a paper wall fall
On this foul drop of rain from the eaves.
It rains, but you need hardly note;
It dies by its own in the gloom,
Sheds in the spring-time, as if by rote,
Long has forgotten to dream of bloom.

The peonies blossom, and are closed
With color and life—but never a flower!
It blooms with the roses whose bloom is past.
Of every hue, and of every hour,
They live before me as if I look—
The daisies bloom, and the pansies glow,
Pink wild roses, down by a brook,
Lavender clusters of airy snow.

Could one transplant you—(far on high
A sunny summit, like the blue hills)
And set you 'neath the arching sky,
In the green country, many miles,
Would you risk death and seek no strength,
Washed with rain and hung with dew,
Clings to the earth, a leafy length,
Sweet with blossom for June and girls?

Yet no! Who needs you in those bowers?
Who needs a garden that is green?
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A MINING STORY.

"Eureka Gold Mining Company,"
Don't it look important on paper?
I tell you, boys, we've got a good thing,
But we must work," said Tom Flynn,
glancing at the piece of paper in his hand.

"Yes," replied Joe Bagley, with a
sleepy yawn, but let's go to roost now.
We can't do anything more to-night."

The men, eight in number, had been
sitting around a camp fire, discussing
their prospects. The Eureka mine origi-
nally belonged to a party of Eastern
capitalists, who, having worked it for a
short time and finding it did not "pan
out" according to expectations, sold their
interests to men who had taken posses-
sion of the property, which they firmly
believed would prove an El Dorado.
They were poor in purse, for they had
invested their all in the new venture, but
were rich in hope and courage.

"It is a well known fact," Flynn would
assert twenty times a day, "that the Eu-
reka is, on a range with the famous Em-
pire, which yields \$300,000 per ton, and
we are sure to strike the same vein.
Some day we will wake up to find our-
selves millionaires! It is only a ques-
tion of time."

The next morning seven of the men,
who were the actual owners, began
work, leaving Si Reed, whom they
termed their silent partner, to do the
chores about the camp. Reed was pale
and thin, and had an anxious, expectant
look upon his face. He seldom spoke to
any one, which fact had gained for him
the sobriquet of Silent or Si Reed. He
was devotedly attached to Flynn, who
had befriended him while in Sacramento
and exhibited such sincere grief when
he heard of his intended departure for
the mines that Flynn invited him to join
the party.

The miners worked like beavers, delv-
ing into the earth that each felt certain
held in her virgin bosom the gold which
would enrich them. They began their
labors at the first break of dawn, and
toiling unceasingly through the entire
day, each dreaming his own dream of
future greatness. Weeks sped by; pan
after pan was washed, the contents ex-
amined, then thrown aside. But they
were not discouraged. The pick might
come. The next blow of the pick might
reveal it.

One evening after supper, Joe Bagley
said:
"How's the fodder, Si? Last another
week, eh?"
"No, hardly enough for another
week."

"You must put us on low rations,
then. What do you say, boys?"
"Agreed," they answered in chorus.
The next day, when Si gave each man
his portion, they laughingly declared that
Flynn had received the lion's share—
which was true; for Reed had robbed
himself in order that his friend should
have his usual supply, albeit no one sus-
pected the bit of self sacrifice. The week
was stealing by, and they had not "struck
it." The hearts of the miners were grow-
ing heavy with doubt. Yet they dared
not give vent to their fears. Each felt
that success depended upon his individual
courage, and no one was willing to
dampen the ardor of the others by ex-
pressing doubts of their ultimate
triumph.

One day while seated on the ground
eating their midday meal, a little girl
appeared before them.

"Holy thunder!" cried Flynn, spring-
ing to his feet, "where did you come
from?"

"Please, sir, I've been walking over so
far. Ma saw you camp fire last night, and
told me how to get there. She could not
come herself, 'cause Freddie's sick. May
I sit down? I'm awfully tired." Here,
she glanced timidly at the men, then at
the empty pot in which the dinner of
beans and bacon had been cooked.

"Where does you ma live?" inquired
Bagley.

"She doesn't live nowhere. We're
a-buntin' for pa."

"Did you expect to find 'im here?"
"No, sir, but we're hungry, and ma
thought you'd give us somethin' to eat."

The men roared with laughter. Some-
thing to eat, when they had just de-
voured their last bit of bacon.

"Not another mouthful, boys. We must
save the chick what's left," said
Bagley, cupping the tiny hands of each
child into his own tin plate. "Here,
little one, eat this, and when you've sat-
isfied the cravins, ye can tell us where
ye came from."

"Please, I'd rather take it to Freddie,"
pleaded the child, " 'cause he's colder and
sick."

"Ye ain't bigger'n a pint of cider yer
self," laughed Bagley. "Eat it, an' we'll
give ye some for the others."

The promise satisfied the child, who
quickly devoured the contents of the
dish.

"Been on low rations, too, I reckon,"
chuckled one of the men.

"Now tell us about your mother.
Where is she, and whose trail is she on?"
said Flynn.

VOL. IV.

ST. HELENS, COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON: AUGUST 10, 1883.

NO. 1.

"She's way down there in an old log
house where nobody lives. We was go-
ing to Kivanna camp, 'cause we heard
pa was there, but Freddie's too sick, and
ma's afraid he'll die; so if ye'll please give
me some vittles I'll go back, 'cause she's
alone."

"What'll we do, boys?" asked Bagley.
"We can't leave the critters there; some
of us must go with the chick and bring
them here."

"Reed can be spared," suggested one
of the men.

"Bah!" interrupted Ben Skinner, a
snarly, ill-natured fellow; "Reed, with his
white face, that grows whiter every
day. If the woman saw him she'd think
death had come for the youngster sure."
The men glanced toward Si, who was
now leaning against a tree, apparently
oblivious of what was going on around
him, and evidently did not here the un-
feeling remark.

"Look here, boys," remarked Flynn,
gravely, "our leader is about empty, and
we must replenish it. Let's draw lots to
decide who will ride into town for pro-
vider. We are out of funds, but this,"
taking a valuable watch from his pocket,
"can be left as security."

"And this can keep company," said
Bagley, producing a handsome pistol.

Skinner drew the slip of paper upon
which the word "go" was written.

"The little girl can sit before ye, and
we can stop off at the cabin and give this,
the last of our hard tack, to the woman,"
said Bagley.

One of the men came forward with a
flask of whisky, which he hoisted would
"straighten out the little chap." Fleet-
wood, their only horse, was quickly sad-
dled and Skinner started on his errand.

"Tell yer ma to fight her luck a few
hours longer, and when supplies come
we'll give ye a rousing supper," shouted
Bagley as they rode away.

When some distance from the hut
Skinner put the girl down, gave her the
biscuit and flask, and gave half its con-
tents, and resumed his journey.

In the evening Flynn and Bagley
went over to the hut, intending to bring
the woman and her children up to the
camp.

"Skinner will get back about eight
o'clock. I guess the sick boy only
wants a little feeding up to make him
all right," remarked Flynn as they ap-
proached the hut.

They found the woman seated on the
rough floor with the boy in her lap, and
Maggie, their late visitor, at her side
sound asleep. With tearless eyes she
related her sad story. About five years
before, when Flynn was only a few
weeks old, her husband left to join a
party of prospectors who were going to
the Sierra Nevada region, and she had
never heard from him since. She waited
until her funds were nearly exhausted,
then she made her way to Sacramento.
While supporting her children as best
she could, she learned that the party had
broken camp; her husband had been
brought to Sacramento and placed in a
hospital, where he remained a long time
seriously ill with brain fever. She
traced him to the hospital only to find
that he had gone away again, no one
could tell whether. Recently she learned
that a man answering his description and
bearing the name of Flynn was working in
the Kivanna mines, and she was on her
way there. He had always been a fond
husband and father, and she believed he
had searched for her also, but they had
missed each other.

The two men were deeply moved as
they listened to the story of her suffer-
ings, and after much persuasion, induced
her to return to camp with them,
promising that one of the miners would
go the following day to Kivanna, some
ten miles distant, and make inquiries
concerning the person she supposed was
her husband. Without further cere-
mony Flynn wrapped the boy in the
blanket she had brought for the purpose,
Bagley trudged along with Maggie in his
arms.

When the party reached camp it was
past the time set for Skinner's return,
but he had not arrived. A bed of brush-
wood covered with blankets was ar-
ranged for the night, and after they had
laid down the men lighted their pipes
and gathered around the fire, conversing
in low whispers and listening eagerly
for the sound of the horse's footsteps.

"He ought to be here long before this,"
said Bagley, rousing himself from a
brown study. "Boys, he's scooted."

The suggestion fell like a bombshell;
no one spoke for a moment, then Bagley
replied:

"He's got your watch, Flynn, my pis-
tol and Fleetwood. He's gone sure as
shootin', I saw the devil shinin' in his
eyes when he drew the slip."

The others were loth to accept their
comrades' suggestions, but to do so
their resting places with very heavy
hearts.

"We kin live on beans," muttered
Bagley, "but what in thunder will be-
come of the poor woman an' the kids?"

In the morning there was considerable
excitement in Eureka Camp. Two of the
men—Bagley and Reed—were missing.
After a protracted search, the latter was
found near a clump of bushes, some dis-
tance away, in an unconscious state,
having apparently fallen in a fit. They
carried him back to the camp, laid the
limp form on a bramble bed and then
glazed at each other in blank dismay.

"Call the woman, 'p'raps she'll know
what to do," advised Tom.

The woman did not wait to be called.
Seeing that something was amiss, she
approached the group. The next mo-
ment a heartrending cry burst from her
lips. Falling upon her knees, she threw
her arms around the sick man and
kissed the still, white face in a wild dis-
tress. A slight tremor passed
over Reed's frame. He opened his eyes,
looked wildly at the woman bending
over him. Then a gleam of intelligence
illuminated his countenance; he recog-
nized the faithful wife, from whom he
had long been separated by a singular
freak of fate. For one brief moment
soul met soul. He raised his hand
heavenward, murmured faintly, "Up
there, Maggie," then earned his sobri-
quet of Silent Reed.

A solemn stillness prevailed around
Eureka camp when Flynn and his com-
rades returned from their unsuccessful
search for Bagley. The remainder of
the party were sitting around in despon-
dent attitudes, while Mrs. Reed, with the

sick child on her knees and one hand
fondly resting on the dead man's face,
looked the very embodiment of inconsol-
able grief. Flynn—tender-hearted
Tim Flynn—how his burly frame shook
with sobs as the touching death scene
was described to him.

"Boys," he said huskily, "we must
face our hard luck like heroes. I have
insisted all along that the Eureka held a
fortune for each of us, because I be-
lieved it. But—" it cost him a struggle
to utter the next words, which were the
extinguishing of the hope that had en-
abled them to endure privation and hun-
ger without a murmur. "But," he went
on, "I was mistaken. After that poor
creature has grown accustomed to her
sorrow we will bury poor Si and pull up
stakes. We won't abandon them, boys.
For his sake we must protect those he
loved."

The others heartily agreed to the last
clause. While arranging their plans for
the future, little Maggie bounded down
the hillside, singing blithely, unconsci-
ous of the bereavement that had befallen
her.

"Look," she shouted gleefully, "what
nice stones! Just like eyes. Full of bright
specks, just like eyes."

Flynn took the stones she held toward
him. His face, rough and weather-beat-
en, grew pallid with sudden joy.

"Boys," he whispered in a tone of sup-
pressed excitement, "she has struck it.
Where did you find this, Maggie?"

"Way up there, past the big hole," she
replied, vaguely wondering at his white
face.

At a moment the men fell into line,
Maggie leading the way to the spot where
she found the precious stone. As they
passed the mouth of the pit, the scene
of their fruitless labors, Flynn stopped to
get a shovel. The others followed his
example, carrying with them the imple-
ments they had cast down in a hopeless
way the night previous. They set to
work silently, being too much excited to
speak. If disappointment awaited them
they would not know it.

They returned to camp, Flynn carry-
ing Maggie on his shoulder, just as Bag-
ley appeared in sight with a bag of pro-
visions on his back. In a few words he
explained before daylight he had started
for Kivanna to beg food for the woman
and her children. After a hasty dinner
some of the men went to select a pleas-
ant spot in which to lay the remains of
their comrade, and Flynn set out for
town to make arrangements about hav-
ing the camp supplied with provisions.

Several hours later he returned in
high spirits and related how he had en-
countered Skinner in a tavern and de-
manded the return of the horse, watch
and pistol that he had entrusted to him.
He blustered and swore awhile
and finally agreed to sell his claim for
the articles he had already appropriated
to his own use. Flynn did not apprise
him of the fact that some of the men
had taken precautions to have the ex-
change legally drawn up.

"He played us a mean trick," con-
cluded Flynn, "but I got the best of him,
and now I propose to transfer his share
to the orphan and widow of our old
friend."

No dissenting voice was raised against
the proposition; furthermore, they all
declared that Maggie should henceforth
be called the ward of the Eureka Mining
Company.

An Insane Woman's Letter.

Willard Asylum for the Insane, at
Ovid has among its inmates a Danish
lady of good education, and who, pre-
vious to her insanity, occupied a respecta-
ble position in society. Her delusion is
that she is immensely wealthy—the
mistress of the universe. On other sub-
jects she is relatively rational, and con-
verses with ease and fluency. She has
the delusion that the asylum is her
castle, built for her special benefit, and
that the attendants and inmates are her
servants. Recently she managed to elude
some of the guards, and on the other side
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