Five fi-hers laughed on the river that day.
As the sain sank slowly loward the hill,
At the editor fishing in his slow way,
And bearing hard luck as an editor will.
Fir the fish crowd past to the other hooks,
And are pulled in fast as the editor looks,
At the minoniers close by on the bar.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Mind, Dorothy, you belong to me," suddenly cried the young man, stooping down from his height of six feet two and kinsing her sweet lips. Neither was anhamed of the shite, though they knew that Mrs. Dean in the doorway could see them, and that the stage was almost there. Had they not been lovers all their lives, and did not the whole village know that they were engaged? And the village knew as well that young Morgan was going to the city to enter his uncle's shipping house, and fry to make his fortune, so that he could return and marry Dorothy.

"I'd have a little modesty, Dorothy, if I were you," said her mother. "you might have klased Harry good-by last night."

"She did, over and over," said Chapin, who was sitting by the window with a book in his hand. "I peeked in at the crack of the door, and I heard lots they said."

"You peeked, did you?" reterted his mother, facing about quickly. "Pretty business! I'll teach you to peek again! There, take that!" and the lad was amazed to find his ears boxed and his book thrown out under the apple tree. He marched sullenly off, his mother's discipline awakening a sense of hijury and hatred in his heart, as it often did.

"If you're waiting for that good-formothing my poor child, you'll be an old inded to super or fifteen months before the lovers could meet.

In the meantime Chapin, growing meet.

In the meantime Chapin, meet.

In the meantime Chapin, growing meet.

In the meantime chapin, and it was yeeks before they knew was and it was yeeks before they knew was and it was yeeks before they knew and it was ye

book thrown out under the apple tree. He marched sullenly off, his mother's discipline awakening a sense of injury and hatred in his heart, as it often did. He marched sullenly off, his mother's discipline awakening a sense of injury and astred in his heart, as it often did.

"Mother, you are too strict with Chapin," aid Dorothy; "he's only twelve years old."

"No, mother? Not if that were my only in the sent of the sent of

"I guess I know how to train my own children without your sdvice," answered the mother. "The boy don't have enough to do, Chapin, put away your book and start off to weed that onion bed; do you hear? No loitering, now."

Mrs. Dean was one of the women who her loving way.
"You may take him when I'm dead if, you will," the mother answered. "You foolish girl, I dare say, he's had half a dozen sweethearts since he left you."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Dorothy imperatively. It was hard to bear. Long months with no letter, and no tidings from the dreary sea of Harry and his ship.

Mrs. Dean was one of the women who look with disfavor on books. Reading she considered a subterfuge of the lazy. That she had two book loving children was, in her eyes, a special aggravation.

Dorothy moved about, scouring tins, stirring cream, molding the butter at last into hard, firm balls with a dexterity which came of long practice. But she was not happy. Her heart was following Enoch Pond's stage over the hills to Ponghkeepsie, and then she embarked on the boat and went to New York in fancy.

Mrs. Dean saw her absent-mindedness, but not to sympathize.

"Mother, what alls you at Harvy Morgan?" Dorothy said, after awhile. "You know I'm to be his wife one of these days. Why should he not kiss me?"

worse now. The monotony of the house the boat and went to New York in fancy.

Mrs. Dean gard when the heart of the word have been the boat and went to have York in fancy.

Mrs. Dean gard when the heart of the word have been the boat and the state of the property of the house of the delors and the would have been the delors and the would have been the house of the delay. Why should he not kins me?"

I settler like Harry Morgan or one and the heart of the he

"Till thank you for the letter I ought to have had a month ago, mother."

"You'll find it in the clock. It's been there sale ever since it came, for any one with eyes to see."

Dorothy did not reply. She carried her precious budget up to her own little white room, her refuge in so many weary hours, and there she read and re-read them many times. And before an hour bad passed she had written an answer, half shy, half passionate, but wholly sweet, to Harry Morgan, whom it reached in due course.

The autumn brought the first real trouble of her life to Dorothy. Her father sickened and died. How strange it seemed to be without father! Often and often at sunset she walked down the winding road to the old graveyard, and there, sitting by the lowly mound where her father slept, gathered connfort and courage in the sure knowledge that it was well with him. He had loved the Lord, that she know and he had soons to dwalt the state has a sunset well with him. He had loved the Lord, that she know and he had soons to dwalt the state has a sunset with the she know and he had soons to dwalt the read to be since it came, for any one with eorgan gallery, led the Te Deum as she never had before.

Six months later Mrs. Dean died. Aunt Agnes came to help Dorothy put the old place in order, and then, having found a tenant for it, the two ladies, to the amazement of the village, set out for a long trip to Nebraska, to see Chapin, who was doing splendidly, to California, and back to New York. They saw the wonders of the continent, and Dorothy feasted her famished soul on the best music she could hear. When at last she came home, it was to live a life of ease, such as she had ever dreamed of in old times. A strong the same of the continent, and Dorothy, with her was to live a life of ease, such as she had ever dreamed of in old times. A strong the same of the continent, and Dorothy was to live a life of ease, such as she had to be work, and Dorothy, with the same of the continent, and Dorothy was to live a life of ease, such as she had

seemed to be without father! Often and often at sunset she walked down the winding road to the old graveyard, and there, sitting by the lowly mound where her father slept, gathered confort and courage in the sure knowledge that it was well with him. He had loved the Lord, that she knew, and he had gone to dwell in the golden city, where they walk in white who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. An unwonted silence felt on the household. Cross and despotic as poor Mrs. Dean was, she had loved her husband, and her grief was real and deep But it was not grief which could be comforted. It repelled condolence rather than invited it, and when Dorothy would have fain thrown her arism about the sad woman, and whispered loving words, she was obliged to be still and refrain.

One bright expectation shone before her with the beauty of a star. Christmas was coming! She would see Harry, and as the weeks passed, and the long storms came, shutting the little inland village up, at times for days, Dorothy lived in the thought of the pleasure they would have when Harry came home. Even her sorrow at her father's death seemed to fade and recede as the December days grew toward the 25th.

Her mother observed and resented this.

We man did the work, and a grand piano, blooks and pictures, and a grand piano, the books and pictures, and a grand piano, the lived in the way which was congenial to the hought of the old gravey would have fain thrown her arism and loved bern husband, and she grief was real and deep. But it was not grief which could be comforted. It repelled condolence rather than invited it, and when Dorothy would have fain thrown her arisms about the sad woman, and whispered loving words, she was obliged to be still and refrain.

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and recede as the December days grew toward the 25th.

Her mother observed and resented this, and on the Saturday before Christmas, when her daughter, who was organist at the little church, put on her cloak and boots and called Chapin to go with her for her customary practice, she said:

"I thought you looked for young Morgan to be here to-day: You've been all but dancing and singing ever since you got up. I don't see how you can be so giddy. Dorothy, and your poor father lying beneath the snew."

"Father is happy in heaven, mother," answered Dorothy, gently; "and I'm sure if he can see me, he's willing for me to be glad at Christmas. Harry will not be here till Christmas. Harry will not be here till Christmas. Harry will not be here till Christmas Eve. Come, Chapin, dear, there's to be more music than usual to-morrow."

Away they tramped over the hard,

Away they tramped over the hard,

Away they tramped over the hard, shining snow, Chapin talking merrily. Suddenly they passed into a different mond. is published an interview recently granted to the writer by Krauts, the state executioner who beheaded Hoedel last summer. While "Monsieur de A low, brown house, embowered in shade, vince clashering up the port, old-fashioned flowers in the duor yard, a gray cat saleep in the sun, and pretty borothy Desn standing by the gate with the milk strainer in her hand. It was the milk strainer in her hand. It was a Jame morning, and Dorothy, with her soft black eyes, shining hair, the peach bloom on her cheeks, and her round, white arms bare to the ellow, matched the moraing.

"Dorothy," called a sharp voice in high key from the buttery; "don't filled the moraing.

"Dorothy," called a sharp voice in high key from the buttery; "don't filled the moraing.

"Tree's a letter for you. Mrs. Dean," a should be regicted. Krant's sirst performance as a headsman—a knock was heard to have been dealth of the world the world the regict of the pleased to speak with him for a moment in the stage.

"There's a letter for you. Mrs. Dean," a should be regicted. Krant's shell when her would be pleased to speak with him for a moment in the stage. It would be regicted the round in a shell when he was a she stock it away up-stairs.

"Tree's a mether, fur coming," the girl replied. But she was in no haste tog. How could she be, with Harry Morgan standing by, and talking to her in those low tones which mean so much, looking at her with those dark blue eyes, ocleaning the world with the stage was the shadowed annishies of the same mer to come, bidding her good-by.

The words they were uttering were few and commonplace enough. Anybod wingth have heard them.

"You'll think of me Saturdays when you go up to the church to practice, work, won, Dorothy? You'll have mobody to blow the organ.

"But you'll miss me, Bora?"

"Miss you, Harry? I'll miss you'everywhere. You know that."

The stage was in sight. Mrs. Dean, a frown on her face, had again appeared at the buttery door.

"Mind, Dorothy, you belong to me, should be a perfect the low many and the shadowed anni

proud father of a fine little boy, and heir apparent to his important office. With a touch of quaint piety he introduced this lad to his visitor's notice as "his successor, please God!" and observed that though he passed an uneasy night before the morning fixed for Hoedel's execution, when he looked into his "client's" impudent, sneering face, he "thanked God for making his business so easy to him!"

so easy to him!" ALL SOR : S.

Laziness is a premature death. To be Ulsterettes is the latest name The mortality at KeyWest last summe

was less by one-third than in any year since 1861. The manufacture of cork soles is an in-

The manufacture of cork soles is an industry that has grown to large dimensions in Williamsport, Penn.

No one objects to seeing that the Indian summer here, but out in Colorado they say they would rather see the Indian somewher else. A button on the male garmenture tha

never comes off except when the person whose mission in life is to sew buttons on In the museum at Walkley is a striking bust of Ruskin, which was executed by a Sheffield grinder. The humble artisan has left the grindstone to study

A woman who remembers last Sun-day's text, but is unable to speak under-standingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next to the

It is said that an Oakland man's night mare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bed-room wall, in-stead of an unearthly monster with five

watching him. It struck her that his step was less alert than formerly, and that the shoulders were growing more bent than sudden realization of all that he was to her, she watched him until he was out of sight. By and by he returned, and in a change voice called her. She came to the

sight. By and by he returned, and in a cheery voice called her. She came to the wood-pile, and, sure enough, he had a letter.

It has been and said:

"Reckon you've heard the news, Doropared to what they are now, for this is a story of thirty years ago. Still, when Dorothy read her epistle, she found that she had not answered him.

There was a flash in her eyes which enqualer any that ever burned in her mother's, but she spoke very quietly.

"Method to do that they are second the stage driver stopped and said:

"Reckon you've heard the news, Doropared to the stage driver stopped and said:

"Reckon you've heard the news, Doropared the news, Doropared to the stage driver stopped artists, rings, chains and drain trays of silver, and the walks are freezeed. When they drive sponse in the shape of a half bushel of silver, and the walks are freezeed. When they have taught her children to do that they sere some time that she had not answered him.

The Counte de Paris had a narrow estable, as the read of the port of the protection of a girl, a fair-haired, slender this, or from the role lover, with a silver, and the walks are freezeed. The sponse in the shape of a half bushel of silver plate and gisevery. Among the argopone in the shape of a half bushel of silver, and drain trays of silver, and the walks are freezeed. The sponse in the shape of a half bushel of silver plate and gisevery. Among the response in the shape of a half bushel of silver, and drain trays of silver, and the walks are freezeed. The sponse in the shape of a half bushel of silver, and drain trays of silver, and the walks are freezeed. The sponse in the shape of a half bushel of silver plate and givery. Among the response in the shape of a half bushel of silver, and drain trays of salver, and the walks are freezeed.

The comis had a second drain the sponse in the support of salver, and the walks are freezeed.

The comis had a second drain the sponse in the salver was the sall drain the support of said powers. Among the risker was the sall drain the s

In An Old Portait Gallery.

Deacon Grinder was a portly widower

He then called at Barbara Bowper's millinery store, and said to her:

"Miss Bowper, you were ever a genial and charitable soul. It is to you that It trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my lost fortune in the far west."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial rosebuds in her consternation, "and I really think, Deacon Grinder, you haven't no business to expect it of me. It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children. I dare say the poormaster could do some thing for them, or—"

"I thank you," said the deacon, with dignity, "I shall trouble neither you or him."

"I thank you," said the deacon, with dignity, "I shall trouble neither you or him."

"Well," said Miss Bowper, "you need at offy into a rage because a neighbor offers you a bit of advice."

"Naomi Poole ran out of the little garden gate as the forlorn deacon went by so "Deacon Grinder," hesitated she, turning rose red and white by turns, "is this true?"

"About my Mariposa investment? Yes."

"And that you are going to California?"

"And that you are going to California?"

"And that you are going to California?"

"A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes form England to that paper descriptive to that paper descriptive by foll leafly with a summer house a foll lounce, that old, where Lafayette, who visited the place twice, probably the hole of pretty Polly by the place twice, probably the hole of pretty Polly the hole the sound and a half old, where Lafayette, who visited the place twice private the place twice, probably the hole of pretty Polly the magnificent of the lawn party, lading the punch from the magnificent of the lawn party, lading the punch from the magnificent of the la

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that "the safe and of the little ones while you are gone?" said knomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to the risde. "You have been so kind to mother and me, Deacon Grinder, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you."

And poor, soft-hearted Naomi burst out crying. There was moisture in the Deacon's cyclashes, too.

"God bless you, Nsomi," said he, "you're a good girl—a very good girl."

"Ain't it true?" said Philena Peck.
"Well, said Mrs. Mopsley, "it is, and it ain't. He did lose what he had invested in them Mariposa mines, but it was only \$1000; and the rest of the money is all tight and safe in United States bonds and solid real estate."

"Well, Inever!" said Barbara Bowper.
"Well, Inever!" said Barbara Bowper, with evident reliah at the consternation she wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall."

"And," went on Mrs. Mopsey, with evident reliah at the consternation she wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp, "With no experience whatever!" said Barbara Bowper, scornfully, "In your eliab the could be health of the mistress restored to the interesting." American homes, more than any other, said Miss Philena's charitable hopes And Miss Philena's charitable hopes And Miss Philena's charitable hopes denoted the sun's retained to Remain the provided the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for immemorial. I found noted from a from a from and influence are declarity, and hat me of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of warls and the strong that the wind hat me of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of walk is not mother and the should be an already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved conting the provided that on an average the wild that the position of the leastly superior to what they were a few ye

wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp.

"With no experience whatever!" said Barbara Bowper, scornfully,

"I hope he wont repent his bargain," said Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repent his bargain.

perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this shall be so no longer, it will be a great blessing to the nation. And the remedy is simple.

American men are as strong and healthy are those of other nations: there is no

with her predecessor—but is more way-ward—which in a woman is a great at-traction to a commanding man who loves to control the rebellious. There are

to control the rebellious. There a preparations going on here for the nuptials, that are intensely interesting and in some instances peculiarly profantation and in some instances peculiarly profantation and a few mental lessons periodically. I hope to be able to master the language and laws of society here, at then tell you, good reader, more of Spather the Spaniards, their signs and symbol their hidalgos and high-jinks.—Madr. Gorr. Baltimore Sun,

pert his bargain.

PERSONAL.

Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, owns if fastest team in Harrisburg.

M. Besure, proprietor of a financial round into the Mit that is needed is a proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress, as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and let them get out into the air and squeets to Harvard College will amount to \$500,000.

The Boston Journal says Waiter Hasting's bequest to Harvard College will amount to \$500,000.

The Empress Eugenic always diness alone and in her own apartment. Y. Alone? Ah, hal We have it! Bet you a dollar she east pie with her knife. You don't have the head of the rown of the country over to find a head of the rown of the country over to find a head of the rown of the country over to find a head of the country over to find a head to country before a head on one side or the other, in every murder of the sales over y win, and is fond of making a steepth, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practically and the sales of the other, in every murder with the past fifty years.

Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, owns in Harvard College will and composing with a contract the provider of the read of the other, but here of the read of the contract of the read of the other will be a provide will be improved with the past fifty years.

Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, owns in Harvard College will all the ladies and the race of American women will not be some extinct, as at once the post of the contract, the provider of the read of the contract, the post of the contract, th

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riginal source. THE OREGONIAN. The political contest of 1320 will be one of un-exampled activity and interest. This contest will, in fact, begin with the meeting of congress in De-comber. This Original alone will contain a rec-ord of this contest. In telegraphic facilities put it in command of all sources of information, and a history of the progress and result of the contest, beginning with the coming session of congress and ending with the presidential election, can be had by the people of Oregon and Washington only through its columns.

OTHER FEATURES. All other features of THE OREGORIAN will be continued; its literary, agricultural and miscella-neous departments will receive special attention. The news of Oregon and Washington will be con-tinued as a special feature. All important news of this character is received by telegraph, and is had by no other journal.

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