WHAT IS WANTED.

Not long prayers, but ardent zeal,— This is what is wanted more: To put the shoulder to the wheel, bread unto the hungry deal From the store.

Not high-sounding notes of praise Ringing through the vaulted dome, But that we the fallen raise. Bring the poor from life's highways To the home.

Worship God by doing good; Help the suffering in their needs. He who loves God as he should Makes his heart's love understood By his deeds.

TEN YEARS LATER.

"So he has come again!" And pretty Nettie Devereaux trem bled from hand to foot as she glanced

at his card. "Tell him," she said to the servant, "that I will be down in ten minutesfor," said Nettie to herself, "I cannot go down like this-I must calm myself

down to ordinary coolness." Woman-like, she first went to the mirror, and, in spite of her agitation, noticed that she looked unusually well. Then, with her hands clasped tightly before her, paced rapidly up and down the room a number of times.

Nettie was by no means a vain woman, although she was a remarkably pretty one, and the half-anxious glance she had given her reflection in the mirror was rather of inquiry than vanity.

It was ten years, at least, since she had met the gentleman now awaiting her below, and at that time he was her accepted lover; so Nettie, with all a woman's consciousness that beauty carries its weight, had first of all asked herself the very feminine but natural question:

"Will he think me changed?"

The mirror told her, as he did, ten minutes later, that she had not. So there was but one thing to be done, and that was to still the tumultuous beating of her foolish little heart, and go down

Poor, pretty Nettie! She loved him still, although she had not seen him in all these years, and he, as well as herself, had married-another!

Self-control, ever one of her characteristics, soon came back, and in less than the prescribed ten minutes her face was steadily set into an expression of friendship, and she was descending the stairs.

But, alas for human efforts and human resolves, they often melt away before other instincts more deeply human! And the pleasant greeting resting so firmly on herlips, and the modified phrase so carefully planned on his, vanished into thin air when they met. "Harry!" "Nettie!"

And the two, so long parted, gazed with happy freedom into each other's

A hundred questions they asked and answered. The dead, the married and gone were all talked over, and old scenes and old occurrences recalled.

Then a thought came to Nettie, bear-

and I, the proud Nettie, am only a governess, glad of the paltry salary to maintain his child and mine. And except, perhaps, that I can tell you; night has made me more wretched than I have ever here the now you have all that I can tell you;

have ever been "before. Harry! Harry! why did you come?" "Nettie, darling, I have come to ask you to forget and forgive.'

And Henry Rainscroft held out his arms

Indignant and hurt, she turned, without a word, to leave the room, but, quickly catching and retaining her hand, he murmured sadly: "Nettie, if you could only know how

I, too, have suffered-how I was inveigled into that wretched marriage -you would never turn from me like

"I have no doubt you have suffered," she returned; and that your married life is an unhappy one; but so long as it exists you must bear it alone; and, Harry," she added, wildly, "nevernever seek me again.

"Why, do you not know?-did you not hear?" and he looked rather strange

"Hear what, Harry?" a faint dawn ing light creeping over her face.

"That she, my wife, died in a made house more than a year ago.

It was well he was near to catch her in his strong, loving arms, for she would have fallen to the floor in the sudden reaction from hopeless grief to exquisite joy. Bearing her to the sofa, he whispered,

gladly: "You are mine, all mine, now."

A smile more expressive than words was her response.

INDIA'S NARCOTICS.

Ganja and its Fearful Power of Making Murderers of its Victims.

London Telegraph.

Opium and ganja are the two nary cotics best known in the East. In the West, fortunately, we have but little experience of either. The former steals truth. away, albeit with consummate fascination, a man's intellectual energies, and in consequence, therefore, his phy- be so very important, either. I resical energies, too. The latter makes member that my father was sitting in a mad, wild beast of him, works him up suddenly into a frenzy of maligan; purpose, reckless of his own life or the life of others. The Indian Government, therefore, draws a wide dis-tinction between the two. Without actually encouraging, as it has been accused of doing, the consumption of the poppy juice in the empire, it is contenteto restrict its use by limitations on the sale. In the case of ganja, how- and he said he didn't know, he had ever, it has positively forbidden the drug, and the sale or purchase of it is penal by law. Nor is this distinction rang. E-was at the door. He had without some justification. The opium only come to dinner, and his visit was eater is an innocuous and harmless not important; but he had somehow. person. He injures no one but himself; he sins, perhaps, by omission, but him.' not by commission. The ganja eater, Sai on the other hand, is invariably a law a thi

breaker. He becomes at once a criminal. The villianous decoction seems to have the strange power of bringing ing with it a sickening dread, a miser- to the surface all that is bad in its When I was 16 years old I had no more able, crushed feeling about her heart. most violent forms. Of such men idea of going to London than I had of

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Dreams and Premonitions Which De No Come to Pass Are Forgotten.

"I'm going to tell you something that's true," said a Brooklyn man the other day to a New York Sun reporter. "You can believe it or not, but it's true. I have a cousin who went to Europe for her health last year. While in France she died. Comparing time between France and America, it must have been within an hour of her death that her mother, who was knitting in the sitting-room at home laid her knitting-work in her lap and looked up with a sort of stunned expres-sion. 'Why! Alice is dead!' she said. Next day we got a dispatch by cable saying she was dead."

"There was," said another member of the party, "a curious illustration of mind-reading, or spiritual telegraphy, or whatever you like to call it, during the war. You remember that the battle of Gettysburg was settled on the 3d of July, though Lee lay on his arms expecting another attack on the 4th. and began his retreat that night. The surrender of Vicksburg occurred on the of water. I believe that saved my life 4th. Gettysburg and Vicksburg are 800 miles apart, or perhaps more, and for I had swallowed a good deal of no telegraph message had been re-ceived at Gettysburg announcing the ed surrender of Vicksburg-at least, if there had been, it could hardly have of reached headquarters before sundown on the 4th. The 12th corps had been drawn up in line on the afternoon of the 4th with a view to changing position, and was standing at 'in place, rest,' when one of the soldiers ex-claimed: 'Vicksburg's taken!'' The word passed down the line, and a cheer broke from the troops. That news and the certainty that Lee had sustained a severe defeat put new life into them. But when an attempt was made to trace the news to official sources it couldn't be done. That soldier 'felt if in his bones,' and had spoken right out. Next day dispatches arrived that proved that the soldier had spoken the

'Yes, those things are unaccountable," said a third speaker. "The intuitions, or whatever they are, needn't his library one afternoon, when he took out his watch looked at it, and said: "E-will be here in ten minutes. E-was his brother-in-law, who lived in a neighboring town, and though he called frequently he was not expected that day. After he had spoken, my father seemed rather surprised at himself, and laughed a little awkwardly. My mother asked how he knew that E---would be there, spoken on the impulse of the moment. Sure enough, in ten minutes the bell projected his personality ahead of

Said a fourth: "There really is such a thing as seeing beyond the limit of human vision. I'll tell you a little circumstance that I can swear to, and then let's talk about something else.

A Tale of the Sea.

The Ceylon Gazette of the 13th of June gives the following narrative of the only survivor of the steamer Speke Hall, which recently foundered:

"When I came to the surface after being washed off the bridge, I and Quartermaster Usher were clinging to the same life-buoy, and I saw the fun-nel of the Speke Hall going under water. Boats and everything had been smashed to pieces and washed away; and, indeed, if the boats had been and, indeed, if the boats had been available, they could not havelived in such water. Catching a spar, I aban-doned the life-buoy to Usher. It was dark at the time, and I could not see him, and I saw nothing more of him or any one else. At daylight I managed to se-cure another spar. I lashed the two spars together with my belt, crosswise, so that I was able to sit on the center. so that I was able to sit on the center. I could not have held on much longer to the single spar, because every now and then the spar would fall above me and my head would go under water. When daylight set in the sea and the wind had gone down, it came on rain. I had a sou'-wester on, luckily, and I held it up till I caught about a cupful

salt water, and my mouth was parch-I saw nothing that day except pieces wreck floating about. On the morning of the second day I saw the smoke of a steamer a long distance off. She passed on without seeing me. I saw one or two others during the day, but they were still too far off. About the middle of the second day a shark came rushing along at great JOHN S. ELIOTT, . PROPRIETOR. speed. It was not a very large one-about nine feet long. I was sitting on the cross piece with my feet under-neath. The shark rushed over one piece of wood, and I fancy he got the other arm of the raft in his teeth, because he stopped suddenly. I had a piece of stick about three feet long which I picked up, thinking it might be useful for hoisting my cap on as a signal. I poked him with this stick and he cleared off at once and I never saw anything more of him. That night a steamer passed quite close to Has now on hand and for sale the best of me. I could see all her lights, but, the night being dark, she did not observe HARNESS, LADIGO, me. I hailed her, but she was too far off to hear me. I dozed off once or twice, but whenever I dozed I fell into the water. I didn't feel much inconvenience from the sun. My hat saved me. On the morning of the third day I saw a steamer and a sail. I took my coat off and hoisted it on the stick, and tried to attract her attention. She altered her course, and came straight toward me, and I fancied she had seen me; but presently she altered her course, and steered away from me. I had almost given up hope then. "Later in the same day another and

much larger shark visited me, but did not come within the circle of the raft. He was a tremendous fellow, twenty feet long at least, and Igave myself up as lost when I saw him. Nothing WINES, more occurred until evening. The sun began to get low, and I could not see anything all round the horizon, and I made up my mind for another night. the market, at 25 cents a quart. Beer and I must have gone offinto a longer doze lunch 25 cents. than usual, for I fell of the raft on my

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Harry was, after all, not the Harry murderers of old, though, heaven help her! she loved him as tenderly as ever.

The question on his part-"Nettie, will you now tell me about yourself?" -had awakened her from the delicious dream. As in the darting light of a single flash of lightning innumerable objects can be clearly discerned, so in that one painful instant the hopelesspess, the unfathomable depth, the very sinfulness of his love came before her. The sight of his dear face had chased away every other feeling, but she could, she would, crush it now, now and forever.

Her face grew a shade paler, and the curves of her delicate mouth grew stern, as she answered the man who had been the one love of her life, and who she knew had seen that she loved him still.

"You ask me, Harry," said she, "to tell you about myself. Shall I begin where we left off ten years ago!'

"If you will," he answered, in a troubled voice, avoiding her eye. "I will be brief, then," she replied,

but a touch of passion trembled on the would-be tones of ice. "You remember the night we parted, ten years ago last July-yes? Then, of course, you remember the rest-how you said unkind words to me and that stung me to the quick. I bade you go, and in immersing him. forever. I knew not what else to say, "Look heah." s pr how else to punish you. But you, taking me at my word went, and, oh. Harry, never returned! When I said what I did that night, my heart was breaking, and when I saw your marriage two months later in the papers it laid me at death's door. For many, many weeks my life hung on a thread, and never since have I for a single day been my old self again."

"Nettie, Nettic," he interrupted, "you know I tried several times to see you and to explain, but I always miss-

ed you." "Yes; I knew, and avoided you. How could you explain or I listen, and you married to another woman?"

"But you, too, married, and were happy, were you not?" "Imarried-what else could I do? I

was unhappy at home-you worse than dead to me. But I was never happy. Arthur Devereaux loved me dearly, but your image was ever beforeme, haunting my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Happy!" she continued, bitterly, "happy when I broke my husband's heart!"-for, I talked of you in my sleep, and so he got to know my secret, and, as I tell you, it broke his heart-it killed him!" "I did not know it," she continued,

"until he was on his death-bed. Then he told me how I used to cry in my loved him, too, if it could have been, but it was too late!"

And the tears chased each other

and is used for the stimulation of the faheesh" is another product of the same terrific plant, and is itself the root of the word "assassin." Drugged with this awful paste, the slaves of the Old Man of the Mountain went forth into camp and city, palace and cottage, to take the lives proscribed by the tyrant in the Vulture's Nest on the peaks of Alumet. In Eastern warfare captains have fortified their men, when courage seemed faltering or the undertaking desperate, with this maddening juice,

and during the Indian mutiny in 1857 and 1858 the rebel sepoys often met our troops when intoxicated and fren-zied with "bang."

Wishing to Be Baptized Thor-

oughly. From the Arkansaw Traveler.

At a negro baptizing in an Arkansas

bayou a rather small preacher conducted a rather large brother down into the water, but only partly succeeded

"Look heab," said the large brother, drawing himself up, is dis all de baptizin' whut I'se gwine ter git?"

"Ain't dis ernuff?" the preaches asked.

"No, it ain't."

"Why so, sah?"

"Case wid dis little de debil will git me sho'. I'se prowled erroun' too much to had my sins washed erway by dis little dip.

"Come on, bruder; yer's been bap-tized ernuff. Ricolleck dat it am de faith 'stead o'de water dat do degood." "Dat's all well ernuff, but I'se sorter, skittish 'bout dat faith. Come, souse me under heagh erg'in."

The preacher soused him under again. Arising, he began to shout with a loud voice: "O, I'se got de ole debil by de ho'ns dis time. Gwine up yander whar-" He suddenly stopped. The preacher asked the cause.

"O, doan say nothin'. Dar's er white man out yander whut am er goin' to 'cuze me er stealin' his coat. I neber seed him afore, but I jes' knows dat he am er gwine ter do dat fack."

In Alaska in midsummer, according to an interesting letter, the almost continuous light of day shines upon sleep and call him Harry. Ah! I would bright green slopes, shaded here and have called him back to life then, and there with dark timber belts, rising up from the deep blue waters. An end-less variety of bright hued flowers, the hum of insects and melodius song of down her cheeks as she spoke. "But," continued she, "however much I may have wronged him by thus birds, together with a degree of heat dispensed by the solor orb, which to our thickened blood appears oppresloving you. I have been more than punished for the crime. The ample ortune be left me was swept away, any country but Alaska.

assassins are going to Nova Zembla. I knew pracmade. In the Ghazi villages it tically nothing about the city. One it "ganja" or "bang," as the different night I dreamed that I was there in a preparations of hempare called, which park facing some public buildings, er. and over the trees and roofs at natics who are then sent out into the the right were the towers of world to "run-a-muck" and to kill and Westminster abbey and parliato be killed "for the faith." "Has- ment buildings. That night an important letter was on its way summoning me to London. I went there, arriving just as the man who had written the letter was leaving his housefor a walk. I saw my trunk safely stowed, and then went along with him. We strolled out to St.James' park to hear a band play. At one point in the park I looked behind me, and there was the picture I had seen in my dreams-trees, towers, public buildings, and all. Before I went there I hadn't the slightest idea how the city was built. For aught I knew St. Paul's Westminster abby, Temple Bar, and the British museum stood in a row on one street. How did I manage in a dream to see those buildings east of St. James' park just in the position and size, shape, and color that they really have?"

A GOOD HORSE STORY.

A Story About Argyle, the Lively Pacer. From the Spirit of the Times.

"Pilgrim," who picks up many

good story in the course of his perambulations, writes from Chicago.

"One morning not long ago I sat on the steps of the club house and listened to the entertaining chat of the owners and drivers: Part of it I will tell you. One of the party, who is usually a very quiet man, edged up to me and said:

"'I'll tell you a goodstory about An-

derson and his pacer, Argyle.' I braced my feet firmly, and with both ears wide open lest I should lose anything, I patiently waited the coming of the storm. "'You must know,' continued the

orator, 'that Argyle had shown some pretty slick work, and was considered by his party as a sure winner, and was backed right well in the pools. The big, ungainly New Hope nailed him to the mast in an easy shape, though Argyle was second. Well, when the second place was put upon the boards, two days afterward. Argyle was drawn. That was funny to me, so I just saw Anderson shout it. It would have killed you to have heard him talk. "You want to know why i drew my horse," said he, "and I'll tell you. During that fast heat the otherday, just as we were at the three-quarter mile pole and going a 2:12 clip. I said to a young man driving that black gelding. 'We are going some, my boy.' That young tellow looked at me over the wheel, as cool as you ever saw ice, and answered. 'Oh! no we ain't. When I turn this whip around in my hand and give him the butt, then we'll begoing some. Now, when a country lad can unconcernedly give me that sort of talk in a red-hot race, and beas me at that, I have had enough of him and won't it is good and does not rot the clothes; start against him." And he didn't, they wash with half the labor and come either.

face; and when I got up again the tion of customers. Drop in and be socia-French steamer Peiho seemed close on ble. me, as if it had sprung out of the wat-I had nothing to signal with but my hat. I held it up as high as I could, and one of the soldiers on board saw me. A boat was lowered and an officer and four mencame over to me, and took me on board, where they treated me very kindly."

Dreams to Order.

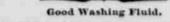
Sir William Johnson was a canny Scotchman, who served the English Government as its agent to the Five cialty Nations of Central and Western New York at the time of the French and Indian War. A story of his dreaming goes to show that he had peculiar qualifications for the post he occupied. It may serve, also, to throw some light BI upon the occult philosophy of dreams. Soon after he was appointed to the superintendence of Indian affairs, he wrote to England for several suits of clothes, richly laced. When these were received, a noted chief of the Mohawk nation, called Hendrick, particularly admired the suits.

In the course of a few days the chief called at the agency again, and imformed Sir William that he had a singular dream, and in answer to Sir William's questions, Hendrick told him he had dreamed that the agent had given him one of the fine suits recently received.

Sir William took the hint, and immediately made the chief a present of one of the richest suits. The Indian chief went away highly pleased with the generosity of the donor. Some time after this, Sir William,

happening to be in company with Hendrick, told the chief that he to had a dream. Hendrick wished to know what the dream was, and Sir William said that he had dreamed that his very excellent friend, Hendrick, had made him a present of a particular tract of land, the most valuable on the Mohawk River, and including about five thousand acres. Hendrick was prompt in presenting the land to the agent, but not without making this shrewd remark:

"Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again. You dream too hard for me.



1-3 oz. gum camphor dissolved in 1-2 pint of alcohol; also 1-3 lb. borax and 1-2 lb. of sal soda dissolved in one gallon of hot rain water, and the fluid BEEF, PORK, VEAL. MUTTON, SAUis ready; after stirring all the ingredients together add 1 gal. cold rain water before adding the gum camphor and alcohol. , In using, add about 4 table-GENTENNIAL spoonfuls to a pint of soft soap, apply to the parts of clothing most solled, and soak in warm water half an hour: then proceed with your washing as DAN. F. MOULE, usual, not boiling over five minutes. I have used this for a year, and know the house, and none but the best brands of liquors and cigars kept.

out white .-- Germantown Telegraph.



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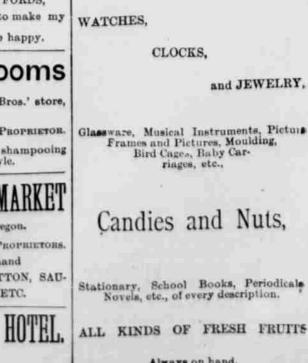
LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for the ac-

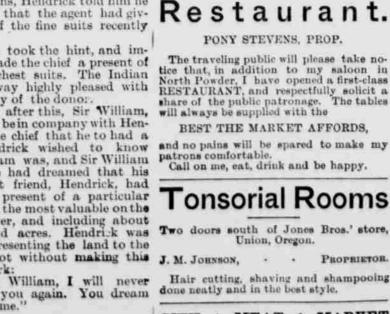
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