

## THE HERALD.

### The Old Hymn.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. CHURCHILL.  
Today, with a quiet heart, I heard  
The prayer, the anthem and the psalm,  
And gently on my spirits fell  
The sweetness of the Sabbath calm,  
Till, at the reading of the hymn,  
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.  
That old hymn! Its sacred lines  
Had fallen on my childish ears;  
My life turned back, unhindered by  
The stretch of intervening years.  
Near me my little daughter smiled,  
And yet I was again a child.

Outside, the winds were fierce and rough.  
The winter's chill was in the air;  
But I could hear the bonny birds,  
And humming insects everywhere;  
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,  
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,  
And held it in a woman's hand;  
While all my soul was moved with thrills  
No other soul could understand;  
And quite unseen, with love divine,  
My mother's finger's folded mine.

And not because the music rose  
Ecstasically, I held my breath,  
Lest I should lose its sweet delight—  
Upon her lips the hush of death  
For years had lain!—and yet I heard  
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,  
Yet sometimes at a look or tone,  
With short relenting, will the past  
One moment give us back our own;  
O, happy pain! Too quickly done—  
As swiftly done as begun.

### A MAD RIDE.

BY PAUL CAPELL.

Do you ask me the cause of that  
single lock of white hair over my  
right temple? Well, I will tell you  
now, though for a year after the  
event occurred which caused it, I  
would not mention the subject under  
any consideration.

One bright autumn afternoon, I  
dressed myself with unusual care  
to make a call on a Mrs. Mark Dol-  
iver, whose husband was in close  
business relations with mine. I  
went to the hotel where she was  
staying, and on sending up my card  
was told the lady was not feeling  
very well, but would like to see me  
if I would come to her room.

"Show the lady to 350, sixth  
floor," said the man in waiting, with  
the usual flourish to the man in the  
elevator.

I found a gentleman already in  
the elevator, and, while waiting to  
see if no one else cared to be taken  
up, I had a good look at him. He  
was a large, finely proportioned  
man, with a singularly attractive  
face. He did not seem inclined to  
be seated, but walked from the ele-  
vator into the hall and back, and  
then from one side to another (for  
it was a large, square, very showily  
furnished apartment) apparently  
desirous of examining the workman-  
ship. He entered into conversation  
with the man in charge, asking him  
questions about the machinery and  
management; and before we reached  
the third floor they were excellent  
friends. The elevator man imparted  
his entire stock of information as  
to the running of his car, and had  
been delighted at the impression  
this knowledge seemed to make on  
the stranger.

At the third floor we stopped, the  
elevator man evidently expecting  
some one. He stepped into the hall  
when like a flash the door shut to  
and the car started up. The gen-  
tleman turned to me with the calm-  
est, most benignant smile.

"Madame," he said, "I knew you  
would much prefer to be served by  
a gentleman of quality than by that  
clown. Where can I leave you?"

"Stop for the elevator man, I im-  
plore you," I cried; "you do not un-  
derstand managing the machinery."  
"Indeed, madame, you injure my  
feelings very much. Just as though  
I had not manipulated the elevator  
for his Highness the Shah of Persia,  
as well as for the Emperor and Em-  
press of China, and the Great Mog-  
ul of India!"

"Please leave me at the sixth  
floor," I answered meekly, too much  
disconcerted to reflect there were  
only one-story buildings in any of  
the countries he had enumerated.  
"Certainly, you shall be left at  
the sixteenth floor," he replied, as  
we passed the door where I faintly  
would have entered.

"I said 'sixth' floor," I rejoined  
with some asperity.

"O, pardon me, ever fairest if not  
dearest. You do not mind if I wait  
until the return trip before leaving  
you?"

Something was not right with the  
man, that was certain. He was sil-  
ly, sentimental, light-headed; and  
he was also vigilant and on the  
look-out. He would not let me come  
near the door or the operating cable.

"We will wait till we reached the  
top— I was in hopes he would not  
be able to start the machine down  
again, and I called to a passing do-  
orman to open the door for me,  
quickly, but it was of no use; we

had started down, and the woman  
called after me, "The doors only  
open from the elevator, ma'am."

When I glanced at my compan-  
ion's face, after this appeal to the  
servant, I saw it had undergone a  
change. Instead of the bright, be-  
nignant expression, and cheerful  
smile, there was a dark, angry  
scowl, and his eyes flashed forth  
such wrathful glances that I felt  
they would burn if they did as their  
owner wished. A chill crept over  
me as I asked myself the question:  
"Can this man be sane?"

"Madame," he said fiercely, "you  
have grossly trespassed on my for-  
bearance. I would have served you  
like a slave; and see what a return  
you make!"

With every word he uttered his  
passion grew hotter and hotter. In-  
stantly I saw I must try pacific  
measures; and with a calmness I  
was far from feeling, I said:

"Sir, I did not mean to be un-  
grateful; ingratitude is something I  
despise. Let me thank you a thou-  
sand times for your desire to serve  
me."

The scowl, the anger vanished as  
soon as they had appeared. He re-  
plied:

"Madame, don't mention it. I  
felt that your ingratitude was not  
premeditated. It was merely the  
result of—of—well, perhaps of  
indigestion."

I wanted to smile at this sug-  
gestion, but I felt that it would be  
dangerous, so I heaved a deep sigh  
and tried to look as sad as I could.  
Watching my every expression,  
this sadness made him implore me  
to tell him what he could do for me.

"Stop on the ground floor," I  
quickly—perhaps too quickly for  
my object—demanded.  
We had arrived at the third floor,  
and the door not closing tightly on  
our ascent, the elevator man stood  
with it opened, ready to spring in.  
With the nimbleness of a cat, my  
big companion dealt him such a re-  
sounding blow that he toppled over  
against the opposite wall of the cor-  
ridor, his head banging with a  
crash.

"Madame," he said triumphantly,  
"you will perceive I am a good  
hand at cracking cocoa-nuts." And  
he began to tell me the most ludi-  
crous tale of the number and size  
of the human fruit he had broken.

Interrupting him, I said, "Here  
is the ground floor."

It was a dangerous interruption.  
For a minute his face was darkened  
with an angry frown, and I did not  
know but that my turn had come  
for having my cocoa-nut cracked.  
But he exhibited his resentment by  
saying snappishly:

"Ground floor! Of course this is  
the ground floor. Where else would  
you expect to find it? On the top of  
the house?"

When the elevator reached the  
bottom, the new machinist exhib-  
ited the same skill in starting it up  
again as he had at the other end of  
the line. By this time the different  
floors had more or less people  
watching for our approach. The  
car was made to run at the top of  
its speed. In spite of that, I heard  
one man ask, as we shot by a land-  
ing:

"Is that the man you are after?"  
And the answer made my hair rise.

"Yes, he got out of the mad ward—"  
and the rest of the sentence was lost  
to me. So here I was, caged up  
with a stranger flying up and down  
between the first and tenth stories  
of the hotel at the maddest of all  
mad rates.

(Concluded next week.)

### Railroad Prospects.

The Willamette valley papers  
say work will soon be commenced  
on the extension of the Oregon Pa-  
cific and will be kept up during the  
summer. Several companies of  
engineers are at work in the Cas-  
cades re-locating the line of the  
road, and the actions of the Oregon  
Pacific indicate that they intend at  
some future time to build a road  
over the Cascades and across East-  
ern Oregon, but when this is to be  
done, there is no telling. This  
country is anxiously awaiting fur-  
ther development in the matter, as  
the building of a railroad which  
will bring us into direct communi-  
cation with the outside world is one  
of the necessities we cannot much  
longer do without and prosper.

Nothing is now expected from the  
O. R. & N. Co. in the way of build-  
ing a road from the Columbia into  
this section, that company having  
made no move toward viewing out  
a prospective line, so the O. P. is  
about our only hope for railroad  
communication.—Ochoco Review.

### Speech of "Sunset" Cox.

Mr. Cox, of New York, said he  
would be willing to reduce taxation  
in almost any way. It would be  
found that in order to get \$50,000-  
000 into the treasury, the country  
now paid at least \$300,000,000. He  
would not call the protection sys-  
tem robbery or burglary; he would  
use some smooth word, like the gen-  
tleman from Ohio, (Butterworth),  
who said that custom duties were  
not a tax but a trade regulation.  
[Laughter.] He remembered read-  
ing about a Catholic priest who met  
with a robber who carried neither  
knife nor pistol in his hands, but  
said to the priest: "Venerable elder  
brother, it is cold in the mountains,  
LEND me your coat. Venerable el-  
der brother, I am tired of walking,  
LEND me your horse." That was a  
trade regulation. [Laughter.]

Great Britain used to be one of  
the highly protected countries, and  
was forced to abandon her extreme  
protective policy only when the  
country was brought to the verge of  
bankruptcy, starvation and revolu-  
tion. Her protectionists, as early  
as 1842, made the same arguments  
as those made in this house by the  
protectionists. They predicted that  
the reduction of the British tariff  
would shake the social relations of  
the country to their very founda-  
tions, subvert the whole system of  
society, lower wages, throw great  
quantities of land out of cultivation,  
render it impossible for the govern-  
ment to raise taxes, and reduce the  
laborer to a lower scale in life.  
Nothing of the kind happened.  
Among other predictions were those  
of Disraeli and other Tories that the  
ship-building of Great Britain would  
vanish, but never in all history has  
there been seen such a stupendous  
result as that which followed the  
repeal of restrictions on her ships.  
Her shipping rose from 3,400,000  
tons in 1848 to over 8,000,000 tons  
in 1883, and is still rising, while we  
have lost all of our foreign shipping.

### IF BLAINE DON'T RUN.

John Sherman is the statesman  
That Ohio wants to tout,  
As the Presidential winner  
On the '88 route.

And John is mighty willing,  
For he likes that kind of fun;  
And he'll grab it in a hurry, too—  
If

Blaine  
Don't  
Run!

There's Allison and Harrison,  
The darlings of two States,  
Of Iowa and Hoosierdom,  
But each one hesitates;  
He's waiting and he's willing  
To shoot the party gun,  
But he'll only pull the trigger, sir,  
If

Blaine  
Don't  
Run!

There's Evans and there's Gresham,  
There is Cullom and Depew,  
Each one a willing patriot,  
To see the party through,  
And do such deeds of daring  
As no other man has done,  
But only, fellow-citizens,  
If

Blaine  
Don't  
Run!

There is Stanford and there's Ingalls,  
The rich man and the poor,  
They are waiting on the threshold,  
They are knocking at the door,  
Each one is recommended,  
Each is a "favorite son,"  
They can only be persuaded to,  
If

Blaine  
Don't  
Run!

Ochoco Review:  
A practical mill man named  
Noel, from California, is about to  
erect a \$12,000 flour mill at Dallas,  
on the site of the old mill that  
burned down there in 1883. The  
citizens have raised for Mr. Noel a  
subsidy that in cash, water, etc.,  
amounts to about \$2,000.

On the 2d, at about 4 p. m., oc-  
curred another waterspout at  
Mitchell, scarcely less in magni-  
tude than the one that visited that  
place four years ago. The damage  
done was probably about equal to  
that done four years ago, washing  
away fences, tearing out crops in  
place and depositing debris over  
them in others, making a wild  
scene of havoc and ruin all along  
the creek for a distance of twenty  
miles.

NEARLY 100 representatives of  
colored democrats, from more than  
a dozen states, but chiefly from  
the North, held a meeting in St.  
Louis June 6th, and organized a  
Negro National Democratic League.  
Resolutions were adopted endorsing  
the administration of President  
Cleveland, and the league adjourned  
to meet next in Chicago.

In 1886, The Dalles cast a vote  
of 935; this year it was 989.

The Oregon legislature will be  
two-thirds republican.

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that is always the Cheapest. This spring, alone, more than a

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grocer; 2 saloons; 1 brewery; 1 undertaker; 2 laundries; 1 furniture store; 1 shoe shop; 1 meat  
market; 4 lawyers; 2 physicians; 1 surveyor; 1 land agent; 1 dentist; 1 druggist; 1 jeweler; 2  
blacksmiths; 2 harness shops; 1 livery stable; 1 bakery; 3 general merchandise stores; 1 bath  
house; 1 milliner shop; 1 real estate agent; 1 saw-mill. Also, 2 Masonic lodges; 1 Good Tem-  
plar lodge; 3 Odd Fellows' lodges; 1 United Working Men's lodge.

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