### The Old Hymn.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

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
Exultingly, 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 ended 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 Doliver, 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 elevator 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 workmanship. 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 gentleman turned to me with the calmest, 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 implore you," I cried; "you do not understand 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 Empress of China, and the Great Mogul 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 fain 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 silly, sentimental, light-headed; and he was also vigilant and on the alert. He would not let me come near the door or the operating cable.

We went 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 domestic 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 companion's face, after this appeal to the servant, I saw it had undergone a change. Instead of the bright, benignant 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 forbearance. 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. Instantly 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 ungrateful; ingratitude is something I despise. Let me thank you a thousand times for your desire to serve me."

The scowl, the anger vanished as soon as they had appeared. He replied:

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

I wanted to smile at this suggestion, 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 resounding blow that he toppled over against the opposite wall of the corridor, 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 ludicrous 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 exhibited 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 landing:

"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 Pacific and will be kept up during the summer. Several companies of engineers are at work in the Cascades 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 Eastern Oregon, but when this is to be done, there is no telling. This country is anxiously awaiting further development in the matter, as the building of a railroad which will bring us into direct communication 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 building 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 system robbery or burglary; he would use some smooth word, like the gentleman from Ohio, (Butterworth), who said that custom duties were not a tax but a trade regulation. [Laughter.] He remembered reading 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 elder 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 revolution. 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 foundations, subvert the whole system of society, lower wages, throw great quantities of land out of cultivation, render it impossible for the government 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 toot,
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 Evarts 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 pursuaded 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., occurred another waterspout at Mitchell, scarcely less in magnitude 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 places 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.