

FRANK RAYMOND'S FAITH.

From Peterson's Magazine. A shady wood at noontide on a summer day—what quieter, cooler spot can be imagined? Into its depths, no outside sound can penetrate; the stillness seems so profound as to be almost oppressive.

A moment later, two figures—a young man and girl—emerge from an unexpected turn in the road and enter the wood. Two care-free denizens of that enchanted country—youth—you would say; for the girl's looks are as joyous as her laughter would betoken, and her companion seems thoroughly to enter into her mood.

"What can be more delightful than the shade of an old wood, on such a day?" cries Ethel, flushed and warm from exercise.

"You know I wanted you to stay here and rest, but wouldn't do it," says Frank, provokingly, proving that the "I-told-you-so" spirit is not confined to the feminine portion of humanity.

Ethel glances at him in a superior way.

"Ah! but I should not have enjoyed the shade half so much, except by contrast; so I was wiser, after all," she retorts, triumphantly, settling herself comfortably under the shadow of a great old tree and leaning against its huge trunk.

"Little philosopher!" laughs Frank, with an air of good-comradeship that seems to imply some sort of relationship between them, though it can hardly be that of brother and sister. Nor are they cousins. When Ethel was but a tiny baby, Mrs. Raymond had adopted her, and while children, the two played together as brother and sister, unconscious of the truth. Accident had disclosed it to both of them, and, though a great blow to Ethel at first, it was soon almost forgotten in the tenderness of her adopted family.

Six years spent by Frank at a distant school and college, somewhat altered the relations between them. At twenty-two he returned home to find Ethel developed into a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was, after all, not his sister.

"Really, Frank," says his companion, after a momentary silence, "you are a very lazy young gentleman," and she accentuates the remark with a severe glance from what the reproved one suddenly realizes are the handsomest eyes he has ever seen.

"Lazy?" he echoes, in amazement. "Yes, lazy, I said," continues his monitor, uncompromisingly. "Why?" is the astonished query. "Because you have idled away nearly a month here, and have not done one useful thing."

"Come now, Ethel, it isn't anything like a month," is the indignant protest. "Besides, haven't I been pegging away hard for the last six years? I think I deserve a little vacation—don't you?"

"But there was no relenting in the judge's face. "And then you make me waste so much time, too," she continues, severely; "why, I accomplish nothing at all lately."

Frank laughs, quite unabashed. "The mother told me, when I came home, that you were the most industrious young woman of her acquaintance; but I haven't seen any indication of it," he goes mischievously on.

"It's entirely your fault—you're always dragging me off on some expedition or another," Ethel defends herself, while a blush flits over her face. "Don't you think it must be nearly luncheon-time?" she added. And the two returned to the house.

Three weeks later, the Raymonds are still at their country-seat, although discussing plans of travel. Frank seems satisfied to loiter at home, not even caring for the visitors which his mother suggests as a means of enlivening things, Ethel was indifferent.

"What ever papa and you prefer; I am quite content here, this hot weather," she says, "where we can do as we please." So they stay.

Frank still insists on his adopted sister's entertaining him, and she does not seem averse to the task.

With the usual blindness of elders, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond are oblivious of what the young people themselves have not yet discovered—they are only perfectly happy.

One day, as usual, when the sun is low in the west, Frank persuades Ethel to bring her embroidery out in the grounds, where it was still perfectly light, though not sunny. He places a rustic chair for her near the great fountain, where they can hear its cool, gentle splash, and, book in hand, stretches himself at her feet. She throws off her sun-hat which she no longer needs, and prepares to work very industriously.

Frank reads for a while, but Ethel is not in the humor for listening—she is in a mischievous mood, and begins to tease the young man.

"You seem pensive, Frank," she observes, laughingly. "You have evidently left your heart behind you in Cambridge. Come, confide in me," she continues, coaxingly. "You know you assured me that you regarded me as a real sister. Tell me the name of your fair innamorata and all about her; I won't breathe a word to anyone."

"Nonsense!" says Frank, almost crossly. He does not relish this sort of teasing. He is beginning to comprehend that he does not regard this beautiful girl as a real sister at all.

But the more Ethel sees that Frank is actually teased, the more delighted she becomes, and she is about to go merrily on, when he suddenly interrupts her with:

"I don't look upon you as a real sister; there's no use in pretending that I do."

Ethel's neglected embroidery falls to the ground, as she springs up and flies precipitously toward the house, exclaiming hastily:

"Hark! Mamma is calling me."

Frank makes an attempt to follow her. He is wondering whether he was not mistaken in fancying that hot blushes chased each other across his companion's cheeks, when she fled so unceremoniously. Her confusion surely was encouraging.

Ethel does not stop till she reaches her own room and drops into a chair by the window, to let the evening breeze cool her burning face. She is in a strange whirl of mingled delight and dread.

Does Frank mean—Ah, no! what is she thinking of? He only meant to rebuke her impertinent curiosity as to his feelings; but her heart tells her better. It is growing dusk now, and Ethel is thankful—the friendly summer twilight will hide her confusion.

When it is quite dark, she goes downstairs, knowing they will wonder where she is. She finds Mrs. Raymond alone in the drawing room.

"Frank went for a walk, and your father accompanied him," the lady explains, and Ethel is much relieved to hear it. There are no lights, and, as it is a moonless night, the shadows, so she takes an opportunity at Mrs. Raymond's feet and sits silent for a while.

"Mother," she says, suddenly, in a low constrained voice, "have you really told me all you know about my own parents? Is there nothing more to tell?"

"Nothing, dear. I wish, for your sake, there were," is the gentle answer. "Your father died abroad, and your mother came home to give you birth and then to too. The shock killed your grandmother, the only relative she knew of, and then you came to us."

Ethel sighs. "Never mind, dear, since you can learn so little about them—you belong to us now."

There is a world of tenderness in her adopted mother's voice, but that cannot quite satisfy Ethel tonight.

"If I only knew something about them—about my father," she goes on, in a low voice.

"Your mother and I were friends when we were young, as I have told you," answered Mrs. Raymond. "but we had not seen each other for years. It was a strange coincidence that I should hear of your father's state and take you for my own, but I could never learn anything about your father."

Ethel only presses the soft sighs and replies. The shadow of a fond sadness seems to mingle with the joy that is awaking in her heart as Frank's words steal in.

When Ethel goes to bed that night she cannot help wondering whether Mr. and Mrs. Raymond were as willing to claim her as Frank

As they were to adopt her as their daughter. Toward evening on the following day, a traveler upon a jaded and rather forlorn-looking horse, might have been seen jogging along the high road just outside of the Raymonds' land. This portion of their place was wild and uncultivated, Mr. Raymond having just lately bought it.

There being no fence yet erected between the public road and the private land, the horseman guided his weary least across a stony meadow and halted under a tree. Here he fastened his horse, and, by a roundabout path, found his way into the grounds near the house, where the shrubbery was thickest.

That morn'g, Frank and his father had gone to town on business quite unexpectedly, leaving Ethel and her mother alone together all day, for which the young girl was not at all sorry. Frank had pressed her hand very tenderly when he bade her good-bye, and her eyes had fallen under his eloquent gaze.

Late in the afternoon, Ethel had taken a book and sat in the garden, so busily reading that she did not hear footstep as the strange intruder entered the shrubbery.

A man of about forty-five or fifty, his clothes were shabby as well as travel-stained, his face dark and sinister, and his entire appearance was decidedly repellent. A shadow fell athwart the page of Ethel's book, and she looked up with a start of astonishment, to see this unprepossessing stranger near. A cry broke from her, but the man shook his head and spoke in a tone of command that she was silent.

Mr. Raymond and his son being detained by some complication in their business over night, they sent a message home to that effect and remained in the city.

Early in the morning, they received an unexpected telegram in reply. It said: "Come back at once."

Alarmed though uncomprehending, they took the first train and reached their destination before noon.

The house and grounds seemed strangely still and oppressive, as Frank turned the key in the lock and swung back the great door. A servant in the hall, evidently waiting, came forward and gravely informed them that Mrs. Raymond was in her room.

[To be Continued]

U.S. Standard Scales for Weighing. A large illustration of a platform scale with text describing its accuracy and use.

THE CRY OF MILLIONS! OH, MY BACK! STOP IT NOW! SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE. A testimonial for a kidney medicine, including a list of ailments and a small illustration of a person.

The Grandest Book on the Subject of the Yosemite Valley. A large, detailed illustration of a mountain landscape with text describing the book's content.

FREE! FREE! A small advertisement for a product, featuring a circular logo and text about a free offer.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER PURCHASE SMITH & WESSON'S. An advertisement for Smith & Wesson revolvers, showing an illustration of a revolver and listing its features.

ASK FOR IT! THE SELF-THREADING ELDRIDGE "B" ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. An advertisement for Eldridge Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a tin and a woman.

SYRUP OF FIGS. Combines the juice of the Blue Figs of California, so laxative and nutritious, with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system. An advertisement for a medicinal syrup.

20 BOOKS GIVEN AWAY. We will send the entire list of Twenty Valuable Books enumerated and described below, to every subscriber to this paper for the ensuing year. An advertisement for a book giveaway.

LEAVENING POWER. Of the various Baking Powders illustrated from actual tests. A list of various baking powder brands and their characteristics.

HOME AND FARM, LOUISVILLE, KY. The Leading Agricultural Journal of the South and West. Made by Farmers for Farmers. An advertisement for an agricultural journal.

FARMERS' OWN PAPER. A record of their daily life, presented in a form and language which make it plain to all. An advertisement for a farmers' newspaper.

PRINTERS' INK. A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS. Is issued in the first and fifteenth days of each month, and is the representative journal—the trade journal of American advertisers. An advertisement for a printing ink journal.

THE BEST SEEDS. D. M. FERRY & CO. Seed Annual. An advertisement for a seed catalog, featuring an illustration of a cow.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. An advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a tin.

THE BEST And the Cheapest FAMILY PAPER The Golden Censer OF ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS. An advertisement for a family paper.

FREE. One of the BEST TO escape. I have used this medicine and it has cured me. An advertisement for a medicine, featuring an illustration of a bottle.

LAUREL. Report on Entries, Contents, Terms, Land, Scrip Locations, Townsites, &c. \$1.00. An advertisement for a report on land scrip.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE. THE BEST WOODWORK. AN ATTACHMENT. An advertisement for a sewing machine attachment.

HOME AND FARM, LOUISVILLE, KY. The Leading Agricultural Journal of the South and West. Made by Farmers for Farmers. An advertisement for an agricultural journal.

FARMERS' OWN PAPER. A record of their daily life, presented in a form and language which make it plain to all. An advertisement for a farmers' newspaper.

STOCK BRANDS. HARPER & BROTHERS. ILLUSTRATED. An advertisement for stock brands, featuring an illustration of a cow.

P. F. STENGER. Horses branded on Either Right or Left side: OR. Range—Grant county, Oregon. P. O.—Burns, Grant county, Oregon. 27-17. An advertisement for a horse brand.

ALMEDA A. STENGER. CATTLE branded on Left side: circle 2. A Split in each ear. Range—Harney and Grant county Oregon P. O.—Burns, Harney county, Or. An advertisement for a cattle brand.

RILEY & HARDIN. Address ISAAC FORSTER. Horses branded on Left Side: Horizontal Double M. CATTLE branded on Left side: V. Underbit in Right ear, close-up. Left ear smooth crop. Range—Grant, Crook, and Lake counties. P. O.—Riley, Grant county, Oregon. 27-17. An advertisement for a horse and cattle brand.

W. B. TODD HUNTER. CATTLE branded with "Wrench" on Left Hip. Ear marks: Cheeserop of the high ear; Under slope in the left ear. HORSES are branded with "Wrench" on the Left thigh. Range: Grant and Malheur counties. P. O. address: Burns, Grant Co., Oregon. An advertisement for a horse and cattle brand.

\$500 I will pay Five Hundred Dollars for the name of any person or persons, killing or maiming any of the stock of the above brand or belonging thereto. An advertisement for a reward.

Harper's Weekly. Harper's Bazar. Harper's Young People. An advertisement for Harper's magazines.

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