THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1890. A KNOT OF PANSIES.

From New York Weekly: Marian Willoubby stood at the and shunning observation, she had left the gay party down stairs, to be this unwonted weakness.

What is it that stirs that proud heart, and brings the tears to those glorious steel-colored eyes?

Simply the tones of a voice, unvoice, which, in the "by-gone hours" tranged, and one too proud to hear, stately and reserved.

None but herself knew the agony

abroad to receive the homage of fortunate enough to----" the silly, vapid men who thronged the stately saloons of London, and they little dreamed how she was, in her inmost heart, comparing vehemence, that they were not worthy to utter his name.

For she loved him, in spite of a 1 Although she believed that he had deserted her, had deserted her for another, she could not tear his image from her heart, but loved on. Years had changed the girl o eighteen, fresh and blithe as a morning in June, to a womar, gloriously beautiful, but cold, immovable as a frozen sea. It had cost her years of pain to attain that calm exterior, and was it all to be innihilated by the tones of a voice.

With a mighty effort the tears were driven back, the hands were pressed tightly over the wildly throbbing heart, and pride, all pow erful pride, came to her aid. She turned from the window, arranged her glossy braids, and left the room. In the breakfast-room a merry

group were assembled at luncheon All greeted her entrance with looks and words of pleasure, and little Lou Granger made room for her between herself and Charley May, which was an exceeding stretch of kindness on Lou's part, not entirel appreciated by the young man.

friends of long standing, I believe." herself. So Marian, as she stood She raised her eyes for a moment, before her mirror, ready to descend and their lovely light seemed to the to the drawingroom, could not help sick soldier to bathe his weary feeling glad that she was becomingheart in a flood of heavenly radi- ly dressed. A soft, fleecy, white ance. One little moment her hand material of some kind draped her

lay in his; the splendor of those stately figure, unreveiled by any eyes was on him, and then-all was touch of color. Excitement had window of her chamber at Hazie- over. A calm, cold voice said to dyed her cheeks with a lovely rose hurst, tapping nervously on the him that, "Colonel Everton" was tint, and her suberbeyes shown like glass with her slender flugers. She "welcome home," and he felt as if stars, under her long dark lashes. was strangely disturbed, and moved an icy mantle had descended, and As she stood waiting for Bella's out of her usual cold, proud bearing. shut out from his view that little light step in the corridor, in order to join her and go down under her glimpse of his lost love. Those eves were the eyes of the wing, her maid entered the room. alone, and to reason herself out of Marian he used to adore, but the and as she saw her mistress all ready, exclaimed: voice was that of a stranger.

I don't think either of them knew "Oh, Miss Marian, why didn't how the hour of that lunchcon you ring? Miss Lou had me fixing passed. No other words were ex- her hair, and I was listening to changed by them after that cold hear you, but I couldn't. And now heard for years; a hearty, manly greeting, and when they rose from you are all dressed; and here is the table, the gentlemen, with one this pretty little bunch of flowers had called her "darling." It was or two exceptions, strolled out to the strange Colonel told me to give

the old, old story. Two heart es- enjoy their cigars on the terrace, you-and a little note." Of those who remained beh nd. Martan's cheeks wore a deeper or heed, an explanation. And so Colonel Everten was not one, and tinge as Milly concluded her speech, they had parted, and Marian Will- as Marian saw him leave the room but without a word she held out oughby appeared to the world un- without a glance in the direction of her hand to receive the flowers. changed, save that the was more the window where she sat alone, As she took the little to quet a flood of recollections rushed over her bitter thoughts ran thus:

"What a fool I am to care for a her.

of that prond, undisciplined heart; man who, loving another woman, A knot of paneles, exquisitely mno eye was on her in her hours of has long since forgotten how he ranged, and the most perfect specisleepless wretchedness; and she swore once to love me forever! Ah, men she had ever seen. She rose up from her vigils, and went men's faith! Who has ever been thought of the day she had told Maurice it was her favorite flower, Here her bitter musings were in- and how he had said she should

terrupted by a call from Mrs. Hare have heart's-case all her life. and son to join them in a game of She commanded her voice sufcroquet; so, rousing herself, she ficiently to tell Milly that she did them with Manrice Everton, and threw on her little garden-hat, not need her she had better 10 and declaring to herself, with passionate which hung in the hall, and they all offer her service to some of the went out on the terrace, to beat up young ladies, and hardly had she a few recruits from among the closed the door before Marian , ad

smokers. to n open the little note attached to One glance at Marian's cold the pansies, with a wild hope dawnhaughty face served to keep Colo- ing in her heart that in some way nel Everton at a distance, and as Maurice Everton was going to prove the party want on to the croquet true and noble, as she had believen grounds, he turned away by him- him in those old days.

[Fo be Continued.] self, into a lonely thrubbery-path which, Marian well re nem e cd. led to a pretty grotto in the park,

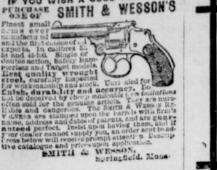
where in the old days they had etten sat, hand clasped in hand, and feeling that the whole world co ... tained no greater happiness than

theirs. "Why," she thought, with a moan, "do these things come tack to me thus? Can 1 never forget? Ah, if I could be cold, cold like him! It does not matt r to him that we ever walked that path to gether. Why cannot I forget?'

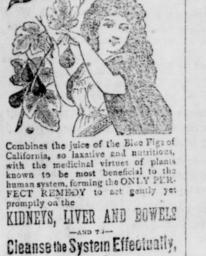
She played so badly that Lou Granger laughingly told her that she believed she was in love, and then looked frightened to death at having dared to joke with dignified Miss Willoughby.

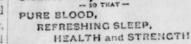
it all worth to her? There was no

She need not have been afraid Marian hardly heard her even, and "Where have you been?" cried

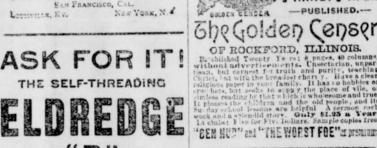


IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER





Naturally follow. Every one is using it and all are delighted with it. Ask your druggist for SYRUP OF FIGS. Manu-factured only by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.





Factory and Wholesale Cffice, Belvidere, Ill. 271 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 89 Broad Street, New York

IN ITS EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

AND PARM species boldly and fearles of "Tarmers' Rights." It favora of the taviff in behalf of the farmer :

" Fair Trade and Farmers' Birber."



-

BIST HE BES

In it are com-bined the fin-

est mechania

and practic

all known ad

vantages that

ing machine

desirable to

cell or use.

make a sew

skill, th

most useful



M. FERRYACO.



stifle: OR

ATTLE

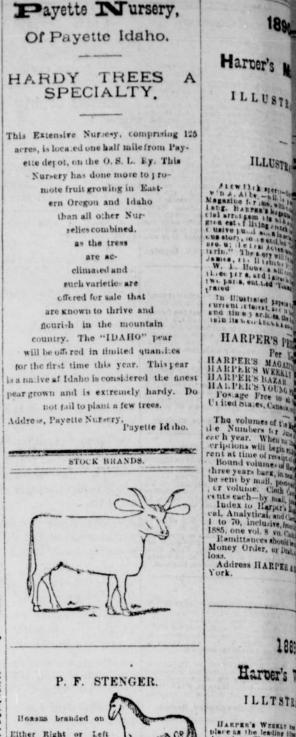
Range-Grant county, Oreg

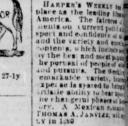
P. O .- Burns, Grant county, Oregon.

ALMEDA A. STENGER.

Range-Harney and Grant county Oreg P. O.-Burns, Harney county, Or.







ILLTST

ILLUSTR : III--

RPER WEEKLY RPEL'S MAGAZ LARPER'S BAZAL LARPER'S YOUN Poatage Free to al

Gerets. HALPER

Harpers

HARPER'S BARAR INI

ILLUSTEL TH

RILEY & HARDIN. Address ISANC FOSTER. 20 BOOKS GIVEN AWA oft Stife: Horizontal LO UNION SOUARE, HY CASLASTER THE STREET CATTLE branded N. 245. Mrs. Candle's ' artain Lectur No. 214. Adventures of a Bachelor, By the an No. 214. Adventures of a Bachelor, By the au How to Make and Save Money on From the Earth to the Moon. A Rauge: Grant, Crook, and Lake countles. P. J.-Biller, Grant county, Oregon, 27-y The Little Old Man of the Batlg-A Noval. By ENLE COMMAN. A Danverone Woman, A Novel. By S STRUCTERS. The Landen Farm Bride, A Novel. States of the second Intries, Contests, Tra Derrick's Daughter, A Sovel. Scrip Locations, Townshoz, &cf \$ 100. The Baron's Will, A Novel. By STL-The Peril of Richard Pardon. A R.L. FARJEON. Blackbird Hill, A Novel. By Estner W. B TODHUNTER. rendo, and The Guardian's Plot. A Novel, By CATTLE branded with "S-Wranch" on Left Hip. Ear marks: CL se-ropoff the kight ear: inder Sope in The The Gray Falcon, A Novel. By M. T. KN. CO The Sorrow of a Secret. A Novel. VARANTNO TOK. D. C. Percy and the Prophet. A Novel Left ear. The Borry of a Wedding Ring, A Martyn Ware's Temptation, A GUIDE, 124 pp.) prise only 200. (seeingo stamps, A Modera Cinderella, A Novel. By The Island Home. A Novel. By M. T. The Faial Glove, A Noval. By CLARA LEAVENING POWER Of the various Baking Fowders illas eft thigh. trated from actual wests. 17 Outo' TO THE AND THE PARTY HOME AND FARM. Range: Grant and Malheur counties. P. O. address: Hurns, Grant co., Oregon LOUISVILLE, RY. 1.3M762011 ('ent). BET STATE ALADE TO The Londing Agricultural Journal of the South and West. EASIGRO'S (when Such) this state and a second state Made by Farmers for Farmers. CRAET + (Alars Familes) Corrections \$500 I will pay Five Hundred Dollars for As a record of successful agriculture, Hour on or persons, killing or stealing any of the above brand or belonging thereto. farmers then selves. Na cope ring a full account of every the farm. It is distinction CLEVELAND'S y the farmers th FIDUETA (San Translace) FARMERS' OWN PAPER. C153 their daily life, presented in ge which make it plain to all. Da. PRICE SECONDERVICE STREET ITS LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS SNOW FLARE Croster. ins the names of the most progre the South and West. They do coretical farming, but of the ne Walkin confront us to day. B CONCRESS. 11 - 11 ANG Walch confront us to-day : B. F. Joldo F. Brown : Henry Stewart : John M. Ford : Jeff. Welborn : Hugh T. Brooks dgar : Sicele's Expon : T. B. Roldwin et others make this journal indigenter it is seen to be HECKER'S .. CONTRACTOR OF PRINTERS' INK. CHLET'S HANFORD'S Clean Such, when not had A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS. A HOME MAGAZINE. Is isreed as the first and fifteenth days of each mbject of interest to the home-make ated. Mary Marsden, Lois Catesby, M Mrs. Daviess, Miss Cabell, Miss Mo-inston and a score of others will con-RUMPOTE'S * (Phaplane), when not fpah menth, and is the representative journal-the trade Deports of Government Chemists. tournal of American advertisers. It indicates to the larly. erperienced advertiser her, when and where he FAITH LATIMER The Royal Baking Powder is composed of Is in charge of our Children's Department, and she has the peculiar faculty of being both inshould advertice ; how to write as advertisement ; how pure and wholesome ingredients. It does no to Cicplay one; what newspapers to une ; how much contain cliber alum or photohatea, or other i THE MYSTERY OF THE NATION michs substances - FOWARD G. LOVE, Ph.D. atter to espend-is fact, discources is every point Is a thrilling story oppearing in bross : Faran, by Joing B. Musick, and is exciting a attention. Shert stories by distinguished wrb appear from time to time. that simils of profitable discussion. Advertising is "The Royal Balling Poweler is undoubted! he purcht and most reliable loking poord. an art practized by many but understood by few. The "HUNEY A. Mort, M. D., Ih. D." sendactors of PRINTERS' INT understand it. and CILL ARP'S LETTERS their advice is based on an experience of more than ever more interesting than a "The Royal Balling Post is purest in qui

Mrs. Hare, a pretty burnette, and great favorite with all the company at Hazlehurst. "Did you know part. that we have had a great addition. adies separated, to rest a while in to our party? Colonel Everton their rooms before dressing for dinhas arrived."

ner, Marian took herself scrously "And only think !" said Lou, "he to task. Seated before a cheering has been away from England for wood fire, she teasoned with h rse years and years! Wasn't it in Inupon her folly and m.d es . S.a. dia Mr. May?"

ried to think only of what she con-"Yes, Miss Lou; he is a great he s.d. red her wrongs, and the parting ro, and we civilians will have to tive years ago, when he had returned hide our diminished heads. In her letters and her ring-d mand went all through the late war, was d by her, when she was told, 1fearfully wounded, and his hearth. ne whom she could not dou t has been bad ever since. Indeed. it is the cause of his leaving India. that he had spoken sligh i gly o. I heard that the sergeon of his register, and had acknowledged his lov for another woman. He had the ment told him he would not answer to speak, but she would not hear for his life if he remained there He has just arrived at Stoke-Hatton. him, and so, with a haughtines for Prospectus VOutpit M Once equal to her own, he had Lower and Lord Conway, like a good feilow, brought him over to enliven us clodly and left her. Now it seemed to le im ossiele,

slow ones a little." No one noticed Marian's deathly thinking of the past, to remember paleness. She felt as if an iron anything but the rich, tender voice hand had clutched her heart, that had called her his own and Maurice near her, under the same olessed her for the "ocautiful love" roof, and ill. Could she bear it, and she had given him. Her heart give no sign of what she was endur- would not be hardened toward him. when the rememt rance of his worn. ing?

Presently, as in a dream, sh weary face was with her; and she could not forget it. Rich leutiheard a voice say: "Sir Arthur took them off to his ful, orphaned Marian Willoughov

dressing-room, and they will join was society's during, but what was us presently."

Was she then to meet him so soon; heart, loving, tender, and true, to She felt like a caged animat, and which she reigned supreme, though looked wildly atound her for some of lovers she could count a secr . avenue of escape. She had had bad bace she though that Mauric risen from her seat, with the words Everton's love was hers, and for . on her lips, "You must excuse me," little while how beautiful h + If when the dwar opened, and her promised to be! But the serper brother, Sir A thur Willoughby, en. had crept in among the flowers, a. d tered, closely followed by Lord Con- her happiness was pi oned and dead forever. And now she must way and Colonel Everton.

It was too late. She must nerve meet him calmly, cold, and prove herself for the mosting. She was to him that she could be as oblyi conscious of a great hum and clam- ous of the past as he was. or of voices, many old fitends of Having wrought herself up to Colonel Everton being present, all this pitch of excitement and anter joyful at meeting him onee more; she proceeded to her telet. No

and then she heard Sir Arthur say: matter how mizerable a woman "Erection, went and Merjan ere may be, she never forents to adde

tea. It had an almost the rest of the game was played ous effect, and to the aston ient of all the guests at the hotel, without any show of inter st on her in a few days,I am happy to state hat I was a new map. I ecommend the tea to all affi as I have been So the day ware on. When the

G. A. TUPPER, Proprietor Occidental Hotel, Santa Rosa, Col.

THE CRY OF MILL JE

OH. MY BACK!

STOP IT NOW.

In the Heart of the Sierras." The GRANDEST BOOK GRANDEST SUBJECT The World-Renowned Valley -The MAMMATH THES. The Thundering Cataracts The Placed Latues_ Active Agente Manted II and Gold Mines -and Cavennas of this Sublime Region are reproduced Tarnitary. We give BIG DISCOUNTS and Pay RE. PILTURE Sana 11.50 the Freight. S. Touniary Eathon Wonder hinner Paren, flasible Clath, post par in \$1.50 Everybody Wante it --BES. PREIFIC PRESS PUL'S Co. ONTLAND Cal. P 43 Brasst, Sam)irk, 17



Why, Addie, you needn't cryabe aid sirs. / llen was a very we an, and i vished you would follo "Yes, and last week you said you

all ber own ciothes. Bat nas what I haven't." in Lat. "What is that?" ins Lan. "Weat is that?" all of hestel

Bins Lan. "What is that Bins Lan. "Well, the g fion from the Magaz no to the knows all that is goin the gets all of her informa-no trey take. I admit that soing on, and is bright and wraining in conversation, but i con do a l as the dees if I had be same source o connation. She inth me the last number of is gamine lately, and I learned more in one Lour has designed by and I learned more in one Lour the new section of the new secti top's of interest, fr in to the details of any is so beautifully hing is so benefifully illustrated, to Manio goes over to the Alens's and idages for to get you to the Family Mainting, as the stories every no is perce; and ly nonderin Mr. Allen how it suit Ms. LET mily 1 etter send for a g like what you ie whole f us."

nings Demorest at. New York, is for to centa a

and highest in strength of any baking poi : I have Laurahouse St. MCMUSSRIP. Th. D. t alling possion, no taster bo remain, no to be avoided as dat



twenty-fre years in placing adverticing contracts for many of the largest and most su coostal advertisers A year's ruberription costs but Cas Dellar : sample

Nevapager Adver

opies Free. Address :--

CEO. P. ROWELL & CO. to Spring St., Merr York.