

RED HOON ON THE HILL.

When the light is gently fading,
And the day is drawing near,
I put on a book of ballads,
And I read the story o'er.

PAYING THE PRICE

By Mrs. MORA PERKINS.

ROBERT HALLECK had returned.
Said Isabel Brenner from her cozy seat
Before the fire, where she sat
Lovingly and idly, among a group of busy ladies.

"And have you seen him?" asked one of the ladies.
"Is he not here?" asked another.
"Is he not in the town just before dinner?"

Isabel Brenner was the loveliest girl in all Dune,
With rippling hair touched to gold by every sunbeam
That chanced to fall upon it,
While her wide gray eyes held all sorts of thrilling lights and shadows.

"Perhaps his return has something to do with Janet Wilson's absence this afternoon,"
reminded Mrs. Brenner.
"Has she not been absent for months until to-day?"

"What would it matter to poor old Janet?"
questioned Isabel.
"Are you engaged to be married at the time he went away. Every one supposes he fitted her."

"Oh, then he is as old as Janet! Why she is gray, has been ever since I can remember."

"He is not so old, my dear. That was it. She must have been fifty, and he only a boy of 19. No one pitied Janet much, because she should not have encouraged him. A woman of her age should have known better."

Mentioning the subject of her conversation as in her little parlor,
looking with weary eyes into the grate,
where the fire had long since died out,
leaving only colorless ashes.

She had a tall, slender woman, with a fine olive complexion which alone seemed to have retained the beauty of youth.
Great masses of almost snowy hair were gathered into a knot at the back of her well-shaped head,
which even in her dejection was held somewhat proudly, while the heavy folds of her loose, dark gown swept about her feet and lay in a lusterless heap upon the floor.

Mrs. Brenner had been right. Janet's absence from the Aid Society was due to Robert Halleck's coming.
He had appeared in Dune. She had seen him get off the train at the station.
Robert Halleck in the full vigor of manhood, tall, dark, handsome, with eyes that held her hand and earth once—not so very long ago—and yet an eternity to her.

She had felt the shock of his return like a thunderbolt striking and felling a wildling tree for one brief moment,
and then had come the realization that he had returned at last—the whom she had repaid him the devotion he had brought her.
Dune said she had been to blame, that she had lured a boy—only a boy, who had lured her of her nature charmed at last, her moment, and then had come the realization that he had returned at last—the whom she had repaid him the devotion he had brought her.

A scornful smile flickered over her face at the thought. At 25 she had been beautiful in the rich, dark style of her southern ancestors—beautiful with jet black hair, magnificent eyes, and a figure of perfect contour and grace.
She knew, to no better fate, that the slender, dark-eyed boy whom she had loved without any effort of hers, had lured her to him, that he had come into her life of his own free will, and gone, leaving her bearing away her wealth of love.

She remembered how she had scorned herself for loving a boy; how surely her pride had been wounded when she pledged her heart to him, but she had loved him none the less.

And he? Well, he went away one day and came no more. She had waited for his return and grown old in waiting.

His parents had been unfeignedly glad, for they had always been proud of her, not even counting upon the glad light went from her eyes and the snow spread so thickly over her magnificent hair.

Now, he had returned a young man—she had become an old woman in appearance. But he should pay the price of her youth and hope. No man should rob her of both youth and reason, and leave her to bear the pain and humiliation alone.

From those windows facing eastward,
From these windows facing west,
I see the pleasant valley,
I see the mountain's wood-crust.

When the darkness softly deepens,
And the evening lights are lit,
I see the mountain's wood-crust,
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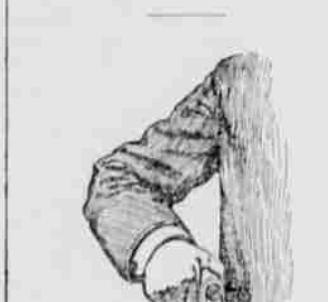
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FOREIGN FACTS AND FANCIES.

Nearly the whole of the Central American Indian crop is gathered in May.

Brigandage is reported to be rampant within two hours' ride of Vienna on the Austro-Hungarian frontier.

The production of tea has been so great that 19 out of 45 companies in London could not pay a dividend this year.

Large shipbuilding companies in Germany which had ordered the construction of a number of large freight vessels for ocean trade have considered the orders on account of business depression.

India was in possession of a steel secret, which is lost now. This was the alloying with gold of steel blades in such a manner that the strength of the blades was not impaired by their tempering.

The sovereign postcard boom has reached its height in Germany. The imperial post office instituted a check for a week and discovered that the daily average of these pictorial messages of travel reached the enormous total of 1,400,000.

Over the sea burned, sage brush and alfalfa plants which you may just as well take a delightful, cool and comfortable ride through the heart of the Rocky mountains in view of the grandest scenery of the American Continent.

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THAT FIEND.

A fiend of evil day and night,
Pursues and haunts me;
He laughs my courage pite to flight,
He preaches death to me.

At ten he has a scream make me melancholy,
He comes to me to fall to take a hard "half volley."

He says: "Oh, you will never learn,
You're such a duffer!"
Until my tingling fingers burn.

At golf he leaps the whole round through of beating "Hoggy,"
I have myself allied to
As "that old foggy."

He asks me riddles from school
And makes me look as big a fool
As he is able;

He sets me awful sums to do—
In manner lowly,
Assures me I may know,
They're "heavily easy."

His eyes—they're a new machine—
I had to buy it,
Contempt in every smile to see
Whence it came;

He says he's glad (and so am I)
I'm not his brother;
To distant lands he'd like to fly,
But this—his mother!

Of sweet revenge I'll have my fill—
He'll rue it, mark you!
Just let him wait six weeks until
I'm his stepfather!
—Clifton Bingham, in Pearson's Magazine.

The Terror of Tankerville

By GEORGE B. BENT.

THROUGH the mist which hung like a pall above the waters of an unfamiliar sea, the sun appeared blood-red and angry. In the high valley, away to the westward, the billows of a new river were still rushing madly towards the inundated lowlands.

In the bow of the river of Death lay the demolished town of Tankerville, its submerged streets still illuminated by the glow of a dozen incandescent lamps, which distorted into weird shadows the many gruesome objects that rolled by in an endless procession just beneath the surface.

And in the distance, the engines of the generating station were still clanking noisily, for the engineer had long since fled from his post to gaze in silent horror upon the struggling forms which floated by, in twos and threes, on the relentless tide below.

In the center of a floating table a man in a frock coat, grasping a revolver in his right hand, his face framed by a long tangled beard and a mass of unkempt hair, was erect and repulsive. His shirt, open at the front, showed a newly-inflicted wound upon the breast. The human derelict was an outcast and a felon who had been so often described by the police as the "Terror of Tankerville" that he was known in the district by no other name.

The frail raft upon which he sat on the eddying tide, but the outcast clung tenaciously with his bare feet to the few yards of wood which formed the deck of his craft, holding the shining thing in his hand high above the reach of the water.

A hand shot out suddenly from the center of the whirlpool, and three fingers grasped the narrow ledge of the table top, causing the raft to heel over dangerously. The three fingers worked convulsively for a moment, and the fourth, a mere stump, moved in nervous sympathy with the others, the whole viciously towards the submerged side, and the raft gently righted itself. In the whirlpool's center a white face peered slowly for a moment and then disappeared.

A child's voice, clear and shrill, above the roar of the rapids and the crash of grinding wreckage. The man who held the pistol looked at his weapon for the first time and turned cautiously round in the direction of the sound. At the same moment some floating vessel, in the shape of a large bath or cistern, struck sharply against the end of the raft and capstern, leaving a toy form struggling on the surface of the water, within arms' length of the outcast.

The engineer on the valley side shaded his eyes, for the sun had changed from blood red to gold, and the floating objects on the great lake were bathed in a dazzling white light. For a moment the raft appeared indistinct and shadowy; then it glided down the stream in a silver ray, and the figure of a man and a child stood out in bold relief against a dark background of broken and fit.

"Where are we going to, granddad?" asked the child, gazing up at his strange companion with a pitiful smile.

"To the Kingdom come, now!" replied the "Terror," grimly addressing the small audience of survivors who had been assembled in the saloon of the Projected.

"I always call old men 'granddad,'" said the boy, "and you are a grand old man, aren't you?"

"Not so very, judge!" by appearance.

"Is it the same 'Kingdom come' as I say in my prayers, 'jus' before 'Thy Will be done'?"

REAL ENJOYMENT.

The woman who reads this will understand by the title of this article, that she is a person who has been made wretched by a disorder which is called "Pierce's Pleasant Pellets."

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Where did you leave your dad this morning?"

"He was standing by the bedroom window."

"Why, you're hurt yourself, granddad!" exclaimed the boy, at sight of the wound on the breast of his companion.

"Did you get hurt, savin' somebody?"

"Daddy did. He saved a man from bein' torn to pieces in the mill, an' lost his own finger."

"The outcast started convulsively. 'Lost his finger, did he?' he gasped, hoarsely. 'Which finger was it?'"

"The finger that you point with."

"The hand you don't write with. Did you ever see dad?"

"Only once."

"An' did you see his poor finger?"

"I wish to heaven I hadn't!"

"Where did you see him?"

"The outcast did not answer. The raft was traveling more evenly now, but a quarter of a mile or so ahead lay a long reach of broken water."

"Our ship'll never get through that rapid under a double weight," muttered the outcast, looking his face averted from the searching glance of the child.

"Tell me what to do, quick! There's no time to lose!" cried the Terror, with a furtive glance at the rapid ahead.

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American Order of Steam Engineers, Oregon Council No. 7, meets first and third Saturdays, at A. O. U. W. hall. BERT F. MYRICK, Chief Engineer Corresponding Engineer.

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