

WILL AND I.

I had been sitting at my desk for a full hour, engaged in the laudable occupation of doing nothing.

Once more it was winter—the sunny New Orleans winter—and Will and I were together. I recalled the hours passed in reading and writing and music; the drives and walks and theaters.

This is not a sensational story that I am about to tell. I warn my readers in advance that there is nothing startling or wildly romantic in it.

"Constance," he said one night as we stood on the moonlit gallery, with its luxuriant rose vines and the great yellow roses clambering up to shake down their showers of fragrance in our faces.

Beautiful, velvety, bright world, where the glad ghosts meet.

Something in his voice made my heart ache.

"Why do you speak so sadly?" I asked him. "Never mind the fortune, Will. I care nothing for that, if you are only spared to me."

"I know it, dear, tender little heart," he answered softly. "You are the only true woman in the world, Constance.

"Nonsense!" I cried sturdily, "that is sheer superstition, and it is very wrong to believe in it, dear. No one knows the future. I would never think of that again if I were you."

I tried to smile as I spoke—to shake off the strange feeling that would oppress me, to try as I might—but all in vain.

Everything was made ready, and on the following night—the night before his departure—we were quietly married in a quaint little old church in one of the retired streets of New Orleans.

The sad parting came next day—and he went back to his northern home, while I returned to my work, brightened only by the hope of meeting in the summer at quiet Long Beach.

I am not a superstitious woman. I had laughed at Will for his own dread of the supernatural and his belief in a prophecy, but we had not been parted a whole month when something very curious happened.

But for those letters I would have given up my hold upon hope and would have succumbed to despair.

But one day no letter came. I felt a strange sinking at the heart—an awful sense of depression; darkness gathered over my life. Suspense—hope deferred; these are the two emotions which serve to kill the human heart, to darken and blight existence.

I stood leaning against one of the columns which supported the gallery, the scent of the roses that he loved floating all around me.

I turned my eyes, and there before me in the cold moonlight stood Will—my husband.

With a wild incredulous cry of delight and rapture, I flung my arms about him—only to grasp empty air! No one was there! Will was gone!

I fell to the gallery floor and lay there like a dead woman.

When I opened my eyes, the moon was shining down upon me, just as calm and cold and imperial as ever. I struggled to a sitting posture and gazed wildly about me.

The next day—no letter, and the next, still no letter. Oh, the anguish of hope deferred!

The time had come now for me to go to Long Beach, as I had promised him. I would keep my word—no matter how hard it might be, I would go there.

So I went. Oh, the long, dreary, un-terminable days, with only the monotonous waters before me, the blue, blue sky and golden sunshine always the same.

Last night I saw him again. I had gone down to the beach in the moonlight and walked slowly and sadly up and down the white stretch of sand at the water's edge.

With a wild cry I attempted to grasp him, but there was no one there.

Today is his thirtieth birthday, or would have been, but I feel that my darling is no more; that the visions I have seen were warnings sent me of his fate.

So I have been sitting here in the morning sunlight thinking of the past. Can one wonder greatly that my pen lies idle and utterly refuses to produce the love tales of others? Is not my own love story as sad a one as I can ever write?

I hear the sound of wheels and glance listlessly from the open window at my side. A carriage has stopped before the gate. Two men are assisting a third to alight. They are bringing him slowly up the walk to the house.

They reach the house at last and assist the feeble form up the steps of the broad gallery into my presence.

It was all ended now—that dreary separation. Upon his thirtieth birthday, oh, so happy and hopeful, my Will had come back to me, never to leave me again!

"I shall never more laugh at any one for being superstitious," I said the next day, gazing into the deep, dark eyes of the loved one so happily returned to me.

"Thank heaven that my superstitious fears were not realized."

I have never been able to account for that strange illusion. To this day I cannot make up my mind what it was that I had seen.

But it was not Will's ghost, and that is all I care to know, after all.—Toronto Mail.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

During the middle ages the country now called Belgium was known by the name of Flanders, or perhaps it would be better to say that Flanders was the largest of the several feudal provinces included in that territory.

The proud and wealthy burghers chafed under the sovereignty of the feudal lords, and in Ghent particularly this feeling of independence was very strong.

Now, Earl Louis was neither a wise statesman nor a brave general, and he foolishly augmented the public ill will by endeavoring to rob Ghent of its superior advantages.

Earl Louis then dispatched another company, which met with the same fate. These were decided acts of rebellion, but the men of Ghent were in the right, and the earl was in the wrong.

The earl of Flanders was very angry with the men of Ghent, and he summoned an army by which he hoped to conquer his rebellious subjects.

Earl Louis did not feel much alarmed at the approach of the enemy, for the strong walls of Bruges seemed to laugh to scorn a host of a besieger.

At the approach of the enemy, for the strong walls of Bruges seemed to laugh to scorn a host of a besieger.

He was preceded by torchbearers and trumpeters, and a man bearing a banner on which was the famous Flemish lion wrought in gold.

And now up the streets marched the men of Ghent, shouting: "Death to the earl! Down with feudal tyranny!"

"My lord," said Robert de Marechaut, a near and loyal friend, "march not against them—they outnumber us 10 to 1."

"Flanders for the lion!" cried the earl. But when he saw the numerous and well appointed host and heard the murderous cries his heart misgave him.

"Hasten for your life!" whispered Sir Robert. "I am the earl and you De Marechaut."

But this deceit was quickly discovered, and wishing for no man's life save the earl's the rebels hastened in all directions after the illustrious fugitive.

Hard pressed, for he saw his enemies before and behind him, he rapped at the door of a low cottage.

"I am only a poor widow, but such as I have I give you. My lord, enter."

It was a poor, thatched roofed hut with only one room. The loft above was reached by a ladder.

"How big brother Max has grown," said one little girl as she snuggled close beside the mighty potentate who had taken refuge in that rude bed.

"Why can he not come to bed earlier and not awake us?" grumbled a flaxen haired boy.

But they soon became quiet, and the earl lay still with Gretchen slumbering beside him and flaxen haired Hans snoring fearlessly.

Meanwhile a loud pounding had summoned the widow to the door again.

"Where is the man who has just entered thy hut?" demanded a savage Gantois.

"Art thou not mistaken?" she answered. "I am a widow and live here alone with my children."

"Nay, but we saw the light upon the way as it glared forth from the open door."

"I did but open it to throw something into the street. If there be a man within, search and find him."

The man casts a quick glance within. He saw the ladder leading to the loft, and taking the light from the widow's hands he hurriedly ascended.

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Uttering cries of barked vengeance, the throng of White Hoods, as they were called, pushed on, while the earl, with a thankful heart for his wonderful preservation, went to sleep in the company of the young children.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and the great earl was awakened by the wondering cries of the children.

"How funny! Brother Max has come to bed with his clothes on," cried the little girl, who had slept all night in the arms of her illustrious bedfellow.

"Hush, Minnie," cried Max himself. "It is some friend of mother's. I heard him last night when he came in."

"Nay, but I am a friend to you all," said Earl Louis. "From this hour count the Earl of Flanders your protector."

The children were hushed to silence at the mention of that great name, and the earl presently descended to the lower room, where he found the pious widow singing her Sunday morning hymn.

"And who art thou, to whom Louis of Flanders owes his life?" asked the earl. "I am the widow of Dolph the Diker, whom the wicked men of Ghent slew when he was at work for his lawful sovereign."

"I cannot restore to thee thy husband," said the earl, "but I never shall forget thy generous kindness in risking your own life to shelter me. Here is a purse of gold crowns, all that I can give thee now, but—"

"God forbid that I should take it when thou needest the gold more than I," interrupted the woman as she put the purse back into his hands.

"When I have my rights again, the widow of Dolph the Diker will not regret that she entertained her sovereign."

He staid all that day with the widow and her family, keeping a better Sabbath, I dare say, than he had for a long time before, and the following night he succeeded in making his escape out of the city, disguised in the jerkin and marsh boots in which poor Dolph used to work at the canals.

When Earl Louis returned to Bruges, he richly rewarded his faithful preserver, the widow Mechie, who was enabled to pass her last days in comfort and luxury.

Max became a page in the great castle, and all the other children, from Hans to the laughing prattler, Gretchen, became the proteges of the earl who owed his life to their mother's generous protection.

A meeting was held a few evenings since, at James Fitzwater's, and while the services were progressing a couple of lawless individuals undertook to enter the smoke-house, but it being looked they failed.

Some rather rough characters came to Happy Home schoolhouse the eve of last Thursday night, for the purpose of making some disturbance, as it appears, and after the services, outside of the house it became necessary for an individual to knock two of the fellows down.

For Sale. I will sell on easy terms very cheap the following property:

1. My residence property—a good house, new barn, and 19 acres of very best land, with fine orchard—within the corporate limits of Lebanon, Oregon.

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All in good condition. Any man who wants a bargain can get it from me.

J. W. SCANLON, Lebanon, Or.

Assignee's Notice. Notice is hereby given that on the 12th day of January, 1894, F. C. Ayers made her voluntary deed of assignment of all her property, both real and personal, to me, J. W. Menzies, in trust for the benefit of all her creditors, and said creditors are hereby required to present their claims, duly verified, as required by statute, to me, at my office, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, within three months from and after the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: January 19, 1894.

J. W. MENZIES, Assignee.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn county, Oregon, as administrator of the estate of Mary Galloway, decd., late of Linn county, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned, at the office of Samuel M. Garland, in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon.

S. M. GARLAND, Atty for Adm'r. Dated this 9th day of January, 1894.

Ten days loss of time on account of sickness and a doctor bill to pay, is anything but pleasant for a man of a family to contemplate, whether he is a laborer, mechanic, merchant or publisher.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with considerable success, I think, only being in bed a little over two days.

The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy.

It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 50 cent bottles for sale by N. W. Smith, druggist.

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