

# YAMHILL REPORTER,

A. V. R. SWEDER, PROPRIETOR.  
YAMHILL, OREGON.

## I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I may not reach the heights I seek;  
My strident strength may fail me;  
Or, half-way up the mountain-peak,  
Fierce tempests may assail me,  
But, though that place I never gain,  
Herein lies comfort for my pain:  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labor;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor.  
But, though my goal I never see,  
This thought shall always dwell with me:  
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of Love's light  
May never fall on my way;  
My path may always lead through night,  
Like some deserted highway.  
But, though Life's dearest joy I miss,  
There lies a nameless strength in this:  
I will be worthy of it.

ELLA WHEELER.

## SAYS HE WOULD SMILE.

Well, I should smile in rapture gay  
If she would only deign to say,  
"I like you as a friend," and slip  
Within my palm the finger-tip  
She snaps in her coquettish way.

And if her eyes of azure-gray  
Grow tender as the blossoms of May,  
In warning of my companionship—  
Well, I should smile.

But, O, if she her head should lay  
Against my buttonhole boutonnet,  
And lift the business of her lip  
To mine—my giddy heart would skip  
The tra-la-lee till Judgment Day—  
Well, I should smile!

## SEVEN KEYS TO A SAFE.

"I tell you what," I said, "I shan't  
come for the account any more.  
This makes six times I have called  
for that four hundred and seventy  
dollars, and I shall put it in my law  
yer's hands."

"No, no; quite right, you, sabbee.  
Pay dollar all soon. Call again."  
I was reminded of all this by seeing  
the Chinese Ambassador the  
other day, and it carried me back to  
San Francisco, full five years ago,  
where I was dealing largely in various  
commodities which were much af-  
fected by the Heavens Chinese.

I found them a patient, civil, in-  
dustrious class of people, ready to  
bargain and get things as cheaply as  
possible; but scrupulously honest  
and ready to pay with the greatest  
promptitude as long as I dealt with  
one man. When I had to do the  
work with a partnership concern, it  
was a terrible matter.

For instance, I had trusted one firm  
to the amount of five hundred dollars  
and no money was forthcoming.  
I bullied my collector terribly, for  
he always came back with an excuse  
instead of money, and the same tale,  
that the firm was perfectly honest  
and trustworthy, and that the money  
would be paid.

"Then, why don't they pay, John-  
son?" I exclaimed.

"I wish you would give them a call  
yourself, sir," said Johnson.

And I said I would, and did, going  
to the Honger Mercantile Company  
seven times, and always being put  
off.

It was always the same; they were  
perfectly willing to pay, and messen-  
gers were sent, but to return, some-  
times with one, sometimes with two,  
or even three or four of the firm; but  
when these Chinese Spentwobs  
proffered themselves as ready to pay,  
there was always an obstacle in the  
way, in the shape of the absence of  
that Heavens Chinese.

At last I expressed myself as I have  
said at the beginning of this story,  
and was going out of the place when  
a smiling Chinaman came up to me,  
and, holding his head on one side, he  
exclaimed:

"Ingly Hong man, come again to-  
morrow. Payee them all—payee eb-  
bery dollar, oh, ciss."

"Well, look here," I said, "I will  
come in here to-morrow, at eleven  
o'clock, and shall expect to be—"

"Oh, ciss, payee all dollar. Give  
long, big order, lot. Goodee thousand  
dollar."

"I'll talk about taking your order,  
my Chinese friend, when you pay for  
the last," I said gruffly, and I went  
away.

"The fellow looks honest," I said;  
"but there's no trusting these foreign-  
ers. They take delight in tricking  
an Englishman or a Melican man, as  
they call it. Perhaps to-morrow,  
when I go, they'll all have pulled up  
stakes and gone east."

It was with some satisfaction, then,  
that on reaching their great shed  
warehouse, the next morning, I found  
Mr. Pigtail, in his long blue gown  
and bland smile standing at the door,  
ready to salute me with a dose of  
pigeon English, which I could hardly  
understand.

"Well, Mr. Ah Ree," I said, as I  
followed him into the bale-crowded  
warehouse, which certainly looked as  
prosperous as the great iron safe in  
the corner was substantial—"well,  
Mr. Ah Ree, I hope you are prepared  
to pay my little account this morn-  
ing!"

"Ciss, ciss—roudee payee," he said.  
And placing a wicker chair for me,  
he went off and dispatched a couple  
of messengers, with urgent orders in  
his barbarian tongue, to each. This  
looked bad, for it was only a repeti-  
tion of the tactics followed on former  
occasions—tactics which always re-  
sulted in a put-off. I looked terribly  
gruff, but Mr. Ah Ree, who was the  
senior partner, smiled and rubbed his  
hands as he beckoned me to follow  
him into the farther parts of the  
warehouse, and then showed me  
specimens of silks and sample teas,  
with coarse Chinese pottery. "Well,"  
I said to myself, growing a little  
more easy in my mind, "there's plenty  
to seize, at all events."

The result was that after my bland  
friend had talked to me for about a

quarter of an hour, I booked a thou-  
sand dollar order for what an English-  
man would call sundries.

"There," said I, closing my book  
with a snap, "this order shall be ex-  
ecuted as soon as your last account is  
settled."

"Ciss, ciss—payee allee doller," he  
said, smiling and pointing to a seat.  
Meanwhile, by slow degrees, five  
respectable-looking Chinamen had  
come into the warehouse or store;  
and they came around me, smiling  
and talking in a bland, smooth way.

"You mean mischief," I said to my-  
self, and my hand went involuntarily  
to my pocket, where, in accordance  
with San Francisco customs, I carried  
a revolver. "You mean to get rid of  
me and your debt together, my  
friends. Very good; but if you do  
I'll take one of you by way of re-  
ceipt." I suppose my face did not  
betray what I felt, for they closed  
around me in the calmest manner,  
making excuses, and asking me to be  
patient a little longer, for their mes-  
sengers were out, as I understood  
them, to collect the amount I needed.

It seemed to me that they were get-  
ting me further and farther from the  
door into the gloomy obscurity of the  
warehouse, under the pretense of  
showing me fresh goods, till at last I  
felt that the time for action had come.  
In fact, one of the biggest of the  
party whispered something to his  
companions, and I seized my revolver  
and was about to draw it as a fresh  
Chinaman entered the building, and  
they hurried to meet him with a look  
of relief.

"Lucky for some of you, my  
friends," I said, drawing a breath of  
relief, and following them toward the  
door, meaning to take the first oppor-  
tunity that offered to make a run for  
it. To my great surprise, though, Mr.  
Ah Ree came, and taking my  
arm, led me toward the great safe.

"Iron coffin, eh?" said I to myself.  
"Countee out de dollar," said Mr.  
Ah Ree.

And the last arrival of his six com-  
panions went up to the safe, placed a  
key in a hole and turned it. Then a  
second did so with another key in an-  
other hole, and so on, till six had un-  
locked six locks of the great safe, when  
Mr. Ah Ree took out a similar key  
to his companions and went up to  
the safe smiling, as he said to me:

"Great Hong Company—poor Chi-  
namen. Big safe—big dollar. Seben  
partnee take seben key, open,  
get de dollar."

As he spoke he unlocked the safe,  
and turned the door on its massive  
hinges, and then, pulling out a  
drawer, he drew forth a bag marked  
four hundred and seventy—the  
amount in dollars of my account—and  
handed the bag to me.

"No trustee no man," he said, smil-  
ing, as he shut and locked the door,  
his six partners locking it in turn.  
"No trustee once mans; all come at  
once, open door—all right."

From which I understood that, as to  
our trading communities, two or  
three, or even four partners have to  
sign a check to make it negotiable,  
my seven Chinese friends, all part-  
ners in their Hong or trading com-  
munity, could make no payment  
without every man was present to  
help unlock the treasure safe. I  
laughed at the plan, for the heavy  
dollar bag made me feel in a very  
good temper. They laughed too, and  
shook hands very warmly, after the  
English fashion, as I took my de-  
parture.

"No once man run away all dollar,"  
he said laughing.

"I see," I said, laughing. "You  
shall have your goods in soon."

I sent them; and for a long while  
after the Hong of Ah Ree and I did  
a good deal of business; but it al-  
ways took seven keys afterward,  
when I wanted money, to open that  
safe.

A lady in California used to take  
walks with a very handsome girl at  
the Sacramento Insane Asylum. Sud-  
denly the girl would leave her com-  
panion with the remark: "I must go  
now; my spell is coming on." She  
was really two beings, now sensible,  
modest, amiable; suddenly by some  
wonderful process, she was trans-  
formed to a writhing, contorted lunatic.  
She always knew when this change  
was approaching, and retired to her  
room until the paroxysm had passed.  
When the lady was taking leave of  
the asylum, this little friend  
shook hands with tears in her eyes.  
If you think of me at all," she said,  
"only remember me as we walked to-  
gether—friends and happy. Please  
don't think of me as that other  
girl, raving and crazy."

How He Took Him.—Tom Brown  
was an ignorant, queer boy, and was  
constantly doing things of an un-  
accountable nature. One day a lady  
for whom he had been doing chores  
said to him:

"Tom, you're an odd genius."

"Yes'm," replied Tom, not knowing  
exactly what she meant.

"I don't quite comprehend you."

"What mam?"

"I mean I don't know how to take  
you."

"Dad does."

"How?"

"He takes me by the seat of the  
breeches, mum, and the nape of the  
neck, and shakes me like I was a  
rat."

The lady didn't indulge in that  
sort of "comprehension." [Cincin-  
nati Merchant and Traveler.

# MUSIC.

Clerks Who Play the Piano—Attracting  
Customers and Getting Invitations to  
Country Parties.

"I want something new in the  
lancers' line," said a young country-  
man as he entered a music store the  
other day. "They're going to have  
a barn warming at 'Squire Benton's'  
next week, and I want the latest  
thing out. I can't read music, so I  
want you to pick out the liveliest set  
you've got for me."

"Could you tell what you want if  
you hear it played?"

"Hear it played? Of course, I could  
tell."

"Here, Miss Mollie," called out  
the dealer "please play these three  
sets of lancers for the gentleman."

"This way, sir, please," said Miss  
Mollie, a very pretty and pleasant  
spoken young person, as she walked  
toward the rear of the store, followed  
by the young countryman. She  
opened an upright piano and dashed  
off one lancers after another.

"Guess I'll take them all three,"  
said the countryman, "and I guess  
the folks would like it if you'd come  
up and play for them. That is, all  
but Maria Larkins would like it. She's  
to play herself, and it would  
make her kind of mad like to have  
you there. She can't force the tune  
as you can. But no matter about  
Maria. I guess Benton's folks would  
be glad to have you up."

"Well," said Miss Mollie, "I don't  
want to hurt Miss Maria's feelings,  
and I'm afraid I'm wanted here, but  
my sister will be glad of a chance to  
go. She plays for parties."

"Can she sloop down on the tune  
as steady as you can?"

"Steadier," said Miss Mollie with a  
laugh. And that's how her sister  
came to spend Sunday in the country  
with Benton's folks.

"Are there many dealers who em-  
ploy musical clerks to play the piano?"  
we asked.

"A good many," he replied. "You  
see a great many customers can't tell  
a tune by reading it from the sheet.  
They have to hear it."

"But wouldn't they take it on your  
recommendation?"

"They might. But you see Miss  
Mollie has just sold three sets of  
lancers to that young fellow. I  
could have sold him only one. So it  
pays to engage some one to play."

Just then a young lady entered the  
store. "I was buying something next  
door," she said, "and heard some one  
playing in here. I'd like to buy the  
tune I heard played."

"Does that often happen?" asked  
the reporter of the dealer.

"Very often. So often that when  
business is slack I get Miss Mollie to  
play on the piano. That attracts  
customers."

"Can Miss Mollie sing?"

"No, she doesn't sing. It's very  
difficult to find a clerk who can play  
and sing too. Of course singing  
would attract many more, but I doubt  
if the profit wouldn't be eaten up by  
the extra sum I would have to pay a  
singer. I think a pianist is more sat-  
isfactory."

"Do you pay clerks who play the  
piano higher wages than ordinary  
clerks?"

"Oh, yes. That's only just. There's  
Miss Mollie. She's worth at least  
ten dollars a week more than an  
ordinary clerk. She used to play for  
dancing at evening parties. Now  
she can make almost as much here  
without having to be up late at night.  
Her sister plays for parties, and in  
summer manages to get a good many  
engagements out of town."

Just then somebody asked for a  
waltz, and the dealer turned to serve  
him. This customer had hardly de-  
parted when another entered and  
said to Miss Mollie:

"I'd like the 'Misery' from 'Trova-  
tore.'"

The reporter watched Miss Mollie  
with admiration as, without a mo-  
ment's hesitation or the trace of a  
smile, she handed down the "Mis-  
erere."

"Do people often make mistakes like  
that?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Some-  
times they don't come so near the  
title. They ask for the 'Misery'  
without mentioning 'Trovatore.' You  
wouldn't believe it, but some one  
once asked for the 'Convict's Song,'  
and they often want the 'Prison  
Tune,' all of which stand for the  
'Miserere.'"

"Do they ever get the singer or  
player mixed up with the composer?"

"I've often had them come in and  
ask for 'that pretty song of Cam-  
panini's' or 'Nilsson's' called 'Coming  
Through the Rye.' But the most  
ridiculous feature of the business is  
that they always seem to think I've  
been to the opera the night before."

"Can you let me have that song  
Galassi sang last night when he put  
his head down and butted like a  
bull? That's a question that's often  
asked. Everybody who asks it wants  
the 'Toreador's' song from 'Carmen.'  
Of course, they think that I saw  
Galassi at the Academy the night be-  
fore."

"Don't they sometimes get the keys  
wrong?"

"Well, I should say so. The other  
day a lady came in here and said:  
'Can you let me have the first duet  
between Phyllis and Strephon in the  
first act of 'Iolanthe' in two flats?'"

"I am sorry," I replied, "but the  
duet is in D major, two sharps."

"That's too bad," she said. "I  
can't sing in two sharps. I've only  
learned to sing in two flats."

"I suppose many of your customers

buy only dance music?"

"Most of them. And it's really re-  
markable how rabid those people  
are. They think everything ought  
to be turned into a dance for them.  
They want 'Lencia' waltzes, 'Carmen'  
polkas, 'Trovatore' lancers."

"Do you have customers who come  
in and expect you to tell what they  
want from a vague description of the  
music?"

"Any number of them just ask for  
the bird or the bell piece. There are  
about 300 of each kind. We have  
'Monastery Bells,' 'Crystal Bells,'  
'Evening Bells,' in fact, all kinds of  
bells except dumb bells. Others  
really have no idea what they want.  
They just come in and look over the  
music until they come across some-  
thing that strikes their fancy.  
Some people buy a piece simply be-  
cause they like the picture on the  
title page."

Just then a young man entered  
and asked for the song with the pic-  
ture of "a fellow and his girl in a  
boat," and Miss Mollie was obliged  
to look through a stack of sheet  
music.

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor  
miserable pine coffin. No flowers on  
the top; no lining of white satin for  
the pale brow; no smooth ribbons  
about the coarse shroud. The brown  
hair was laid decently back, but  
there was no primed cap with the  
tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of  
cruel poverty smiled in her sleep;  
she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed  
a poor little child, as the undertaker  
screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of my way,  
boy; why don't some one take the  
brat?"

"Only let me see one minute!"  
cried the helpless orphan, clutching  
the side of the charity box, as he  
gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears  
streaming down the cheeks on which  
no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh!  
it was painful to hear him cry the  
words: "Only once; let me see  
mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless  
monster struck the boy away, so that  
he reeled with the blow. For the  
moment the boy stood panting with  
grief and rage—his blue eyes dis-  
tended, his lips sprang apart, fire  
glistered through his eyes as he  
raised his little arm with a most un-  
childish laugh, and screamed:

"When I'm a man I'll be revenged  
for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of  
earth between the mother and the  
poor forsaken child—a monument  
much stronger than granite built in  
the boy's heart, the memory of the  
heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to  
suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's  
counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had  
finished, until, with lips tightly  
pressed together, a look of strange  
intelligence, blended with a haughty  
reserve on his handsome features, a  
young man stepped forward with a  
firm tread and a kindly eye to plead  
for the friendless one. He was a  
stranger, but at the first sentence  
there was a silence. The splendor  
of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a  
friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot,"  
he exclaimed.

"I want no thanks," replied the  
stranger.

"I—I—I—believe you are unknown  
to me."

"Sir, I will refresh your memory.  
Twenty years ago this day you struck  
a broken-hearted little boy away  
from his dead mother's coffin. I was  
that boy."

The man turned pale.

"Have you rescued me then to take  
my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I  
have saved the life of a man whose  
brutal conduct has rankled in my  
breast for the last twenty years. Go  
then, and remember the tears of a  
friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame  
and went from the presence of mag-  
nanimity—as grand to him as it was in-  
comprehensible.—[Exchange.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING  
SWINDLED AND CHARITABLE.—"I'd  
rather give a man \$50 than be  
swindled out of five," said Gillyflower  
the other day.

"Well, that's strange. What's your  
reason for such a conclusion?"

"You see, if I give you \$50, that's  
put down on the books to 'charity.'  
That looks well. The angels look  
over the bookkeeper's shoulder and  
smile sweetly as the works 'to char-  
ity' are entered. But if I am swindled  
out of \$5, the angels go off behind  
the barn and laugh, and the book-  
keeper heaves a sigh as he enters,  
'To blamed old fool who will never  
learn anything. \$5.'—[St. Joe Ga-  
zette.

Five big, stout gentlemen were  
slowly going up to the top of a New  
York building. The sweat was  
pouring from their foreheads, and  
their handkerchiefs looked like  
Coney Island bathing suits hung out  
to dry.

"I wish there was a beer saloon in  
this elevator," remarked one slow  
gentleman.

"Yes, boy, you ought to have a  
keg of beer aboard this elevator,"  
chimed in another.

The boy looked at the fine gentle-  
man and then remarked solemnly:  
"Oh, I guess there's over a keg of  
beer on this elevator now."

A New York paper doesn't miss it  
far by asserting that pie is the great  
American desert.

# FOUR CROQUET STRIKES AND NOT A SMILE.

A great shout went up from the  
spectators and players as the pro-  
fessor walked on the ground with his  
little mallet firmly clasped in his  
right hand and his trousers neatly  
turned up at the bottoms. He wore  
a white waistcoat and apparently was  
the only cool man in the company.

"Will he do it?" was asked anxiously.  
The professor had wagged the ice-  
cream with Mr. Ford of his own club  
that he would make the middle wick-  
et across the ground once in four  
trials. Every one held his or her  
breath. The professor leaned over his  
mallet and hit the ball a sharp,  
pretty tap. It jumped in the air and  
flew with malicious velocity straight  
toward Mr. Tree. It struck him on a  
sensitive part of the knee. He  
turned pale and slipped over the  
boundary board with more haste than  
dignity.

"I haven't got the range  
yet," remarked the professor, glanc-  
ing sharply in the corner where the  
Rev. Dr. — was surrounded by la-  
dies. They took the hint and moved  
off. The second ball went into the  
ground and came out behind the  
shooter. He looked at his mallet  
closing one eye and sighting along the  
handle. "Give me another,"

Another was brought. He took long  
and careful aim. The third ball rose  
in the air like a toy balloon and fell  
heavily upon the bald head of Prof.  
Jacobs. Ice-water applied by the la-  
dies relieved the pain. The professor  
now had the whole field to himself.

Part of the spectators retired into  
the houses and surveyed him from  
the attic windows; the bolder ones  
peeped out of a horse stall in the  
small barn near by. The professor  
had not smiled. "The sun shines too  
bright," he said. Just then the sun  
went behind a cloud. The professor  
did not stop to take aim. The ball  
hit the third wicket, enroamed from  
there to the turning stake, and buck  
through the two wickets and the  
cage, which it made with a slow  
roll. It was a fine sight to see the  
professor walk to his seat after this  
feat. "That shot was never made be-  
fore," he said simply, and the specta-  
tors, who had now ventured from  
their hiding-places, agreed with him.

—[New York Tribune.

A newspaper, referring to a local  
amateur performance, says that the  
overture to "Martha" by Prof. How-  
linski was very effective. We do not  
think such items should be published  
in the papers. What do the public  
care about whether the Professor  
made overtures to Martha or Martha  
made them to the Professor? The  
matter is a private one that only  
concerns Martha and the Professor.

A West End young lady and her  
escort were returning from watching  
an archery meeting the other day.  
"Would you not like to have a bow?"  
asked the swain. "If I had one I  
should prefer yew," she answered  
archly.

A prima donna, recently married,  
says she loves her husband too much  
to sing any more. If all girls stopped  
singing when they married, any girl  
who is taking vocal lessons could  
persuade the young man next door  
to her to propose by simply doing her  
practicing when he is at home try-  
ing to read, or something.

A few days ago lightning struck a  
woman, in this State, and stripped  
off her clothing in a twinkling as it  
were. The lightning's conduct will  
not be applauded. What the times  
demand is a species of lightning that  
will put the clothes on a woman, in a  
twinkling, when her husband or  
lover is waiting for her to dress for  
church or the opera.

A very precise maiden—Ettie  
Quette.

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for, and some Remote  
Causes that Produce Painful Re-  
sults Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered  
by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New  
York Society for the promotion of science, con-  
tains so much that is timely and important  
that it can be read with both interest and pro-  
fit.

There is probably no subject of modern times  
that has caused and is causing greater at-  
tention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists  
have studied it for the benefit of humanity;  
men have investigated it for the welfare of  
their families. It has been a vexed subject  
long considered, and through all this investiga-  
tion the cyclone has swept across the land car-  
rying destruction to scientists as well as to the  
innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, how-  
ever, is certain: the cause of the cyclone  
must be sought far away from the whirling  
body of wind itself. Its results are powerful;  
its cause must also be powerful. Let us there-  
fore consider a few facts. First, the appear-  
ance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by  
dark spots upon the face of the sun. These  
spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the  
solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere  
of our earth. An unusual generation of heat  
in one part of the atmosphere and certain to  
cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air  
must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the  
disturbances—hence the cyclone. This theory  
finds additional confirmation in the fact that  
tornadoes occur during the day and not at  
night. The dark spots upon the surface of the  
sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause  
great commotion in the atmosphere of the  
world, and it is almost certain that the ex-  
tremely wet weather of the present season can  
be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it  
reasonable to suppose that the magnetic ef-  
fects of the sun upon vegetation and life in gen-  
eral shall be less than upon the atmosphere it-  
self through which its rays come? The cause  
is remote, but the effect is here.