

when I saw a small box near the waters edge, and upon reaching it, found that it contained a few crackers well preserved from water, that had come ashore from the wagon. Further on I found various articles belonging to the load. The crackers were very acceptable to me as I was nearly famished with my long feasting. After partaking of plenty, and washing them down with a drink from the river, I knelt upon the bank, and with scalding tears streaming from my eyes, lifted my voice to God:

HER PRAYER:

"Almighty and ever watchful Father, to Thee I turned in this dark hour. My sorrows are heavy and weigh me down. Relieve me, High Anointed, from a load so oppressive that death would be a welcome release. Merciful Father, thou hast seen fit to take from me the loving affection of father and mother. It was Thy will, O Lord; let it be done. The river of death has taken from me all that was precious. Father in heaven in Thy exalted power look down on a friendless orphan girl with pity, and guide my wandering, weary soul to a safe refuge. Have mercy Thou Great Jehovah upon the unprepared souls that have been launched into the silent world. Subservant to Thy will, O Lord, Amen.

What should I do? Thinking my safest plan would be to follow the windings of the river, I immediately started forth. All day long I followed its serpentine windings, and as night-fall drew near, I had seen no signs of civilization, but noticed that I was gradually nearing the mountains. As the shades of evening were falling fast I espied a clump of small cedars, that furnished good shelter, under whose friendly branches, Orna, the lonely orphan laid down to rest. It was the first sweet sleep for forty-eight hours. In the morning I awoke stiff and cold. Walking to the river I washed my face and swollen feet, and eating three of the twelve crackers that still remained, proceeded on my way. Every step brought me nearer the woods and soon I was able to find wild berries which I greedily ate. About noon I sat down to rest for an hour. What wonderful scenes Nature had arranged here. Her handiwork was displayed in the vast forest trees that rose straight up in the air two hundred feet. Continuing my journey, I soon reached a small stream branching out from the main river. Believing that it might be best for me to take this, I turned and followed its river road.

I had walked perhaps two or three miles when I saw in the distance a log cabin, a stockade and several horses. What a vision to a poor girl that had braved every danger. But was there not greater danger here. Tired nature could endure its pilgrimage no longer. I felt that, come what may, I must seek aid or perish in the attempt. I walked boldly up to the door and knocked. There was no response. I tried the door, and found that it readily yielded to my touch. I pushed it open and walked in. The cabin contained two rooms, and there were fresh coals still in the wide fire place. Looking around I was firmly impressed that the cabin was inhabited by a white family. Looking into the next room I espied a tempting pile of furs that composed a couch. The sight was so inviting that I sat down on them to rest and almost immediately fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke the sun was shining in at the narrow aperture that served as

a window; and I could hear some one walking softly about as if desirous of making no noise. As I lay there trying to collect my thoughts, the robe that served as a door was gently pushed aside, and I saw a pair of the kindest looking eyes and the roughest looking man, that I ever beheld in my life. Seeing that I was awake, a bright smile illumined his honest face, and blushing like a great awkward school boy, he said:

"Goon mornin' lady. I'm glad to see you open your pretty eyes. Don't be afraid of old Silas the hunter. My old woman went out to get some fish for your breakfast. You are with friends and as soon as you are wide-a-woke you can come into this room, and the old woman will get you some breakfast. I must be off now to look after our traps; so don't be afraid, no one will hurt you while old Silas is around," and ducking his head in attempt to bow, he turned and left the room.

I was glad to know that I was among friends. As I lay there, I heard some one enter the room adjoining, and soon there appeared at the doorway a woman of about 45 years of age, exceedingly plain, but with an honest face. As soon as she saw I was awake she came promptly to my side and putting her arms around me placed a kiss upon my cheek. This act caused me to let loose the flood-gates of tear-land.

"Tut, tut, my blessed one; don't cry. No one shall harm you, not a hair of your head. Tell aunt B'lindy all your trouble and how you came to this ranch or station. Cheer up, my dear one," and the kind old lady placed her hand, rough hands on my head and petted me as one would a child.

"Mrs. B'lindy," I said not knowing what else to call her. I thank you so much for your generous affection, and leaning my head on her shoulder, told the whole story from the time I had left my home in Mexico.

"Poor, dear child. What a load of sorrow. I have often thought my lot a hard one, but compared to what yours has been, mine is far preferable. But what do you wish to do and where do you want to go. Have you any friends or relatives?"

I answered no, I have no one to turn to for aid but a pious Father in Mexico. If I could get a letter to him he would help me.

"Do not worry about your future. Silas and I will look out for you and in the spring we will send you to Vermont, where I have an old maid sister who will gladly give you a good home for my sake. Try and forget the past, and Silas and I will do all we can to aid you.

And this was the end of the MSS. So earnestly had I perused this well written narrative that I had not noticed how fast the time had passed away and was only aroused from my reverie to find that it was mid-day and by Silas coming in and saying:

"So you think you will leave early in the morning, do you?"

"Yes, I must get away early," I replied.

"I should like you to see B'lindy 'fore you go, 'cause she could tell you a heap about Orny, but she's gone over to the settlement and won't be back till to morrow. What do you think of that poor girls story. She told me she had let you read it?"

I turned to Silas and said: "Do you intend to send her to Vermont, and have you the means to do so?"

"Yes, stranger; B'lindy and I are going to do it sure. I have got some money laid away and I will have several hundred more by spring when I sell my furs, so that will be enough

and some left. Guess someone is comin' 'cause I hear old Betsy howling (referring to his hound), so I'll go and see."

Silas had not been absent long when Orna came in and sat down by my side.

"My dear child," said I, "your history is complete; the story is well told, and a 'child of sorrow' you certainly are. I leave early on the morrow and I want to give you my address, and should you ever need a friend call on me. I may never see you again nor may not have another chance to say good bye. You need no advice, at least not from me, and therefore I say to you now that some time I may publish this history as well as I can remember, if you will give your consent."

"Mr. Alwald," said Orna, "I give you the history of my life to do with as you may think best. For your proffers of kindness I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and I will pray God to watch over and bless you on this long journey that you are about to make, and should we ever meet again, I shall avail myself of your kindness. Kind friend I wish you God speed on your journey home.

"Is that all choroused the girls who had for once been attentive listeners to my nonsenes. Is that all?" said pretty May.

"Yes girls that's all save that I left the next morning early and did not see Orna. I had a terrible trip over those lonely mountains and met with many hardships—I have often wondered what became of Orna, and how her life turned out. I made diligent search some years later, but could not find the slightest clue.

Now, girls, remember your promise to let me alone if I would tell you a 'woman's story'."

A firm doing business in Jackson, California, went through last week, busted on a foot race. They frankly confess inability to continue in trade, notify creditors, and are willing to turn over their stock to creditors.

When the more pressing work is over, give horses a good run on grass, and give grain enough to keep them in good heart. Brooding mares and young stock must be brought into good heart for going well through the winter.

A nest of bumble bees, in a big clover field is worth \$20 to the owner, for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the blossoms, thereby insuring a heavy crop of seed. In Australia there were no bumble bees of our kind, and they could not raise clover seed there until they imported some bumble bees.

The schools of the country, although inferior to graded town and city schools, turn out abler men and women; and while the city-bred are, as a rule, not much heard of in later life, the once country boys, who wore plain clothes, had few books, but studied them throughout, and who were trained to labor and to wait, are always the leaders of thought.

It is rather a significant fact that after all the excitement caused by the Taylor campaign, the vote in Tennessee was quite small. This is to be explained either by the supposition that the Tennesseans took the fraternal candidates for an uncorked minstrel troupe, or that they were unable to fiddle the crowds to the polls on election day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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