

The Daily Reporter.

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ORNA MA VOIR,

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

BY ERNEST L. E. WHITE.

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Some time ago, in preparing the MSS. of Orna LeVoor for publication, I had little reason to believe that I would be called upon so soon to arrange the closing chapter of Orna's life, which I am pleased to say, were hours of gladness.

A few weeks ago, I was most agreeably surprised by receiving a voluminous package of MSS. by mail, and on opening it, what was my delight to find in the same bold, clear handwriting, this text:

A friend, in the hour of sorrow;
God sends from his throne on high,
To be with us on the morrow,
When no other help is nigh.

Dear Mr. Alwald; it seems so strange that after a lapse of many years, I am able to fulfill my promise, and place in your hands, unreservedly, the happy termination of my destiny. As I promised you at the time, at the mountain station of old Silas the hunter, I would keep a correct journal of events transpiring to the best of my ability, and I think I have conscientiously done so.

After your departure from the station that morning, Mrs. B'indy returned from the settlement wild with delight and it took but a few moments to make known her happiness. It seems that while she was in a store making purchases, a gentleman, who was a stranger to the place, entered, and asked the proprietor if he knew of any young woman who would accept a position as a companion to an invalid lady. He said he was traveling for pleasure, with a sick daughter, who required a great deal of attention, and how, a few days previous the party who had been filling the position, had been compelled to return to her home, and that he was forced to stop over a few days to see if he could secure a companion here. He stated what he was willing to pay for a salary, including all traveling expenses, and as the amount seemed fabulous to B'indy, she entirely forgot herself and enthusiastically said:

"Stranger, stranger; you may not think that I can accommodate you, but if you'll take me to your darter I'll tell her somethin', I vow, that'll please her as sure as yer born."

"My good lady," said the gentleman, "I shall be happy to take you to Estella, and hope you have at your command some person that will suit her, although I warn you in the start that Estella is a very peculiar child, at times hardly knowing her own mind."

"Never mind, sir; never mind. Come along; I must start soon for my ranch up in the mountains, and the sooner this thing is done away with the sooner I'll be on my way back to Silas. Silas my husband."

"All right, madam. Please step this way. It is but a few steps from here to the hotel," and he opened the door and passed out accompanied by B'indy who was attired in an old faded calico dress and shaker bonnet, presenting in truth, not very attractive a spectacle.

On reaching the hotel, the gentleman, who gave his name as Broughton, led B'indy right up stairs to his daughters

room, and throwing open the door said:

"Estella, here is a lady who thinks she can suit you."

"Oh, papa! I don't want her. Take her away. Why did you engage such a person?"

"Estella, my child, be still. This lady wishes to talk with you."

"Oh, I beg pardon; please forgive my rash speech. But I thought papa had engaged you for my companion, and I wanted a much younger person; some one nearer my own age. Please forgive me, won't you?"

B'indy readily forgave her, saying:

"I don't blame you. I haint as young as I was twenty year-a-go. But to the point. I heard your pa say he'd like to 'gage a companion for you, and as I have a person in my eye who I thought would fill the place, I spoke right out to your pa, and told him to bring me to you. If your pa will come in and shet the door, I'll make the story short, and you can decide at once whether you want the person or not."

Mr. Broughton hastily closed the door and drew his chair near B'indy, remarking:

"We shall be pleased to hear your story. Go right ahead."

B'indy forthwith commenced and told the story of Orna, as published, and ended by saying:

"Now you will find Ony just as good as the day is long; ready and willing to help; has a better education than most girls who are city bred, and above all, a true christian. Were our surroundings of a different nature we would not part with the dear girl, but as it is, it is not a fit place for one of her quality and I should be glad to get her this place. Now I must be going. I've a long distance to ride and Silas will be waiting at the foot of the mountain for me. What shall I tell Ony?"

Estella had been a faithful listener to every word uttered by B'indy, and her large hazel eyes were mirrors of her soul, as she said in a broken, sobbing voice:

"Tell Orna to come to me; tell her that I will love her and she shall be my sister, and," turning to her father, "papa, you know and I know that I cannot live but a few years, and you will want a daughter to love and take care of you, and to take my place. Are you willing that I should have her?"

Mr. Broughton at that moment appeared to have some trouble with his eyes, but finally said:

"There must be smoke in this room; of course, Stella dear; anything that pleases you gives pleasure to me. By all means have this young person come and see us at once and we will see what arrangements can be made."

"Thanks, thanks," sobbed forth poor old B'indy. For now that the hour had come in which she was to give up Orna, it was more of a sacrifice than the dear old soul was willing to make, but knowing it was for Orna's good, she was willing. "Now I must go, sure, and by noon to-morrow Ony will come down. If you make your arrangements it will be better for her not to come back to bid us good bye, for my poor old heart could not stand it." And shaking Mr. Broughton by the hand, she was about to go, when Estella rushed impulsively up to her, and throwing her arms about the rough old form of B'indy, she took the time-worn, deeply wrinkled face between her own soft little hands, and kissed the poor, surprised old woman a dozen times, crying:

To be Continued.

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FROM YAQUINA.

Yaquina City	Thursday, Jan. 27
Santa Maria	Wednesday, Feb. 2
Yaquina City	Tuesday Feb. 8
Santa Maria	Monday Feb. 14
Yaquina City	Sunday Feb. 20
Santa Maria	Saturday, Feb. 26
Yaquina City	Friday, March 4

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Santa Maria	Friday Jan. 28
Yaquina City	Thursday, Feb. 3
Santa Maria	Wednesday Feb. 9
Yaquina City	Tuesday Feb. 15
Santa Maria	Monday, Feb. 21
Yaquina City	Sunday Feb. 27

Daily Passenger Trains

(Except Sundays.)

Leaves Yaquina	6:20 a. m.
Arrive Corvallis	10:38 a. m.
Arrive Albany	11:30 a. m.
Leave Albany	12:40 p. m.
Arrive Corvallis	1:22 p. m.
Arrive Yaquina	5:45 p. m.

The Company reserves the right to change sailing days. Fares, between Corvallis and San Francisco, Rail and Cabin, \$14; Rail and Steerage, \$9.88.

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