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ORNA LA VOIR,

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

BY ERNEST L. E. WHITE.

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"Noble girl," said Dr. Wayne. "I anticipated as much when you first spoke. Come at once. Estella now lies in a lethargy, at which time the operation can be best performed. I need no assistance but the nurse who is with her. It will take but a few moments. Come at once." And Dr. Wayne led the way to the sick chamber with more hopeful foot steps.

Reaching the room where poor Estella lay upon the couch of death, Dr. Wayne removed his coat, and taking from an inside pocket a case of ngly surgical instruments, remarked.

"Miss Orna, please remove the waist of your dress and bare your arm to the shoulder. I will be ready as soon as you can remove the garment."

I hastily removed the article mentioned and laid bare my arm.

"That is a magnificent limb. See how the magical life current rushes through these small channels; it is the very formation of existence, and will save Estella, I'm positive," remarked Dr. Wayne as he gently moved the light frail body of Estella near the edge of the couch upon which she reclined, at the same time removing the garment from the poor, frail little arm that laid dormant in the Drs. hand.

"Now, Mrs. Green," said Dr. Wayne, you must hold Estella in this position; it will take but a few minutes, and taking a sharp, lance-like knife in his expert hand, he made an opening in the main vein of her arm and inserted a small tube; then bandaging it securely in its place so as to allow none of the blood to escape, and placing my chair close to the bedside, he took my arm and looking at me a moment as if to see if I was equal to the task, commenced to talk in a rapid, low voice, of a wonderful experience that he had met with years before. At the same time I felt a sharp cut on my arm, and a peculiar feeling stole over me, as if I was falling, falling; down, down through space, and losing myself in the forests of oblivion. The last remark I remembered was the Dr. saying to the nurse:

"That will do, nicely. There's hope," and then I remembered no more until three hours afterward I awoke and saw Dr. Wayne and the nurse standing beside me, while Mr. Broughton's head was near my own; his face buried in the pillow. As soon as the Dr. saw I was awake, a pleasant, cheerful smile stole over his happy face, as he said in a low whisper:

"Lie quiet. Do not try to talk. There's great hope for Estella. Drink this and try to sleep;" the directions all of which I followed, as it seemed as if I could not move had I wanted to, and I almost immediately after taking the preparation, dropped off to sleep.

It was several days before I felt like my old self. But we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that there had been a great change for the better in Estella's condition. She was still in that death-like swoon, unconscious to earthly things, but her pulse moved more regularly, and the veins of the body were softened, showing that the

thick, sluggish blood was beginning to flow.

I was sitting one pleasant afternoon by Estella's bedside, with my thoughts far away up in the Cascade mountains, thinking of Silas and B'lindy, when I heard a dear voice say:

"Orna."

The sound was faint, but it caught my ear like the chime of vesper bells, and turning quickly to Estella I saw a glad light in my darling's eyes, and kneeling at her side I thanked Our Father in heaven for his mercy. Nestling close to Estella, I told her not to talk; that she had been very sick, and I must go and tell the Dr. that she was awake; that I would come right back.

I hastened to Mr. Broughton, who was in his library, and told him the glad news, and dispatched a servant for Dr. Wayne.

It would be needless to tell you, Mr. Alwald, that during her convalescence she was jealously guarded by us all. Estella improved rapidly; grew strong in mind and physical health, and one afternoon as we were sitting on the broad porch that faced the grand old ocean, and were watching a large ship whose fleecy white sails were slowly moving along the horizon, between the earth and sky, while a pleasant breeze was roaming among the trees that dotted the lawn and the musical swash, swash of the breakers could be heard along the shore, Estella laid down the book she had been reading and coming to my side put her now plump little arms about my neck and creeping close to my ear, whispered:

"Darling Orna, do you know why I am so good now, and why papa is so happy, and why life seems more beautiful than ever?"

"No, dear Star; tell me."

"It is because—because my own darling's blood is mingled with mine, and to her alone I owe my life."

I could not speak. My heart was too full. As we sat there with our happy hearts in holy communion, there came stealing from Mr. Broughton's library the sweet tones of his harp, and the gem of musical composition known the world over, "Home, home; sweet, sweet home," floated out about our ears, while two lovely turtle doves alighting near us on the veranda, turned their glossy heads in the direction of the music as though drinking in the exquisite melody. The sun was descending to its nest in the broad ocean. Its bright, luminous tints were casting golden sunbeams o'er the heavens, making radiant the home of peace, love and kindness, as Mr. Broughton's kind voice was heard saying:

"My dear girls, you must come in now. The evening is chilly."

"Yes, papa," answered Stella, "in a moment." And with her heart still pressed to mine, she made me promise never to leave her, no never; and I readily gave the promise.

And now dear Mr. Alwald, should you ever find yourself in this neighborhood, you will meet a warm welcome from Orna, whom you befriended once, and from Estella who often asks after you.

As I write this, the little stars in heaven are twinkling and blinking, as they did years ago, when I laid down on the lonely prairies of Idaho and prayed for death.

THE END.

Miss Belle Johnson, teacher of music in McMinnville and at McMinnville college. Residence corner of Second and C Streets.

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Santa Maria	Wednesday Feb. 9
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Santa Maria	Monday, Feb. 21
Yaquina City	Sunday Feb. 27

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Leves Yaquina	6:20 a. m.
Arrive Corvallis	10:38 a. m.
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