

**THE MAN WITH THE TENTH.**

The quick coming dusk of the tropical night, that was it that barred the way? The colonel, walking the lines of the Tenth, looked down where a soldier lay. He lay; but he guarded still his paper in his right hand. The colonel said: "This soldier fought under my command. This is the man whose voice I heard in the thick of the battle today; he lost my regiment, sir—the Ninth, he fought with the Tenth, if I may! He was falling to right and left, the bullets around us flew; he looked at him sharply; he simply said, 'My duty I'd like to do.' " "Be it so," I answered, "serve with the Tenth." He disappeared from sight. They say he fought with a gallant will; saw him no more till tonight. An hour ago before he stood, his voice was steady and low; and my regiment now, he said, you will give me leave to go. But let my captain should think I shirked. Will you write him a line to say I thought with the Tenth, under your command, and have done my duty today?" Quickly I wrote (this paper would show he had done his soldierly part); but little I thought to find him here, with a stray shot in his heart. He served with us—with our dead left him rest; and give him a comrade's place." The man who had fought with the Tenth seemed to smile. As he lay with his upturned face, they slipped the paper he never would need. Into his hand again, and the colonel passed slowly along the lines. To cheer his drooping men.

**SORROW'S ANGEL.**

WRITTEN FOR THE "TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT" BY MATTIE E. BUCKLEY.

In the doorway of an office in a large story of New York city two men are standing. Both faces wore an angry frown, the elders not unmixed with anxiety and despair. "Then you will not take me back," he was saying. "You will have no word from me because your superintendent hates me and spurns us men as worms under his feet. It is just justice that too often makes the factory rooms the spawning ground of anarchy and socialism." He stands up before his employer, a man of nerve and brawn, ill clad and ill kept, a man of the populace upon whom the iron heel of poverty had left its stamp a constant but unwelcome guest. Howard Warren was not the man to stand long the angry language of this man, of whom his time keeper had twice complained. He left his office table to come nearer to him and answered calmly but in a firm tone: "You will pardon me, Robson, if I decline to hear any comments on the actions of my manager. You have twice violated our rules and you are aware of the penalty such transgression of them entails. There are hundreds of men waiting to take any vacancy that may occur here. Out of sympathy for your family I allowed the first complaint to pass unnoticed. No excuses please, the barroom yonder could tell the best story probably. If you men would give the wages to your families instead of to such institutions, poverty row would not be adorned with so many hungry faced children. You but reap what you sow broad cast. Bah, I have no pity for such as you." The veins stood out like whip cords on the forehead of his listener. Not until the last words of the cruel taunt had been said did he utter a word in defence, then, as his employer waved his hand toward the open doorway, the words that prudence and self will had long kept under restraint, burst out as a storm sweeps over a plain, dropping into the broad dialect taught away back among the Scottish hills of his boyhood's home. "Aye, ye have no pity in your heart, you say—ye aristocrats who reap a profit from every drop of sweat that pours from the men you employ. Listen, once, while I stoop to answer to the vile charge of leaving my wages at that den across the street where robbery and crime go hand in hand. As God hears me never has the foot of Jim Robson crossed its threshold. The few shillings I have earned daily have gone to keep my family from the work house. The cream of those shillings have been skimmed by the man who gets the lion share of the money on your pay roll. Rich men give liberally to grand churches to help to maintain princely colleges, but you never come to poverty row. That is no place for ye dainty creatures. The vile air our hungry faced children breathe would choke the owners of palace homes. Have ye ever been hungry, Howard Warren? To stand and hear a child's cry for bread? That is agony, when honest manhood that cannot steal from a passerby or store is deemed an ontcast to ye factory owners, aye, seemingly, to God Almighty himself. I was reared by a christian mother, but sometimes I doubt

the mercy that looks down and smiles on those who are strangers to hunger and want. I want no money but what I honestly earn. For three years I have been a laborer here. I have never complained, even when a portion of each month's wages went to satisfy the purse of the man who stands first and highest in your employ. Never one morning have I missed a day that the mills were running; never have I been late until yesterday morning. I ran all the way and then sought out Mr. Mandel and told him why I was late. I took courage because I had heard that little bairns crowd around his board. I told him that another child had come to us when the dawn was breaking, and because I had no money to employ the medical help and was obliged to do for my dear wife what a mother's hand should do. He listened and then told me if I would give him a dollar of my week's pay that he would not enter the complaint against me." For a moment an uneasy thought shot through Howard Warren's mind. If this man had spoke the truth then his overseer had told him falsely, yet how could he believe a man of whom he knew nothing save that he was one of the many who passed daily in and out of his large factory buildings. The man went on. "Yesterday a child came to us. This morning Heaven robbed me of my boy, my Jamie, the idol of my life, for whom I have labored until my limbs almost refuse to move. He left us, our beloved bairn. Oh God, how can I bear it?" "You have a child, Howard Warren. Look at him to night as he lies in his cradle of lace and satin, and then if you can remember a strong man's grief at all think of my child, who died because of want and exposure. Think of it, the crumbs from your table that your silky lap dog would not touch might have saved my boy." The mill owner looked at his watch and made an uneasy movement. The words of his employee touched him, yet he wished him to go. To real grief he had been a stranger until now. Yet some intangible intuition made him know that this man's sorrow was genuine. For a moment he was prompted to forget the rules established during his father's ownership, when he himself was away at college, but the next moment the indifferent hardness so natural to him came back and his tone took on a chilly coldness, which cut away the last hope which had grown in the heart of the stricken man. "Pardon me, Robson, but rule is rule here. You were complaining of the injustice of providence a few moments since. Now when it takes away one burden from your shoulders you complain like an unreasonable child. Of course it is a loss to have a boy taken, but it makes one less mouth to feed. In fact you imprudent helpless creatures would be better off if every tie was broken that what you earned could go on your own backs and to sustain the life that labored for it. Were I you I should be glad that God took a child I could never hope to educate, that would grow up like thousands of law breaking specimens whose names and crosses fill the criminal record. You should look—"

More than once from his office window he had had his workmen pointed out to him in an intoxicated condition. It hardened him against the man Robson, and served to temper his charity with prejudice. While he sat there he heard the pattering of slipped feet, and the next moment a pair of soft white hands were clasped around his neck, and the smiling face of his wife pressed close to his own. He held her face with the rays of the setting sun falling across it away from him and looked long and earnestly on the lovely young head in the first dawn of happy widowhood. Hers was a life without a shadow, not a wish that had not been granted. "Are you well, Alma, my darling? Have you and baby well enjoyed every moment of this perfect day?" he asked. A chill came over him. He thought of the agony of James Robson's face when he had said, "I shall show you such mercy as you have shown to me." What could come to them, sheltered, he thought by the mantle of wealth and influence? His face still bore impress of the uneasiness which those words had occasioned. His wife noted the careworn look, and exclaimed anxiously: "Why, Howard, are you ill? I am sure you must be. Tell me, dear, what has happened at the factory? To whom of all the world should you tell if not to your own little wife." She drew his face down on her shoulder and kissed it many times. "Your anxiety is greater than my ailments," he answered lightly. "There was an unpleasant scene at my office tonight. One of our men has been late to his work for a second time, and I was obliged to compel his discharge. Really, I feel sorry for him, darling, but rule is rule. Were I to overlook it once it would establish a precedent and cause trouble to my manager. This man Robson's case seems to be a severe one, and but that he grew insolent I should have tried to help him otherwise." His wife's hands were clasped in his own. "Are you sure, Howard, that you did just right?" she asked, when he had narrated the details of the incident. "Assuredly. I have every confidence in Mr. Wendel's management. Yet I can not get his face out of my mind when he spoke of his dead child. Incidentally the whole day has been a trying one. A large consignment of goods gone astray, owing to official carelessness. Then, too, a telegram saying that father's health is none the best. I shall take the midnight train and go straight to his hotel. I enjoy my home so much, darling. Every moment spent with my wife and boy is an earthly heaven. So you see I have been cross and felt selfish to leave you. By the way, do not think of my unpleasant experience of today. It is no fit theme for you, Alma. Those people of the lower order of civilization should not for a moment engross your thoughts. Come let us forget poverty row and its denizens and turn to things more pleasant. Take me to our boy. Bless his little heart. Really the first day he calls me papa shall be known and commemorated as a holiday in our factories. It's three years since father deeded me the property and he shall see that I have been a practical steward. By the way, there is your charity fund awaiting you in my private drawer. Take it, dear, and use it as you will." "As I will, Howard? May I spend it just as I wish? You are so kind. Will you never ask me or censure me for investing it according to the dictates of my heart?" "Never, my wife. It is yours, whether for a new bonnet or for to make some one of your numerous aid societies the richer." "Thanks," she answered slowly. "It will not be anything for myself." They entered hand in hand the nursery of baby Will, named for the grandfather, whose health he would one day inherit. A handsome child whose ten months of existence had seemed like a short summer's day to the loving parents. The young father bent down and kissed the baby sleeper in his dainty lace canopy bed. Another picture arose slowly before him. Another's idol, as this was his own, lying dead in poverty row, "Just a child of the lower order of civilization," as he had said to his wife a few moments before, but high enough in his purity and innocence to form a part of the angel band that are made fit for God's eternity. Better thoughts swayed him. "I will reconsider this man's discharge," he said to himself, and for the time he meant it. Long after her husband's departure, Alma Warren sat in her room thinking over his last words. For hours all the servants had gone to their rooms and the great house was dark and silent, save in this where she spent some of the happiest hours of her life. The story of such poverty in their midst clung to her mind. Her husband's words had awakened a train of memories long lain dormant; had swept aside the curtains of the past. She, too, had been one of the lower order of civilization, a child of poverty stricken parents before her marriage with the son of William Warren. As she sat there she remembered what her husband and his order had forgotten, that the name of Alma Grayson had not been in society's blue book when he had wooed her and his wealth had entirely divorced her from the old associations of

her girlhood. She opened the casket that lay on the ebony table. One by one she drew out the treasures it contained. A lock of brown hair seamed with silver threads, a ring and a little bible, stained with the tears of a woman whose portion had been widowhood and poverty. To her daughter sitting here in the dainty chamber the past came back. She saw herself struggling for work and instruction. Her dream of becoming a queen of song. That night the first audience she had faced, how it came back. The sea of curious faces awaiting to applaud or condemn as they willed. Howard Warren, with a friend, heard her sing that night, and the marvelous, thrilling music of her voice went straight to his heart and reigned there today. His marriage ran the proverbial gauntlet of nine days comment, and then was forgotten. His bride was beautiful and well dowered with grace and amiability. His wealth and social standing did the rest. A sudden resolve had grown in her mind, and she laid the sacred mementos within the casket and sought her couch. The morning dawned bright and clear. The rays of the sun danced merrily over leaf and bud, and stole in the hovel homes of poverty row, so named because every resident there in the narrow alley was a victim of misfortunes caprice. Most of the men earned small wages in the mill and factories close by, the greater portion of which lay in the till of Thomas Hickey when Saturday night came around. Half starved children lined its doorways, and woman to whom every hope of joy was shattered, living, breathing until the reaper came to end their struggle. Down near the lower end of the row dwelt James Robson and his family. From the low black rafters hung the grim of ages. On an iron bed lay the wife and mother, and around the room were scattered neighbors and friends. Near the bed, on two rickety chairs, rested an arduous pine coffin containing little Jamie, a boy of three years. "More saint than child," his father had said, verily too fair to remain on earth. Death has given him a beauty that an artist could not hope to duplicate. The little silken curls covered a brow so much like chisled marble that one would doubt if it ever had felt the warm breath of life in its veins. The women gathered nearer the coffin, and a ragged child laid a bunch of prairie flowers in the waxen hands. Some one attempted a hymn, then broke down save one aged woman who sang in a quivering voice: "There's a land that is fairer than day." No one noticed that a shadow fell across the door way until a voice joined the weak attempt at singing. And such a voice, higher and sweeter it arose, until it reached every nook of the squalid apartment. They held their breath and gazed at the singer, who now stood at the foot of the bier bearing in her hands a wreath of fragrant tube roses. She sang on to the end with the cadence of her sweet voice echoing until the spring winds playing through the broken panes of glass seemed to waft it heavenward: "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." Her hood had fallen back, disclosing the rare beauty of her countenance, the large grey eyes filled with unshed tears, speaking the sympathy of a nature that went out to all things in grief. She placed her flowers over the dead child's breast and then bent and kissed the good sleeper. The father came and knelt and touched her hand as one touches some holy shrine. "You are very kind, lady. We thank you. More we cannot say. Our hearts are too full." She passed on to the mother and took the toil worn hands in her own and spoke low. "You are in trouble. I am so sorry. You will accept something from my hand. Just for little Jamie's sake," and she laid a heavy purse in the woman's hand. "Take it, and to-morrow I will send you something more comfortable." Tears choked back the words of thanks of the mother. "May God remember you as you have us to-day. We do not know whom we thank, but to us you are Sorrow's Angel. God bless you, lady." On the morrow came a load of bedding and groceries. Thus had she spent her annual charity fund. She had sown little. Did she dream how she would reap the harvest of the noble deed? Three years have gone by since that morning and the family of Howard Warren are spending a few weeks at one of the fashionable beaches. The long summer day has drawn to a close, and the clouds betoken a storm. Out on the sand the water birds are screaming and the dark clouds are massing together while loud streaks of blue flame break through them. Nearer and nearer it comes, when a woman's cry arouses some of the frightened guests. Howard Warren comes breathless into their midst in the large parlor. "My child!" he gasps hoarsely. "Has anyone seen my boy, my little Will. My God; he is out in the storm." Some one comes in. "The boat is gone, Mr. Warren. Could he have loosened the chain?"

Everyone rushes out, but nothing can be seen but sand, blown hither and thither, and the moan of the angry waters. "Help!" cried the mill owner. "Money is no object. Help me to search for my boy." "There is one man here who can swim, Robson is his name. Here he is. He works near the beach," some one says. In the gloom of the dying day they came together face to face. The words he had last heard from this man came back to Warren's mind. "Such mercy as you have shown will I show to you." "Robson," he cried, "You will forget; you will save my boy. There is the boat out in the waves. Quick, for God's sake. I cannot swim." Robson shook off the hand of the mill owner. "It is madness to attempt it. You have another child they say. Why murmur if this is taken. That is what you said to me when my heart was stunned with grief. My life would be nothing in those waves." Howard Warren fell on the sands. "Oh, my God, give me back my boy, my little Will." A woman came near them. She had heard Robson's words. A dark cloak had been thrown over her evening dress. In her distress she threw off the outer garment and knelt at Robson's feet. Her little white hands were stretched toward him and her words came to him through the fury of the storm: "For my sake, save our boy. You called me Sorrow's Angel once when your Jamie died." The man looked into her face. "You; you. Oh, God, I did not know," and throwing off his coat reached for the rope and knotted it about his waist. "Tell her, my wife, that I died for her—she that came in our trouble. I did not know at first. God forgive me." He threw himself into the water. Thrice he was hurled against the beach, but he swam out again. His breath came in gasps. Floating timbers struck against him while the waters rocked under him, when the surging of the waves seemed to beat into his brain. Away out on the glistening water he saw the frail boat swaying back and forth. Once, when the lightning lit up the seething mass, he saw a child's head and hands that seemed tangled in the ropes of the shell. If he could but live to reach it. The next time the light shot out he saw that he was nearing. Gasping, struggling, making the noblest effort possible, he lifted his voice long and loud. It rang out and reached the drowning child. "Cheer up, little man. Don't let go. I'm coming. Be a man, Will." And the weak answer reached him through the wild tumult of the storm: "Mamma, my own mamma." "Aye, for mamma, lad; for the kiss she gave me my dead Jamie, when I give her child in her arms she will know what it was to me." The throng on the beach see him near the boat, and the child was held up aloft in one hand as he starts to return. The rope is drawn rapidly shoreward. A grand holy hush. Then, as he nears the shore, a loud cheer goes up and reaches the man whose strength is almost spent. The shore is reached and he places the child in Alma Warren's arms. A mother's prayer goes up for the brave preserver who falls to the beach, the blood gushing from mouth and nostrils. For days his life hangs in the balance. Eminent doctors came and went, and one morning he opened his eyes to see around his bed the watchers who had never wavered in their care. His old employer touched his hand. "You must be quiet, Robson; not one word. I will do the talking. You're all right now; but it was a hard pull. Your wife and baby is all right," as the eyes of the sick man turned to them at the foot of the bed. A woman's soft hand reached over and lay in his. "I want to thank you," the man murmured. "I did not know at first; forgive me." "Nay, Robson, it is you who must forgive. You spoke but just, and if your words were twice as hard I deserved them from you. We won't speak of it any more; only let me say this: We need a good, honest manager, Robson, a man who has courage to do what is right, and near by to the mills is the old Holmes place, with garden and a nice cozy house. You remember. The place is a gift to you and your wife from Alma, my wife, and when you are able to be out again you shall take your place as manager of our mills. Not a bad exchange, is it, my man, but only a small installment of my gratitude, and that polluted poverty row will pass out of existence forever, for I intend to erect good comfortable houses for my workmen. This has taught me a lesson I shall never forget. My wife, in her sympathy for all things grieving and unhappy was nobler than I could ever hope to be." In the eyes of the sick man came a glad light of gratitude and with a murmured, "Sorrow's Angel," he fell asleep to waken to strength. "To be perfectly exact, are the Philip-pines east or west?" "Well, we shan't know for sure, I supposed, until they've voted once."

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