THE NAUTILUS

Warms take this shell. wift of m., a bride. Duce it ro-s and fell On the moony tide. Let us party bulwarks dwell Dy thy side

Digged with gossamer, G'er thy sens it flow, Never a wind would stir Cord or sail or crew. Haleyoullke, this mariner Cleft the blue.

Blithe even so was I. Gay, light hearted maid. Now, my sails are dry, My fond crew afraid, Goddess, goddessi come, I cry, To my aid!

Is it bliss or woe, Nevermore to be On the full heart's flow Indokat and free As this shell was long ago

Venus, take this shell, Pearly, like a tear. A'i, I cannot tell What I wish or fear. Guard me through the miracle

Dread and dear. -Edmund Gosse in Cosmopolitan.

# MY NEIGHBOR.

A fatiguing journey up six long, winding flights of stairs carried me to the door of the room I occupied in ----street; but, no matter for the name of the street, no one, I am confident, will visit London for the express purpose of roll? satisfying himself that I am to be depended upon, and that there is a house of so many stories in Lambert street. Here I lived in enjoyment of no end of fresh air, especially in winter, and a brilliant prospect up and down the ly at her face. street and over the roofs of the houses across the way.

I was studying painting at that time, learning to paint the landscapes and "How is it that you are not a fine lady then, Maggie?" I asked. much ease and dispose of with so much difficulty.

ing, much wearied, the 139 steps stand that, an I tol 'im so.' that led to my paradise, before I could get my key into its lock, and into this which I could think of nothing to say passage way opened two doors, one of to the poor thing, so glanced at her comwhich, of course, belonged to my room, and the other to some one else's. But who this some one else was I was unable to find out. Was it a man or woman? I was persuaded it must be a woman, and as a woman I always used to bread, so I sent the boy to the 'ome for think of her and speak of her to myself, poor children an began scrubbin floors. and I thought and spoke of her often enough.

Of course I could have settled the question at once by knocking at her door quite awhile then-not till 'e was 5 ing of my landlord, who occasionally on Sunday, an I was workin all the othhonored me with a friendly call, but 1 er days. scorned resorting to such methods.

Every time I heard the door shut 1 resolved she should not go out again from my work, an 'e didn't know me, without my seeing her, and I nearly fell sir! 'E ran away an 'id when I tried to into the street as I frantically attempt- kiss 'im. Well, after that I went up ed to reach far enough out of my win whenever I could get away after my dow to see her as she came out at the street door.

Was she young and pretty and good? me an liked to build tents by puttin up What did she do, and what was her my broom an mops an wrappin my running up those six flights and stopping bafiled at her close shut door. I drew ideal portraits of her in my reg'lar doctor at the 'ome, an 'e'd took

idle moments, introduced them into all a shine to my little Dick. my pictures and would often finish out "One day I was washin win an accidental face in a study of rocks, an office on Turner street, an in walks should be worked up a little more." much to my instructor's surprise and Dr. Dick. Well, we 'ad a talk, an the my fellow students' amusement.

#### "Yes, but I want you, Maggie, Will you come? "Law, if ye really wanter 'ave ma,

view my work. I'll come, sir, 'cause you've been very good ter old Maggie, ' done, and another hour's work would

The sittings began the next day, and have finished it, but the light was going I derived much ammement from the old fast, so I began to rut away my paints woman's conversation while I painted and brushes, and Maggie gathered up away with might and main, resolved that this picture should be hung at the salon next spring, and my imagination even went so far as to speculate on the most suitable style of frame.

more sympathetic now that my work At first it was only of the other lodgwas done, and her story seemed to mean In that old Maggie gassiped, but one more to me than when I was wondering day when she was looking very tired I whether to use gray or brown for her mestioned her kindly about herself, and faded eyes.

site finally told me her story. the old woman had evidently taken "if you could paint Dick-jest a little a great fancy to me, and I wish I could remember the quaint words in which thing for me". she told me of her girlhood in London and her courtship by a man poor like and where can I see him?' hersell, though much above her in statime p'haps you'll see my Dick, an J 'ope you'll like 'im. I should like to tion-a newspaper writer, she said he

#### "When we were first married, we took a little country 'onse that made Good night, sir." me think of a biled dinner, for 'twas painted in red an green an deep yallerjust like that paint you're mixin up now -carrotty. Then the baby came,

ner whole voice and manner changed, and during the rest of the story she dr-pped the abrupt wittleisms for a chat with a manual the enjoyed a tremuious cagerness "Did ye know I 'ad a son, Mr. Car-

ness, he displayed at times a grim hu-"No," I answered, intent on my

work. "Where is he now?" "'E's a rich man now, an a gentle-

man," she said proudly and yet with a buttoned up to his chin-sometimes 1 wistfulness that made me glance quick-

some sepia on my palette.

knew him to be a physician with a lim-If I could only get that expression, 1 thought, and went to work with perfect ited practice and a fine house up on G---street, besides the row of lodging houses frenzy on the face. from 115 to 121 West Lambert street.

"That's what 'e'd make me-me, d'ye

out changing my position. 'ear? who's scrubbed floors for 30 year! "As well as this beastly weather per-At the head of the last flight of stairs | But I'd only shame 'im, an folks'd say, mits any one to be," he replied, taking fore his children. in my lodging house was a narrow pas- 'Dear, dear, an d'ye know 'is mother is the only vacant chair. "The fog is so sage way, in which I was obliged to stop and recover my breath after finish-ashamed o' me. No, no, no, I couldn't and blast it with gunpowder." But his holding to a round with both hands. attention was attracted just then to my

her things to leave.

"I wish there was something I could

do for you," said I as I slipped a coin

into the old woman's hard palm. I felt

Her face brightened at the words.

"Some time," she faltered, slowly,

"Gladly," I answered, "but when

"Why, 'e"- She stopped. "Some

'ave you know my son, Mr. Carroll.

I had just got back from dinner when

there was a knock at my door, and Dr.

Davis came in unceremoniously. I was

mor that was vastly entertaining and

was, moreover, a man of education and

refined tastes. He rarely spoke of him-

self and kept his cloak of reserve well

"How are you, Davis?" I said with-

And she was gone.

There was an awkward pause, in easel "What's this?" he cried and moved the lamp to get a better view. I had my back to him; so, after a long passionately and thoughtfully mixed

silence, I wheeled around to say, rather impatiently, I fear, as I did not under-"Ye see, sir, 'twas this way," Maggie went on after awhile. "After Joe died | stand his hesitation: we 'ad nothin, not a ha'penny to buy

"Well, how do you like it?" "It's truly fine, Carroll. I never neck. Meanwhile the blood was rushing dreamed you would do anything like to his head until he thought it would It was 'ard to let Dick go, but I tried this. Why, my dear fellow, your repunot to sorrer over it, for I knew I tation will be made." I felt very much gratified, for Davis

couldn't keep 'im. I didn't see 'im for was something of a critic, and his opinand asking for a match or by inquir year, for they wouldn't let visitors in ion worth having, but it wouldn't be manly for me to show my pleasure, so I only said indifferently: 'You think it will go then?"

"I went up there with my scrubbin "Go! Now, look here, Carroll, I want things an all one night, for I'd jest come this. Name your own price, but I must have it." "You've seen Maggie, of course,

haven't you-the old woman who cleans work was done at night, though I was the halls here?" awfully tired, an 'e got kinder uster "Yes, often," he answered slowly.

"Do you think it is like her?" "Very like-and yet-older and sadname? My thoughts were perpetually shawl round 'em. 'E uster call my mop der looking some way. Don't you think 'Doctor,' 'cause 'e said the end was like so?

Dr. Dick's whiskers. Dr. Dick was the "No. She looked just like that today. She's to pose again tomorrow, for, as

After that we neither spoke till the minute. Theat ; went out, closed the clock struck 6, and I stepped back to door softly and reverency and ran down stairs. It was truly the best thing I had ever So this was my neighbor, and I never

Calific Inter water and An

knew.! On the second floor I met one of the ousemaids carrying a lamp, which I ook out of her hands.

"Go quickly," said I, "to 119 and tell Dr. Davis that Maggie is dead," The girl looked frightened, but obeyed vithout a word.

Then I suddenly thought of her son -Dick, she called him. He must know. I was about to go in search of some one else when I met Davis on the landing

in the dimly lighted hall. "Davis," said I, "we must send for her son. Do you know where he lives?" I could see even in the semidarkness that his face was working convulsively, but without answering he strode on to Maggie's room, I following.

Two of the maids were in the room now, one of them weeping noisily, for Maggie had been kind to her last winter when she was ill.

But Davis did not notice them. He went quickly over to the bed, dropped on his knees by its side, and taking the poor, stiff, wrinkled hands in his he covered them with kisses. When he rose and turned toward me,

I saw the great tears rolling down his chat with my gentlemanly landlord, for, face. though outwardly grave, almost to sad-

"Carroll," he said gently, "leave us together. Her son is here."-Mae S. Thyng in Short Stories.

Had Lost His Suppleness.

### A gentleman who had been somewhat of an athlete in his younger days was even thought he turned the collar up to telling his growing sons of the feats of ward off all personal questions. But I agility and strength which he used to perform and promised to put them up a trapeze. According to promise, the gentleman went to the barn with his boys and rigged the ladder in horizontal fashion about 10 feet from the floor. When everything was ready, he of course thought he would "show off" a bit be-

He stepped out on the ladder by way of The children laughed gleefully, and emboldened by his success the father attempted to hang head downward by his toes, one of his favorite feats in his athletic days. He got down all right, but he couldn't get back. He tried two or three

times, but it was no use. Then he got excited. His head was several feet from the floor. If he fell, he might break his split open.

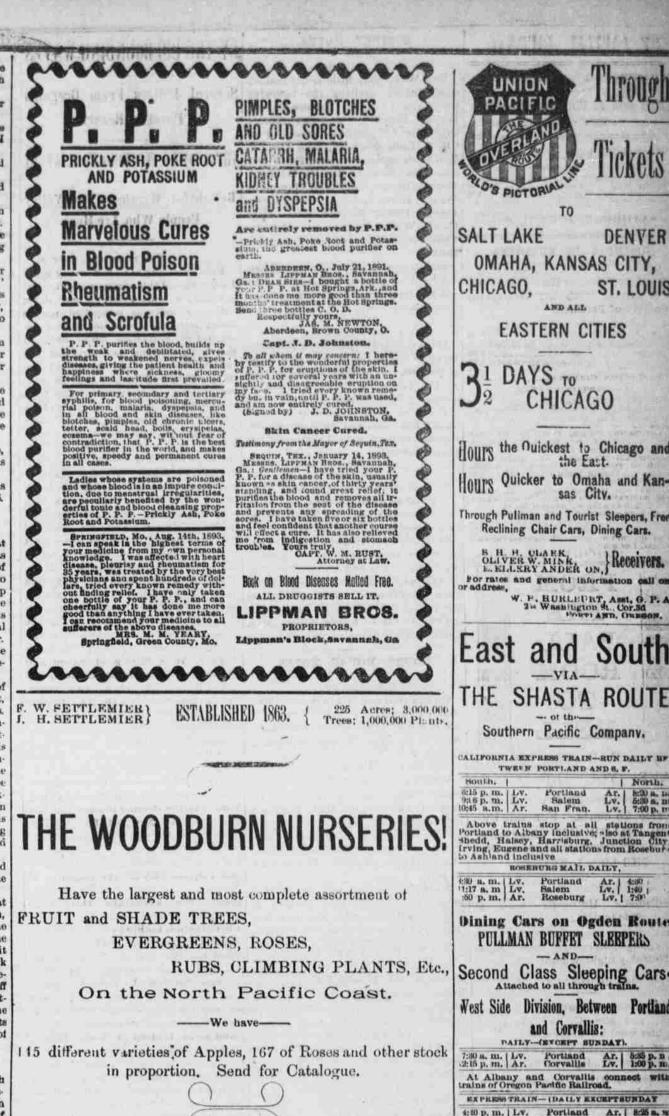
"Fetch some hay, quick!" he shouted to the now terrified boys. "Put some hay under my head!"

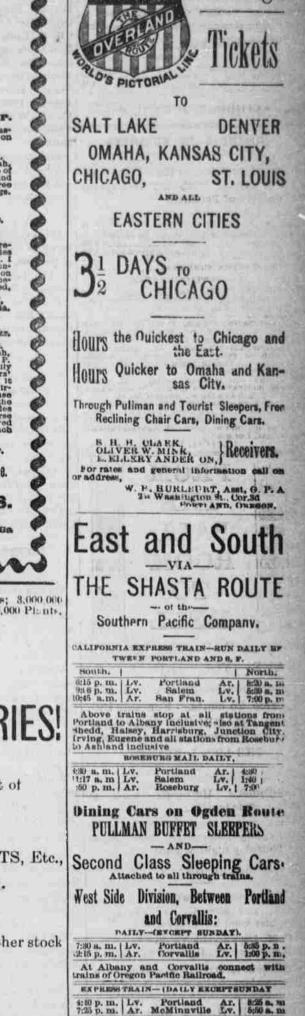
The children quickly brought great armfuls of hay and piled it beneath him, and just as his wife, alarmed by the screaming, came in at the barn door he fell. He was black in the face, and it required several minutes of active work on the part of his weeping wife to restore him to consciousness. He was stiff and sore the next day and unable to attend to his business in the city, but he

was able to restore the ladder to its former upright position in a corner of the barn .- Providence Journal.

## Mongolian Magic.

These Taichinar Mongols are much given to all forms of magic. Storm disyou see, it's not quite done yet. This pelling they appear to have learned from hand needs touching, and the dress the K'amba Tibetans, but the origin of some of their other practices is not so "Yes, but I wouldn't touch it if I clear. Certain among them, they claim, were you. It's just perfect now, and you can cause a person to be stricken ill or can even compass his death. After having procured a few hairs, a nail paring "Nonsense," I said, rather vexed at or something from the person of the intended victim, they make a little image "I must go along now, " he said, butof him in flour, and in this stick the relic. Then it suffices to prick the head, heart, lungs or limbs of the effigy to





The only comunication I ever had up for 'is son. 'E was a nice, kind genwith people in the house was an occa- tleman, an I knew he thought a sight sional conversation with the dust color- o' Dick, but it was 'ard for me, for I'ad his tone. ed old woman who cleaned the windows to promise not to see Dick after 'e left and swept the halls.

when it rained heavily, and I could not gentleman, an I couldn't stand in the give the old woman a clear stage by go- boy's way. 'E'd soon forget me, though ing out for a couple of hours, but told it nearly killed me when I thought of it. her to clean away and be as lively as she could, while I sat'there and painted.

Lodgers, she told me as she polished heart, "when I think of the day I said up the panes, came and went so fast goodby. that she forgot one when another came and never knew any of their names.

Sho had an eye for character, though, them in a quaint way, nailing her sen- Dick found me out, an I was still scrubtences now and then with odd, hard bin. I didn't seem to have no 'art to words, independently of the general get anything better to do after I let Dick text.

"Gentleman who's under you keeps 'imself quite to 'imself," she said. "Plants out queer sasses in boxes all the time an some of 'em on the balcony itself. P'r'aps makes a kinder tea of 'em, | was good, but awful cold an still-like or root drink. Decoetifies."

"And who is in the room below that?" I inquired, more to make her talk than that, for 'e allers is very good to me, to satisfy any cariosity I had on the subject.

"Empty now. Two dark little gentle- like little Dick. men 'ad it for a fortnight-Jews, I fancy-an as like one another as two spots o' dirt on this 'ere pane o' glass. Spoke a hard biled kind o' tongue an was furriners, most likely Polyanders."

I might have asked her about my next door neighbor, but refrained for fear my pretty romance would be destroyed by a description of a middle aged spinster who wore glasses and wrought green roses in crewel work.

When she had finished the windows and gathered up her brushes and pails, she pansed an instant to give a backward glance at her completed task. The spend that day together if 'e wanted sun had broken through the clouds and to." rested tenderly on the stooping figure of the old woman in her faded rags.

"What a picture!" I thought invol-untarily. Then aloud I said, "Will you come some time and let me paint you, lady. Maggie?'

"Me!" she cried, startled.

"Yes, just as you are now, scrubbing brushes and all. Wil. you come?" I cried, my enthusiasm rising.

"Law! Why d'ye want to paint an with pride, which poorly concealed the old woman like me, Mr. Carroll, with aching mother heart beneath. a face wriskled like a peach pit? Why don't you paint a pretty girl? Old wo my breath. men are painted though sometimes, but only to make 'emselves lock young agen. "Why do you say that?" she cried Ha, ha!"

her, so I only said:

Constanting of the The Stander

end of it was 'e took my Dick to fetch might do too much, you know."

the 'ome. But I'd no money to fetch toning up his coat. "I've some business A day came for cleaning my windows 'im up on, an Dr. Dick 'd make 'im a in the next house-119."

painted furiously.

wonder.

such a son, I reckon!"

go. What was the use?

I noticed for the first time that he looked ill, and tried to make him take some brandy before he went out, but he "That must 'a' been near 80 year ago, seemed in a hurry and couldn't stop. but somethin hurts 'ere," touching her "Goodby," he said, "and remember the picture is mine."

There was another pause in which I

and extending my legs out into that undefined everywhere called the wide, wide world.

So Davis had bought my picture, and I was to name the price. Well, he was "Dr. Dick was dead an 'ad left my Dick lots o' money an a letter that told a rich man, I thought complacently, 'im all about me, so 'e'd come to look and my price grew in size the longer I me up an take me to live with 'im, 'E thought about it. It did not occur to me that a receipted bill for three months' an wore kid gloves an finer close nor Joe ever 'ad. But I ought not 'er say rent, due last week, might be justly considered as a part payment. I would make the sum large enough to cover my jest as if I was a lady, but you see 'e expenses to Paris and back next sumwas different, an I never could love 'im mer. And then-

I was startled by hearing the door to "So I told 'im 'e must leave me where the next room shut gently. I had not I was, for I couldn't be 'appy in a big indulged in many dreams of my fair neighbor lately. In fact, my new inter-est in art had locked the door on my onse with fine close an would only shame 'im before folks. An old woman curiosity, and some way now I cared like me! I was too old to change. I'd scrubbed all my life an was goin to little about finding the key.

scrub to the end. An, said I, 'ye I nearly jumped out of my chair, however, when I heard a distinct groan mustn't come to see me on week days when I'm workin either, 'cause from the next room, and as I sprang to 'twouldn't do no good, an folks 'd only my feet there was the sound of a heavy fall. I rushed into the hall. This was

"'E got a little mad at that, but I no time for knocking, and I swiftly turnfancy he was kinder glad way down. 1 ed the handle of the door which had so said 'e could come on Sundays, an we'd baffled me in my desire to know more of the occupant of the room behind it. The room was totally dark.

"What's the matter? Can I be of any "So now 'e comes every Sunday an assistance?" I called, peering into the takes me to church, an I rig out in the fine shawl an bunnit an things 'e keeps blackness.

There was no reply, and I brought the givin me an try to be like a great rich lamp from my room and held it high above my head, giving a hasty glance "It's kinder hard sometimes to think around as I did so.

'e's really my boy, for 'e don't talk like The room was larger than mine and handsomely furnished, evidently by a person of taste, I had time to think to me or seem to belong to me some ow, but I s'pose it's all right, an 'e's a real fine gentleman, is Dick," she finished, myself before my eyes fell on a dark figure lying face downward on the floor beside the table.

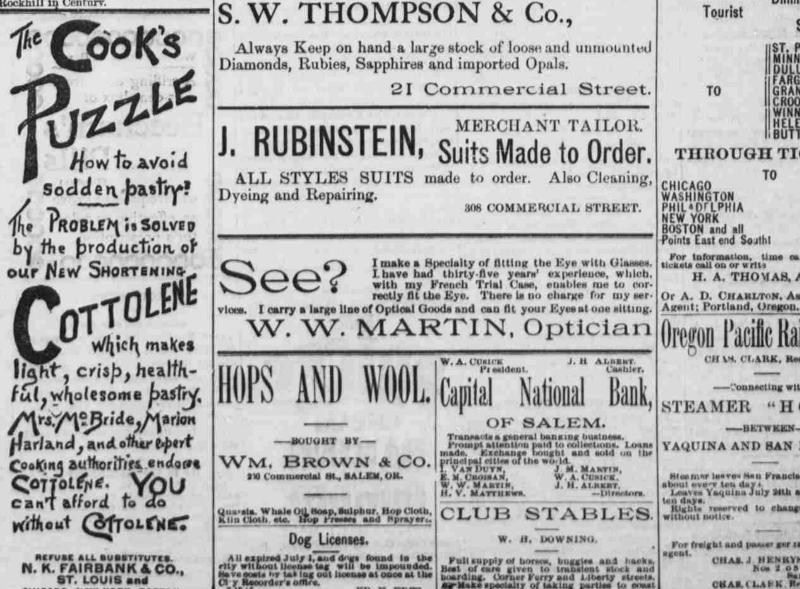
"Poor Maggie," I said softly under "y put the lamp down, lifted I.C. v on to the bed and beat over her g

her to see if she were conscious. To my surprise it was old Maggie, anything, an Dick's as good to me as It was useless to argue the point with 'e can be. Mighty few women's got and she was quite, quite dead! I was so argue that I could not think for a

cause acute pains to be felt by the original in the same portion of his body. Of course one must recite certain potent Hardware, Wagons, Carts, Road Machinery charms the while. In them lies the secret of success. I am not aware that this

It was a hot, clammy night, and after mode of bewitching a person, so well Davis left I threw the windows open as known in the western world in ancient far as they were made to be thrown and medizeval times, obtains to any "What day's today? The 18th, isn't and got as far out of one of them as I great extent in Asia. Personally I have and told me the peculiarities of some of it? Well, 'twas just five years ago that safely could by tilting my chair back never met it elsewhere,-W. Woodville Rockhill in Century.

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