







WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR

BY ELLIE S. BARR.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've left the hay."

"There's a Heart, there's a Hand, we feel but cannot see."

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must, because we must."

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and remained there for half an hour in conversation with him, and judging by the frequent exclamations he must have been greatly astonished at what the detective told him.

Re-entering the office, they found Yerkes still unconscious, and at the suggestion of Varcoe, he was conveyed in that condition to the hospital.

"Now, Mr. Purvis," said Varcoe, "you please point out to me which are the clothes usually worn by Mr. Sharon while on duty at the store."

"Certainly, sir," replied the gentleman, "that's really odd, and he went to a laundress where the clerks kept their outer garments and opened it. He took pieces after pieces from the hooks, an explanation as if of surprise escaping him as he did so."

"What was it?" asked Varcoe, when Mr. Purvis laid the garments on the bed.

"Why, as I live, Sharon has not only left his coat behind, but also his pants, said Mr. Purvis, with a look of bewilderment.

"That is singular," remarked the detective, exchanging significant glances with the doctor. "The more so when you remember that Mr. Yerkes, when found, had on his coat, vest, pants and boots, while the robber even left his boots behind him, pointing to a pair beneath the bed."

"Every pocket was instantly divested of its contents. There was found a valuable gold watch and chain, a wallet containing a trifle over \$5, a pen-knife, pencil and memorandum book, etc."

"Retain the articles, Mr. Purvis, and restore the clothes to the closet," said Varcoe, "I have another surprise in store for you I think."

"When this was done Varcoe took off all the bed clothes and threw them on the floor, leaving the mattress bare."

"You mean that the robber has hidden his booty in the mattress?"

"I think so, at all events," was his reply. "I took out of his knife and opened the seam."

Then inserting his hand into the opening he presently drew forth the package of greenbacks. They were intact, so Mr. Purvis, after examining the fastenings and seals.

"What and to think of this! I declared the gentleman in a halpious tone. "I do declare that my head aches trying to decipher the contents of this most extraordinary robbery."

"Think as I do."

"Why, that 'ambroke Sharon instead of being the victor in the robbery, is the robber, which accounts for his leaving all his outer garments behind. He evidently surprised the robber at his work, and in the encounter that followed he, while the robber fled, struck him across the street as the trail showed me, and tossed him into the river."

"Then you actually suspect August Yerkes as the robber?" asked the merchant.

"I am sure he is not only the robber but possibly also a murderer," was the reply.

hospital, from whence he was shortly afterwards conveyed to the means department of the almshouse.

Pembroke Sharon generously recognized by his employer for his heroic attempt to prevent the robbery, and promoted to a responsible position in the store, which he filled with credit both to himself and his grateful employer.

He worked in a year or so after his confinement, and died a raving maniac, a terrible retribution for his attempt to fasten a crime on an innocent person and thus rob him both of his reputation and life at one blow.

The San Francisco Gallery.

From the very best of the United States, and particularly within the United States, the science and art of photography have been developed to a wonderful degree of perfection.

Appearing at once to the scientific and practical sides of human nature, borrowing the latest ray of chemistry and universal physics, and engaging the inventive and artistic faculties of the most progressive people of the globe, it has grown up to prominence among the beaux arts—honing up with beautiful creations and bearing fruits of permanent usefulness.

In Portland photography has long been represented by professional work of the most artistic finish, keeping pace with the progress of the science in the metropolitan cities of the world.

The extensive gallery on First street, long conducted by Mr. Buchtel, and which, under his management, attained a reputation all over the Northwest Coast for the perfection of its productions, is now conducted by Mr. W. H. Towne, and assisted by a brilliant corps of artists.

Daily a crowd of delighted spectators may be observed at the foot of the stairway leading up to the photographic parlors, which in its hands is a masterpiece of art, and in its hands is a masterpiece of art.

It is composed of ten rooms each of which is completely and expensively furnished for the purpose. It is intended to entertain the reception parlors are richly and handsomely furnished with a piano, pictures, chairs, etc., after the manner of the most elegant drawing rooms.

There are also two studios for ladies and gentlemen, liberally and tastefully upholstered, with pig glasses and all the luxuries of the toilet. Everything in these apartments is stupendously comfortable and affords a striking proof of the popularity and prosperity of the establishment.

The operating room is excellently lighted and furnished with every appliance that science and taste have suggested for the beautiful and perfect work. The back-grounds are of original and striking designs, and the camera the best in use, including a large one for pictures 11x14 inches.

The dark room is fitted up by Mr. Towne himself, than whom no one is better versed in the chemical mysteries pertaining to his art, or more conscientious and efficient as a practical photographer.

The retouching department is in charge of Benj. W. Talliaferro, an artist in his line of national repute. The printing is supervised by Mr. A. Owen Greaves, who has been for many years the only printer in the city.

Miss Flora Haskell, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whose life-like portraits are the admiration of all. The gallery is provided with a striking and beautiful collection of photographs taken in this gallery, and he pronounced it the best work he had ever done for him.

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To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

Beautiful are the ambitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.

Marriageable young men belong to the surplus population.

Quarrels would be short-lived if the wrong were only on one side.

It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the softener of discipline.

The universal heart of a man blesses flowers. He has weathed them around the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb.

Those are mock gentlemen who mask their faults to others and to themselves; the true knows them perfectly and acknowledges them.

In contemplation, if a man begin with certainty, he shall end in doubt; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainty.

Our lives are like some complicated machine, working on one side of a wall, and delivering the finished fabric on the other. We cannot cross the barrier and see the end. The work is in our hands—the completion is not.

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