



Forever. "Promise?" "I do, solemnly."

Two young girls knelt at the bedside. Constance Owen was the name of one...

Two years passed—two years since Edith the beautiful and Constance the brave had lost their best earthly friend.

He was indeed fascinated by her bright, girlish beauty, and one evening after he had been wandering in the garden...

Constance spoke not a word. Edith was held a moment to a beating heart, and a soft kiss touched her forehead...

Q. It was a dangerous time for both those awakening hearts. But they glided on this treacherous stream, seeming only to console that the hours were sweet...

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream. "From Edith?" she said.

The portion she read ran thus: "So, you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell you now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody else in the world."

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes; but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice, deep and melodious, whispered to her: "Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?"

Amie Carlton wished she was dead, and Maud, her sister, wished she had never been born. At least they said so, and both thought themselves honest, and not in the least wicked in giving utterance to such sentiments.

Amie Carlton wished she was dead, and Maud, her sister, wished she had never been born. At least they said so, and both thought themselves honest, and not in the least wicked in giving utterance to such sentiments.

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream. "From Edith?" she said.

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream. "From Edith?" she said.

The portion she read ran thus: "So, you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell you now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody else in the world."

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes; but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice, deep and melodious, whispered to her: "Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?"

Amie Carlton wished she was dead, and Maud, her sister, wished she had never been born. At least they said so, and both thought themselves honest, and not in the least wicked in giving utterance to such sentiments.

Amie Carlton wished she was dead, and Maud, her sister, wished she had never been born. At least they said so, and both thought themselves honest, and not in the least wicked in giving utterance to such sentiments.

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream. "From Edith?" she said.

the days rolled by, and Mr. Carlton's hopes were not realized. The two hundred dollars in the till dwindled down to twenty, and there was no change. The music and French were things of the past, and at last the day came when there was no money left and no prospect of earning enough to keep the wolf from the door.

Maud, to please her father, had kept on with her practicing, reviewing her old lessons, and spending a great deal of time on scales and few finger exercises. Amie studied her French in somewhat the same style, both girls doing their best to progress without a teacher.

Up to this time I have done all I could," her husband replied, "but now I think it is best to stop a while and give the Lord a chance to do something."

It was a very strange thing for a man to do under such dreary circumstances, but Mr. Carlton wended his way to the park, and when he had found a quiet spot he sat down to rest and not to think for that he had determined not to do.

Shakspere, you will remember, says that "The morning cock crowe loud." I do not know that the divine bard intended this remark to refer especially to Cooley's rooster, but it fits him with singular exactness.

Harvest booming—huge crops.

A Spring Memory. BY DELICE. Wild daffodils, whose golden hue And fragrant scent bring back to me Sweet memories of long ago, When all the world seemed fair to me!

How They Did It. They were sitting side by side, and she sighed, and then he sighed. Said he "My darling, I do!"

What is Wealth? It is not gold or goods that makes a man wealthy. The best wealth is of the heart, an enlightened mind, a loyal conscience, pure affections. He is wealthiest who has the largest stock of wisdom, virtue and love.

Cooley's Rooster. "Can you calm passion or make reason shine? Can you die peace or wisdom from the mine? Who can be patient for his much less? To make out fortune, than our happiness."

THE TIME FOR MARRIAGE. Beautiful patterns were used, and the tattooing was done in raised cuts. Sometimes a husband when he was displeased with his wife cut off all these raised pieces, and the woman could not appear in public again; she was not tattooed.

From 1000 to 1200 bushels of wheat arrived daily during last week at Kinny Bros. mills, Salem. The quality is very superior, and the price paid is 85 cents, cash.

An Account of the Most Civilized Race in Central Africa. At the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield on August 23d, the well known African explorer, Commander Cameron, who was received with applause, apologized for not having his paper prepared, but did not believe, in detailing the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa, this would be a drawback.

It is a trite remark that truth is stranger than fiction, and a new illustration of it is given in the case of a remarkable coincidence, which we are about to record.

Chinese Emperors. The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the empress, while the other two are queens. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his successor.

Two farmers of Texas had a fight on the 17th. Both were killed. A two-minute cyclone at Goliad, Texas, on the 17th, destroyed 25 houses, and injured five persons.

Mr. Sam Laughlin and party, of Oak Grove, Wasco county, this season sheared 26,900 sheep. His twin boys, six teen years of age, themselves sheared 6000, many days shearing 100 each, and one day 110.

From 1000 to 1200 bushels of wheat arrived daily during last week at Kinny Bros. mills, Salem. The quality is very superior, and the price paid is 85 cents, cash.

ing. The mass of the people lived in huts on dry land, but there was one or two exceptions to this. He saw two lakes on which people were living in huts. In one case the people had covered over the long grass growing in the water with earth, and on that had built their huts; in the other the huts were built on piles. The language of the country belonged to the same broad family which stretched across the large belt of Africa traversed by him, and the grammar was on the same principle as that of the grammar of the Swahili.—London Times.

He removed the top and was startled to catch a glimpse of a sparkling and glittering object, partly exposed and partly hid. With greedy haste he snatched it, and found, contrary to what the reader may imagine, that it was not the diamond ring, but a piece of solder that had become detached from the case.

They reigned very successfully until 1878, when Toung-chee took the government into his own hands, and removed them from power. In 1875 he died of smallpox, without naming a successor. His wife was a feeble girl, with a young baby, for whose rights she had not the strength of character to fight. She soon died, and the old empress and queen seized the opportunity to get back upon the throne.

Ex-Governor Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia, died at Augusta on the 16th, aged 68. On the 17th, at Pueblo, Cal., Henry Orr fell against the point of a crowbar, which passed entirely through his body, killing him instantly.

Mrs. Isabella Smally, of Pittsburg, died last Friday evening, marks and scars of hard treatment were found on her body, and her husband was held for murder.

From 1000 to 1200 bushels of wheat arrived daily during last week at Kinny Bros. mills, Salem. The quality is very superior, and the price paid is 85 cents, cash.