(4)

ONLY A TRAMP.

BY IVAN.

From the Portland Telegram.

A crowd had gathered, I pushed my way,
And asked, what was the matter?
No one answered, I looked again,
And found a dead man, in tatters.

None seemed willing to touch the dead,
So ragged, so poor, and old,
"Only a tramp," the neighbors said,
"Who died in the street, in the cold."

No one to mourn him, or shed a tear,
No hand in pity raised,
Not one to follow the lonely bier—
The Tramp, to his pauper grave.

Not one did I say! ah, yes, I forgot,
There was one, who was true to the last,
And he trotted along, so sober and slow,
On the crowd, not a look did he cast.

In the storm, and the rain together they slept;
They shared the same food that was given—
The ground was their bed for many a night,
Their coverlet, the canopy of Heaven.

Together they wandered, together they lived,
Friends faithful, and true to the last,
Dividing their joys, and sharing their ills,
Friends, in their feast, and their fast.

The dog and his master cared little for friends;
Through life they had journeyed together;
A woman! had broken the heart of the man,
When life, was all sunshiney weather.

His love for a woman, an outcast had made him,
And a wanderer, far from his home,
Dying, and dead, in the cold, cold street,
A Tramp; with his dog all alone.

AN ARDENT LOVER.

BY KATE TRUE.

His name was Jacob, It had been his father's before him, and his father's fatner's. The Storms were a hard-working, money-getting race. Jacob Storm, the father of our hero, constantly said that "he couldn't see why under the shining sun a man needed an education; 't any rate, more'n 'nough to reckon his crops and cattle." Jacob, the younger, had once expressed a desire to attend school out of town; but Storm, senior, killed his ambition in that respect with a few words.

The inhabitants of Putneyville were not all conservatives of the Storm order. Sons of rich farmers were in college, daughters of hard-working fathers and mothers were away at school, and Putneyville felt their influence when they came home for a vacation. One of the gayest, brightest, prettest girls in town was Sallie Rivers. Her father had a poorer farm and fewer bonds than his neighbor Jacob Storm, but the Rivers family worshipped another idol. From the mother down every one valued a good education. The father had been denied it, as he was the eldest of a large family, and compelled to aid in supporting the rest. He was a man of excellent natural ability, and extravagantly fond of reading.

The boys of the family were compelled to work their way through college, and Sallie, the jovial, was determined to follow their example.

No wonder Jacob Storm, junior, loved Sallie. He had lived near her for years, had carried her dinner pail back and forth for her, had purposely misspelled words to let her pass above him, and in all her maddest pranks, he had rejoiced while others blamed. When one of the neighbors gave a party, the verbal invitation was generally, "Sallie, and the rest of the boys."

Sallie liked it; she was full of bounding fun; she hated silly airs; and as her brothers were, with one exception, older than herself, it was quite proper that she should do as they did. Jacob Storm had once called her "Will-o'-the-wisp," and the name fitted her so well that the boys took it up. The wildest colt on the farm would obey Sallie; she feared nothing, went and came as she pleased, and did more work in one morning than her mother and Huldah, the maid, could possibly do together.

Naturally, this warm-hearted, active, cheerful girl, was the light of her father's eyes. He could not send her away from him, like the boys, not even for the coveted education. For three years in her teens she bore the restraint as meekly as possible; but the fourth year could not be borne. How much the girl had suffered in secret, no one knew.

"Father," she said one day, as she sprang from her saddle, "my mind is made up. I shall go into the mill and earn money enough to attend school."

"But mother can't spare you, my daughter."

"Mother is willing," said Sallie; "she always wanted to study, herself."

"Well, we seem to need you here, somehow," said the old gentleman, stroking the colt's neck to hide his feelings.

"Yes, father, and you shall have me. I can work hard, and come home to spend every vacation; and won't you be glad to see me?"

Mr. Rivers led the colt away, and did not answer.

"Why not?" he said to himself; "why shouldn't she have a fair chance? I suppose I might sell off the meadow to old Storm, and send my only girl away in good shape; but it will spoil the farm, and I hate to."

He could not think of the house without her; he dreaded the long winter evenings, and the warm summer days, without his darling; and at last he sat down in one corner of the barn on an old grindstone, which Sallie had often turned for him. He sat there a long time, trying to overcome his selfishness; and at last, as he heard the girl's ringing voice calling him to supper, he rose up, saying, "She's my only girl; and she shall have a chance, come what will."

The boys were delighted. They were proud of Sallie, and quite sure she would do herself and the family credit. To be sure, Tom's pride was hurt when he heard she was to work in the mill at Glenmere; but the new house which Tom had urged his father to build had cost more than they expected, and every year some new machinery must be purchased. It was twenty miles to Glenmere—twenty miles from home love, care and comfort; but Sallie did not falter. To be sure, it was a trial to leave them all, a hard thing to select from her little store of girl's belongings; and a small room in a boarding-house would never afford the delight that her own large, sunny chamber did. Sallie felt a thousand tears, but did not shed one, although her mother and Huldah wept profusely as the carriage drove away, with Sallie's father on the back seat with her, and Jacob Storm in front with Sallie's brother Dike.

"I wish I had her chance," said Jacob, as the father and daughter talked in low tones on the back seat.

"Great chance," said Dike, "to go down there and work among all sorts, and never have any music evenings, or any home, or—"

Dike paused; his seelings were too much for him, and yet he would not let Jake Storm see a tear in his eyes.

"It's a chance to make yourself something better than a drudge,—a chance to see and know what is going on in the great world. Reading is good, Dike but seeing is a million times better.

Jacob read early and late, he thought and studied; but after all, he knew that the discipline which Tom and Joe Rivers were having would be a great blessing to him. His one dread was that Sallie might consider him inferior to her. "She shall not get before me if I die trying," he said.

Sallie's room was not so bad after all; Mrs. Mora had done her best to please her old friend Mrs. Rivers. When Sallie's books were unpacked, and her piano was in one corner, and her pet bird Glory hung up, the place was quite delightful.

A room-mate was impossible, as she desired to spend all her spare moments in preparation for her future work. About this time she wrote to Tom: "It is a hard grind, dear old boy; and sometimes, when my head whirls about with the noise, or the associations vex me, I feel like running away to China or Japan; but I don't, I only go home when I am free, and take a good dose of Chopin or Beethoven; they tone me up. By careful management, I shall be able to save some money. There is a little French girl here, who ss anxious to study English; every week I give her a lesson for a lesson; I speak and read French with her; then, two of Mrs. Mora's children take lessons on the piano, and my board bill is light. Who do you think comes here every Sunday? Why, Jacob Storm. His father will not let him go to college, and he walks down here after work is done Saturday, and returns Sunday night. He is a great friend of John Mora's, and I have to be teased about him, but I don't mind that. Jake seems like one of you and every week he questions me about my lessons.

"Sometimes he brings a few flowers, or some chickweed for Glory, sometimes a piece of new cheese in a dainty box, and generally a note or message from mother or Dike. When he drives down, Dike comes with him; and I can work harder all the week after seeing his rosy face.

"Jake gets books from the library here, and leaves them for me to read first; then we talk them over afterward, and Dike is getting quite interested.

Brave little Sallie! The days and weeks flew by, and found her at her post. She only saw the hard daily toil, only felt the bonds which kept her close until she could join the girls who quietly and easily walked the paths of knowledge. She did not know that her example gave Joe new courage, and kept Tom from many a "college lark;" she never dreamed that Jacob Storm was making a man of himself for her sake: she could not see the power she exercised over Dike, who was inclined to be a little wayward; she never guessed that her devotion to self-culture and study had stimulated some of her associates to go and do likewise. Her brief vacations were seasons of joy. Jacob Storm wished they might last forever. He, too, was hard at work; and one day, when he and Sallie had discussed the merits of various authors, and compared notes concerning their studies, Sallie's outburst of praise for his achievements drew from him an avowal of his love.

"Why, Jacob," said she regretfully, "I never thought of you in that way. I should as soon fancy Tom marrying me."

"You think I am clumsy and slow," he said, "or perhaps stupid and ignorant, because I remain here when others go away; they have educated themselves, with fate and fortune to aid them. I have done it thus far against fate, and without fortune. I shall some day make the world hear of me; how, when, or where, I do not know, but it will come."

"I believe you, Jacob," said Sallie, "and I am proud of you; but love is something I know nothing of, and until I have finished my course as a student, I must put pleasure of all kinds out of my head. Don't sulk, Jacob; I am not heartless, only ignorant. Come, saddle Tam O'Shanter, and let us have one of our mad rides to Sparkling Spring; it will be something to remember when I am grinding at the mill again."

Jacob oboyed her. Her wishes had been his law for years, and he was manly enough to be proud of it.

At last the goal was won. Sallie was in college, devoting herself to her cherished books, and Jacob still worked as he had done before, now blaming himself for his folly in regarding his father's wishes, now working at his books with the desperate energy of one who has staked all on success.

Every Sunday he visited Glenmere with Dike, but no longer spent his time with Sallie. At last a change came; Jacob Storm, Sr., was gathered to his fathers, and his son was free.

Dike wrote to his sister in boyish fashion: "Old Storm has gone, and Jake mourns for him as if he had been loving and tender, instead of a stiff old miser. Jake will leave here soon; he does not say where he is going.

"I shall miss him terribly. We have read and studied together all winter. Jake knows a heap. He surprises me all the time. He is having your picture painted for me, from the one you sent home. I wish I could go with him; but, as you say, it would never do to leave father and mother alone. I am reading the books you ordered, but I can't pin myself down to hard study after working all day."

Sallie's last year of college life was drawing near its close, and the students were arranging for their separation, when an invitation was sent them to attend a lecture by an eminent gentleman who had been recently appointed to a professorship in a Western university.

"Going, Miss Rivers?" asked a senior, as she peeped in at the half-open door of Sallie's room.

"No, I think not. I shall employ the time in writing home."

"Do go. They tell me Professor Storm is quite remarkable, and Darwinism has its attractions for all of us."

"Professor Storm was closeted with the Prex to-day," said another senior, and I understand the light of his countenance will illuminate the college tomorrow."

"I think I will go," said Sallie, suddenly, "it will not do to miss such a treat."

In her rebellious little heart she was saying, "I will go for the sake of the old name and my childhood's friend, but poor old Jake will never know anything of it."

The hall was crowded, and on the platform sat the college President, with several distinguished gentlemen. The speaker's face was partly hidden by the desk before him. When he rose, at last, Sallie's heart gave a quick bound; for there before her stood her neighbor, friend and lover.

He did not seem to see her; his subject engrossed his entire attention. Sallie listened with pleasure. The physical training of the past added strength to his mental acquirements, and his clear, manly voice charmed all who listened to him.

"Isn't he fine looking?" whispered one. "What a splenkid type of manhood!" said another. "He understands himself perfectly, as well as his subject," said a third.

When the speaker closed, the applause was emphatic and prolonged. Sallie sat motionless. Surprise and pleasure mingled with a thousand memories. Professor Storm did not heed it. He was looking at a bright face just before him, and answered the congratulations of his friends in an absent manner.

"Pardon me," he said to the president; "I recognize an old schoolmate yonder."

"Ah, indeed! that is Miss Rivers, a young lady of remarkable energy and unbounded perseverance; she stands at the head of her class."

"I'm so glad, so very glad," was all Sallie could say.

"Are you? Then help me to escape from all these eyes, and let me give you the latest tidings from home."

Miss Rivers was envied by her friends as she passed out, stopping now and then to introduce the popular scientist as an old schoolmate.

Of what they talked, and how, it matters not to us; we only know that a certain professor was absent from his post in order to attend the exercises at a certain college, where Miss Rivers graduated, and we also know that a wedding took place soon after, and the bride's toilett did not cost her weary days and nights; for, like a wise woman she purchased it in New York, and enjoyed the last precious days with her friends. When the bridal party went West, Dike joined them, and is now fitting himself for his future work in life.

Mrs. Storm, nee Sallie Rivers, is also a professor in the same institution with her husband; and her excellent parents spend a portion of each season with her. When any of the family joke Professor Storm about his lovelike attentions to his wife, he always answers, "I owe all my prosperity to the fact that I have been her life-long, ardent lover."

Which is Better—Beer or Water?

A man once said to me, "Do you believe there is more strength in a glass of water than a mug of ale?"

"Stop a bit," I answered; "that is not a fair comparison. You pay five cents for your mug of ale—I get my glass of water for nothing. Besides when I drink my glass of water, I am satisfied with it; but if you drink a glass of ale, directly you must send down another to keep it company. Suppose now you get a quart and pay twelve cents for it, and I take the same amount of money, and pay six cents for steak, and two cents for bread, and two cents for potatoes, and two cents for apples, and have a glass of fresh water for nothing. Which is the better? I eat my dinner and am satisfied with it, and go back to my work and earn more money. You go back to the saloon to get more ale, to spend your money, and waste your time."

If the beer drinker will abstain long enough to get rid of the effects of his beer, he will find himself able to do much more work than when he drinks. One of the greatest champions of our day, when he is training for a contest, says there is nothing like cold water and dumb bells.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that beer and spirits strengthen a man. They only stir him up and use up his strength. I drove twenty-four miles the other day. When I got within a mile or so of home my horse fagged. I gave him a sharp cut with my whip and he went faster, but I did not say "I've strengthened my horse!" If that's the way to strengthen him, why not let him live on whip-cord? Alcohol is a whip to him that drinks it, and he is a great fool that whips himself.

Some years ago two men took an early start and walked over to a neighboring town twenty miles away. Having done their business they walked about to see the place, and met a fellow-townsman, who proposed to return with them, and invited them into a beer-shop for a strengthening drink. "No," said they, "we are teetotalers, and we have had our lunch." But he could not go without a priming of ale. At last they were off, and for a while they all kept even step, till after some miles the beer man began to lag behind, and, at the half-way house he must have a bracer. After three miles more he wanted another, and this time it was whisky. Finally at fifteen miles, he gave out entirely and stopped for the night, where he was laid up for a day or two; while they walked on home and the next day were fresh for busines.

Oh, no, friends, all nature works on water, and we believe that God meant that man should do the same.

Take the water, friends, and all the good things that go with it. God's blessing is in it.

A Stranger's Mistakes.

A few days ago a Western merchant who wanted to do some sight-seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry goods jobbing house on B ro day, and accosted the first person he met with, "Are you the proprietor here?" "Not exactly the proprietor," was the reply. "At present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement."

The stranger passed on to a very important-looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked: "Are you the head of the house?"

"Well, no; I can't say as I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travelers just now, but I'm laying for a $200 pew in an up-town church, and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six months."

The next man had his feet up, his hat back and a 20-cent cigar in his mouth, and he looked so solid that the stranger said:

"You must run this establishment."

"Me?" Well, I may run it very soon. At present I'm the bookkeeper, but I'm expecting to get into a church choir with the old man's darling and become an equal partner here."

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around until he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and he said to him:

"The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see."

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"But I suppose you are planning to invent a Gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the quiet reply. "I'm the old man himself."

And all that the stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was: "Well, durn my buttons.—[Wall Street News.

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Kuhn's wharf yesterday, when a boy of about twelve fell off and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed. "Is the boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator. "No, boss, but he mout jess as well a been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

ALL SORTS.

Can anyone improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

The person who retires with the sun must have a warm bedfellow.

The man who gets maddest at a newspaper squib is usually the fellow who borrows the paper to read it out of.

There are no professional beauties in this country. The great number of amateurs would crowd out professionals.

The pickpocket is the true independent in politics. He attends the meetings of both parties.

There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its almighty maker.

The reason young ladies take so kindly to the fashion of banging their hair is because their mothers can't tell how much it is mnssed up after their fellows have gone.

If a man gets a little pebble in his shoe, he makes a great noise over it; if he gets a little stone aside his head he is often terribly hurt, but if he fails to get his pocket full of "rocks," oh, my, he is as troublesome as a woman without a new spring bonnet.

A man out West obtained a divorce from his wife, and married again within three days after the decree was granted. An Irishmen commenting on the man's action, remarked: "Bedad, he couldn't have much respect for his first wife, to be marryin' again so soon after lavin' her."

Just as the visitors in the country and at the seaside get fairly used to washing their faces in a tin basin of water and wiping them on a very familiar towel, it is time to pack up and go home where the comforts of life are abundant. The season isn't quite long enough to permit of having a real good time.

How marvelously careful a man is with a new garment. When he comes in he is at great pains to hang it on a hook entirely by itself, and woe to any one who hangs another article over it. At the end of a week the same garment is being picked from the floors or chairs forty times a day, his wife says.

"Yes," said the witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What!" exclaimed the Judge, "how could that be?" "Please your honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

The Philosophical Society of Glasgow is to hold an exhibition of gas apparatus on a large scale next autumn, and it is intended also to make a display at the same time of the apparatus which will illustrate the progress made in electric lighting, in telephonic communication, in the manufacture of mineral oils, in water measurement and regulation, in hydraulic engines, in heating and ventilation, etc.

Rest and Repair.

It may be safely assumed that those have been mistaken who supposed that physiological rest consists in inaction, and that repair goes on during quiescence. Nutrition—and, therefore, repair—is the concomitant of exercise. Appetite is one thing, the power to digest food another. A man may feel ravenous, and consume large quantities of material containing the elements of nutriment, but be unable to appropriate the supply furnished, or, in other words, to nourish himself. It is so with rest. Mere inaction may be secured without rest, and idleness without the restoration of energy. The faculty of recovery and recuperation after exercise is in direct proportion to the vitality of the organ rested. This faculty is not to be called into action by inactivity! It follows that relief and recovery from the effects of what is improperly called "overwork" cannot be obtained by simply "going away for a change" or by indulgence in idleness. A new form of exercise is necessary, and the mode of action chosen must be one that supplies moderate exercise to the very part of the system which it is required to "rest" and restore a Health-seekers often err in trying to recover their powers by simple diversion of energy. It is a popular error to suppose that when the brain is overworked the muscular system should be exercised by way of counteraction. The part itself must be worked, so as to stimulate the faculty of nutrition; but it should be set to fresh work, which will incite the same powers to act in a new direction.—[Lancet.

Ouida.

Olive Logan says, in the Philadelphia *Times*, writing from London: Ouida has been in town, at the Langham Hotel, and her solicitors have called upon Mr. Labouchere, of *Truth*, to demand a retraction of the statement he allowed to be printed, to the effect that the celebrated novelist was in her forties, had yellow hair and dressed in odd taste. If this statement be "flat burglary" it must be so, I fancy, only by that singular legal quibble which has it that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." So, too, is Mr. Labouchere's statement that "Moths" is "a most nasty book." Most nasty is not a whit too strong to express the moral disgustingness of those Moths. I always disliked insect moths—troublesome things, fretting one's garments, getting their foolish wings singed—but human ones are worse, it appears. I was surprised this summer during my visit to America to see young girls reading "Moths" and others of Ouida's recent novels. By English mothers Ouida's writings have long been placed in an Index Expurgatorius, and for an unmarried girl here to be seen reading Ouida would be thought to indicate a looseness in the matter of parental rearing which not only elderly people, but young marriageable men, would disapprove. Whatever their literary merit, there is but one mot d'ordre for decent young girls concerning the perusal of Ouida, Zola and Belot; *C'est defendu!*

Every music teacher or musician in Oregon, Washington Territory or Idaho, who will send their name and address to Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison St., Portland, will receive free for three months, a copy of his *Musical Review*, containing three new pieces of music each month, besides current musical news.

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That Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices A large stock of sheet music, books, pianos, musical merchandise, band and orchestra music always on hand. Mr Warren buys every thing direct from Eastern houses, and can afford to sell cheaper than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue.

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AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

The Display of Shindler & Chadbourne at the Pavilion---Their Factory at Willsburg

The gentlemen who are associated in the furniture business under the familiar firm name of Shindler & Chadbourne are men not less of social than of business and financial standing in this community. The resident partner, Mr. Shindler, has been known to the business world of Oregon for nearly a quarter of a century, and is justly regarded as one of the most reliable business men of the city. Mr. Chadbourne resides in San Francisco and is one of the largest furniture dealers in that city.

Of their elegant display in the pavilion we note first a bedroom set of American walnut trimmed with French walnut. The bedstead has side panels carved in relief, and the carving throughout is elegant in design and detail. The bed drapery of darned net over blue is the work of Mrs. W. S. Buchanan, and gives the couch a regal appearance. The bureau has a top of Lisbon marble, and is set with a large mirror, flint glass with beveled edge—one of the most difficult of modern arts. The window drapery is of thread lace, antique, and suspended on a brass rod. In addition to the articles belonging to this superb bedroom set, there is displayed in this room a settee after the pattern used in England during the reign of the Tudors. This is upholstered in ponceau silk plush, trimmed in fawn-colored satin, walnut frame embellished in ebony and gold. A patent rocker, walnut frame, upholstered in raw and spun silk, and trimmed in mohair plush; a handsome pillow-chair, upholstered in maroon satin, trimmed with chenelle fringe; lady's pillow backed chair upholstered in raw silk, trimmed in silk plush, finished with chenelle fringe; parlor writing desk of unique pattern, made of white holly and tulip wood, inlaid with marquiteri work, embellished in gold. Three genuine Turkish rugs, in Oriental color and design, and a carpet of body Brussels in colors nicely blended complete the adornments of this department. Passing a step beyond, we view

THE PARLOR FURNITURE.

This consists of draperies, lambrequins, curtains, marble mantle, Turkish sofa and two Turkish arm chairs. These last are upholstered in raw and spun silk, brocaded, trimmed with maroon satin, finished with chenelle fringe. A patent rocker, ebony and gold frame, is upholstered in satin damask, trimmed with silk plush, finished with chenelle fringe; a combined foot rest and slipper case is upholstered in raw and spun silk, trimmed with garnet and silk plush, and old gold satin; a walnut and gilt patent rocker, upholstered in old gold cashmere, trimmed with garnet mohair plush. A reception chair shown, is a real gem, and would grace a royal drawing room. The frame is of ebony and gilt; the upholstery is of crimson silk plush, put on in the pattern of a shell, trimmed with old gold satin and finished with chenelle cord and fringe. The centre piece in the back is a radius in silk plush. Another fine and unique piece is a parlor cabinet, Queen Anne style, ebony and gilt, panels of ebint glass beveled edges in the center, the wings left open for the display of bric-a brac. An easel of ebony and gold makes a fine showing. In each corner of the room is an elegant stand surmounted by ormolu figures of knights in armor. A winged book case is shown, the case being of walnut, ornamented by a white holly and ebony marquiteri panel, which panel is surrounded by a moulding of gilt and surmounted by an elegant pier glass of French plate, the heavy gold frame handsomely carved and gilded in rich style. The draperies though hastily arranged

FAR SURPASS ANYTHING IN THAT LINE

Ever displayed in this city, and hang on either side of the pier glass. One of full length, in silk cashmere, with heavy garnet plush; center drapery of gold, silk plush and blue side pieces of same, the whole finished with chenelle fringe and tassels, and draped over fine lace curtains of sunflower pattern. A portier or door curtain is the most elegant exhibit in the pavilion, and is not surpassed on the coast. The body is of maroon mohair plush, having a border of broad French moquette stripe, the figure a vase, supporting festoons of flowers; one curtain gracefully draped, the other hanging straight to show the effect when drawn over the door. The valance is of the same material, the stripe running transverse, trimmed with heavy chenelle fringe and tassels. The ceiling of these two rooms are decorated similar to the interior of a handsome parlor and the halls are adorned by paper of richly blending colors. Whether taken as a whole or in detail, the display is the finest in its line ever made north of San Francisco, and a visit to the fair is well repaid by viewing it even if were the only attraction.

The presence of a wide awake resident partner in San Francisco, with extensive eastern connections, enables the firm to furnish, without delay, anything in their line demanded by this market at prices that distance competition. Take for instance the trade in carpets in which the house does a large business. In order to keep up with the demand for latest and best patterns, the arrivals in San Francisco of new goods are watched with care, and the best possible selections made. The same is true of upholstery and drapery. Any thing new and desirable is certain to find its way to the spacious warehouses and store rooms of this firm. In every feature that goes to make up business success, a complete stock, the ability to fully supply all wants, selections to suit all tastes, prices uniformly the lowest that prudence can dictate, and honorable dealing, Messrs Shindler & Chadbourne occupy an envied position.

THEIR FACTORY.

The furniture factory of this energetic firm, is located at Willsburg, one mile south of the car shops on the O. & C. railroad. Steam power, taxes, and interest on invested money in factories in cities is no light burden to manufacturers. As the mariner avoids shoals and quicksands, so in the location of their factory, Shindler & Chadbourne avoided all needless outlay and heavy running expenses, where others, less wise, have fallen into those errors. They bought about two years ago ten acres of land with one of the best water privileges in the state, erected suitable buildings, put in machinery of the latest and best kinds, and there, within four miles of Portland, they produce every grade of furniture required in their large and growing business. We were through the factory some months ago, and have not seen an establishment which seems to be conducted with more system, or better management. We see from our sanctum daily great loads of their furniture crossing at the ferry from the factory to the warerooms.

The most successful flouring mills in this state—in fact the only profitable ones—have been those run by water power, while steam power mills have been for the most part a dead loss. In New England the great chair and furniture factories are in the interior adjoining streams furnishing motive power. The greatest furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are run by water power. Shindler & Chadbourne have evidently acted wisely in locating their factory in the country, and using the motive power furnished without price by nature. Great piles of ash, maple, spruce, cedar, walnut and fir are stacked about the factory. A year's supply is always stored to insure proper seasoning, and one of the most annoying features—shrinking and swelling of furniture—thus avoided. Only the most skilled artisans are employed. Chamber suits, office, library, parlor and dining room furniture are produced in large quantities, and from the lowest priced chair to the finest bedstead, nothing is allowed to leave the factory without strict examination and the assurance of perfect workmanship in every detail.

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What we have described of their exhibit in the pavilion can at any time be seen largely multiplied by a look into establishment where all visitors whether purchasers or not will receive every attention.

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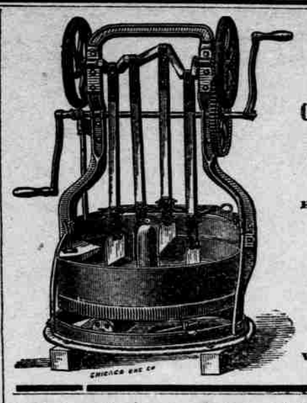

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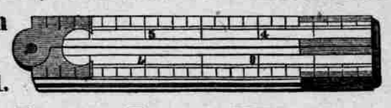

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