Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphe
The rumbling palpitations roll in upo

Of thy music throbbing heart, That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start. With the chime

And exactitude of time, Goes marching on to glory to thy melody sub-

And the guest Of the breast

That thy rolling robs of rest Is a patriotic spirit as a continental dressed; And he looms From the gloom

Of a century of tombs, And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms. Wear the guise

Of a nature pure and wise; And the love of them is litted to something in the skies,

That is bright Red and white, With a blur of starry light,
And it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep

Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur fainter growing, on the silence While the prayer

Rising there Wills the sea and earth and air As a heritage for Freedom's sons and daughter everywhere.

Then with sound

As the thunderings resound, Come thy wild reverberations in a three that shakes the ground, And a cry

Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the

## A Poem by Winona Silver.

I sat in the editorial sanctum (the chief was in Europe, and consequently I had twice as much work as usual to do) toiling through a long manuscript and wishing with all my heart that the distinguished writer had seen fit to use the familiar letters of the alphabet in-stead of hieroglyphics of his own, in-distinctly resembling them, when there came a light tap at the door. "Come, I called, rather sharply, for I was a little vexed at being interrupted, and the door opening slowly, disclosed a lightly-clad—much too lightly-clad for a cold January day; I saw that at a clance—girlish forms standing on the glance—girlish figure standing on the threshold.

"Are you the editor-Mr. Gray?" asked a very sweet, timid voice.
"I am," I replied. "Come in,

which I motioned, and I could hear her breath coming quickly, as though she were terribly frightened, and I purposely went on with the unraveling of the Oriental characters before me to give her time to plished, with pride, accepted payment for it with a blush, donned the summer shawl and hat, and tripped away, promising to recover herself; for I remembered with painful distinctness my own first call upon an editor (knowing intuitively this was a first call) when my heart, albeit it was a manly one, thumped harder than it ever thumped before or since. At last I raised my eyes from the paper.

My visitor had thrown back her veil,
from which dripped little drops of water
—melted snow—and was regarding me
with a wistful, beseeching gaze. In return I regarded her with one of astonishment, for hers was the sweetest and most touching face I had ever seen in my life, and so peculiar in its beauty that I find it hard to describe it. Big, pathetic light brown eyes, with glints of gold in them; long bronze-brown lashes; hair of the palest sunshine, as though moonlight and sunshine had mindled teaching. mingled together; slightly parted rosy lips, revealing a glimpse of small white teeth; colorless but prettily-rounded cheeks; and over all that indescribable charm of innocence that is to youthful beauty, to use old and well-worn similes, as the bloom to the peach and the fragrance to the rose.

fragrance to the rose.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, speaking gently enough this time.

"I—have—a—story," stammered the poor little thing, "which I thought you might might- It's my first-and if you only

"I will look over it with pleasure," I said, as she paused, apparently unable from sheer nervousness to go on. "Leave it to me, and I promise to give it my"

And as she handed me the roll of pa-per, I saw she wore no gloves, and her hands were red with cold; but I saw they were exceptionally pretty as her face, with slender, tapering fingers, and pink sheel-like nails."

"It is not written on very nice paper," she said, rising, as I took the manuscript from her. "I had nothing but scraps of old letters and backs of circulars and bills; but"-with a gleam of modest pride and a glance at the hieroglyphics—"I write very plainly and it will not take you long to read it. And when may I call for an answer?"

"To-merrow," said I without a mo-ment's hesitation, though I knew I ought to devote all the time I could spare from my other duties for weeks to the very lengthy contribution of the dis-tinguished author.

"Thank you," and she flitted away as noiselessly as she had entered.

But for the life of me I could not forget her. Wherever my gaze fell, there I beheld those great pathetic eyes, that faint golden hair, those prettily curved trembling lips. "And she was cold. Cold! I shoul! think so—actually shivering in that thin shawl, while I, great strong fellow—" (looking at my heavy overcoat hanging on the opposite wall.) "Pshaw! you may stay there to-night." And I actually went home without it, as though that would make the poor little girl any warmer, and caught a severe cold in consequence, as I might have known I would. After which ebulliton I began the story, and read it through. It was written plainly, that could not be denied; in fact, in the way of chirography, it was all that could be desired; and there were some pretty and fairly original ideas in it, and some gleams of a But for the life of me I could not for-

raphy, it was all that could be desired; and there were some pretty and fairly original ideas in it, and some gleams of a poetic nature; but the plot was so highly romantic and visionary, and the whole thing so evidently the work of one who had not yet even mastered the primer of authorship, that it was impossible to give it a place in the publication of which I was junior editor.

But never did the necessity of saying "No" so distress me before, not even when Alveretta Strawhorn, since known as the author of "A Riddle Solved by a

Cimeter," told me that, in spite of my In a flash my heart had been revealed to rejection of her nevelettes, "the laurel me, rejection of her nevelettes, "the laurel wreath of fame would encircle her brow when I was still groveling, the obscurest of the obscure.

I slept but little that night, thinking of it. Something told me it would almost break the girl's heart. Should I accept it, pay for it myself, and then consign it to the waste basket? No, that would not do, for she would be anxiously watching for its appearance in print, and bringing more stories meanwhile for my consideration. What could I do? Mornng found me undecided.

When I took my place at my desk, I was still undecided. And I had reached no decision when, in answer to that gen-tle knock, for which I had waited as I believe no editor ever waited for wouldbe contribtor's knock before, I again called "Come." She came in, and sinking into the visitor's chair, raised her to a will command.

our paper."
The little hands went up to the face; the veil dropped over them. I heard a stiffed sob and my heart began to ache. "But there is no reason, Miss Silver," I continued, with assumed cheerfulness, "that with a few alterations, it should not suit some other. If you will leave leave it with me, I will take it home to-

night, revise it, and you can try again."

The veil was tossed aside, and down came the hands. "Oh, I am so ridiculously afraid of strangers and strange places!" she said, a wan little smile shining through her tears. "I should never have dared to come here had I not heard that you were one of the kindest of men. Is there nothing you can give me to do, Mr. Gray? I can read the most illegible of writing readily—a talent I inherit from my dear father—and I can copy rapidly and plainly."

Now I had nothing on hand which was

absolutely necessary that I should have copied, but a vision of the poor child toiling up dark stairs into cheerless of-fices, cold and frightened with that, in its present form, unsaleable story, rose before me, and I determined to make work for her until I could find some easy and permanent employment elsewhere. So I said, quickly, as though it were the very assistance of all others of which I stood in need.

"If you are willing to accept work of that kind, I can employ you two or three hours a day for a month or two, and you

may begin at once.

Her eyes sparkled the thanks she did not speak. I bade her lay aside her hat and shawl, seat herself at the chief's desk, and prepare to copy the Chinese-like characters of the famous author over which I had been puzzling the day

"She obeyed me with the simplicity of a child, and soon was bending over her task, a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, transcribing quickly and faithfully.

As for me, the sight of that tiny hand traveling over the paper with wonderful grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile "I am," I replied. "Come in, please."

grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile drooping above it, caused some ludicrous mistakes in the article I was writting, about which mistakes I received no less than seventeen communications during the week following its publications.

> and hat, and tripped away, promising to come again on the morrow. The mor-row found her punctually at her post, and so did many morrows, and at last the MS. was almost copied, and I had the MS. was almost copied, and I had been unable to find any other employment for my faithful little amanuenais.
>
> Meanwhile the child had told me her sad story. Her mother died at her birth. She had never had any home, but had always lived in boarding-houses with her father, a school-teacher, who, dying a year ago, left her to the mercy of an only relative, a wealthy aunt. That aunt—heaven forgive her i-refused to receive her saving she had fused to receive her, saying she had "children of her own to look after, and she saw no reason why the girl should

not follow her father's profession."
"I tried to," said Winons, "but the children would not mind me. Minnie Minceitt minds me because she loves me. I board with Mrs. Minciett, and teach Minnie in part payment for my board. Mrs. Minciett is not unkind to me; but she is not as kind as she was before papa died. And papa used to say I wrote excellent compositions, and so I thought, perhaps, I could write stories for the papers. And I was induced to come to you first by hearing a gentleman, a writer, praise you very highly one day. 'He is one of the kindest-hearted fellows in America,' he said. But, for all that, I came to your Minceitt minds me because she loves said. But, for all that, I came to your door three days in succession before I could get courage enough to knock. And when I did knock on the fourth day, you called 'Come' in such an awfully cross voice that I came near running away again. And on one of these three days, when I was standing outside, you were laughing and talking with a handsome young lady. I heard you, and saw her. She had the loveli-

you, and saw her. She had the loveliest ostrich feather in her hat."

"And what has become of the story, Winona?" asked I. She had rebelled against "Miss Silver," or even "Miss Winona," at an early period of our acquaintance, on account of my being so much older than she. I was eight-and-twenty, and she ten years younger.

"My story"—with a musical laugh—"which you altered until it was almost your own story? I sent it to the Weekly."

"which you altered until it was almost your own story? I sent it to the Weekly Romance Portfolio, and they accepted it; and well they might, for thanks to you it was very good indeed. And they sent me a check for it—a very short check for such a long story—and there it is," pointing to a cloak jacket that hung besides my overcoat. "And now that you have mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"
"Nonsense, Winona you are not afraid."

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"A poem of mine, if it deserves that title;" and she pushed a paper across the desk to me. I unfolded it, and a really pretty little poem, which. however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought conscious that Winona was stealing a glance at me every now and then from under her long lashes, but in reality puzzling my brain, as I had a hundred times before, as to what was to become of the poor, pretty, frank, innocent girl, left alone to battle with the world.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed aloud, "It's too bad." "Is it so very bad?" she asked in fal tering tones.
"I wasn't referring to your

Winona. They are very good indeed, my—I should say Winona."
"And you will accept them?"
I parried the question with another.

"Winona, will you write a valentine for me? I never could do anything in the way of rhymes myself."
"I shall be glad to do so," her voice trembling a little. "Is it to be the ostrich feather?—I mean to the handsome

young lady with the ostrich feather?"

'Perhaps. Take a sheet of paper and set down in prose what you are to turn into poetry. Tell her that the first time I saw her my heart owned her for its green; that since that bright and happy queen; that since that bright and happy day she has never been absent from my thoughts; that I love her with sinceres love, and long to hear her say that she loves me.

The little maiden grew paler and paler as she wrote, and when she had finished, I saw the hands go half way to the saddened face, but fall again in obedience

was there before me, looking, poor child, as though she had passed a weary, sleep-

leas night.
"I have brought the verses," she said, "and I hope you will like them."
"I am sure I shall," I replied. "Read them to me Winons.

""When first by me—Heaven bless the hour!
That face of beauty rare was seen.
That voice was heard, my slumb'ring heart
Straightway swoke and owned its queen,

"'And never can it sleep again, But filled with Love's supreme delight, The lovely image entertain In thoughts by day, in dreams by night. "But with thy image can I not Forever dear, contented be, And so I pray St. Valentine To give thy charming self to me...

"And I hope you'll be very happy, aid Winona, choking a rising sob. "But perhaps she won't have me," said I.

"Won't have you?" repeated Winons as though such a thing were impossible.
"She might not. But I shall soon know my fate. Here is an envelope. Please Winona waited with uplifted pen.

"Miss-Winona-Silver!" 'Miss Winona Silver you have written valentine to yourself.' 'And you mean it?"

"I mean every word of it. If you doubt me add 'P. S.' in plainest prose. "Will you be my wife?"

"I am the happiest girl in the whole wide world," said Winona, "and I'll never write another story the longest day

I live. I took her little hand in mine. "You never shall, my darling," I said, when the office door flew open, and in stalked the chief. "Mr. Penton—Miss Silver, my intended wife," I hastened, with much discomforture, it must be fessed. "And now, Winona," I added run away home and never come here again. I must not be disturbed during business hours."

"I am glad to see that you have so strict a sense of fitness of things," said Mr. Penton, with a grim smile, which led me to believe that Mr. Warren, our

## It's What You Spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape—
"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a "It's what thee'll spend, my son," said no of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is \$36 50 a year, and that is the interest of a capital of \$600. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth \$600; and if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man who wishes to be rich has saved \$10,000 he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought \$10,000

To be "twelve miles from a lemon," may be as much of a misfortune, after all, as Gail Hamilton represented it. One of our exchanges publishes the following list of "uses" which would make the fruit almost a panacea—and a cosmetic besides.

The lemon is a native of Asia, al-

though it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native State it grows ninety feet in

eight. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, and that is the lemon of it but its fruit, and that is the lemon itself; and every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: Squeeze the juice in cold water, that is the shortest way, or to cut it in slices and boil it; either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drikks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness, in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints.

Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic

Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbution remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with hot black tea or coffee, without sugar.

Your Mind Will Grow Stre-g
And great not by what you reject, but what
you cordially accept and believe. Your health
will improve just in proportion as you obey nafilre's laws. If your mind is diseased, refresh it
with suitable relaxation. If the two great organs
of your body, the kidney and liver are out of order, restore them by using Warner's Safe Kidney
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cere, and the kidneys and liver by the great rem
edy above mentioned.

A large train of evils always follow from Indigestion, and the best cure for that disease is to use Rose Pills. One each night will cure the most obstructe case. L Blumauer & Co., agents, Port-land.

Postoffice Candy Store, leading candy house of Portland. Strict attention paid to orders by mail, wholesale or retail. Fifth and Morrison, opposite postoffice. If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

issued the following circular for infor-mation to the public: The Directors of the Portland Mechanic's Fair extend an earnest invitation to all artisans, mechanics, manufacturers, dentists, photographers, and other professionals, farmers, wool growers, furriers, ladies, pomologists, gardeners, florists, fisheries, and any other tradesmen or producers, to participate in the exhibition to be held at the Mechanic's Pavilion in this city this fall. The expecial extention of city this fall. The especial attention of manufacturers and wool growers is directed to this exhibition, as the manage-ment is desirous of having these im-portant industries represented as they

The Mechanic's Fair Association has

deserve.

Exhibits of any description can be left with Mr. E. Oldendorff, superintendent, northwest corner Washington and First eyes in mute inquiry to my face. I searched my brain for some harmless falsel ood with which to soften the blow, but those eyes compelled the truth. "I have carefully read your story," I said, "and am sorry to say it would not suit on a was there before me, looking, poor child, "at the command.

"I will write it to-night, and bring it can be desired information in regard thereto. Prizes, consisting of gold, silver and bronze medals and diplomas, will be awarded in accordance with the rules awarded in occordance with the rul streets, who will cheerfully furnish any notice of the opening of the fair will be given through the public prints. Frank Dekum, President Board of Directors.

The best place in Oregon to get a hat is of Woods, the Hatter, 143 First st., Odd Fellows' Temple. Spring styles are just out. Send your orders along. The latest styles, finest goods sold cheaper than any.

call at Postoffice Candy Store before re-turning home. Fifth and Morrison opp PO The best preventive of spring disorder is Pfunder's Blood Purifier.

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