## THE BOOTBLACK'S BOUQUET.

Prop your eyes wide open, Joey, Fur I've brought you sumpin' great. Apples? No; a durned sight better; Don't you take no interest? Wait! Flowers, Joe-I know'd you'd like 'em-A'nt them scrumptious? A'nt them high? Tears, my boy? What's them fur, Joey? There-poor little Joe!-don't cry.

I was a skippin' past a winder, Where a bang-up lady sot, All amongst a lot of bushes— Each one climbin' from a pot; Every bush had flowers on it— Prettyl Mebbe rotl Oh, nol Wish you could a seen 'em growin' It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller, Lyin' here so sick and weak, Never knowin' any comfort, And I puts on lots of cheek. "Missus," says I, "if yon please mum, Could I ax you for a rose? Fur my little brother, missus, Never seed one. I suppose.

Then I told her all about you-How I bringed you up, poor Joe, (Lackin' women folks to do it), Such a imp you was, you know-Till you got that awful tumble, Jist as I had broke yer in, (Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'

How that tumble cripled you, So you couldn't hyper much-How it hurt when I seen you Fur the first time with your crutch. "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum, "Pears to weaken every day," Joe, she up and went to cuttin'— That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller, You is quite yourself to-night; Kind o' chirk--It's been a forthig Sence yer eyes has been so bright. Better! Well, I'm glad to hear it. Yes; they're mighty pretty, Joe. mellin' of 'em made you hs ppy? Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seed the country, did you? Flowers growin' everywhere. Sometime when you're better, Joey, Mebbe I kin take you there. Flowers in Heaven? 'M-I s'pose so; Dunne much about it, thoug A'nt as fly as what I might be On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere That in Heaven's golden gates Things is everlastin' cheerful— B'leve that's what the Bible states, Likewise, there folks don't get hungry; So, good people, when they dies, Finds themselves well fixed forever-Joe, my boy, what ails your eyes?

Thought they looked a little sin'glar. Oh, nc; Don't you have no fear; Heaven was made for such as you is-Joe, what makes you look so queer? Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way! Joe! My boy! Hold up you head! Mere's your flowers—you dropped 'em, Jo Oh, my God! can Joe be dead? 'em. Joes

## BORROWING DRESSES.

When my father discovered the fact that I had pledged my hand to Tom Houghton, his nephew, a frank easy-going young man, who possessed very little beyond a fair practice in an adjoining village, he was very indignant. He could not understand how a woman of my quiet nature, to use his own expression, "ever came to fancy such a rollicking careless fellow." He forgot that people always like their opposite.

No amount of reasoning could con-vince me that I had chosen unwisely and

Smith made me promise to tell you that Mamie shan't hurt it." "Does your mother expect to attend the party?" I asked, to gain time, for I was surprised out of my usual serenity. "No, indeed," answered Miss Smith. "No, indeed," answered Miss Smith. "It's a young folks' party. But can I have the dress, Mrs. Houghton? Please

say yes." "I suppose so," I answered, mentally congratulating myself that the dresses come to ask a favor." designated were somewhat worn and soiled, and still puzzled to know how these people, with whom I had nothing in common, could so accurately describe garments I had almost forgotten.

There was nothing for me to do but produce the two dresses, which I did, and after the girls departed in high glee. They had been gone a half hour when the house servant entered, bearing two cards.

"Miss Grace Miller!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. The Millers belonged to the elite of Grayridge, and we visited socially, but not intimately. I was sure they did not owe me a call.

"Yes, ma'am, and her sister, Miss Addie," answered the girl. "They say they only want to see you just a minute

gaged every buggy, rockaway and ve-hicle of every kind at the livery stable. When I entered the parlor, before I could offer the customary salute, Miss Grace advanced and kissed me in a gush-Please -please!"

ing manner. "My dear Mrs. Houghton!" she ex-Just at that moment Tom came in. He "My dear Mrs. Houghton!" she ex-claimed, "I have come to ask you such a through which I had passed, and, after favor; we young folks are going to have a Martha Washington Centennial Leap a brief explanation from Angie, he insisted upon accommodating her. There Year party, and I am dying to personate was no time to enter into particulars, so Marie Antonette. You know she was just my style, and I wish you to lend me to please him I yielded. When Angie was gone, and I recited

your lovely blue silk. I can just barely remember seeing you (Miss Grace was all that had occurred in connection with the Martha Washington leap year party. Tom was highly indignant, and vowed if only three years my junior) with it on when you came among us a bride. I was quite a child, but I assure you it made a lasting impression."

"One difficulty in regard to the dress husbandish manner he kissed me and you speak of," I replied, "is that it is not all the style required, and would patted me on the shoulder as he said: "Never mind, dear, they are all young look ridiculous."

and thoughtless, and to judge by all I have heard in regard to the party, they expect to have a jolly good time, and "That can be easily remedied," she rejoined, "by a slight alteration; and now, while I think of it, dear Mrs. Houghton, Addie would like to wear your rose colwill, no doubt, return your liberality ored moire, with the lace overdress." with interest."

I was completely nonplussed. Miss Grace assumed that I would not refuse. these light-headed young people could repay me for soiling and stretching out of shape my elegant dress, as I felt sure Quick as light thoughts chased through my mind. The magnificent lace for which my father paid a fabulous price-could I trust the delicate fabric to a they would. giddy girl? But I must make some answer.

by sending us a rousing supper. They have scoured the country for fowls, eggs, "You can have the pink moire, Miss Addie," I said, "but the lace has been cream, butter-in short, everything that is good.' taken off and packed away, I scarcely know where, and, besides, no one but a regular modiste could put it together as Like most men, Tom was extravagantly fond of eating, and more especially did he enjoy rarities and delicacies. I laughed. "What amuses you?" he asked. "Simply at the idea of those people

"How?" he echoed with gusto; "why

"They certainly possess common grati-

At this moment the servant announced

tude," he answered.

it was originally." To my infinite relief Miss Grace said: "Oh, we can easily improvise an overturning aside to send us a supper. It is dress ridiculous!"

Compelled to submit or give offense, I produced the dresses, and after a num-ber of exclamations of admiration over the beauty and richness of the articles,

the beauty and richness of the articles, the ladies departed, overwhelming me with thanks. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle in my hand when only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had only taken the needle. I returned to my sewing, but had i returned to my sewing sewi

This time it was a servant man with a huge basket and a note. The messenger was from Rose Bower, the home of Mr. self for the party supper. Why, they've ordered oysters and all sorts of fruit from the city. I tell you it will be well worth Woodbridge, a good friend of my hus-band, who lived a mile from Grayridge. The note was from his daughter. She had graduated with the highest honors at a fashionable boarding-school the June previous, but her spelling was none of the best. I broke the seal and read: MY DEAR MRS. HOUGHTON: Us girls are going to have a Martha Washington Centennial leap-year party the 22d. You know it is his birthday, and I want you know it is his birthday, and I want you if you please to loand me your buff satin to ware. It is too late for me to make a new dress, as splendid as that in town. Mamma says you had it on when you was a bride to a party at Judge Simp-son's and she thought it was just lovely. There is a Miss Glencole here from Buf-falo visiting me. We went to school to-gether and she never brought any of her party close with her. Mamma says you used to ware a cherry-corded silk, and if it is convenient could you send that too. it is convenient could you send that too, as it will suit exactly. Please do not disappoint yours lovinly. Au revoir, Mollie WoodbBildge. P. S.-Miss Glencole is about your size. Don't forget the sash. I mean the one that belongs to the cherrycorded silk. Having acceded to the former requests I could not, without giving mortal of-fense, refuse Mollie Woodbridge, and yet I shrank involuntarily at the thought of my clothes being worn by strangers, some of whom I scarcely knew at sight, and others I had not even seen. My wedding-dress still remained, a heavy white silk with garnitures of rich lace and rare flowers. Besides this was a handsome black velvet basque and several evening dresses of lighter tex-ture, and I determined if any one else made application to refuse upon the plea that the stock was exhausted.

It was the middle of March before all the borrowed articles were returned. When Tom went the day following

the party to inquire about the rockaway, he found it in a lane leading to Dr. Walker's house. Miss Angie, in return-Harry had not ceased sobbing when a merry-looking girl bounded into the room. ing home the night before, had driven against a post and broken one of the shafts. It was too dark to remedy the

trouble even temporarily, consequently she and Mr. Mason walked home, the "Oh, cousin!" she exclaimed, "I have latter gallantly leading the doctor's horse. One of the cushions was "snag-Angie Walker was a cousin of Tom's. and of course one must be obliging to one's husband's relations. I knew, howged" and it required two hours' work to cleanse the mud from the outside of the ever unreasonable her demand, I must obey: She rattled on: "I've engaged Will Macon's company to the Martha Washington Centennial carriage.

The entire front breadth of the blue silk worn by Miss Grace was fantasti-cally variegated with cyster soup, while the rose-colored moire was altered alleap year party, and I can't get a car-riage for love or money. Lend me your rockaway ?" most beyond recognition. One of the sleeves of the buff "satin" was missing The carriage was a gift from my father and Miss Woodbridge sent a note exonly the Christmas before, and I had not plaining that in the hurry of packing to go home, (as she had been summoned to used it a dozen times, as Tom had been trying to secure a horse that I could drive without danger. Angie must have observed my hesita-Buffalo by a telegram) Miss Glencole had taken the "cherry-colored silk" with her, tion. Coming toward me with hands but of course it was all safe and I would clasped and tearful eyes, she said: "Cousin, all the other girls have enget it ultimately. The "antique jewelry' escaped with the loss of one of the stones that formed a cluster. Nothing, in short,

was returned a cluster. Nothing, in short, was returned uninjured but the "green silk" worn by Miss Weems, and as I brushed everything carefully and re-placed the dresses in the cedar chest, I could not help feeling a pleasurable sat-isfaction in the thought that it was only once in a hundred years there could be by any possibility a Martha Washington Centennial leap-year party.

## "I Knew That."

A London paper has heard of a case where a droll fellow named Scrubbs got he had known how generously I had reinto a first-class railway carriage, before sponded to the various applicants, he should not have consented to allow An-gie use of the rockaway. In his off-hand, smoking carriages were invented. In the carriage was seated a sour looking old gentleman. After the train had started. Scrubbs took out his pipe. "You musn't smoke here," at once said

the old gentleman. "I know that," replied Scrubbs. He then calmly filled his pipe. "Did I not tell you," said the old gen-tleman again, "that you can't smoke in here?" here?' "How?" I asked incredulously, as i

"I know that," gloomily replied Scrubbs, taking out his fusee box. He lit a fusee, but now the wrath of the old gentleman was dreadful.

"You shan't smoke here, sir!" he shrieked.

"I know that," added Scrubbs, allowing the fusee to exhaust itself, when he lit another, and another; the stench was

awful, the smoke suffocating. The old gentleman coughing and spluttering, straggled for words. "You had better smoke," said he. "I know that," replied Scrubbs, ap-plying the blazing fuzee to the expectant

pipe.

## AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

A Notable Example Exhibited by a San Fran-cisco House.

It is only from exceptional business enterprises that the public obtain the fullest possible advatages. To give these and properly remunerate the conduct-ors of an establishment requires a combination of conditions seldom met with. There must be a com-prehensive knowledge of all the facts pertaining to the branch down to the smallest details, the posses-sion of ample capital to purchase all material at the lowest cash basis from first sources, and if mana-facturing enter into the business, the greatest skill should be commanded to insure superiority of con-struction and finish. These are the principal con-stituents embodied by those business houses who







that it was possible for me ever to regret giving up the gayety of the city for a life in Grayridge as the wife of a country attorney. Tom loved me, and I was de-voted to him. This was enough.

As soon as my father became convinced that remonstrance was useless, he re-luctantly yielded his consent to our union, and generously presented me with an expensive and elaborate trousseau. I never dreamed of the impression made by my wardrobe immediately subsequent to my marriage, until years after, when circumstances brought to life the fact that the handsome dresses (which I had stored away carefully in a cedar chest in one of the upper rooms of our cottage for future use when the little girls who call me mother might appropriate them) were remembered by the more observant ladies of the village. Tom and I had both sons- and daugh-

ters, and as our income was moderate, I did not attempt to keep up with the fit-ful whims of fashion, and had adopted a style of dress more commensurate with our means.

We had been married just ten years when the Centennial burst on the country. One bleak morning in February I was surprised by a visit from two young girls, aspectively fourteen and sixteen years of age. I knew them both by sight but between their mothers and myself there had never been an interchange of even the most formal calls. I polite ly asked them to be seated. The elder, Miss Weems was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Houghton," she began, "the girls are going to give a Martha Wash-

ington leap-year party." "Yes," interposed her companion, Miss Smith, "and we are going to send cards to the young men, and we intend to take them in rockaways and buggies, just to cut them for letting us walk when they take us to parties."

"I go out so little," I said, "I seldom know what is going on. I had not heard of the party. When and where is it to be?"

It occurred to me that possibly the girls had been commissioned to invite Tom and myself. I could think of nothing else to which to attribute the uner-pected visit. "Mrs. Bledsoe has offered to loan us her house," began Miss Weems, but she

was again interrupted by Miss Smith, who said

"And Jim Bledsoe didn't half like it, but you know his wife always has her own way if she chooses." Miss Weems pulled at her glove and

exchanged glances with her friend, and finally said, with a grest deal of embarrassment:

"Mamma told me to ask you, Mrs, Houghton, to please loan me your green silk dress with the white fringe and bead heading. You know we've all got to wear old-time dresses, like them the ladies used to wear in Gen'ral Washington's day." I was tounderstruck, but replied un

concernedly: "I am afraid the dress you allude to it

"I am afraid the dress you allude to is not sufficiently ancient for a centennial occasion." I wondered as I spoke how her mother knew I owned such a dress. "Oh, I can alter it," she responded. "Mamma said you wouldn't mind, be-cause it was out of date."

I was glad Mrs. Weems selected the dress in question, as I prized it less than ither one among those contained in the edar chest.

"I'll take the best care of it," contin-ued the girl, her face aglow, with pleas-

ued the girl, her face aglow, with pleas-ure at the prospect of wearing "green" like the fabled milk-maid. Just then Miss Smith touched her elbow, and Miss Weems added, "Oh, yes, I forgot! Mamie, here, wants the loan of your 'bysleer' with the galloon trimming to match"—a nudge from her companion and a suppressed whisper caused her to add: "Sure enough! I mean wide black lace trimming. Mrs.

she did not mean one word she said, for Tom was a great favorite, and she was For some days I was not troubled with visitors, and congratulated myself that first to resent the slightest injury, by word or deed, offered him. matters were no worse, but the after-noon preceding the 22d I was startled by Our children as a rule retired early,

the unceremonious entrance of Miss and not long after supper, in spite of their efforts to resist sleep, one by one the younger ones were carried off to bed Lucy Wycoff, the sister of Tom's partner, and my heart sank because I dared not refuse any request she might make. I in a state of unconsciousness. Harry

managed to keep his eyes open until ten o'clock, then, seated upright in his chair yielded to the power of the sleep god. ask if you can let me have some antique jewelry. You know, I suppose, that we are going to give a Martha Washington Centennial 2 leap-year party to-morrow evening, and I am going as Martha Washington. My costume is perfect ex-cept some antique jewelry. I must here digress to say that when I was married, my family, by common consent, gave me a pair of ear rings that once belonged to my mother's grand-mother, with strict injuctions to keep them as an heirloom and a sacred relic. Tom proposed enchre, and we played for more than an hour. At last, thor-oughly wearied, I declared I could sit up no longer.

meaning. As it was, he said:

"Just one more 'ub," pleaded Tom. "A fellow gets so confounded lonesome by himself."

I assented and played on until the clock struck twelve. I then rebelled outright and went to bed. Tom acknowledged afterward that he them as an heirloom and a sacred relic,

did not retire until after one. did not retire until after one. The next morning he denounced the "whole tea party," as he called the orig-inators of the entertainment. He cer-tainly received no sympathy when he appeared at breakfast from Aunt Sukey when she learned that after all no supper them as an heirloom and a sacred relic, as they were unique in design and were valuable. When Miss Wycoff made the request I did not remember the exist-ence of the gems in my possession, and replied promptly that my jewelry was all too modern to suit the character. "I do wonder," she rejoined," "where I can get something antique." "I am sure I do not know," I said; "I am sorry I have no very old jew.

had been sent to us. "Dar now!" she exclaimed for she was "I am sorry I have no very old jew-

"Dar now!" she exclaimed, for she was 'a somewhat privileged character. "I done said so; sarves yo 'zactly right arter I done war myself out tendin' and nus-sin' dem chickens fo' yo' hongry toof; but den I don't harbor no spite 'gin yo' Marse Tom, 'kase I know'd how 'twas gwine to end, an' I done bin save a whole ore for yo' headbfae " My evil genius nust have been in the ascendency. Why did I use the word "old?" My eldest son, a rather precious boy, was standing near, listening to the conversation. If I had continued to say

gwine to end, an 'I done bin save a whole one for yo' breakfas." Here she produced a dish she had con-trived to hide with a napkin until she considered she had said enough to make him appeciate her thoughtfulness, and placing the plump, inviting food before him, added, "Dar, chile, eat it, an bless God tain't no wus." "antique jewelery," in his childish ig-norance he would not have gusssed the

"You shall have a new bandana before night," said Tom as he drew the delicious viand nearer and commenced the work of demolition upon the juicy structure, made doubly acceptable by his long fast.

ordered oysiers and all sorts of fruit from the city. I lell you it will be well work "Come," I said, addressing our rost "Come," I said, addressing our rost "Toe little girls sprang toward me, but hard held back. "I want to wait and eat with papa,"he said, with an imploring look; "may I?" "Certainly," I replied. "I want to wait and eat with papa,"he said, with an imploring look; "may I?" "Certainly," I replied. "He seated himself with an air of im-portance beside his father, who had lighted a cigar and was proceeding to read the daily pape. "The meal chanced to be a very tempt ing one. We had an elegant code, on who had formerly belonged to Tom's father. I was surprised to see a dish of broiled spring chicken, and could not help exclaiming: "Dar now," said Aunt Sukey, "I' know'd, ohile, you'd be 'stonished, 'kasp the mash farse Tom some waffles, kasp the vasain vasin I argued that he would to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room to impart the good news. To my anaszement he sitting-room the party could possibly arrive. He reast our faithful old cook. The took it more good naturedly than I spected, and ataid: "Nebber mine honey, taint no use to force him, kase he's gwine to do jests the took it more good naturedly than the placed with her, although I knews first to creat. "I agreed with her, although I knews first to creat." I agreed with her, although I knews first to creat. I agreed with her, although I knews first to creat. The single and reast for an apitotic manage and sitter

APPOINTED ATTORNEY. APPOINTED ATTORNET. Mr. Benjamin I. Cohen has removed his law office to the suit of rooms numbered 20 in Union Block. Portland, Or. Mr. Cohen has been appointed Resi-dent Attorney of the Equitable Mercantile Company of New York Jand the North American Attorney's and Tradesmen's Protective Union Company of Con-necticut. These are two of the largest and most re-sponsible collection agencies in the country, and claims placed in Mr. Cohen's hands will receive careful attention and be vigorously pressed by the best legal talent of the United States and Canada. He has also engaged acompetent assistant to rid him in the enforcement of local claims

Pfunder's S. S. S. Fever and Ague mix-

ture. A sure shot.

All orders from the country promptly attended to at Postoffice caudy store opp. postoffice Portland.

Woods the hatter, 143 First st. Portland Or., is the boss place to buy hats.

You will always feel good and never have a sour stomach if fou drink Damiana Bitters. One of Woods the hatter's new styles makes the homeliest man look hands

Candies put up for picnics at Postoffice Candy Store in one-half and one pound boxes. Pop corn balls, ice cteam, chew-ing stick, at wholesale rates. Cor. 5th and Morrison.

Attention of parties interested is called to the advertisement of Mr. Chandler, of Portland. Those interested should call at

" Now I do Most Unhesitatingly Aver As an old practitioner, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liv r Cure is among the most valuable discov-eries of the 19th century. I cannot my too much in its behalf. Pittsburg Pa. April 1860" [Signed.] J H. CONNELL, M. D.

[Signed.] J. H. CONNELL, R. D. The old made young and the weak strong by drink-ing Damiana Bitters, the great tonic.

"The Doctors Sold I would never leave my bid. That was three months ago. Now I weigh 190 pounds. I cannot write half of what I want to say, but Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure did it all." H. O. BOURK. Rahway. N J.

Strawberries, vanilla, Cocoanut, chocolate creams, opera caramels ten kinds, plum pudding, at postoffice candy store opp. P. O. 5th and Morrison, Portland.

Abeil's new display of photographs at the en-rance to his gallery 187 and 189 Pirst street ortland, Oregon. It is worth a trip to the

