## DAY BY DAY. BY FUSAN COOLIDGE

were told that I is used all other town the use sum of the tar and the set of the tar and the set of the past all fear and For any one-

All the field softably, a d all the short jour-ney through, What should 1 do? Idenot think that I should 1 do? Idenot think that I should all the field prove what has the gener Bustome shut move, and toke, and shife and prove for one more day. And by a discrete the sheeping, and by a discrete the sheeping, and by a discrete the sheeping, but have one ever, "Lord, within the keep-ing the sheeping to the

And when 1 - in trace bring time nearer still, Difficult will." Imight no score for swell will." Imight no score for swell but a saceful, tender, My soul would lie Ah might 1 but and when the morning spien-der the Box should I f art

dor Flished o'er the sky, Induk that I could shale -could calmly say, I the first say."

# EDITH'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY MARY REED CROWELL. Mr. Cyrus Symington, of Symington & St. Humblethwaite, jewelers and dealers in fine watches, diamonds and at the next show case, the very lovliest procions stones, was in an exceptionally hal humor, despite the beanty of the silver thimbles to a shy half-grown miss day that gave more than fair promise of a good share of custom. Mr. Symington walked up and down

the store-an immense, elegant place, with rows of plate-glass on bronze pedestals, and shelf after shelf laden with bijous of statuary and bronzes-a short, portly man, with a sandy beard all around his full, red face, and a big, bald | ting. place at the crown of his head; not the most prepossessing looking man in the world, or as regarded temper, either, as his employes might have testified.

"Do you know anything about Santwood this morning-why he isn't here?" he asked, gruffly, of one of Santwood's fellow-clerks.

"I don't know, sir. He was all right when he went home on Saturday. Mr. Symington gave an annihilating

frown on the young man. "I am not aware that I asked for any sutside information," he said harshly, Santwood's condition on Saturday

sof no consequence to me. I want to know where he is this morning." He went fuming along to his private office, where the head book-keeper was

waiting for him. "Santwood is sick this morning, sir, and will not be here; but has sent his

cousin to take his place, with your permission. Miss Edith Santwood, is outside there to see you." Mr Symingtou looked at his book

keeper with a frown of surprise. "Miss Edith Santwood! Miss! What the deuce does he mean sending a wo-

man here to do his work?" "He glared at the unoffending man as though he had been guilty of high

treason. "Can't say, sir," carelessly, "He certainly has sent the young lady, and you will find her waiting to see you out-

side. That's all I know about it." And, as Mr. Thorn was the one man in Symington & St. Humblethwaite's employ whom the senior partner never sucmeded in bullying, Mr. Symington went grumblingly away, while Mr. Thorn re-

turned to his books. The irate old gentleman certainly was went down the aisle toward Edith Sant- fore, and an impression left upon her of that were looking cagerly at him with almost a fearful apprehension in their beautiful depths, with waving, jet black hair parted over her low, broad forehead, and banded, in exquisitely becoming simplicity under the little, cardinal lined, cottage straw hat-a lady refined and delicate, but wearing the unmistakable air of frugality that was almost

over which he always presided-the valuable diamond rings.

Mr. Roscoe Bellair walked leisurely along after unm-a handsome grave faced gentleman of thirty five, with tawny hair and moustache, and eyes that were as outlooking, and honest, and whole hearted as a child's-a gentleman whom society had aexnowledged one of it choicest favorites, by royal right of his high so-cial position, his personal attractions, his immense wealth-just such a man as Mr. Symington delighted to honor.

Mr. Bellair took a seat beside the cas kets of glittering stones, and ran them over with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I want a solitaire, Symington-something A No. 1-with a crown setting. For a haly."

Mr. Symington smiled very knowingly. "All right. If you can't suit yourself here, you won't this side of the Atlantic I've a specially choice lot of unset soli-taires, Mr. Bellair, that I am reserving for just such orders, particularly suited lady's rings-engagement rings, and for the like. Just let me show them to you.

He trotted off to the safe a few yards away, and Mr. Bellair tried on ring after ring, then leaned back in his chair, and took a leisurely look around him, to see girl he had ever seen in his life, showing Then Symington came, bustling back,

red in the face, but beaming all over. "Here they are, Mr. Bellair-perfect beauties, that will make a lady's eyes shine to look at. What do you think of that, sir?'

Mr. Bellair thought enough to select a magnificent stone, and the style of set-

"And what size?" Mr. Symington wanted to know, suavely.

Bellair laughed.

"Upon my word 1 don't know how we'll manage it. The ring is to be a surprise. I think the young lady over yonder was about the same size as the lady who will wear the ring."

He indicated Edith, still showing the silver thimbles.

"Very good!" Mr. Symington said. Bunn, relieve Miss Santwood. Miss Santwood this way a moment. Just let me see your hand-hold it up.

And almost before Edith knew what she was wanted for, she found herself inside the little sacred place of diamonds, with Roscoe Bellair's handsome blue eyes looking at her fair face, and Mr. Symington fitting a ring on her tapering foretinger.

"I suppose that's the finger, sir," he said knowingly.

Bellair laughed.

"Go ahead, Symington; I hope you won't be far out of the way. Yes, that's a perfect fit, and very handsome," he said, as, in his courteous, grave way, he looked at the fair, aristocratic hand, with its slender fingers, pink nails, and dimpled wrist.

"That will do," Mr. Symington said. as he removed the costly ring from Edith's hand, "you may go back.

As she passed with her eyes bent down Mr. Belaire spoke to her, in a tone that made her lift them suddenly, flashing all

their glory full upon him. "Allow me to thank you very much." A faint, gratified little flush-a little smile, that just suggested the white teeth and the bewitching dimple-then she passed out, and back to the silver thimble buyer, with a strange fluttering of the not the most reassuring of mortals, as he heart that she had never experienced bepremiuni wood standing beside the end of a bronze and plate glass show-case—a girl fair as a lily-white roseleaf, shining black eyes, strongly upon her, when, as she stood putting on her gloves as she was about to go home in the evening, Mr. Symington stepped up to her, with a curious look on his face, that sent her vaguely delicious sensations instantly adrift. "Where is the cluster diamond ring you stole from the tray while you were in my department to-day." She looked at him as if she considered him suddenly bereft of his senses. "The ring I stole-I-from you?" "Just so. If you'll hand it over I'll say nothing about it, only you needn't come back to-morrow. Your best policy is to admit the theft and give it up. The color began to wane in her face

"That is no excuse; I wouldn't have believed it of you, Miss Edith ;" and he b wed almost reverently as she opened h r wondering eyes, "you are feeling better I think? My carriage is at the door. You will allow to me take you home? My name is Roscoe Bellair."

She rose, almost staggeringly, a wild horror coming back to her eyes as she remembered. "He thinks I took the ring. Oh, tell him I am nor a thief ! You believe me

-don't you, sir?" Bellair sent Symington an indignant

glance. "I certainly would implicitly believe your word, even if I did not have ample evidences of the truth of it. I am the sinner, Miss Edith. I wore the ring away, inadvertently, and have just returned it."

crying such blind, relieving tears, that if ever Mr. Symington felt uncomfortable in his life, it was then.

\* \* \* \* Six months afterward Edith Santwood showed a lovely cluster diamond ring to her gentle little mother, with her dark eyes full of happy tears, her lovely cheeks flushing like a wild rose.

"Roscoe insisted upon having the identical ring, mamma-that is, the same stones--reset to fit me. He says nothing is too good for our engagement ring. Oh, mamma, I am so happy! And, although it was a terrible experi-

ence, yet Roscoe Bellair's betrothed never regretted the episode of the diamond ring.

ORGANIZED EMIGRATION .- One of England's leading men, the Hon. Thomas Hughes of London, has given practical attention to this subject, having accepted a position as superintendent of an extensive organization of New England capitalists whose purpose is to plant a large colony upon a suitable and ample tract of land in East Tennessee, in which region there is an abundance of rich soil. and whose inhabitants enjoy one of the finest climates known in the world. We may properly say that organized emigration is the only true method for peopling new territory. Persons in the Eastern or Central States should not go by families and isolate themselves and shut themselves off from all pleasant social privileges and enjoyments, but should band together by hundreds, selecting of the right sort as their new companions and neighbors, such as relatives and personal friends and then purchase large tracts at prices greatly reduced from those a single individual would be forced to pay for a single tract, and divide the tract among the colonists according to the nvestment of each. Then a village could be built at once, from which avenues lined with farms might radiate in all directions. and the church, the school house, shops, etc., be erected at once .- [Springfield (Ohio) Republican.

### FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

PORTLAND, September 20, 1880. Legal tenders in Portland, buying, par, and elling at par. Silver coin in Portland banks quote at I per

sent, discount to par. Coin exchange on New York, 1 per cent. pre-

Coin exchange on San Francisco, par to 1 per

cent. premium. Telegraphic transfers on New York, 1 per cent.

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disease,

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pepsia, Constitution, Chronic Diarthœa, Bronchites, Leocorrhœa and Consump-tion, which latter is very often only CATARRH of the LUNGS. Hence it is ev ideat that any r-medy to-be effectual in permanently curing this disease must cossess the alterative properties necessary to eliminate from the blood the the scrofulous virus which is the primary cause of the malady, as well as to cleanse and heal the affected membrane.

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We do not ask you to believe our unupported statements nor will we pub the certificates of unknown persons residing in the East or at a great distance but on the contrary we respectfully re-fer those afflicted with Catarrh to the following

## HOME TESTIMONY.

J. M. STROWBRIDGE, Esq., Capitalist, ortland, Or. JOS, BUCHTEL, Esq., Sheriff Mulinomati

onny, Pert and, Or. HEV, ALONZO T. JONES, Salem, O., JOS, DAVIS, Esq., Tenino, W. T. C. H. WHEELER, Esq., Merchant, East

Portland. C. H. HAMLIN, Esq. Engineer, Car Shops, "ast Portland

ast Portland (W. H. C' MMINGS, Esq., Peoria Or, We have hundreds of teadmontais from the most respectable efficiency of Oregon and Wash-ligiton, but only refer to the names of a few well-knewn and prominent individuals. 57 Ask your braggist for DS, JAMES KEEK'S SUBE CLAR Ford CALLISH. MARKS MORE OF A SUBE COMP.

and see that his signature is on the wrapper o each package.

And Edith sank down upon the sofa,

poverty. Somehow, a large portion of Mr. Symington's surplus spleen evaporated as he saw hor.

"So you are Santwood's cousin-eh ma'am?" A substitute, I understand?" Edith bowed, and smiled slightly, showing a distracting dimple.

"I am Claude Santwood's cousin Edith, sir. He boards with mamma and me, and is unable to come, and very much worried about it-for it is the busy season, he says. Mamma said I might take his place if you would permit it. Claude has explained all the duties to me, and I am very sure I can perform

Nobody has ever' known crusty old Symington to listen to such a lengthy answer before; but he actually did, only be frowned and twisted his beard.

"I never heard of such a thing," he aid gruffly. "Santwood's duties are easy enough for that matter, for any woman to do. He has to fly around lively sometimes. But-why it is a ridiculous idea to send you here to take his place. What possessed him?" Not that he wanted to know, or cared if he had known.

Not that he wanted to know, or cared

Edith blushed.

"We are poor, sir, and if Claude's rages should stop-

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Well hang up your shawl and bonnet in the cloak room ponder, and I'll see whether or not you amount to anything. Women don t, as a general thing, I take notice."

And although Claude had, over and over again, told her how disagreeable Mr. Symington was, nevertheless Edith found herself winking to keep back the mortified tears that would come into her

But-Mr. Symington found that there aever had been a quicker-footed, neaterhanded, more accurately-perceptive person inside his establishment.

"It won't last-of course it won't last, be said to Thorn gruffly; "but Stanwood's down for a day or so yet, she says, and I uppose she's better than nobody. Keep four eye on her though, Thorn; and I've poken to Mason. She's a stranger, you A livid sort of pa inow, and there's a sight of things lying round handy.

Thorn laughed, but gave a half-digmated look at the captions old man.

"I'll stake my next ten years' salary hat Miss Santwood is a lady," he said, quietly.

L. + + "All right, sir. Just be so good as to you see the girl was a perfect lady? Sy

wn setting or antique?" Ir. Symington was all smiles and gra-usness, and rubbed his hands in bent to feel the faintly returning pulse Mr. Symington was all smiles and graelightfal, business-like jocularity, as in Edith's round white wrist. e led the way to his special department "How did I know? She's a stranger."

until she was ghastly pale. "Mr. Symington, you don't mean that you think I stole a diamond ring?"

Her voice was indescribably horror stricken and pathetic.

"I certainly mean exactly that. And I don't propose to waste many more words about it. Just step inside the private office, and unless you at once give it up

I will have you searched." She drew herself up haughtily at that. "Sir, you insult me! I have not taken your diamond ring. Your accusation is as cruel as it is unfounded."

Her dark eyes flashed with proud conciousness of right, but her lovely face was awfully pale, and her lips quivered with womanly shame and pain.

Mr. Symington sneered. "Oh, well, if you're going into hyster-ies, go ahead! Thorn, telegraph for a policeman and a woman from the station. We'll search the young thief -- "

A cry came from Edith's lips at the horrible, horrible word.

"Oh, don't say such a thing of me-of me! Why I must be dreaming! It must be some awful nightmare I am suffering! They accuse me-me, mother's little Edith-of stealing a diamond ring?"

And just as she fell in a merciful swoon on the office floor, Mr. Bellaire came walking through the store into the private office.

"Look here, Symington-the result of an attack of absence of mind! I actually wore off one of your cluster- Why what's the matter?"

For as he walked into the room, talk ing, and langhingly removing a mag-nificent eluster-ring from his inger-the ring for which Edith Santwood lay white and deathless like a perfect statue of ivory-he saw her on the sofa, where Mr.

A livid sort of paleness spread over Mr. Symington's florid face, and he uttered a little unintelligible exclamation that Bellair instantiv correctly translated. "Good gracious! you don't tell me you suspected her? I hurried back with the ring I so unconsciously carried off, but I didn't think I should come to see this. It is an outrage, Symington, couldn't

tep this way. Did I understand you- monton, I wouldn't have thought this of you !"

some Produce Market. The following quotations represent the whole-sale rates from producers or first hands: FLOUR—outlable in jobbing lots at: Standard brands, 85 00 hest country brands, 53 50(g \$5 75, superflue, \$3 75(6\$3 50, WOOL-20(x 27) for choice, WHEAT-food to choice, \$1 30.

HAY-Timothy baled, buying at \$1604.\$18 per POTATOES-Quotable at 45 (0.50c per 100 fbs, as

to description and quality. MIDDLINGS-Jobbing at feed, \$20(6,\$25; fine

MIDDLINGS-Jobbing at feed, \$20(0,825) fine \$25(0,827) P ton.
 BRAN-Jobbing at per ton, \$15(0,816).
 OATS-Feed, per bushel 42(4):45 ets.
 BACON-Sides, 13[c; hans, Oregon S C 121(0, 13]c; hastern, 14(a 15c; shoulders, 9(a,10c, LARD-1a kegs, 10(a 12]c; in tims, 12(a 12]c, BUTTER-We quote choice dairy at 27:a2bc; goed fesii roll, 20(a 22]c; ordinary, 16(9, 20c, whether brine or roll.
 DRIED ERUITS-Apples, san dried, 9a10c; machine dried, 12c; Pears, machine dried, Hal2c, Flums, machine dried, 20c.
 EG08-22c per doz

EG68-22c per doz POULTRY-Hens and roosters, \$4 59a5, Turkeys 18:200 per pound. Geese, \$8:00 per dor. CHFESE-Origon, 12[al5e: California, 16c. HOUS-Dreased, 5]c; on fact, 3]a4c.

BEEF-Live weight, 1] to 12c for good to choice, SHEEP-Live weight, 1]a2c. LLOW-Quotable at 5able.

HIDES-Quotable at 14a161c for all over 16 lbs. one-third off for under that, also one-third off for culls; green 6]a8c.

### General Merchandise.

RICE-Market quoted at China, 51:452 ; Sand with Island, 71:472. COFFEE-Costa Rica, 17a18c; Java, 25a26c; Rio, 16 a17c.

Rio, 16]#17c.
TEAS-We quote Japan in laquered boxes 50a 75c : paper, 37[a47].
SUGARS-Sandwich Island, 9[a10c : Golden C, in bbls, 10c ; hf bbls, 9[c : Grashel bbls, 11]c, if bbls, 12c : Pulverized bbls, 12c, hf bbls, 13]c ; Granulated bbls, 11]c, hf bbls 12]c.
SARDINES-Qr boxes, \$1 75 ; hf boxes, \$2 75.
YEAST POWDER-Donnelly, \$15 [#] grass: Donley, \$20:22 [#] grass : Preston & Merrill, 824 [#] grass.

Milley, S2022 p. gross, Preson & Merrin, \$24 [p] gross.
WINES-White, per doz in case, \$3 50e4; per gal, 70e to \$1 50; Somenna, per doz in cases, \$3 5e to \$5; per gal, 60e to \$1 50.
Charet-Children per gal, \$1 to \$1 25; happened per gal, \$1 50 to \$2.
Sherry-Cala per gal, \$1 50 to \$2.
Sherry-Cala per gal, \$1 50 to \$2 50; Spanish, \$3 to \$5; meeted brande, \$12 to \$18; meted per gal, \$2 to \$18.

unported per gal, \$2 50 to \$7.

Port-Various brands in qr. esks, \$2.50 to \$3 : \$1.50 to \$2; imported, \$3 to \$7 SPIRITS-Fine old Hennessy Brandy in qr. eks

and octaves, \$5 50 to \$7 50 per gal; Lunville's brish Whisky in cases per doz, \$12; James Stewart & Co.'s Scotch Whisky in at clas and octaves. 54: Hennessy Brandy in onse, jer dor, very line-1 star \$16, 2 star, \$17 is, 3 star \$19; Holland tim, large cases, \$15 to \$20; Old Tom tim in cases, \$12; Eye

SIS to \$20; Ohr Jon Ohr herses, \$13; Eye Whisky, per gal, \$2 50 to \$5; Bourbon, per gal, \$2 50 to \$5; A Cutter, \$3 25 to \$3 50; O K Cutter, \$4 50 to \$5
OH.S.-Oelinary brands of coal; Jic, high grades; Downer & Ou, Jija40; boiled linased, \$1; raw linseed, \$5c; pure lark, \$1a1 10; castor, \$1 50e\$1 60; turpentine, 60a55c.

sensible Canadian. Mr. Gathels, of Brook is, Canada, after be-ing curve by the use of Warner's Sate Pills and Sate Bills us of a prostraing malarial disease contracted in Texas, writes as: "I shall never travel in that climate sithout your Safe Pills and Safe Toule as part of my outfit."

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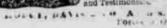
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