BEARDSLY HALL.

BY M. A. POTTER.

There was a great stir in the little village of Glenwood, when it became generally known among the inhabitants that Beardsly Hall, which had been closed three years, since the death of Judge Beardsly, its former proprietor, and had been purchased by a wealthy gentleman who expected to make it his residence.

Many were the conjectures as to who and what the new proprietor was, but nothing definite could be ascertained except that his name was Horton, and that he had recently returned from Europe. The business concerning the purchase had been transacted by an agent who paid the price demanded, without asking a reduction, which fact seemed to indicate that Mr. Horton was a man of wealth.

Beardsly Hall was situated just outside the village. The handsome house, substantial and roomy, stood in the center of an enclosure containing several acres of land which was laid out with nicely graveled walks winding in and out among the trees, in different directions from the house. The place was beautiful, and during Judge Beardsly's life had been well cared for, the flower garden and shrubbery having been his especial pride and delight.

"A mighty extravagant set those Hortons must be!" said Mrs. Jenks whose house, though in the village, was nearly opposite Beardsly Hall. "Such improvements as they are putting on that house. Why! I do believe it would cost them less to pull it down and build a new one!" and she talked an hour to her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, scarcely pausing for breath, her one theme being "Beardsly Hall."

And she was not the only one that talked and thought of Beardsly Hall. The more refined people, in their exclusive sets, were hoping that the Hortons would prove to be pleasant companionable people, and that Beardsly Hall would be again open to them as in days past; while others looked on with jealous eyes, and hearts so filled with envy that nothing could induce them to say one good word for the Hortons of Beardsly Hall.

Every article of furniture that was carried into the house was thoroughly scanned by Mrs. Jenks and her daughter Jane, and reports of the number of articles, size and probable cost were duly circulated in the village.

It was a clear, bright, moonlight evening when at last there was an arrival at Beardsly Hall. Why did the family come in a carriage late in the evening instead of broad daylight by the train? was a question that perplexed Mrs. Jenks and her friends as they stood watching the carriage, trying to gain sight of its occupants.

"That's a spruce young sprig!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, as a young man sprang from the carriage and proceeded to assist the others to alight.

"Who is that? I never heard that an old man was coming," said Jane apparently chagrined that anybody could come without her knowledge.

"There's a widow, as sure as I am alive!" said Mrs. Jenks as a young lady dressed in deep mourning alighted from the carriage. "Just look at that vail! No one but a widow would wear such mourning. Ah, there's another lady! I wonder who she is?"

Thus Mrs. Jenks and her friends talked and gossiped, while the newly arrived neighbors across the way, unconscious of having attracted any particular attention, entered the house and closed the door behind them.

A week later Mrs. Jenks called again on her neighbor, Mrs. Allen.

"Have you got acquainted with your new neighbors yet?" inquired Mrs. Jenks pointing to Beardsly Hall.

"I have seen them a few times," replied Mrs. Allen.

"There are awful, strange doings, going on at that house!" said Mrs. Jenks.

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Allen, scarcely listening to the talkative neighbor.

"Well, I saw a sight the other evening which really made me feel like running away and getting out of the neighborhood," continued Mrs. Jenks.

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Allen while a smile played about her mouth.

"Why, you have no idea what is going on there. You can't see from your window as I can from mine."

"Well, what did you see?" and this time Mrs. Allen fairly laughed.

"Oh, you need not laugh; it was nothing to laugh at!"

"But what was it?"

"Well, you see, a carriage stopped at the door, and a youngish man jumped out, and that little widow with all her mourning on—the deceitful hussy—ran down the steps like a young girl, and let him clasp her right in his arms! I say such sights are disgraceful, and I'd like to move out of the neighborhood."

"Is it not fortunate, Mrs. Jenks, that we have only our own sins to answer for?" said Mrs. Allen, seriously. "I do not feel that we are at all responsible for other people's actions."

"Oh, you dont? A pretty state of society we would have if every one was like you!" and with this remark Mrs. Jenks departed.

Mrs. Jenks' reports had an effect in the village, for they went from mouth to mouth till the true source of the stories were forgotten, and the people unconsciously became prejudiced.

Meanwhile the family at Beardsly Hall seemed to be totally indifferent to the people of the village and perfectly capable of enjoying themselves without other society. The young people played croquet with the old gentleman on the lawn; the young lady in black walked or rode, first with one young man and then with the other; and the young lady seemed to enjoy herself equally well, though perhaps, in a more quiet manner. Soon after their arrival it had been reported that the old gentleman was proprietor of the place, and that he had a son and daughter; but which young man was son and which young lady was daughter?

Two weeks had passed since the arrival of the strangers, when the news came straight from the minister's wife, that there was to be a wedding in the little church the following week, and that the bride-groom was the son of Mr. Horton, of Beardsly Hall. Shortly after this announcement, numerous guests, young and old, began to arrive at the spacious mansion; rides, drives, picnics and nutting-parties were the order of the day; and music, reaping and dancing, the programme of the evening.

As the day appointed for the wedding approached, curiosity reached its height when it became known that a florist, to decorate the house and church, and a caterer, to provide and arrange the supper, had arrived from the city.

The village children after school hung around the door of the church, now and then getting a peep at the inside, or an opportunity to enter, after which they would run home to tell their mothers of the wonders they had seen.

Mrs. Jenks and Jane kept closely at home, and one or the other was constantly stationed at the window, from which there was a good view of Beardsly Hall. Mrs. Jenks was worried and jealous, too, for she had seen her neighbor, Mrs. Allen, go into and out of the house several times, as though she was on intimate terms with its inmates.

The wedding evening came at last, at the close of a beautiful autumn day, with scarcely a cloud to dim the brightness of the moon that shed its light and cheery influence on all nature. On the morning train a plentiful supply of flowers and eatables had arrived; and the evening train brought many more guests to attend the marriage festival.

The church was opened at 8 o'clock, and soon after was completely packed with people eager to witness the ceremony. The floral decorations were elegant, and elicited many exclamations of surprise and delight from the admiring crowd.

The town clock had just sounded its last stroke of 9 when the carriages arrived at the church door; the minister appeared at the altar; and the people turned to see the bridal party enter the church.

Four little girls dressed in white tarlatan, nearly covered with flowers, led the way up each aisle. Those in the right aisle were followed by the young man, first mentioned, and Mrs. Allen; after whom came other gentlemen with ladies.,

The four little girls in the left aisle were followed by the young man—who had so exasperated Mrs. Jenks by clasping the "widow" in his arms—with the young lady heretofore supposed to be Mr. Horton's daughter, elegantly dressed in satin and lace, clinging to his arm. Next in order came Mr. Horton and the "widow," who for the time had laid aside her mourning, and was dressed in pure white, wearing white flowers in her hair. These were followed by other gentlemen and ladies.

Mrs. Jenks half arose from her seat as the marriage ceremony commenced, and was nearly overcome with astonishment when she saw Mr. Horton's son married to the lady she had all the time imagined to be Mr. Horton's daughter; and when the young man stepped forward and gave the bride away, she was so bewildered that she sank on the seat utterly powerless to imagine anything further.

The ceremony went on, however, without interruption, and at its close the happy couple, with their numerous friends, left the church and returned to Beardsly Hall.

The state of Mrs. Jenks' mind as she sat at her window, gazing at the merry throng that were passing in and out of the elegant mansion opposite, until a late hour of the night, can be better imagined than described. The next morning she decided to visit Mrs. Allen and demand an explanation.

Mrs. Allen received her neighbor kindly, and good-naturedly gave her the desired information.

"Mr. Horton is my brother;" said Mrs. Allen, "the lady you supposed to be a widow is his daughter; she dresses in mourning for her mother; the young man who clasped the 'widow' in his arms"—and here Mrs. Allen's eyes sparkled with merriment—"is her husband, and is also brother to the bride;" and still further Mrs. Allen volunteered the information that the bride and groom were to start immediately for a year's tour in Europe, and that Mr. Horton's daughter and her husband were to remain with Mr. Horton, and at his death would become owners of the property.

Mrs. Jenks departed a wiser and better woman, and in time, as she and others became acquainted with Mr. Horton's family and witnessed the many acts of courtesy and kindness bestowed by them upon the people of the village, the old spirit of envy and jealousy was changed to one of love and respect for the inmates of Beardsly Hall.

The Guillotine.

Just at daybreak, the murderer, Menescion, was executed. According to custom he was kept in ignorance of the time fixed for his death until within a few minutes of the execution. He had passed the evening in company with two jailors, who had for some days been his constant companions, in playing cards, and an unusually bountiful supper which was supplied to him, might have aroused his suspicions, but it did not, and at midnight he went to sleep. Shortly before daybreak the governor of the prison, with the priest and executioner and his assistants, entered the corridor leading to the cell of the condemned. The jailors, at a signal, opened the door of the cell, and on first awakening Menesclon, informed him that his last hour had come and admitted the priest. The latter remained with Menesclon for ten minutes. The Governor, the executioner and assistants then entered. Menesclon was in agony of fear, and it was with difficulty that the executioner made what is called "the toilet," cutting the hair of the prisoner short, cutting off the collar of his shirt, and binding his hands behind him. This being done, the convict was hurried through the corridor to the door, which opened upon the square, where the guillotine was ready to receive him. The scene at this moment was terrible somber. The sun was just rising, but its light was obscured by dense clouds, and at the moment the prison door opened a violent storm of thunder and lightning broke forth. The condemned at this instant was overcome with terror and sank almost to the ground. The assistants of the executioner had to drag him to the guillotine, which had been erected only a few paces from the portal of the prison. In a moment afterward the knife had fallen and all was over.

A certain sort of credulity is not rarely combined in the same character with distrust; and those great men who are the most suspicious by nature are not the least amenable to flattery.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes: "While at Mount Vernon—the home of Washington—the other day, I was greatly struck with the slip-shod condition in which the house and its contents are kept. The estate belongs to the women of the United States, and I am sure, did they but know the facts, they would interest themselves in their property, and raise sufficient money to put the house in thorough repair, and to have the relics of Washington more carefully kept than is done at present. The walls in some of the rooms are covered with cheap chromo-lithographs and prints, having no claims either to artistic excellence or historical valne; and these should, and could, easily be replaced by engravings possessing these qualities. I have no definite idea of the cost of putting the house in order, but I am sure that an expenditure of $3000 would be more than ample; and I think some of our patriotic women should take the matter in hand, and have the home of Washington restored to its original beauty and cleanliness.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The deadliest foe to man's logevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best.

Within certain limits, he has his choice to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely; to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or to condense it it into a narrow one; but when his stock is expended he can have no more.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

PORTLAND, September 26, 1880.

Legal tenders in Portland, buying, par, and selling at par.

Silver coin in Portland banks quote at 1 per cent. discount to par.

Coin exchange on New York, 1 per cent. premium.

Coin exchange on San Francisco, par to ½ per cent. premium.

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

Home Produce Market.

The following quotations represent the wholesale rates from producers or first hands:

FLOUR—Quotable in jobbing lots at: Standard brands, $5 00 best country brands, $3 50@$3 75, superfine, $3 75@$3 50.

WOOL—20@27½ for choice.

WHEAT—Good to choice, $1 30.

HAY—Timothy baled, buying at $16@$18 per ton.

POTATOES—Quotable at 1c per lbs

MIDDLINGS—Jobbing at feed, $20@$25; fine $25@$27½ ₱ ton.

BRAN—Jobbing at per ton, $15@$16.

OATS—Feed, per bushel 42½@45 cts.

BACON—Sides, 13½c; hams, Oregon S C 12½@13½c; Eastern, 14@15c; shoulders, 9@10c.

LARD—In kegs, 13; in tins, 13c

BUTTER—We quote choice dairy at 27a25c; good fresh roll, 20@22½c; ordinary, 16@20c, whether brine or roll.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sun dried, 9a10c; machine dried, 12c½ Pears, machine dried, 11a12c. Plums, machine dried, 20c.

EGGS—25c per doz

POULTRY—Hens and roosters, $4 50a5. Turkeys 18a20c per pound. Geese, $8a9 per doz.

CHEESE—Oregon, 12½a15c; California, 16c.

HOGS—Dressed, 5½c; on foot, 3¼a4c.

BEEF—Live weight, 1½ to 1¾c for good to choice.

SHEEP—Live weight, 1¼a2c.

TALLOW—Quotable at 6c.

HIDES—Quotable at 14a16½c for all over 16 lbs, one-third off for under that, also one-third off for culls; green 6½a8c.

General Merchandise.

RICE—Market quoted at China, 5¼a5¾; Sandwich Island, 7¼a7½.

COFFEE—Costa Rica, 17a18c; Java, 25a26c; Rio, 16½a17c.

TEAS—We quote Japan in laquered boxes 50a75c; paper, 37½a47½.

SUGARS—Sandwich Island, 9¼a10c; Golden C, in bbls, 10c; hf bbls, 9¾c; Crushed bbls, 11¾c, hf bbls, 12c; Pulverized bbls, 12c, hf bbls, 13¼c; Granulated bbls, 11¼c, hf bbls 12¾c.

SARDINES—Qr boxes, $1 75; hf boxes, $2 75.

YEAST POWDER—Donnelly, $18 ₱ gross; Dooley, $20c22 ₱ gross; Preston & Merrill, $24 ₱ gross.

WINES—White, per doz in case, $3 50a4; per gal, 70c to $1 50; Sonoma, per doz in cases, $3 50 to $5; per gal, 60c to $1 50

Claret—California per gal, $1 to $1 25; imported per gal, $1 50 to $2.

Sherry—Cala per gal, $1 50 to $2 50; Spanish, $3 to $6; assorted brands, $12 to $18; imported per gal, $2 50 to $7.

Port—Various brands in qr cks, $2 50 to $5; $1 50 to $2; imported, $3 to $7.

SPIRITS—Fine old Hennessy Brandy in qr cks and octaves, $5 50 to $7 50 per gal; Dunville's Irish Whisky in cases per doz, $12; James Stewart & Co.'s Scotch Whisky in qr cks and octaves, $4; Hennessy Brandy in case, per doz, very fine—1 star $16, 2 star, $17 50, 3 star $19; Holland Gin, large cases, $18 to $20; Old Tom Gin in cases, $12; Rye 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

OILS—Ordinary brands of coal, 30c, high grades; Downer & Co., 37½a40c; boiled linseed, $1; raw linseed, 95c; pure lard, $1a1 10; castor, $1 50a$1 60; turpentine, 60a65c.

A Valuable Book.

The Little Lawyer, or the farmers', mechanics', miners', laborers' and business mens' adviser and legal help, containing a concise statement of the manner of making statutary laws, practical forms of complaints in all ordinary suits at law, forms of mechanics' and other liens agreements, protests and business forms, all the land and mining laws of Congress, with full directions for obtaining title to anything the government can grant title to, and also the new Constitution of the State of California, by H. A. Gaston, Esq., Attorney at Law, formerly member of the Legislature of California, and late Speaker of the Assembly of the State of Nevada, published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of California, will be canvassed for in this city. The book is sold by subscription at $3 50 in cloth and $4 in leather. Orders for the book will be filled by J. K. Gill, Portland. The books will be delivered by Wells, Fargo & Co. within three weeks from the time the order is given.

REMEMBER

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.

The Pleasures of Hope.

When the body is bowed with pain an intense longing for relief brings hope. This may brighten the suffering but it does not cure. At a time like this how welcome is such a friend as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, bringing hope health and happiness and the joys of a renewed life.

A Happy Restoration.

I can truly say that I owe my present existence and happy restoration to the hopes and joys of life to the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and I say to every one suffering from any manner from kidney, liver or urinary trouble, "Use this remedy and recover."

W. E. SANFORD

Holley, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1880.