

A SWEET WILD ROSE.

"Well, since you mention it yourself, Hal, I will confess that I was surprised to find you engaged to Miss Brookfield," said Ned Chester to his life-long chum, Hal Elmendorf (the two young men were leisurely strolling through Maple avenue), "for when I went abroad you were most emphatically denouncing the heartlessness and selfishness and extravagance according to your way of thinking at the time—of society girls, and apparently sincere in your determination to remain a bachelor rather than marry one of them. And your letters have given me no hint of a change in your sentiments. Quite the contrary. Your last, by the way, was the most perplexing. No woman's letter could have been more so. In it you suddenly jumped from the Clauson mine to a sweet wild rose, of whom you had previously told me nothing. If I remember aright, the sentence introducing her read thus: 'And the dividends this year are much larger than this sweet wild rose that I have found in this lonely place, and am almost persuaded to court and marry, after the name of Tennyson's landscape painter.'"

Elmendorf threw away his cigarette, looked thoughtfully into space a moment, dropped into a still slower walk, and asked, "Should you like to hear all about it, old fellow?"

"Of course, I should," replied Chester. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who ever to himself hath said, 'I take no interest in sweet wild roses?' And besides that, haven't I been the confidant of all your love affairs since you were twelve, and awfully smitten with the pretty girl in Wild's confectionery? Drive ahead, I'm all attention."

"As you remarked a few minutes ago," began Elmendorf, "just before you crossed the bridge," I became disgusted with fashionable young ladies in general, and, as you did not remark, for fear of hurting my feelings, with Eudora Brookfield in particular. It was rather hard on a romantic sort of a fellow, who was a few spoons on a girl, to be told by that girl that his fortune considerably enhanced his attractions in her eyes, and that for her part she thought love in a cottage on less than five thousand a year must be the dearest of existences. We quarreled, as you know, and parted. She went, shortly after, to Newport, and I, filled with scorn of managing mammas and fortune-hunting daughters, donned the blue flannel suit and coarse broad-brimmed hat, and carrying with me only a small valise, started for anywhere—anywhere out of the world."

"At noon of my second day's travel the train stopped at a quiet, tree-embowered station, and following the impulse of the moment, I jumped off and straggled into a lonely shady road, resolving to keep on no foot until fate should say 'Thus far and no farther.' Ned, that road was certainly the loneliest road I ever saw. Not a person did I meet, not a house did I see in an hour's brisk tramp. But I trudged on, and the more Eudora's beauty and grace flitted before me, the more her sweet voice rang out in the song of the birds, the more my heart yearned for her smile, the more I was determined to put miles between us. I would not be married for my fortune. I would be loved for myself, or not at all. And growing stronger in resolution at every step, I suddenly found myself in front of a small gray cottage—I remembered instantly that Eudora had a silk dress of the same shade of gray—half covered with woodbine and rose vines, that stood just at the entrance of a dense wood, where grew oaks, maples, willows, elder bushes, blackberry bushes, and heaven only knows how many other things planted there by the winds and the birds. A cow with a young calf beside her was lowing in a field opposite, and a brook was sparkling in the sunshine a short distance away."

"On the porch of this cottage sat a middle-aged woman, sewing. To her, hat in hand, I advanced and humbly preferred a request for a drink of water. And she, rising with hospitable quickness, bade me take the seat she left while she went to the well. I sank into the chair, for I was weary, soon she returned with a glass of water and a glass of milk. I drank them both—not at once, of course, but during the conversation about the weather that ensued—and had risen to depart when the prettiest girl in blue and gold that I ever beheld came tripping up the garden path, a pall of water in each hand. 'A sweet wild rose,' I said to myself, and sat down again, convinced by a single glance at that lovely face and form that this cottage was Fate's 'No farther.'"

"Accordingly, I told mine hostess that I was a poor story-writer (you will admit that that was no lie, for all the editors to whom I have submitted my manuscripts have said the same thing), with a book to finish it, and that of all places in the world to finish it in her beautiful quiet home seemed the best, and I begged her to let me stay there a few weeks, promising to make her as little trouble as possible. 'Well, I don't see nothing' again if it father and daughter don't,' said she, and away she went again, and from the murmur of voices in the hall I knew the matter was being discussed by the family. And in a few moments a shrewd-looking old man appeared, looked at me sharply, and asked brusquely 'Kin you ford to pay four dollars a week?' I told him I thought I could, and he seized my valise and carried it into the cottage, I followed."

"Ned, old chap, it was a lovely spot, and no mistake. Every morning the birds awakened me with their songs, and they were so fearless, never having learned hor: cruel men can be, that they flew in at my window and perched upon the frame of the old looking-glass—such a rum old glass (crooked my nose and crossed my eyes)—and watched me dress; and from enough farm the rose vines floated into that attic room in one day to have perfumed Eudora's handkerchief for a whole year."

"As for Alice—the sweet wild rose—no poet ever dreamed of maid more beautiful. Large, innocent, dark blue eyes, with lashes so long that they cast a faint shadow on her round cheeks; mouth, nose, chin, ears, hands, feet, simply perfect; and voice, not as musical as Eudora's, it is true, but with a childish ring and sweetness; and when she spoke, which was seldom, it was with a simple modest hesitancy that made you long to catch her in your arms and kiss the words from her full red lips. I had

only seen her three times when I was madly in love with her, and thought the plain calico gowns she wore the prettiest gowns in the world. Her father and mother watched us closely, but that blessed (as I thought then) drought had set in a week or so before my arrival, and in two or three weeks more our rain-watercask—we hadn't attained to the dignity of a cistern—was empty, and our well ran low, and much water had to be brought from the brook, and of course I helped the sweet wild rose carry the pails, and (again, as I thought then) the brook was a blessed quarter of a mile from the house; and one day, after traversing this quarter of a mile with the pails and bonnie Alice, I wrote you a very long letter, in which, among many other things, I reviewed my Eudora experience, and told you of the treasure I found in the cottage by the wood. And few days after posting this letter I asked the sweet wild rose to be my wife. She raised those glorious, innocent blue eyes to my face for an instant, and then hid them upon my breast, while she whispered—the shy darling—

"Don't ask father and mother just yet, until I get used to the thought myself. It seems so very strange."

"And are you sure you love me? And will you be willing to wear calico gowns and live in a little cottage all your life?" said I.

"Try me," she replied, with glowing cheeks and arch smile.

"Now am I really loved?" said I to the birds, next morning—not having you, Ned, I made confidants of them, and, like you, they never betrayed me. "It is Hal Elmendorf that wins the heart of Alice, not his fortune—no sighing for gems and gold, no longing for silks and velvets and satins, knows this simple country maid. She is even unaware of her own marvellous grace and beauty, and she is also unaware, it cannot be denied, of many of the rules of grammar and pronunciation. But these I can soon teach her, heaven bless her! And then I thought what delight it would be to see those guileless blue eyes open wide in pleasure and astonishment when, after gaining her parents' consent to our marriage, I placed a diamond ring upon the little hand. And I made up my mind to start for the nearest city immediately and obtain the ring."

"So, pleading urgent business to my darling, as soon as breakfast was over I bade her good-by for a day or two. "Oh, if you should never come back!" she sobbed, clinging around my neck. "But I will, dearest," I said, unloosing her lovely arms, and kissing the tears from her eyes. "I shall be back again before you have time to miss me." And I was; for I had only gone a mile or two when I discovered I had left my pocketbook behind, and full of anger against myself for my carelessness, I hastened back. As I neared the cottage I heard loud voices—the voices of Mrs. Burdock, my prospective mother-in-law, and—could it be; yes, it was my sweet wild rose.

"Well, it's a regular mess, and I don't know what to say to Bill Tyron when he comes back from sea," the elder lady was saying. "He'll raise the ruff of the house."

"Let him," replied Alice. "I'll build you a better house—nearer to folks; for I'm sure I never want to come back to this lonely hole again after I must leave it."

"But s'pose this man shouldn't be so rich, after all?" persisted the prudent mamma.

"He's as rich as Crechus," answered the daughter, in anything but a sweet voice. And, oh! how dreadful the grammar and pronunciation sounded in it? Do you think I'd give up Bill if I want'sure of it? He wrot a long rigmorale to some friend of his one day, and he lost a piece and I found it—"

"The page almost ending with the Clauson mine, and nearly beginning with the sweet wild rose," interrupted Chester.

"Just so," assented his friend. "But to go on with the conversation to which I boldly confess I deliberately listened. 'I found it; he never missed it, and I read it,' said the simple country maid. 'Some fash'nable girl wanted him for his fortune, and he got mad and cleared out, and walked round till he found me. A sweet wild rose, he calls me, and he ain't so far out, neither.'"

"You'd better let your pa inquire about him some before you promise sure to marry him," advised Mrs. Burdock.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the rose. "Pa goin' snoopin' round might spoil everything. I know he's got lots of money and I bet he's gone off to buy me something elegant now. Calico gowns, indeed! I'll wear silk every day of my life. But come along, ma, let's go upstairs. P'raps he's left his satchel unlocked, and we can rummage through it."

"No, he hasn't," said I, coming forward; "but don't let that prevent your enjoying yourselves, ladies; here is the key to your service."

"With a shrill scream, the sweet wild rose fled. I reached my room under the eaves in three bounds, gathered together my belongings, left some bank bills on the table and fled too."

And I am to marry Eudora Brookfield a month from to-day.

PLEASURE.—It is not earthly pleasure that fleeth soon away, which the soul calls for, but it is an indulgence in our duty to God and our fellowmen, that will brighten our path to the eternal shore, and secure abundance of pleasure which none ever know of until they have passed the gloomy veil dividing time and eternity. It is sacrificing our own momentary pleasure for the promotion of the happiness of others and denying self of all immoral lust and working for the advancement of purity, which feed the soul on the "bread of life" and nourish it with the waters of the living fountain. It is the working of an honest heart of purity for the salvation of sin stained souls, and surmounting many difficulties, and forbearance of injustice for the reverence of a high and holy One, in order that we may have an inheritance in the Elysian fields of glory, where pleasure reigneth king, and joy, peace and gladness are stationed on every hand, which brings us true pleasure.

A man went out west, turned state's evidence and swore he was a member of a gang of thieves. By and by they found the roll of actual members, and accused the man of swearing falsely. "I was a member," said the man, "I was an honorable member!"

Lunar Superstitions.

Another popular idea is that the weather changes with the moon's quarters, although, of course, there is no truth in this piece of vulgar astrology. That educated people, as Dr. Taylor has truly pointed out, to whom exact weather records are accessible, should still find satisfaction in this fanciful lunar rule, is an interesting case of intellectual survival. Yet, however, the fact remains, and in every-day life one of the most frequent remarks appertaining to wet weather is, that it will no doubt change with the moon.

In many parts of the country great attention is paid to the day of the week on which the change of the moon occurs. Thus, if the moon change on a Sunday, we are told "there will be a flood before the month is out," whereas a new moon on a Monday is nearly everywhere welcomed as being a certain omen of not only fair weather, but good luck. A change, however, on Saturday seems universally regarded as a bad sign, and numerous proverbs to this effect are found, scattered here and there, in most parts of England as well as Scotland. Some of the most prevalent are the following:

A Saturday's change and a Sunday's full moon
Once in seven years is once too soon.

In Norfolk the peasantry say:
Saturday new and Sunday full
Never was good and never will.

The same notion exists on the Continent; Wednesday in Italy, and Friday in the south of France being regarded as unfavorable days for a change of moon. Again, various omens are made from the aspect of the moon. At Whitby, for instance, when the moon is surrounded by a halo of watery clouds, the seamen say there will be a change of weather, for the "moon dogs" are about. This halo is called in Scotland "brugh"—the early Teutonic word for circle, as in the following rhyme:

About the moon there is a brugh,
The weather will be calm and rough.

A pale moon, too, is equally unfavorable; a piece of weather-lore to which Shakespeare alludes in the "Midsummer Night dream" (act ii, sec 2):

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale to her anger, waxes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.

When the moon's horns appear to point upward it is said to look like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain—a superstition which George Eliot describes in "Adam Bede." "It had been better luck if they'd ha' buried him 'i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin'; there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." According to sailors, when the moon is in this position, it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase, "You might hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. The Scotch proverb, expressive of the same proverb, inculcates the following admonition:

The honey moon is on her back,
Mend your shoes and sort your tack.

Whenever a large planet or a large star is seen near the moon, it is said by seafaring men to prognosticate boisterous weather, for, to make use of their term, "A big star is dogging the moon." Some years ago, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, a fisherman of Torquay told me after a violent gale that he had forseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her. Many other superstitious fancies are associated with the moon is generally supposed to augur bright weather in summer and frost in winter. One proverb tells us:

If the moon shows a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
If she rises halcyon round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

In winter time, according to a popular adage:
Clear moon, frost soon.
—Home Journal

A SORRY FEATURE.—One of the most discouraging features of our day is the aversion of American boys and girls to hard work; but this aversion is by no means confined to this side of the Atlantic. In a late official communication to the French Government, it is asserted that the pupils of the elementary schools of Paris are little "bureau-crats," whose only fear on reaching the end of their course is that they shall have to become workmen and workwomen. The boys all want to be clerks and the girls shopwomen, thus glutting the market for these departments. The disposition of the youth of the present day, together with their tendency in almost every country, as well as America, to desert rural homes for life in the city, is one of the most unfavorable signs of the times.

Beach & Co.

This firm, successors to Coggins & Beach, dealers in paints, oils, glass, doors, sash, blinds, etc., is doing a very extensive business, which extends to various points on the North Pacific Coast. They import direct from the East the great bulk of their stock, which enables them to sell cheaper than those who purchase their stock either in San Francisco or this city, and which accounts for their rapid increase of patronage. Persons desiring anything in their line would do well to give them a call before investing elsewhere.

Oregon Machinery Depot.

H. P. Gregory & Co., importers and commission merchants of San Francisco, have lately opened a branch of their house at No. 43 Front street, Portland. For many years they have been known as one of the heaviest California firms dealing in machinery, engines, etc., and their large and growing trade in Oregon has compelled them to open a house here. Mr. Stewart McClure is the resident partner here, and is a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. They carry wood working machinery of all kinds, saw mills and saws, machinists' tools, steam engines and boilers, lubricating oils, blowers and exhaust fans, and make rubber goods a specialty. A complete line of engineer supplies can always be found at their Portland house, where the best of terms is always given to the trade. Catalogues sent on application.

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I have suffered from a kidney difficulty for the past ten years, accompanied by nervous spasms. Physicians gave me but temporary relief, but after using three and one-half bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, my nervous spasms were entirely relieved. My age is 77 years. I recommend this great remedy to all suffering from nervous troubles. Mrs. Mary Rasm.

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