"There's one advantage in steam," growled a fat old gentleman, in the corner seat; "wind and weather don't affect No flesh and blood horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead, though the thermometer is at zero, or at boiling-water

Just then the conductor entered. "Tickets, gentlemen, if you please,"

"It's a dreadful night, conductor," I said, feeling, with stiffened fingers, for my ticket.

"Dreadful, sir," feelingly responded the conductor. "Why, the brakeman can't live outside, and so I look the other way when they creep in, poor fellows, to get a breath of warm air at the

And the conductor opened the door, and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out:

'Hardwick!" It was quite a considerable city-with a handsome iron depot, and the usual crowd around the platform, with their hands in their pockets, and their cigar

Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but one passenger entered-a slender young girl, wrapped in a gray blanket, and wearing a neat little traveling hat of gray straw, trimmed with stone-colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate, like one unused to traveling, and finally sat down near the door. "Pardon me, young lady," I said, "you

had better come nearer the stove.' She started, hesitated an instant and then obeyed. "Does this train go to Bayswater?" she

asked, in a voice so deliciously soft that it thrilled through me.

'Yes. Can I be of service to you?" "Oh, no-at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage "We shall not be there yet these three

hours. "Do we stop again?"

"Only at Exmouth." She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and then settled back in her cor-

ner. By the light of the lamp I could see her face plainly. Apparently she was not more than sixteen, with large blue eyes, golden hair drawn straight away from her face, and a little rosy mouth like a baby's. 'Do you expect friends to meet you

at Bayswater, my child?" I asked.
"No, sir; I am going to school there. "It will be an awkward hour to arrive

by yourself—one in the morning."
"Oh, I am not afraid," she said with a little laugh. "I shall go straight to the seminary.

So the train thundered on, with steady, ceaseless pulsing at its iron heart, and constant roar. Suddenly the signal whistles sounded, and the train began to slacken its speed. 'Surely we are not at Exmouth yet?"

I thought; unless I have fallen unconsciously asleep, and allowed the progress of time to escape me." I glanced at my watch; it was barely

half-past eleven, and we were not due at Exmouth until twelve. I rubbed the frost from the window pane, and looked out. We had stopped at a little way station, in the midst of

dense pine woods. "Is this Exmouth ?" It was the soft voice of the pretty trav-

eler opposite. "No; I don't know what place it is; some way station."

"Does this train stop at way stations?"
"Never, generally; they must have been especially signaled here. You are cold, my child-your voice trem-

"It is cold," she said, faintly, drawing her shawl around her. "Oh, I wish they would hurry on!"

"We are moving once more," I said. "Conductor"-for the man of tickets was passing through the cars-"why did we stop at this back-woods place."

"Out of water," was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.

Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the real solution of the matter. Our delay had not exceeded half a minute-altogether too short a time for replenishing the boilers; and where on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods. Five minutes after, the conductor entered the car; I made room for him at my side.

"Sit down, conductor-you've nothing to do just this minute." He obeyed.

"What did you mean by telling me such a he just now?" I spoke it under my breath. He replied, in the same

"About what?" "About the reason we stopped just now.' He smiled.

'To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman -who has come down from Bayswater.' "For the pleasure of traveling once more over the same route?"

'Exactly-for the pleasure of traveling it in certain society. Don't be alarmed for your own safety-it's a detective policeman."

I was about to repeat the words in astonishment, when he motioned me to

"And who is the offender?" "I don't know myself yet. He don't

want a scene until the moment of arrest; we are sate enough until we reach Bayswater. "Where is he?"

"The detective? He sits by the door yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of the dilapidated

countrymen?" I smiled; I could not help it.

"What is the case?" "A murder-a man and his wife, and two little children-their throats cut last night and the house set fire to after-

"Good heavens! what a monster!" We had continued the conversation throughout in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers with curious dread

on a coarse, brutal-looking man opposite good use of time, but time has played with a bushy beard and a shaggy wool, sad havoe with them.

with the collar turned up around his Annecdote of the Great Horned Owl.

I felt convinced that this man with the brutal eyes, and the heavy hanging jaws, was the Cain! And as I looked furtively across, I caught the wide-open orbs of the fair little girl.

Obeying the spotaneous impulse of my heart, I rose and went over to her. "You heard what we were saying, my child?

"Yes, a murder-oh, how horrible!" "Do not be frightened; no one will burt you.

She smiled up in my face, with sweet, confiding innocence. Our stay at Exmouth was but brief: but during the delay I could see that the watchful detective had changed his seat to one nearer the brutish man in the

shaggy overcoat. "See!" faltered the young girl; "they -locked the car doors at Exmouth, they are locking them now." She was right.

"Probably they were fearful lest the criminal should escape," I remarked, in an undertone. "Will you-may I trouble you to

bring me a glass of water?" I rose and made my way toward the ice-cooler, near the door, but with difficulty, for the train was again under rapid motion. To my disappointment, the tin goblet was chained to the shelf.

"No matter," she said, with a winning smile: "I will come myself." I drew the water and held up the cup; but instead of taking it as she approached, she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door, and rushed out

upon the platform. "Stop her! stop her!" shouted the detective, springing to his feet. "She will be killed! Conductor-brakeman-

hold up!" There was a rush—a tumult—a bustle. I was first upon the platform; but it was empty and descried, save by a halffrozen looking brakeman, who seemed horror-stricken.

She went past me like a shadow, and jumped off as we crossed Cairn turnpike road," he stammered.

"Jumped off the express train!" Well," said the conductor, shrugging his shoulders, "she must have been killed instantly. What mad folly!"

"It's five hundred dollars out of my

pocket," said the detective, ruefully. didn't want a scene before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded fool. A woman cornered will do anything, I believe!"

"What!" I ejaculated; "you surely do not mean that child-

"I mean," said the detective, calmly, "that that child, as you call her, is Attila Burton, a married woman, twenty-six years old, who last night murdered four persons, in cold blood, and was trying to eape to Canada."

The train was stopped, and a party of us went back to search for any trace of the young creature, whose apparent in-nocence had appealed to my sympathies so earnestly. We found her at length, quite dead, by the side of the track, frightfully mangled by the force of the fall, and mutilated almost beyond recog-

"Well, she's escaped justice in this world, if not in the next," said the de-tive, gloomily, as he stood looking down upon her remains.
"Do you suppose she expected to be

able to spring from the train without in-Without much injury? Yes; women are unreasoning creatures! But I never dreamed of such insane folly, or I should

have taken measures to prevent it." They lifted up the fair dead thing, and carried it to the nearest place of refuge -a lonely farm-house among the frozen hills-and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind time. And when, in the morning's papers, I read the account of the murder, and the tragic end of the mur-deress, I thought of the slender creature's blue eyes and rosebud mouth, with a strange, pitying thrill at my

Good Resolutions.

It would be far better that those who cannot keep good resolutions should re frain from making them, for there can be little doubt that in the process of making and then breaking them the moral fiber of a man's character becomes flacid and relaxed. Our moral nature is so constituted that any trifling with it is fraught with injurious consequences; and those who think they may abuse it with impunity find out-when achievement is nigh hopeless—that they have destroyed its vitality, and that they are no longer in possession of that heaven-born sense which is our best guide through life. It cannot be too frequently urged that

success is the reward of labor, and that it is a vicious and mischievous fallacy to suppose we can obtain it by any other means. A modern writer has beautifully expressed this idea; and of the many noble sentiments which Mr. Ruskin has given the world, perhaps there is not one so pregnant with deep and penetrating wisdom. In the "Stones of Venice," the following passage occurs: "Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two can not be separated with impunity." This grand truth can not be too earnestly taught and promulgated. Every child in the country should know it by heart, and learn to see and understand its beneficent meaning. But it is to be feared that many of those who have given up the best portion of their lives to vainly hoping for improvement with-out making any actual effort to attain it, are past the period when such truths can have much effect. They are wholly lost to the world of action, and live in an atmosphere of dreams and chimerical anticipations. They are the chief creators of those airy structures called "castles in the air," and are content to enjoy the empty pleasures from living in such fanciful edifices. No doubt they are of a mind with Pistol when he sings:

"If wishes would prevail with me, My purpose should not fail with me."

Yes; if wishes would prevail, it would be a very lazy world indeed to live in. We cannot contemplate without a feeling of sadness the position of those who having postponed the day of reformation find themselves face to face with the bitter reality. They are rudely awakened Somehow, often as I revolved the matter in my mind, my fancy would settle have sunk; they have neglected to make

A correspondent of the American Naturalist, who has made a special study of the habits of owls, gives the following

narrative of his experience : "Many years ago I observed a singu-lar habit of the owl, a notice of which I have never seen published. In the 'funny column' of our local newspaper a paragraph appeared headed, "How to Kill an Owl," the substance of which was, after finding an owl on a post or tree, you were to have him fix his eyes upon you, and then walk rapidly around him; closing with the statement that he will keep his eyes so intently upon you, turning his head with your movement, but forgetting to turn his body, and he will thus wring his own head off. Nothing is too absurd for a boy to at-

tempt if it promises fun or novelty; and

shortly afterwards a fine, live specimen

of a nearly adult "Bubo virgineanus"

falling into my hands, I proceeded to test the matter by experiment. I placed

Bubo on the top of one of mother's clothes-line posts, where he remained motionless and entirely unconscious of the attempt about to be made upon his life. It was not difficult to secure his attention for he never, while I had him, diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post, a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body re-mained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. Half way round, and his face was directly behind. Three-quarters of the circle, and still the same twist of the neck and the same stare following me. An entire circle and no change. On I went, twice round and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. I had all this time kept uninterrupted watch of the bird. His talons grasped the top of the post and his body was perfectly stationary. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when ail at once I discovered what I had not noticed 1 sfore. When I reached half way ror ad from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time. I repeated the experiment many times afterward on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the

was looking expressly for it and at the proper moment. He Knew the Author.

re-adjustment of his gaze. So rapid and

precise was his movement that I failed

several times to detect it, even when I

Poor old Burwitt! He was very opinionated, and could be quite severe when his expressed opinions were doubted; yet was he a very sensible man, and it hurt him sorely to find himself in error. One day the minister, at a social conference of the parish, read a beautiful hymn. So exquisite did he consider it that he remarked upon it to his flock, and expressed much regret that the author should be unknown.

"It is really strange," said he, "that i hvmn so beautiful in every respect-fit to be classed with the most brilliant poetic gems-should have come to us

without the name of the author." "Parson Nimberly, what do you mean?" demanded Deacon Burwitt, starting to his feet, with his hymn-book in his hand. "If you mean to say, sir, as how 't you don't know the name of the man that writ that beautiful hymn, I can tell you, sir. Why, I've know'd that hymn, and have know'd who writ it, too, for years.' "My dear Deacon," returned the min-

ister, mildly. "I think you must be mistaken.' "No, sir!" ssserted the deacon, vigor-

"Here it is, sir." ously. At this point the deacon's son, at home on a visit from a distant academy, pulled his father by the coat-skirts and tried to stop him; but it was too late. The good man had been told that he must be mistaken. He could not rest until he had crushed out that base insinuation.

"I say, sir; here it is: That hymn was writ by Mr. Anon!"

Poor Old Burwitt! He knew in a moment that he had put his foot into it somehow,-that, in some manner, to him incomprehensible, he had exposed his ignorance. That was dreadful! He thought so, because the minister hid his face behind his handkerchief, while his whole frame shook with suppressed laughter; and full one-half of the ascembled people, as he glanced around, were quaking with laughter not suppressed. He sat down with a groan, and held his peace during the remainder of the session. As soon as he had gained the open air, on his way homeward, he caught his son by the arm: "Bob,-what was they laughing at?"

"At your comical misapprehension of the word-Anon. It is a contraction of the Latin Anonymous, and simply signifles-Name not known."

"Wal,-I declare! Plague take them misleadin' contractions!"

A Matter-of-Yact Man.

An Englishman, wandering alone upon the edge of a bog, at the foot of Ben Nevis, had the misfortune to miss the proper path, and stumbled into a bog, where, ere long, his struggling had served to sink him to his armpits in the tenacious mire. In this terible plight he espied a Highlander, not far away, to whom he cried out to at the top of his

"Ho! what ho! Donald! Here!-come

"My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot.
"Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never

get out of this alone." Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can. And with that he turned to go away. "Good heavens! Are you going to leave

me here to die?" the Englishman cried. "Eh? D'you want me to help you?" "Do I want you to help? What can I

do else?" "Sure, I dinna know." "Will you help me?" "Aye, you want me."

him on hard ground.

"Oh! help! help! help me, in heaven's "Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place?" And the High-lander quickly lifted him out, and set New Market Theater.

The Lester Opera Company is at present meeting with splendid encouragement at New Market Theater in Portland. The company is a strong one and deserve the success they meet with. Manager Stechen informs us that he has secured Sheridan, the great Shakspearian actor, who will care for Portland on August 9th to play a full round of characters opening in Louis the XI. This will be one of the best engagements ever played in Oregon and our readers should not miss it .- Telegram,

Frank G. Abell, the premium photographer of Oregon, is prepared to take all kinds of photographs, cabinets, etc., in the highest styles of art. His handsome parlors 167 and 169 First street, Portland, are always open for the accommodation of his patrons.

When you go to Portiand be certain and visit Isaac Barman. The Clothier, as it is the onlystore in which you can so easily contract for an outfit and be sure of receiving satisfaction. Or send your order; state your size and quality of goods desired, and if you do not receive them as ordered don't accept them. Address ISAAC BARMAN. The Clothier, corner First and Washington streets, Portland Oregon.

The "Ladies' Emporium and Lace House," J B Garrison & Co., 167 Third street near Yam-hill, Portland, Or. The finest assortment of real and cheap laces and embroideries in Oregon.

Pfunder's S. S. S. Fever and Ague mixture. A sure shot.

You will always feel good and never have a sound domach if you drink Damiana Bitters. The old made young and the weak strong by drinking Damiana Bitters, the great tonic.

Portiand Business Directory

O. N. P. Co. (New Series), No 26.

SEAL ENGRAVER. . R. PETY-33 Oak street, Seal Engraver, manu-facturer of Steel and Brass Stamps, Dies, daters notary and lodge seals. Orders filled promptly.

BUENA VISTA POTTERY. WHOLESALE DEPOT...36, 267 and 209 From A. M. Smith Prop., manufactures drain tile, ston ware, llower pots, vases, fire brick, etc. Countr orders filled promptly.

COMMISSION MERCHANT... H. H. PITTS...No. 70 Front street. Wholesale dealer in California and Mexican froit and produce. China Rice and Nut 00 at low rates. ART GOODS.

MORSES PALACE OF ART -- The leading and retail. Fancy goods and artists' materials a spec-laity. 161 First street Portland. C. C. Morse & Co

THE

NORTHWESTERN MARRIAGE Insurance Company

PORTLAND, · · OREGON.

Incorporated under the Laws of Oregon CHARTER PERPETUAL. -- CAPITAL, - \$100,000

OFFICERS.

CHARLES HEGELE, President, HENRY ACKERMAN, Vice-President.

JAMES STEEL, Treasurer. A. S. GROSS, Secretary and Manager. Directors—J. W. Whalley, Henry Ackerman, Jas. steel, S. Julius Myer, Charles Hegele.

Policies of from one thousand to ten thousand dollars such issued to aumaried persons at the rate of \$3 per year on each thousand for males under eighteen and females under sixteen; and \$6 per year on each thousand for all above those ages, for the period of four years, and thereafter, during unmarried life, at the rate of one-dollar per year.

Policies are payable at the end of the year during which marriage occurs at the rate of 25 per ceul. for every year from date of policy.

This is purely a home institution, and the names of its officers, directors and references given in circular, with its stock capital, are a sufficient giarantee of its perfect reliability. Energotic and reliable agents wanted everywhere.

All our authorized agents carry their commission to do business with them. Address.

A. S. GROSS, Secretary, Portland, Oregon.

GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINE STORE 187 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF SEWING Machines, Needles, Oils and Attachments. Agents for Davis, Howe, Wilson, Singer, and St. John Sewing Machines. Agent for the D. Howe Manufacturing Machine. Sewing Machines repaired and warranted for one year. A reduction of 20 per cent. In Sewing Machine, correspondence so



Paid in Installments marsleow



debilitating dreams, seminal losses with the urine, etc., so destructive to mind and body. It is a sure eliminator of all KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS, IT CONTAINS NOTHING INJURIOUS. To those suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses, a specify, therough and permanent CURE IS GUAR-ANTEED. Price, \$2 50 per bottle, or five bottles in case with full directions and advice, \$10. Sent secure from observation to any address upon receipt of C. O. D. To be had only of Dr. Salfield, 216 Kenrny street, San Francisco, Cal. Consultations strictly confidential, by letter or at other, FREE. For the canvesience of patients, and in order to secure perfect secrecy, I have adopted a private address, under which all packages are forwarded.

WM. PFUNDER, SOLE PROPRIETOR. Oregon Famed Specific for this Climate Beware of Fever and Ague.

THE BEST KNOWN REMEDY TO MAN

THOMPSON, DeHART & Co

The Best Flux known for Welding



And MALLEABLE Iron to Steel. In 1, 5 and 10-lb. time price \$5c per lb.

JOHN A. CHILD, eist, Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals Medicines, Cor. Morrison and Second Streets, Portlan Or



Pectorial Syrux SHAWS Glycerine Lotion These preparations are equal to anything of the sind ever offered in this market, and all are invited to call and see for themselves. Orders by mail promptly attended to. JOHN A. CHILLD, Druggist, feb:25 ° Cor. Morrison and ond sta., Portland, Or

Cologne

D. J. MALARKEY & CO., Commission Merchants.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Foreign and Domestic Produce.

We make the sale of Dairy Produce a Specialty Consignments and orders solicited. Letters of in-quiry promptly answered. Weekly Prices Carrent mailed free on application. LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS. 10 and 19 PRONT STREET, PORTLAND

Send Your Consignments to COMMISSION A MERCHANTS MINORAL DEALS OF THE STATE OF T "THE OLDEST HOUSE."

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh LIQUID OR DRY, PRICE \$100; "ATMOSPHERIC Insufflators," price S&. Dry Cure and insufflators mailed on receipt of price, with full direction for use, etc. 8. G. Ski IDMORE & Co., Druggists 131 First street, Puriland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Facific Coast



DRS, STARKEY & PALEN'S NEW TREAT-ment by Inhalation for Consumption, Asthma Bronchitts, Catarrh, Byspepsia, Headacke, Be-bility, Neuralgin, Rhenmatism, and all Curonic and Nervous Bisorders. Parkages may be conve-niently sent by express, ready for immediate use at home. Send for free pamphlet. Address the propri-tors, DRS, STARKEY & PALEN, 109 and Illi Gi-rard street, Philadelpila, Pa., or R. E. MATTHEWS, 605 Monigomery street, San Francisco, Cal., from whom can be obtained both information and supplies.



J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor. J. B. KNAPP & CO., Commission Merchants

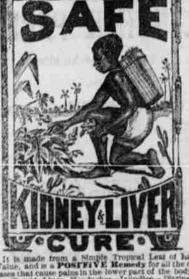
AND PURCHASING AGENTS. All Goods on Commission. WOOL, GRAIN, DAIRY PRODUCTS AND FRUITS A SPECIALTY. Agent for Parrott's Patent Doubletree.

267 First street, Portland, Oregon. BE We have the hest facilities in Oregon for storing inter so as to keep it sweet and in a marketable con-lition. No charge for storage of butter consigned to

Everding & Farrell, DEALERS IN GRAIN SACKS,

PROVISIONS AND FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Alder and Front streets. Portland.



HH. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.V.

Importers of

HARDWARE,

Hard Wood Lumber and Wagon Material, Cumberland, Lehigh and Carbon Hill Coal.

Send for descriptive circular and sample Portland, Oregon.

CINCHONA RUBRA.

THE COUNT CINCHON WAS THE SPANISH Georgy in Peru, in 1630. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the PERUVIAN BARK, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1632, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it. was known under various names, until Lionæus called it CINCRONA, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appente for stimulants by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both slike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchons is preserved in the

PERUVIAN BITTERS

which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanis

For Sale by all Druggists and Wine Merchants.

WILMERDING & CO., Agents San Francisco.

W. J. VAN SCHUYVER & CO.,

Agents, Portland, Oregon

SIBSON, CHURCH & CO., Portland, Oregon.

EXPORTERS OF WHEAT AND FLOUR. In the Market at all times for the above Commodities, Address us for information as to values, or Terms of Consignment,

CALCUPTA AND OAKLAND BAGS for sale in lots to suit.



HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT.

(The Only Generic.) Received Lat Premium State Fair.
Electro-Ragnetic Bells, New Strie, \$10; Electro-Ragnetic Bells, New Strie, \$10; Electro-Ragnetic Bells, New Strie, \$10; Electro-Ragnetic Bells, Story Control of the Control of NH VHAR. RUPTURE GUARANTEED RELIEVED OF CITCH. Send for Illinstrated Ontalogue. Hundreds of cures.

W. J. HORNE, Prop. and Manufr.

702 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.



The Opinion of a Prominent Physician. The Opinion of a Prominent Physician.

I will always give merit where merit belongs. Pardon me for relating a little personal experience. In the year 1880 I found myself losing both in arreight and health. I could assign no cause for the declination to tentime duntil twas induced to attend the State Pair at Salem. In the paylibour have swroth people samping something. My curiosity was attracted there. I found it was BANDELION TONIO. I examined the formula on the back of the bottle, and found the ingredients used were good. I justed the Tonic, and found it very pleasant to the laster and to my wonder and surprise it seemed to help me. I purchased a bottle, and while, I was stopping on the Fair grounds for several days I felt a wonderful change. I noticed a lessenting of pain and I began to menut rapid, and which I most firmly believe was an inspiration caused me to send for more. I hereby freely recommended the Daxparlator Tonic to any one affilted with dyspepsia and indigestion.

J. H. HOLBRODEK, M. D. Hodge, Davis & Co., Sole agents. Portland, Or



PORTLAND, OR. EMPIRE BAKERY, No. 42 Washington st., Portland, Or.

VOSS & FUHR. MANUFACTURERS OF PILOT BREAD, CRACKERS,

Bread, Cakes, Fastry, Soda, Pionic, Butter, Boston Sugar and Shoo Fly Crackers, Jeany Lind Cakes, Ginger Snaps. en. Orders from the trade solicited and promptly

SHIP BREAD A SPECIALTY.