"But, madame, I can't see there to lay on these fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss Fox.

"You mean you cau't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-set-ters at the windows opposite!" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mullens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice, in the goodly city of Cork, before she set up on Sixth avenue as a French modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work. "I stopped just a minute, madame, with that bad pain in my side," she said, beginning to stitch away with eager

"If you're sick," said madame, severely, "you had better go home and send for the docter. While you are here your time is mine and bought and paid forl" While Miss Sedgewick, in self defense, urged that she had not enough silk gimp to trim the polonaise and was waiting

"Not enough," shrilly repeated mad-ame, "not enough! I measured that for more. trimming myself, and I know there is enough. You may just rip it off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages. What's that, Flora Fay-the mode colored silk dress? Finished? And where are the two and a-half yards which were

left? "I folded them up with the dress, madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed girl, recently from the country, who stood in an unconsciously graceful attitude before the fat and florid

dressmaker. "Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfastened the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening, uncut silk, and whisked it away upon a shelf. "Two yards and a-half isn't much, but it's better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened the innocent blue

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as madame rustled off to scold the errand-boy for putting too much coal on the grate-

"Don't you know, little silly?" whispered Miss Fox, laughing. "It's what she cabbages."

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora in amazement, "I don't understand you."

"You will, when you see the mode silk made up into a sleeveless basque for Aubrey's dinner dress, and the pearl ation. And I need change. fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white damasse

"But you don't mean," said the breathless Flora, "that madame takes the silk left from the enstomers'

nonsense any longer. It's what every you must do as you please, fashionable dressmaker does, and—" "Yes, of course," he are "There's the reception room bell," shrilly called madame. "Miss Fay, an-

swer it at once!" Harry Drake was standing in the pretty room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded mouldings and huge mirrors, when Flora came in-Harry Drake, the young sea captain who boarded at the same quiet and inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a hall bed-room at a reasonable rate, on ac count of Mrs. Dodds having once boarded a summer at the old Fay farm house up among the Berkshire hills, and still retaining a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's

kindness during the illness which overtook her there. "Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "To you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quar-

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Axminister carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I sew in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his sub-ject, after the fashion of men in general "my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half-sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of questioning surprise; "but she's very nice, and is going to marry well, I

'It's the mode colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "Thelped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready."

And presently madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea

that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high charges. Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a young lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her rights, and was prepared to defend them.

Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not made up in the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not all here."

'You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of polite impassability. "The bias puffs and folds cut up the material shockingly, and-"

But at this moment little Flora Fay, who was packing some tulle capes and fichus into a bandbox, at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deep-

ening color. There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored siik, Miss Fox," she interrupted-don't you remember?-on ring was not found, and the conductor the shelf in the back room."

rith

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip. fashionable dresemaker had intended to returned to the pocket-book.—New Bed-Lessing, composedly, walking away, "I'll

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay, with a scarlet spot glowing on each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged!" "Discharged!" echoed Flora. "For

"I want no one in my service," said mademe, "who is too conscientious to

longer in my employment!" So poor little Flora went crying home with a vague comprehension that she had | John Mackintosh, a shoemaker of Aberbeen discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the board-

ing-house. "Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, rs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. I have seen her of late."

dear! and wasting away like a shadow, because she's lost her situation at that way clear to another. And she won't run in debt, she says, not even for a meal of victuals. Ah!" the good woman added, "I can remember when she was about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Captain Drake. And Mrs. Drake, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain. "Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Arkwright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation-and oh, if you would only come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

'Yes, quite, said Mrs. Arkwright. And in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country-girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Captain Drake, the most devoted brother in the world, came there nearly every day; and little Flora, all unconscious of her own feelings began to watch for his daily visit as a heliotrope-blossom watches the sun.

Until, at last, there was talk another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I have been here long enough," she madame," said the other, "trimmed with the gimp that was left from Mrs. they will perhaps tell me of a new situ-

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter. "Flora," said he, "are you anwilling

that I should sail to Jeddo?" "I always had a horror of the sea," whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty "Goosie!" cried Miss Fox, "don't talk head. "But, of course, Captain Drake,

> "Yes, of course," he answered, absently, and when he was gone, Flora shed a few quiet tears over the table linen she was neatly hemming for Mrs. Arkwright.

"How bold and unmaidenly it is of me," she thought, to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me! If he had cared one iota for me would he

not have said so?" But the next evening at dusk Captain Drake sauntered in with that swinging gait of his, as if he were still treading the deck of a strongly built outward-bound

"Don't run away, Flora," said he, as the girl caught up her work and prepared for a precipitate retreat. "Did-did you want to speak to me?

she faltered, with downcast eyes. "Don't I always want to speak to you. Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear

what I've been planning."
"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart. He is

going to be married, and he has come to "I have at last decided to give up the seafaring business," said Captain Drake,

"Have you?" fluttered Flora, faintly. 'I am so glad."

"And I have bought a fine farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm, Flora, where you were born and brought up. I'm going to be a

She looked at him, the rose and lily following each other across her pretty

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "if I could only see the dear old place once

"But I won't go there to live," said the captain, determinedly, "unless you'll go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife. What do you think of it, little girl?

Shall it be a partnership?" And when Mrs. Arkwright came in, the papers were all sealed, signed and delivered, the "partnership" was a foregone

conclusion. "I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there's nothing in all the world that I

haven't conrage to undertake." And when Mrs. Arkwright took Flora's hand in hers, the girl whispered:

"I think I am the happiest creature in all the world to night. Because, dear Mrs. Arkwright, he loves me."

A WOMAN'S GENEROSITY.-One day last week a New Bedford lady lost a diamond ring in the cars while on the way from Boston to this city. She informed the conductor of her loss, and he instructed the person who swept the car to watch carefully for the article. offered to make a careful search. He accordingly lifted the cushions and after a Madame Molini, with ominously-dark- most thorough examination found the ened face, twitched the two yards and a missing diamond. Upon returning it to half of the silk off of the shelf, folded it the lady she took out a well-filled pockinto a paper and handed it to Miss et-book, and selecting a ten-cent piece Portescue, mutiering something about and a five-cent nickel, offered it to the "a mistake made by one of her young finder. The conductor informed her

ford Mercury.

## Eminent Shoemakers.

Perhaps it was Coleridge who first remarked upon the great number of shoemakers that have become eminent in various walks of life; and certain it is that magazines and newspapers have found in men who sprang from this employment to higher things many subjects for interesting sketches, obituary notices and

special articles. fulfill my wishes. You have interfulfill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of
meddled unwarrantably in the matter of
that all and I repeat that you are no
events too modest to give his name—who
events too modest to give his name—who published a book which be called "Eminent Shoemakers," and the news that deen has written two volumes of a "History of Civilization in Scotland" will give interest to some of the celebrated names which Portland shoemakers succeeded in bringing together.

Wm. Gifford, the founder, and long the editor of the London Quarterly Review, and than whom probably no shoemaker ever had "one sutor" thrown at him more often, or with better effect, "No, she's not ill," said the landlady. him more often, or with better effect, "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she don't look out. She's at the trade which he "hated with a perboarding herself, Captain Drake on feet hatred." George Fox, whom by the bread and crackers, and such like, poor way, Carlysle has celebrated as one of way, Carlysle has celebrated as one of the noblest men in England, "making himself a suit of leather," divided his dressmaking place, and don't see her time between making shoes and caring for sheep until he began to preach those sermons of his, and to do that Christian work which gave unto the world the first organization of the Society of Quakers. the pet and darling of the old folks at | Robert Bloomfield, the poet, made shoes, home, before they lost their all, running and of him it was once said that he was the most "spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl." Hans Sachs, the friend of Luther, who wrote five folio volumes in verse that are printed, and five others that are not, was a most diligent maker of shoes in quaint old Nuremburg, and, for all he wrote, never made a shoe the less, he said, and virtually reared a large family by the labor of his hands, independent of his

poetry. Among others this author mentions no less a name than Noah Worcester; Roger Sherman, too, is on the list, and Thomas Holeroft. Others might be -Henry Wilson one of them. Indeed, it should not be forgotten that the father of John Adams, our second President and the father of our sixth, made many a shoe in his day during the leisure which his farm life gave him.

## Why no Scotchmen go to Heaven.

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland, Scotlish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquor noo?" "An it please your Majesty, I o' a king that your Majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?" Lord Alexander, reverently looking up,

said: "The King o' Heaven."
"The King o' whan Sandy?"

"The King o' Heaven." The Scottish King did not understand, but was unwilling to display any igno-

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell King o' Heaven to gie up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them; and mind, Sandy, ye dinna come back to us until ye hae dune door bidin'.

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met appriest, and reassured,

returned and presented himself. "Well, Sandy," said the king, "ha' ye seen the King o' Heaven, and what says he to oor biddin?"

"An' it pleases your Majesty, I have seen ane o' his accedited ministers." "Well, and what says he?"

"He says your Majesty may e'en had his kingdom for the askin o' it. "Was he sae civil?" said the king warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, au' tell the King o' Heaven that for his civility the deil a

## Scotchman shall set foot in his king-Mrs. Lincoln's Gratitule:

Mrs. Lincoln was informed Thursday night, by a reporter, that Congress had passed the bill increasing her pension from \$3000 to \$5000, and giving \$15.000 for her immegiate relief. She expressed herself as very grateful to the senators who presented her case in Congress, and said that now she should have an operation performed on her eyes in a short

Hitherto she has not felt able to incur the expense attending this. Dr. Sayre said Thursday night that Mrs. Lincoln's condition had not changed much during the last week, but that with this increase in her pension and the money given for immediate relief, she would have enough for the present. Since autograph hunters learned that Dr. Sayer is her physician, letters come to him every day requesting him to procure Mrs. Lincoln's signature for them, notwithstanding the public announcement that she is unable to write now, because of her eyes.

According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of course eminent in his profession, it is better in case of fatigue from overwork, to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the Lords' Commission in London, a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much better without the alcohol." He added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to, "in case of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued, my food is very simple; I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice. I have recommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience, but I believe it to be a very good one. This is valuable testimony; we know of none better from medical sources, and we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all those who are in the habit of resorting to "a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."- [Exchange.

Lessing, the German philosopher, being absent minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant, looking out of the window and not women," and the young lady departed, a little dubions as to whether or not the pany for his services, and the money was not at home." "Oh, very well," said

## A Beautiful Thought.

Ashes, after being thrown out, may be covered over with snow, so that they are completely hidden from view, and the spot looks as pure and beautiful as if they were not there; but in the spring, when the crystal covering is gone, the ashes appear again, and are not pleasant to look upon. 'Tis the same way with a man's character. He may cover it for a time, carefully keeping all his sins from view, under the shield of fine clothing, money and good family connections, but when he comes in contact with the world everything is seen in its true light at the proper time. There is nothing particularly new nor beantiful about this idea, but the thought suggested itself the other morning when the head of the family instructed us to empty some of the ashes aforesaid. It was a mighty cold morning and we didn't feel like walking in the snow, so to save timewhich is money-we dumped the cinders in the snow only a few feet from the door. We supposed they were well covered, but it was subsequetly developed that they were not, and it was while shoveling them up that the beautiful thought came

Truth is often funnier as well as stranger than fiction. Last Friday a newly-married couple, on their welding tour, stepped at a hotel in Binghamton, and after having been assigned a room, were escorted to the selevator. After viewing the interior of the little room in the elevator, the groom stepped out and asked the clerk if he took him for a greenhorn. The clerk replied in the negative. "Then give me a room with a bed in it," replied the unsophisted young man. Matters were explained, and the elevator shot upward to the third story .- Oil City Derrick.

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mattem, Neuralgia and Gout-Hundreds of testimonials given to Dr. Henley, unsolicited, are in his possession from his own lownsmen, living right here among us, testifying to the
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relies on far off and unknown individuals, as supporting, what he claims to be true of his Rheumatic
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the folly of applying external remedies for a disease
that has its seat in the deepest channels of the
blood, and therefore set to work to discover a remedy for Rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice in
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OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS. Some time ago Mesers. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hou. Charles R. Ladt, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been bliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated

They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kishen Tex, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSICHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Beston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Mesers. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Strs.—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tex as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled ins for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly sillicited, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues turther, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours.

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Mr. A. M. Cannon, president of the bank of Spokane Falls and tressurer of Spokane county, is here to purchase milling machinery. He seems to be well pleased with the present improvement of the Spokane country and regards its future established, as its natural resources and advantages are such that invite immigration and capital to develop it. As regards his eyesight, he speaks in high terms of the operation performed by Dr. Pilkington, oculist, of Fortland, who some months ago performed a delicate operation upon the eye by cutting open the eyeball and removing a portion of iris and restoring perfect vision. Mr. Cannon will leave for home the forepart of the week.—Daily Oregonica.

Many persons miss their yountless in

Many persons miss their vocations in life because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls.

Frank G. Abell, the Gold Medal Photographer of Portland, is all vavs good natured and bappy, and no wonder, as his customers are always pleased with his work and pronounce it saperb

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youngest son, is a clerk in a railroad office at Fond du Lac. Garriem repairs all kinds of sawing machine O. N. P. Co. (Newserten), No. 47.

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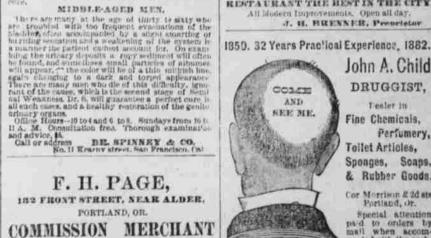


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