DINAPPRARED.

Never by the light of history, From full many a city mystery, Shall the clouds of doubt be cleared, who can guess what deeds of plunder, Homicide and worse, ile under That provocative of wonder—

if the darkness dumb could lisp, or wind, and wave, and earth could whisper All their secrets wild and weted. What dread comments would they mutter-wahing all our pulses flutter-on that type of mystery utter-Dissphered!

Strangers by the press gazetted
Le in graves by tears unwetted.
Where no stones shall e'er be reared;
Hasbands true and wives devoted,
Daughters on whom mothers doted,
Have too often thus been quoted—

Maids have sought, betrayed to folly.
Secret doom more melancholy
Than the open scorn they feared,
Men too proud to beg or borrow
Graned with penury and sorrow,
Have, to 'scape the coming morrow,
Disappeared.

But by secret murder banished, From our city men have vanished, Ciffsens beloved, revered. Only in high heaven's consistory. Shall be known the fearful history Couched beneath that word of mystery, Disappeared.

MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

All the world unites in laughing at and busing mothers-in-law, but I should be happy woman if it were not for my

I have just had a terrible dose of her which I am going to tell you about; though if the story should ever come under her eye, heaven help poor me! I am willing to run some risk of being found out, for the sake of having a confidante; and as I dare not tell Charlie-Charlie is my husband-I am bound to tell the readers of her, feeling sure that

they will not betray me.

Before I married, I had so many warnings about the awfulness of mammas-inlaw that I really was devoutly thankful when I learned that my Charlie's mother had been called to a world where marriages are out of style, and therefore where her position regarding any young lady would not be called into question by a nuptial between her son and a Cestial maiden.

I did not mean to be heartless, but eally I was glad to escape what I had always looked forward to as certain misery-the interference and numberless ortcomings of my husband's mother. Brothers and sisters I had none; thereore Charlie's sister Carrie I hailed with delight, and promised myself the greatest pleasure in her society. Charlie was not very well off, but as

he was doing a good business when we were married and has been steadily prospering ever since, we are very com-ortable.

We have one child, a dear little girl, st three years old—the treasure of my heart, and the very apple of her

Until Lottie was two years old I did ot see much of Carrie, my husband's sister. She paid us a few flying visits, but I was not very strong, and baby fretted considerably, and really it was not altogether pleasant visiting us in those days. True, she did stay a week ce, and during that time I cried my res almost out over her unkindness, but en I had no very solid grounds for

After we went to housekeeping, trouble began. No one can tell what I have suf-ered from the insolence of that girl. It all very well to say, "Tell her not to ome to your house!" or "Complain to our husband." It's very easy, I say it you don't know Miss Carrie, or you ald retire from the post of advice, estfallen at the futility of your bravest

Why, she has no more sensitiveness an a stick, and as for hints you might solutely inundate her with the broadand most withering insinuations and would remain perfectly calm.

We had scarcely got into our pretty le home before Carrie arrived bag nd baggage and established herself in only spare room.

I should not have complained had she en contented simply to appropriate sest of everything and have been stied with the appropriation; but no! iladi yearned for complete usurpation ingered and thirsted to become first d foremost in the household, longed natch my authority from my someat timid grasp, and rule royally in y domestic kingdom. And she did!

This is how she managed. First she nt to Charlie and wept upon his shouland reminded them of their happy dhood days, when they were all in to each other; then, with moans and deplored the fact that his heart was anged from her, and that she was left alone in the cold, unfeeling

It had the proper effect. Charlie has ery tender heart, and the appeal was erly done; he grew sentimental, and ared that she was and always would his dearly-loved sister, to whom his rt and home were always open. low strange it is that men-even very

er men-are so easily fooled by a e very poor stage play on the the t of a woman! Why, a stupid woman instantly, while the braver and manly a man is, the easier he

bles into the trap. saw through Miss Carrie's tricks in a ment, and knew perfectly well that but said:
was laying her plans to be head and "How of at of our small establishment-and

scarcely know myself how it came at. I supposed I lacked firmness, or or self-assertion, or something ch I ought to have possessed; but if id, I did not lack affection for Charlie, could not endure to keep a house erment, and fill his ears with discord time he came home; so I bore thing silently, though rebellons in own heart

servants were bribed and coaxed Currie's bidding, and in spite of my dendeavor I was the only houseer and Carrie was mistress. Nor all. She amused berself in her te moments by calling upon the

play was deathless devotion of and sister-cruel lack of sym on the part of a sister-in-law, and law.

esignation. il, this state of things went on all P, and in a few days developed a established case of scarlet fever.

packed, strapped and expressed, and she herself had started for parts unknown. Her hired servants departed with like speed, and when Charlie came home at night, no one but his poor sick baby and me were in the house.

I was hardly sorry, though for two weeks past I had been prostrated with a severe cold, and was at the time hardly able to leave my room, and Carrie's flight left me absolutely hopeless.

"Oh, how angry Charlie was!"
"What!" he exclaimed, as soon as he
was able to take in the situation. "Left you all alone! Deserted little Lottie? I can't believe it!"

But he was forced to believe it when a letter came coolly lamenting the nervous timidity which prevented her from remaining in a contagious atmosphereending with a request that no letter might be sent in reply, as fevers are sometimes communicated in that way. She would watch the papers.

The utter heartlessness disgusted Charlie, and he swore—yes, swore—that Carrie should never make his home hers again.

I don't know that I am more than ordinarily wicked, but I confess the naughty words Charlie said sounded pleasantly to me. The situation was unusual, and the unusual words seemed to

fit the case exactly.

The spring passed slowly, and summer was well advanced before our little darling was able to be moved into the country. My own health had suffered, too, during my confinement to Lottie's room, and Charlie decided that we should go to the sea shore as soon as we could get away; and in the fall rent our house and spend the winter at a ho-

Such a lovely, beautiful, peaceful summer as we had! My soul is full of sweet calm even now, as I write.

Charlie was so good, so devoted and my darling grew every day so much stronger and rosier in the pure, sweet air. Beside, the heavy burden marked "Carrie" had been lifted from my shoulders, and was not likely to be replaced for six months more, at least. True, Carrie might come to the hotel; but that was not likely, for, although she had a fortune of her own, and was amply able to live as it pleased her, she was altogether too stingy to incur so great an expense.

And so every day opened with joy and closed with delight, and summer smiled herself away, and autumn came in the full glory of her marvelous beauty before I was ready to return to town.

Charlie had secured rooms for us facing upon a busy and cheerful square. A parlor and bedroom—just enough room and no more—for Charlie is not rich, you know. The second day after our arrival I was sitting by the window with Lottie on my knee, and Charlie leaning idly against the mantel smoking, when a raprap came upon the door, followed immediately by-Carrie.

I was too confounded to speak, and Charlie was dumb; so my fond sister-inlaw had kissed us effusively all around before any one had spoken a word to her.

"I wonder at your paying us the honor of a call," said Charlie, at last. "After your heartless desertion last spring, your visits are not appreciated."
"Oh, Charlie!" whined Carrie. "If you only knew how sick I have been!"

(she looked the very picture of health)
"and how bitterly I have repented the foolish fear that robbed me of my reason, you would forgive me, I am sure. Nellie, ask Charlie to forgive me -he is all I have in the world." And Carrie buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed noisily-though I must say I strongly suspected it was a dry

Charlie relented in a moment. "I bear you no grudge," he said.

"I've only come for two or three days," said Carrie, rallying at once. "I thought you would let me stay with you for a couple of nights-I have been so sick, and am so nervous. I'll sleep on the sofa, or any place."

Of course she could not sleep on the sofa-she knew that the moment she said 'sick" Charlie would do anything she asked.

So the upshot of it all was that my husband had to get a single room for himself, and Carrie was installed in my room.

She nearly drove me wild with her fus siness; she could not sleep with the door into the parlor open, and if I know how sick she had been I never would think of opening the window. The trausom must have a towel pinned over it-the light from the "hall so."

Then Lottie's crib must not stand near the side of the bed-for sleep on the back side she could not-and the child's breathing made her aervous.

I was foolish enough to believe all this discomfort was but for a night or two, and submitted quietly. The first night passed very miserably, so did the second, the third and so on till two weeks had dragged wearily along—Charlie and I was thinking each night would be the last.

Every night I lay wakeful and restless in a kind of vapor bath. After the sec-end night I put the crib into the par-lor, that she might not absolutely

smother. At the end of the first week I spoke to Charlie. He looked somewhat distressed,

"How can I turn her into the street? What can I do? She will go in a day or two, and after all she is my sister."

Another week passed, and I grew des perate. I was feverish, nervous, miserable-and I was getting to dwell upon

my discomforts in a morbid fashion. Charlie began to go out eveningscoming in goodness only knows whenand once or twice appearing at breakfast with headache and dissipated looks that

made me trouble. Clearly something must be done. thought about it till at last an inspiration seized me.

That night, instead of keeping guardedly still, I tossed, kicked and turned. I talked in my sleep, I made quick jerks, I even sprang up in bed and said in unearthly tones:

"I see a face!" If ever a night was uncomfortable I made that one to my respected sister-in-

I had already written a confidential note to my old friend and doctor, putting him on his honor to help me and not be-

After my sleepless night Carrie said two hours after the physician had that I was not well and insisted that I kind"—but not when should consult the doctor. I did so. I for your peckstbook.

visited him-Mistress Carrie in close at-

The good man felt my pulse and looked grave; sounded my chest, examined my heart and shook his head. Then with a solemn air he gave me his impera-

tive orders. First, I must, without delay, put on an assafædita plaster, and take every hour a syrup which he would procure for me. Carrie called him an old fool, but Charlie was alarmed, and insisted that I should follow his orders.

The syrup came home, and in smell beggared the plasters. The breath of a turkey buzzard was sweet compared with mire after I had taken it, I am convinced; for nothing on earth could have swelled so horribly, though it did not taste so badly.

Then I insisted upon Lottie sleeping with her papa, retired, mistress of the

The effect surpassed my most sanguine expectations, for Carrie departed on an early train. And Charley was so aaxious about me that he ceased to go out of evenings at all. True, I spent a young fortune in perfumes and Turkish baths, but I did not see situation

but I did not care. Among my most precious stores I have still a mysterious tin box, closely shut and securely wrapped up. It is labelled "Visitor Proof," and contained my plasters and cough syrup.

Sober as a Judge.

It is too good to pass over in silence. I cannot give precise data, for the good judge is living now-or, he was two days ago; for I then saw him-a little more portly, and more silvery, than aforetime—but healthy and well. When he was on the bench—it was of the police court—he was in the habit of drinking freely. He was fond of good company, and of good suppers; he was a capital afterdinner, or after-supper speaker, and seldom was there a big spread to which he was not invited. More than once the judge had been so full of the distilled spirit that its influence had been to make him maudlin and silly; yet his comrades laughed at him and thought it no harm. And so far from feeling in danger was the judge himself, that he had more than once joked upon his own failing; and he had fallen into the habit, when in his

cups, of saying, jokingly:
"Sh!—Sober's a judge."
And thereat all hands would indulge

n a hearty laugh. Well, once upon a time, and it was on a day following one of the judge's most eventful nights of "Oyster and game supper, with quail on toast, and wines and liquors of all kinds," he had a case before him, in his court, of unusual interest. The defendant, or culprit, was a man of means and standing, and the court-room was well filled with the judge's personal friends.

By and by a witness was called to testify, whose testimony the defendant's counsel sought to invalidate by proving that he was drunk on the occasion in question. He was short, dumpy, jollyfaced, blear-eyed man, of middle age, with a head of carroty hair, and linen sadly in need of soap and water, as his garb generally was in need of repair. Imagine him.

"Witness, were you sober enough on that occasion to know just what was going on around you?" asked the counsel.

"I was sober's a man ever was." And so they went on, until, at length, the judge put out his hand, and interrupted. He proposed to solve the matter for himself.

"Witness," sternly, "how many times had you drank on that day before the event transpired?"

"Well, judge, perhaps I drank a dozen times. "And what had been your drink? What

had you drank chiefly at those twelve drinks?" "Chiefly whisky, yer honor."

"And do you pretend to say that you were sober after that?"

The man straightened himself suddenly, and took on a look of patronizing familiarity that was comical to behold. "Sober, yer honor? I was sober as a judge, and you ought'r knew it!"

It was too good. It is doubtful if the witness had the remotest idea of the terrible hit he had made. But the judge sent him down instanter, and took his testimony for what it was worth .- [N. Y. Ledger.

Sixe and the Tipsy Grenadier.

At the siege of Prague, after he had laid all his plans for his final desperate assault, Saxe took a ride in the evening through his camp, partly to see how well his general orders were understood, and partly to cheer his men. As he rode slowly on within his lines a tall grena-dier, who had found jolly companions somewhere, and who had evidently drank as much wine as he could comfortably hold, in rollicking, tipsy mood staggered up and took the general's horse by the bridle-rein, at the same time demanding, in an utterance somewhat thick and uncertain, how much the rider would take for his beast.

"Mon ami! I want a horse. What will you take for this animal?' Saxe called for an officer of the guard, and directed him to put the man in the guard-tent, and keep him safely until

called for. And on the following morning the great captain had the grenadier brought before him. The man came trembling, but with a cheerfu! look.

"Well, my man," said Saxe, as the soldier stood before him. "What are you prepared to offer me for my horse

this morning?"
"General," "General," replied the grenadier, promptly and frankly, with a sincere, honest flush upon his good-looking face, "the genins that offered to buy your horse last night, I am happy to say, has left the camp, and I hope he will never come back-never! But, General, if he does, I will report him to you at once.

I promise it! Saxe accepted the graceful pledge with a pleasant smile, and told the soldier that he would take him at his word.

The grand assault, which proved successful, and placed Prague in his hands, was made that very day; and twice during the conflict Saxe received his life at the hands of the grenadier whom he had that morning pardoned. Once the sol-dier had led a squad of his stout comrades to the rescue, and once he saved his beloved general by his own personal bravery and prowess.

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If you have a thorn or splinter in your finger and you put on Chloroform, or some other drug, you stop the sensibility of pain for a time only. The thorn is still there, and as soon as the effect of the drug dies away the pain returns. In order to get rid of the pain you must have that thorn plucked out of the fiesh. That is precisely the same way with Rheumatism; you might rub on the skin nome drug to stop the pain for a little time, but the pain is sure to return as soon as the effect of the drug dies away. Now it has been proven beyond the slightest doubt that Rheumatism is in the deepest Channels of the Blood, and that there is no other way to reach it only through the Blood. This has been demonstrated right here in Portland by dozens of people that have been cured by Dr. Henley's Rheumation cutralizer. That it is the only true principal for Fradicating Rheumatism from the system is through the Blood. It is a pack of non-sense to attempt any other method, that is, if you would wish a Permanent and Lasting Cure.

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OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

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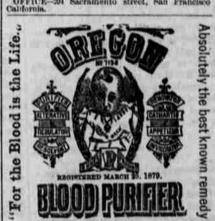
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