THE STORY OF A LIFE.

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, 'Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord : even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors." As the solemn words fell upon the sorrowful, hushed throng around the open grave, I looked up at the cold, winter sky and around upon the brown, desolate hills and bare meadows. A few sombre pines near by moaned drearily, and the wintry wind came sweeping down upon us from the

purple mountains. This was the end, then, of this fair woman's life. To be laid in the dark, cold, lonely grave on this bleak winter's The end ? In one sense, yes; in day. another, no. Her beautiful life could not end in that horrible tomb. For three score years it had shed its sweet perfume upon the hearts and lives around her. Such lives do not end here. She had gone home, where her sad heart would find the joy of her youth, her tired hands

cease from their labors. I knew something of her story, but I long to hear it all—the story of that lovely old face, with its sweet dark eves and snowy hair. She was laid away for her long rest, with the heavy earth upon her heart. The last sad word had died away over her lowly grave, and we slowly and sadly retraced our steps to the places which should know our dear old friend no more forever.

That evening, as we sat together around the glowing wood fire, I asked the dear grandmother to tell us the story of Miss Margaret's life. She took off her spectacles and polished them slowly with her handkerchief, looking, meanwhile, thoughtfully and very sadly into the fire. Then, turning round to us, she said:

"You all loved Miss Margaret, childrea, but you could not appreciate her loveliness as one who knew her in her youth, and through all the years of her beautiful pathetic life. We were nearly the same age, she a few weeks younger than I. From our babyhood we have been constantly together. I cannot remember the time Margaret was not my other self. Our homes stood always where they do to-day-mine here, her's just over the way. Our mothers were dear friends, and the friendship ended to-day in the grave began with our first prattle and tottering footsteps."

The dear old voice was very tremnious, and the glistening tears fell upon her folded hands. She was sadly shaken by the death of her life-long friend and e monnion.

"When we were six years old we commenced our childish school-life together. Side by side we plodded through the first stages of our new career, and playtime and study-time we were inseparable. So the years went on till we were great girls ready for the academy in the adjoining town of Alden. No, there is none there now. This was forty years ago, my child. Our parents were very anxions that we should benefit by all the advantages offered in such a promising institution. We began this chapter in our lives together.

"How wonderfully pretty Margaret was growing! She was always very slen der, and peculiarly graceful. You know how handsome she was, even in 1 er old age. She had beautiful, dark brown, wavy hair; her grey eyes wars very lovely; her amali, pale face, with its delicate nose, fresh, dowy lips and firm little chin, was delightful to look upon.

monds taught and studied together. He was a fine scholar, and she was fast following in his footsteps. Their love and happiness increased with every passing

day. "The winters followed the summers and found them still working together. They were making plans for their new home together in the near future. The brother, for whom he was sacrificing so much, would soon be enabled to relieve him of much responsibility. She spent many happy hours with me and the little ones, for she was very fond of my babies. She was not a girl to talk-as I often hear of girls talking now-a-daysof love as a trivial thing, and her hopes were too sacred for common conversation. Not even to me did she otten refer to it; but I knew how her loving heart looked forward to the consummation of her bright hopes.

"I never saw a man so entirely devoted to any woman as Mr. Edmonds was to her. He seemed to look upon her as a treasure too precious and beautiful for him.

"Margaret's years of waiting were finally at an end, and in a few weeks she would enter upon her new life. A house was ready for them at Alden, where, after a few weeks' trip, they intended to locate. How I should miss you! But that was a thought I tried to keep in the background, and enjoy the present to the utmost.

"It was a lovely day in October, a week before the wedding day, that Mr. Edmonds came into Margaret's parlor looking fearfully ill. He stoutly in sisted that it was nothing but a slight cold, and laughingly refused 'to be doctored' as he expressed it. The next morning he was unable to rise, and the doctor pronounced his malady diphtheria of the most malignant type. As the long day wore away he continued to grow worse, and at nightfall was delirious and suffering terribly. Margaret fol lowed the physician into the hall and told him if there was any danger she wished to send for his mother and brother. Kind old Doctor Seaton, who had known Margaret from her birth, laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and only said:

'Send at once, my child."

"For two days he suffered terribly. Margaret never left him. Pale, tear-less, strong and tender, she was by his ide day and tender, she was by his side day and night. His mother, too, was with him on the third day, when the end came.

"The sunset light stole into the room as he opened his eyes upon Margaret and smiled. A sunbeam fell aslant upon the pillow and lit up the face with angelic beauty. Margaret knelt down and laid her head beside his, and when a few minutes after, we raised her, he was The beautiful young life had dead. ended.

"Margaret stood looking down upon the dead face of her love without a sound. She bent down and kissed him, then turned and left the room, waving aside any assistance, and no one saw her that day. When night came, a pale faced, hollow-eyed woman issued from the room, and spent the long, dark hours with her dead.

"This was the end of her beautiful dream, my sweet Margaret. The next morning she came to breakfast looking as if years had passed over her head. Her eyes had great dark shadows beneath them, her lips were drawn with suffering. But from this morning of her sorrowful life no one ever heard of a or music moan over her bereavement. To her loving father and mother she was the spirit of devotion. Well as I knew Margaret, I did not dream of the strength which lay behind that frail exterior. To Mrs. Edmonds she was the dutiful, loving daughter, and together they took their dead to his childhood's home and laid him beside his father. "I never, in all the years, heard her bright laugh again. Patient, sweet, strong of soul, unselfish, her life henceforth was spent for others. And thus seasons came and went, and found her ever at her post of duty, among the sorrowful, the sick and the siflicted. A more beautiful life I never knew. And now the waiting is over, and she has joined the lover of her youth up yonder.

Moorish Women's Attire.

The Moorish women appear in the streets entirely enveloped in a number of wide mantles, made of white woolen material or a thinner texture—the so-called haiks—which cover the head and the whole body; the faces are deeply veiled. The costume permits as little of the figure being seen as the veil does the features. The appearance of the Moor ish women inside their houses is quite different. There their figures are to be seen, after they have laid aside the haik and veil. The principal characteristics of this costume are the wide bunched out drawers, generally white, and on which the rich women are fond of expending very much stuff, so that this article of clothing looks like a shirt reaching to the feet. The chemise, consisting of raw silk or tulle, (black being the color generally chosen, in order to show off a light complexion, while women with dark skin wear white tulle), is perfectly transparent; the wide sleeves are hemmed with red silk inside. They wear a sleeveless jacket over the chemise, with flowers woven in and trimmed with gold embroidery and buttons. A sash is worn round the jacket, or straw-colored yellow silk very much embroidered with gold, which resembles the scarfe worn by rich Jewesses on festal occasions. Long fine silk threa is hang down at the ends. The hair is hidden under a silk handker chief interwoven with gold, so that only the small plaits are visible at the back of the neck. Bright colored materials are generally chosen for these handkerchiefs. The forehead is adorned with silver ornaments, inclosing the oval-shaped face, like a frame, in a chain of gold and silver decorated richly with small coins which hang from one temple to the other. Chains, coins and strings of pearls, often of a very costly kind, cover the neck and breast in a very extravagant manner. Shoes without heels are worn , over the barefeet or white stockings; they are rounded off in front and made of yellow or red leather.

Ostrich feather plush, with bits of feathers woven into a coarse lining, is the downy lining of new cloaks for the opera or evening parties. The outside has white matelasse satin figures on a repped ground, and is trimmed with a border of the downy plush used for the inside. Gilt cordelieres fasten the front and decorate the hood.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho: We wish to call your attention to the fact that our annual Catalogue and price list for 1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive ceading, and will be furnished gratuitously. Send your name and postoffice address to FARMERS and MECHANICS' STORE, 184 First street, Portland, Oregon, sen7-1m P. O. Box 175

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Sweet-tempered, modest, dignified, she was the idol of her parents and admired by all who knew her. "In our seventeenth year we left the

academy. Margaret was to return at the autumn term as teacher. How we enjoyed that bright summer. We took long walks in the woods, rowed on the shining river, and spent happy hours in the saddle, covering miles of beautiful country, during the long summer days. All beautiful things are soon over; the autumn came, and it was our first separation. She went to Alden Monday morn ing, and Friday evening always returned her to us again.

"The weeks passed on, and Margaret was very happy in her new life. Another interest had arisen in my young life, but it could not eclipse the beauty of my Venus. I was your grandfather's promised wife, and in the spring time we were to commence our new life together.

"It was about this time that I first noticed a change in my Margaret. I could not define it. In her sweet eyes there shone a solemn, holy light. A tremulous sort of beauty seemed to rest on brow and lip. She grew more beautiful each day. Her sweet reserve was never broken even to me.

"It was a beantiful day in the latter part of the winter when Margaret came to me with a new look upon her pure face-a look which a woman never wears but once in her life-when she loves as Margaret did.

"'Kate, I have something to tell you,' she said; and when she was cosily seated with me in my own room, she told me the story of her betrothal.

Mr. Edmonds was the principal of the academy at Alden. He had taken charge of the institution when Margaret went there in the autumn. He was the son of widow, who was poor, and lived in a distant college town, where her younger son was a student. Mr. Edmonds was her sole support. His brother was in college at his expense, and, with this double responsibility, he had hesitated about speaking of his love to Margaret. He finally decided to tell her of it and explain to her his situation. He said that he had not the presumption, even if she could return his love, to ask her to wait for him during the years which must necessarily intervene before he could have a wife and home of his own.

"'I told him,' said Margaret, "that I would wait for him forever-for I love him.

So they were engaged. Margaret wore his modest little ring, and I do not think the sun shone upon a happier pair of lovers. He was worthy even of her.

"The spring came, and with the first song of the birds and the perfume of the flowers I was married. It needed but the fruition of my Margaret's love to complete my happiness. We went housekeeping in a part of this old house, and thus, you see, Margaret and I were still together. She came and went from her school in the sweet springtime, full of deep, quiet happiness. When the summer came she went home with Mr. Edmonds to visit his mother, who had written constantly to her since the engagement. She returned to us in season for the re-opening of the academy, where sale has a sale has a sale has sale was still to teach. She and Mr. Ed. work.

The dear old grandmother leaned her head against the chair, and with closed eyes and trembling lips closed the story of her friend's life by repeating, softly:

We need at one gate when all'sover. The ways they are many and wide, and solder are two ways the same. Side by side May wastand at the same little door, when ails

The ways are many, the end is one "

Sound Advice.

A stranger who had made a purchase of a second-hand dealer on Chatham street, grew conddential and said he would like some advice.

"Vuell, go aheadt." "If you were in my place and wanted to go into business here, would you lend your money and live on the interest, or would you go into the second-hand clothing business?"

"My frient," replied the other with a very serious look on his face, "let me tole you shust like a fadder. Doan go into de second hand peesness yourself, but lend me your money and become a silent partner."

"Are the profits large?"

"Large? How much you tinks I made on dot west I sold you for two dollars? I make shust twelve shillings.

"Not by a blamed sight, for I haven't paid for 16 yet and won't take it!" exclauned the stranger as he dropped the bundle and walked out.

"Vhell, vhell," sighed Moses as he looked after him, "efery times I tell der truth I lose money, and efery time I lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living in New York!"-| Wall Street News.

NEW INDUSLEY .- Mrs. Chapman, of New York, has built up a new industry for women in the manufacture of featheredged braid. She began by making large collars for children out of two braids connected together, or aided in forming designs, by lace stitches and crochet stitches, executed with needles and knitting cotton. This was four years ago. The demand speedily outgrew her powers of supply. She now has seven hundred women working for her, many of them being married ladies, who wish to have a little money of their "very own." Seventy-five thousand collars were supplied last year to the wholesale house which takes Mrs. Chapman's

Frank G. Abell, the Portland photographer is leading the profession in all the novelties of the art. His work is always of the best and his cus-tom⁹rs are satisfied with what they receive.

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