RETROSPECT.

BY VANDYKE BROWN

it down here beside me, my sweet Genevieve:
Hold my hands in your own, as you held
them of old.
his hour of twilight has power to weave
All threads of the past into fabric of gold.

It comes as of yore with its odor of flowers,
With prodigal richness of deeply-breen leaves,
This queen-month of anymous

Of twilight are those to which my soul cleaves.

And pleasant it is for the hour to lie here,
Forgatul of ills that have been or may be;
I think, Genevieve, but for you I would die asant it is for the hour to lie here, And so end the contest betwirt Death and me

For the fight has been long and painful and

Ah, love, could I only have borne it alone?

The days laden-houred, the nights sad and
dreary. The anguish of body and mind I have kown-

Do you sometimes think, my sweat Genevieve How brightly before us the future once gleatned? ow often of old on a summer-eve Have we sat in Love's sweet silence and

Of all the beautiful things that should be: Of the wonderful deeds I should some day do. When every honer that came to me Should be a love-offering unto you?

Fair, oh fair was that sunset vision, seen through the diamond lens of Love; Forever we wandered in fields of Elysian, A heaven around us, a heaven above!

And this is the end of all our dreaming ! Ab, sweet Genevieve, the hot tears start-How bitter the real as compared with the seem

How black the To day which was once a part Of that roscate Future that opened before us! God pity us both, and pity all Who are stricken thus, for now hangs o'er us Naught save the shadow of the pall!

Genevieve, though Misery has found

We, likewise, have found how mighty is Love; If failed forever the heaven around us, Forever awaits us the heaven above !

## THE STORY OF AN ORPHAN GIRL-

Mattie's story was simple enough. The orphan girl of a former servant in a wealthy family, Mattie had shared the lessons and the play of the younger daugiter of the house, until a time came hen it was convenient to turn the humble companion adrift to work for herself It may have been a piece of ill-luck his neighbors ascribed to Drew, that it should have been to his farm the girl came as help to his sister, or it may have been a piece of his good nature that made him agree to take under his roof this pretty lass, untrained for service and educated far above her station.

Draw's widowed sister, Mrs. Banks, who lived with him, and whose child it was Mattie had come to nurse, amongst other duties too numerous to mention, for there was but one s reant kept-Drew's sister exclaimed in despair when the farmer brought home the young, ladylike, delicate-looking girl:

We want a strong, hard-working lass! This one doesn't know her right hand from her left. She is as good as a lady, or as bad, and has never milked a cow in her life! What were you thinking of to bring her here?"

"Ab! that's my luck; well, we must do the best we can with her. If the stew-ard had never mentioned her to me now at then he did mention her, and here

to learn, willing to be taught, grateful for the real kindness she met with. Mattie was soon the best band at milk ing for miles around, and soon devoted to baby. Three years passed quietly, and then came the romance of Mattie's

was twenty that summer. Adam rmitage, a grave man, was fully ten er of the world-renowned scientific poiety, a student and a discoverer—he as between two scientific expeditions, refreshing heart and brain by a walking tour through the home countries.

Adam's walking tour cuded at the farm Drew had taken only a year before, and the dwelling house it had been found convenient to inhabit than the smaller building on the old land close to the road. Mr. Armitage found the pure air of the downs good for him. He made friends with all the family. To Mattie was delightful to meet once more of the more refined society among which her youth had been passed. Little Harry followed his new friend wherever nt, Harry's mother called him a right down pleasant gentleman. The farmer called him a good man.

They all missed him when he went away, Mattie most of all; but the next er found him there again, a welome old friend this time, and no

Drew, a keen observer of all that went on around him, was not so much taken surprise as his sister was when one day toward the end of this second visit, ly missing. A strong-armed lass made appearance before night. She was bearer of a note from Mattie confessing hearer of a note from Mattie confess-ing that she and Mr. Armitage were mar-ried, and hoping the servant sent might supply her place, so that no one would be inconvenienced.

onvenienced. Drew might shake his head and look boughtful, but Mr. Armitage was his master, and it was not the first time atleman had married a country lass. es the deed was done and past re-They had gone quietly to one of churches in the town, and from ace the sound of bells floated up to the farm, and had been married ial license. Adam had taken a lodgspecial license. Adam had taken a lodg-ing for his bride, and there they passed brief, bright week of bappiness, then morning they walked quietly back other, Mattie blushing and smiling, looking so lovely and ladylike in a that she used to wear before came to the farm that they hardly

wher, dam explained that he meant to leave wife for two days-no more-in care er old friend, at the end of that time would return and fetch her. There re arrangements to make with regard the scientific expedition about to him now, but it behooved him to do s best that his place should be as well hed as it might be. There was also,

Mattie fattie walked a little way with her

husband and the farmer, along the breezy uplands, and then Adam sent her back, and hastened his own steps in the direction of the little station at the foot of the downs. When he same age in, he said, laughing, it would be from B—station, and that he would drive in a fly through the Stonedene gate along the track, the only approach to a carriage road leading to the farm.

Mattie went away smiling, as he meant she should do, and only paused now and then to look after the two men as long as they remained in sight. It was natural that she should feel a little afraid of this unknown lady, Adam's mother, but that fear was the only shadow on Mattie's path. It was an idyl, a poem, as true a love story as the world has seen, had written itself here in this outof the way spot on the lonely Sussex Downs.

On the third day they might look for Adam to return, but that day passed and many another, until the days were weeks—the weeks months, and he neither came nor wrote. Mattie remembered how when she had turned to look back for the last time upon that homeward walk she had seen his figure distinct against the sky for an instant, and in the next lost it entirely as he passed out of sight over the swelling lines of hills. Just so she seemed to have lost him in one instant of her life. And yet she never lost faith and trust in him-never ceased to watch for his coming again.

Drew, after a time, either goaded to the step by his sister's lond-voiced arguments, or prompted to it by his own sense of what was due to Mattie, not only took pains to ascertain that the marriage was real enough, but the further pains of searching for and finding the address of Adam Armitage of London. It was strange how this girl and her former master both trusted Adam in the face of his inexplicable silence; in the face of even a more ominous discov-ery that he had never mentioned Mattie's name to his mother, or alluded to Mattie at all. As for Adam, Mrs. Armitage had declared he was not with her then, that she could not give an address that would find him, an assertion that confirmed Mattie in the idea that he had so often spoken to her.

As autumn passed and the evenings grew chill with the breath of the coming winter, Mattie's health seemed to fail.
The deep melancholy that oppressed her
threatened to break the springs of life.
In order to escape Mrs. Banks the girl
took to lonely wanderings over the
downs; wanderings that ended always at Stonedene; antil, with the instinct of a wounded animal that seeks to bear its pain alone, or from the eyer-recollection of the last words of Adam, when he said that it was by way of Stonedene that he would return, she besought, the farmer to send away the woman in charge of the house and allow her to take her place.

Drew yielded to the wish of the wife whose heart was breaking with the pain of absence and the mystery of silence, and Mattie, on this foggy day had al-ready lived at Stonedene, on the watch always for the coming of Adam.

The fog increased instead of diminished with the approach of evening. Drew could not see his own house until he was close to it; as he had remarked, the mystery of Mattie's affairs was not more impenetrable than the veil hiding all natural objects just then. When he had put up the horse and gone in to tea, Mrs. Banks, as she bustled about, preparing the meal which Mattie's deft little fingers had been wont to set with so much quietness as well as celerity, aid not fail to greet him with the question: Well, how is she?"

"She" had come to mean Mattie in the vocabulary of the farmer and his sister.
"About as usual in health," Drew replied, tifting the now five year old Harry

to his knee, "but troubled in mind—though to be sure, that is as usual, to."
"She is out of her mind," exclaimed Mrs. Banks, irritably. "Every one but yourself knows that; and if you did not know it, it is only because you are as mad as she is-or any one might think

from the way you go on."
"Nay, nay," said Drew gently, as the butter dish was set on the table with a vehemence that made the tea cups rattle. There are no signs of madness about Mattie-unless you call her trust in her husband so harsh a name.

"Husband! A pretty husband, indeed I've no patience with him; nor you either. As if it were not a common tale enough! It would be better to persuade the girl to come home and get to work again, than to encourage her in her fancies, while you pay another servant here—and times so hard as they are."

"I was thinking to-day," the farmer went on, softly passing his broad palm over the blonde head of the child upon his knee, "I was thinking as I came along as how it stands written; 'He that loveth not his brother whom he bath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen."

At that moment the shadowy form of me one going to the front door passed the window against which the fog pressed closely. Drew sat little Harry on his feet, and rose slowly, listening with in-tentness and a surprising look that made

his sister ask what ailed him. "Rover! the dog does not bark. Who -by the mercy of heaven, it is the man himself!" cried Drew, as the door opened with a suddenness that caused Mrs. Banks to drop the plates upon the brick floor. For Adam Armitage stood upon the threshhold. Adam pale and worn, a shadow of his former self, but

himself unmistakably. Adan. looked around the room as though seeking some one, smiled in his old-fashioned way at Harry, gave a halfhalf-indifferent curious, glance to Eliza Banks, as she turned toward the

"Drew," said he simply, "where is my

"Mrs. Armitage is waiting for you at

Stonedene, sir. There was some talk of your coming back that way."
"Waiting?" Adam threw up his hands with a passionate gesture. "What can with a passionate gesture, she have thought?"

"She has thought you were gone, after all, upon that voyage, and that your let-ters miscarried. Sometimes she has thought you were dead, Mr. Armitage, but never—" Drew broke off and held out his hand. "We knew you could explain what has happened, sir," he concluded.

Adam drew his hand across his eyes as it might be. There was also, in the way a man might do who has other to see, and prepare for receivbeen lately aroused from a bad dream, and has some trouble to collect his

"That has happened," he said, "which if it had not befallen me, myself, and be-come a part of my own experience, I should find it difficult to find it possible. should find it difficult to find it possible. A strange thing has happened"—here the old smile they remembered so well broke the light over his face—"and yet a thing not more strange, as the world goes, than that you—I say nothing of Mattie—but that you should have trusted me throughout. I detected no distrust in your value no doubt in your value no doubt in your value. in your voice, no doubt in your eyesnot even when they first met mine just now. They called mine a rare case, friend; they might say the same of your belief in me. But—Stonedene, did you Walk with me there and hear my

tale as we go."
"This evening, and in this mist, and you looking far from well, began Eliza Banks. "Mattie has waited so long al-ready that one night more will make but

little difference." "One night, one hour more than I can help will make all the difference between willful wrong and a misfortune that has

fallen on all alike."

He would not be dissuaded from setting out at once, and in another minute the two men were pursuing their way through the driving mist; Adam talking

as they went. After parting from Mattie he had taken a train to London, where, arriving in due course, he drove in a cab to his mother's house in Grosvenor street, within a few yards of which his cab over-turned, and Adam was thrown out, falling heavily on his head. After a long interval, however, he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness, and, as he did so—slowly at first, but after a time more fully—the astounding discovery was made that his memory was entirely gone.

However, this state was one from which, so said his friends, science could at will recall him, and the operation necessary to restore Adam to himself was deferred only until his health permitted of its being attended by a minimum

It was while Adam was in the state above described that Drew had seen Mrs. Armitage. A proud woman, she was illpleased to hear that he had married a farm servant; for that was the one fact that, stripped of Drew's panegyrics apon Mattie's superior education and refined manners, alone stared her in the

Hastily resolving there was no need to embitter her own life by an attempt to recall to her son this ill-fated marriage, It is es she did not hesitate to deceive the un welcome visitor. Change of scene had been ordered for the patient, and before Drew called at the house in Grosvenor street for the second time, Adam and his mother were gone. It was in Paris, months after that, that the operation was finally successfully performed, and the first word of Adam was Mattie's name. The first effort of his newly recovered powers was to relate to his mother the history of his marriage, and to write to

"God grant the suspense has neither killed nor driven her mad," he ex-

It was to his mother's hand the letter was confided, and with that exclamation ringing in her ears, Mrs. Armitage stood beside the brazier filled with charcoal and burning in the ante-room of their apartment in the Champs Elysees. was not a bad woman, but the temptation was too great to allow this affair to unravel itself, and what would turn up? If the girl were dead, why no harm has nbeen doe, and the terrible mistake of the son's was rectified at once. If the other alternatives were to prove true, and Mattie had lost her senses, Adam would be free from her, or measures could be taken to insure so desirable a result. Mrs. Armitage tore the letter into pieces, and waited by the brazier until the frag-ments were charred. Adam asked no awkward question, and was not even surprised at receiving no answer to his epistle, since it had announced his coming. The first day his health admitted of it he set out alone for England.

Such was the story. When Drew told of his efforts to seek Adam, and had mentioned that no letter had reached Mattie, Adam was at a loss to understand the part his mother had played. But he never spoke of it then or at any future

The house door at Stonedene stood ajar; evening had closed in now, and the chilly fog was still abroad, but the figure at the gate was dimly discernible.

Adam hastened his footsteps.
"For heaven's sake, sir, be careful; the suddenness of it might turn her brain," cried Drew, laying a detaining hand apon the arm of his companion. Adam gently shook him off.

"Suddenness," he repeated. "Aye, it is sudden to you—and to Mrs. Banks, but for me and Mattie whose thoughts are day and night and night and day, full of each other, how can it be sudden?

Drew stood still, and Adam went on alone until his footsteps became audible, and Mattie turned her head to see him standing at her side

Adam had been right. No fear was there for Mattie's brain. All excitement, all surprise and wonder came afterward; at the first supreme moment, and with a satisfied sigh, as of a child who has got all it wants, Mattie held out her arms to him with one word-

"Husband!" As Adam drew her to him it was not only the mist or the darkening evening that blinded Drew, so that for a moment or two he saw neither of them.

People say Drew's luck has turned. From that day Stonedene found a ten-It is newly done up and prettily finished now; Mr. and Mrs. Armitage come down here once or twice a year with their children for a breath of fresh air and to visit old friends.

MADE & MISTAKE, -A very estimable woman, so far as character is concerned, was sent with a recommendation to Sena tor Vest of Missouri for a place in one of the departments. Understanding that a cleri al post was what she wanted the Senator told her to make her application in writing. Next day the good woman brought her formal application. The Senstor and a friend looked it over and concluded that it clearly showed the writer incompetent for the position sought. She was informed of the verdict and said, with tears. "Now see how easy it is to make a mistake. That was written by a person high up in the department. As for myself, I can't write

"Blood will tell," so be careful how you make confidants of your relatives.

GENERAL AND FARM ITEMS.

Iowa has more than 500 creameries. Russia prohibits military officers from all connection with the press.

The Pope praises the piety of Mexico, and trusts she will renew her relations with the Vatican. The new capitol of Texas is to cost

\$3,000,000, and is to be paid for by 3,000, 000 acres of land. It is reported that in parts of Switzer-land there had been 200 rainy days last year up to the end of November with

only 50 days of sunshine. There are some marriages that remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband, and I couldn't

get any wife; so we got married. Office holders constitute an army in New York city. There are 20,000 Federal State and municipal officers and the prospects of additions instead of sub-

tractions from the force. The hoof print of a grazing animal should never be found upon a clover field, or even a rod of good available land. It should only be found upon hillsides, rocky or low unavailable land.

Every care and attention shown to horses, no matter what their condition is, will bring its reward. The kind influence thrown around a young horse will have its effect on its character in

Mr. A. Fallor, of Iowa says young pigs just weaned are sometimes overfed in the desire to give them enough. When their sides distend they have too much. Hogs should not be overfed just because they are hogs.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known that stamped envelopes, when spoiled through misdirection or other causes, can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the same denomination at the nearest postoffice.

A vigorous plant of corn cockle has about sixty pods and blossoms. Each pod has about fifty seeds, the total number of seeds to each plant is about 300. At this rate of seeding it is not surprising that weeds get the majority of the soil.

In feeding sweet milk to pigs, trials made at the Wisconsin experiment farm showed that on an average four pounds of corn meal were equal to twenty pounds of sweet skim milk, or one pound of meal equal to five of milk if fed sep-

It is estimated that there are 200,000 vagabonds and beggars in the German Empire, including thieves, pickpockets and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of \$25,000,000.

The eigar industries of York and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania, is something remarkable. Laneaster county manufacturers produce 125,000,000 and York 120,000,000 cigars annually. The revenue from cigars alone in these two counties amounts to \$1,300,000 annually.

The population of Manila was being decimated by cholera, says a colonial paper, when a tremenduous hurricane swept over the island and acted as a meteorological antiseptic, for on the fol-lowing day not a single additional case of cholera broke out and none have been reported since.

Onions, to be deprived of strong odor, should be boiled in salted water for ten minutes, and then put in cold fresh water for half an hour; after that they should be put into a stewpan with just enough cold fresh water to cover them, and boiled gently till tender. Drain and serve with melted butter.

Lambs can be made to shear from two to four pounds more wool by a little extra care and feed during the winter The extra wool will more than pay for the extra feeding, and the result will be much larger and stronger sheep. For this purpose feed good clover hay, with bran, oats and corn mixed equally.

Evangelist Barnes writes to the Stanford, Ky., Journal that he has become convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race came from the ten last tribes of Israel. He also learns that "Oneen Victoria to day prides not herself on being of the house of Guelph, but on better lineage still-a lineal descendant of David," and that Disraeli's policy was shaped by a knowledge of the same fact.

The latest instance of Yankee ingenuity is the manufacture of artificial cloves by machinery. The bogus cloves are made of soft deal wood, pine or poplar stained a dark color and soaked in a solution of essence of cloves to give them the required aroms. A recent ship-ment to Zanzibar was traced to the United States. Keep on the safe side and

take a few grains of coffee. A single thoroughbred male introduced in a farming section for purposes of improvement adds more wealth than any other investment that can be made. Though worth but very little in the shape of so many pounds of animal matter, the value of the progeny may reach away up in the thousands. Farmers should learn this fact and take it into consideration. -- Farmers' Magazine.

The commissioner of the general land office states, in reply to an inquiry made by an ex-soldier, that when a soldier's declaratory statement is filed to a tract of land, the soldier is required to make an actual entry to the land and also to establish his residence and common improvement within six moths after the date of filing, and that he is allowed six moths more within which to commence residence improvement.

An oak whose rings showel it to be one bundred and twenty years old was cut down in Buckspor, Me., recently, and imbedded at the eightieth ring, a point which was at the surface forty ears ago, the wood chopper found to his amazement, a diamond pin containing twenty-four brilliants in a silver setting. Nobody knows whose it was, or can imagine how it came to be where it was

found.-Chicago Times. The winter season is very important in the management of fruit frees. believe that if the foundation of a tree be properly laid in youth there will be no necessity for pruning an adult tree. This does not accord with the writer's experience. An intelligent examination both with the saw and knife in hand should be made every winter. Real good, large, healthy leaves in every part of a tree is of vast importance, and these cannot be had when branches are close together, smothering one another.— [Prairie Farmer.



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