

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

O pity my neighbor over the way, Who has nothing to do but yawn all day; Who has hands as plump as her hair, So little "nonsense" to vex her with care, So little "nonsense" to worry and tease, So little "nonsense" to do but consult her own ease.

Poor, rich neighbor, I am sorry for you— Sorry because you have "nothing to do;" Sorry, because as the days go by, You are restless and weary, you know not why; And once in a while I can see the trace Of many a tear on your proud, fair face.

You see I am only a laborer's wife, Doing my part in the treadmill of life; See, my husband, is off all day, Fighting the giants of want away; Baby and I are busy, too, But we've plenty of time to be sorry for you.

Baby's a nuisance, a plague and a joy, But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy; I have no time for a groan or sigh, To time to be idle as the days go by; My arms are full as the day is long, Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor, rich neighbor, over the way, Watching my baby and me at play; What of your wealth, if your heart is bare? To love and be loved, that makes life so fair, To neighbor mine, I can tell you true, Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

—Young Folk's Rural.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

What was I to do? Never was a woman placed in such a pitiful condition. I had been brought to Russia by a New England sewing machine company to run their machines at an agency of theirs in a street in St. Petersburg, where a handsome shop had been rented. One blustering cold day towards the close of October, I found the shop door closed, and learned to my dismay that our agent had disappeared and the machines all had been seized for rent and debts. What was to be done? All the money I had in the world was about equivalent to \$12. What was due me I had left in our agent's hands, and I felt sure it was lost. I thought of everything in the twenty-five minutes which elapsed between my heart-breaking when I found the shop door closed and my rapid walk to my lodgings. Fortunately my room had been hired for the month, and had been paid for in advance. I had at least a roof over my head for a few weeks. An idea suddenly struck me. I had been making an evening dress on the machine for a Russian lady who spoke English. She had some idea of buying a machine. In order to expedite the work I had taken to my room the body of her dress, and, having a machine there, had sewed on it nights. That machine I would certainly keep; it would go very little toward the payment of the debt the agent owed me. I hurried home. Perhaps there was a letter with some money in it. There was nothing. I must find the lady—but how? She had left no address. She had hardly spoken to me. I thought I heard her say that she would come again, and I believed she had fixed on this day. There was but one chance in a thousand. I must stand in the street and wait until she appeared.

I hastened back and took up my position near the shop. I scanned every woman passing by. It was bitterly cold and raw, and the wind chilled me. I was faint with anxiety. Had I only known more of the language, I would have asked a policeman to take me to the American Consul—to the Minister. I was in despair. Suddenly a carriage drove up, a footman opened the door and a lady elegantly dressed alighted. I tore across the street; it was the Russian lady. With my heart in my mouth I told her my pitiful story and begged her to help me. If she wanted a servant, would she try me? I had a sewing machine, and I would make her dresses for nothing if I could only stay with her until I could write to my people at home; they would send me money and I could get back to the United States. My words must have had but little sense in them, I was so broken hearted, for at first she hardly seemed to understand me.

"I was without a friend in the world here; a poor American woman, thousands of miles from her home." She looked steadily at me, then opened her portmanteau. "No, no," I said. "I want no money. I can not beg. I was not so poor as to ask alms. But you do not remember me? The store is closed. The man who kept it has run away. I showed you the way the machine was worked." Then she scanned me quickly; next cross questioned me sharply. "How could a young girl trust herself alone in this strange country?" she asked.

"I am not alone. Two other young women came from the United States with me. Two weeks ago they were sent home, and the miserable man in charge induced me to stay, promising to give me money enough at the end of next month for my trip home to the United States. Might not the police look up the matter? I have been outrageously swindled."

"The police? and my dress—am I to lose it?" the lady asked impatiently. "Not at all of it. The skirt is in the shop; the body, the waist, is in my room almost finished." It seemed to me dreadful that in my agony she should talk about her dress. "Where do you live?" she inquired abruptly. I told her. "Get into the carriage," she said. I did so. When we were off the main street she stopped the carriage, got out with me and we walked to my lodgings. I opened the door. On the table was her baguette. It did not seem to interest her. She picked it up, however, glanced at it a moment, then threw it down. She examined the sewing machine.

"How long would it take me to become proficient in working this?" she inquired as she sat down before the machine and tried the pedals. "Is it fatiguing?" "No, madame. Oh, would you buy it? It is mine by rights. The money for it might help me to leave St. Petersburg." "How long did you say it would take me to become proficient?" "Two weeks—perhaps less." "Would it disgrace my hands?" She took off her gloves, showed her well-cared-for hands, her fingers glittering with rings.

"Your beautiful hands would hardly be spoiled." "Well, then, give me a lesson at once—at once, I will pay you for your trouble." I expressed my gratitude with almost tears in my eyes. "I have no material here—but anything will do," I said, as I

opened my trunk and took out an apron. "I will run a tack across the bottom—it will do no harm."

"Nonsense. Take the waist and begin on that." "But it is quite finished, and any extra stitching would spoil this delicate cream-colored silk."

"Give it to me," said the lady, taking up her scissors and deliberately cutting the waist up the back. "Now sew me up this," she cried. I took it, and as carefully as I could ran the machine, sewing up an ugly gash, but of course the waist was spoiled. "Now I will try," and she sat down, and under my instructions worked for an hour. She was wonderfully clever with her fingers and seemed to seize the peculiarities of the machine at once.

"At this rate of progress, madame, you would become quite a good workwoman in ten days," I said, approvingly. She made no reply, but worked away for another half hour, crossing and re-crossing the body with stitches. "It is not so tiresome after all," she said, "but I have had enough for to-day. To-morrow I will call, and then you will take the machine to pieces and show me how it must be put together again. You will oblige me very particularly by not going out to-day. I have to thank you for your patience. Keep my visit silent. I hope you have learned that in Russia it is better to keep a quiet tongue. Do not return to the shop. Pray take this for my first lesson," and she placed on the machine table a piece of gold.

"I am very much overpaid," I said. "Where are you from? English or American?" "American—from New Hampshire." "New Hampshire! Where is that?" "One of the New England states." "I never heard of it. You are a good Republican, I suppose?" "I hope so."

"Well, adieu." I felt very much inclined to kiss her. She looked cold and haughty, but my heart was so full of thankfulness that, overcoming somewhat the awe I felt, I ventured to take her hand in mine and put it to my lips. She did not withdraw it. "Poor child," she said, "you do not look more than twenty and at your age to be in such trouble! This must be a hard experience for you. Good-bye, and until to-morrow." She gazed at me steadfastly, as if she would look me through, and then, bowing, left me.

I did not, would not allow myself to be disheartened. I sat down and wrote two letters—one to my mother at Amherst, the other to a sewing-machine company at New York. I explained my pitiful condition. Next morning early there was a low knock at my door. I opened it, and a woman plainly dressed entered. She did not say a word. She placed a bundle she held in her hand in a chair and at once went to the machine, took up the bodice and commenced sewing.

"You will kindly forget the lady of yesterday and know me as Elise simply, or rather, as Elise is French, we will say Eliza. I want to learn your trade. It is a whim of mine. Do you think that in a month I could earn my bread this way? I offer you a partnership. I can find the funds. The contents of the shop will probably be sold out and you will be able to buy one of the machines for me. Now, will you take this one apart?"

I had not a word to say. I brought a wrench, a screwdriver, an oil can and unloosened the working parts of the machine. She took the oil can and bent over the machine, studying it. I noticed that she touched with her white fingers all the grimy parts of the machine until her hands were soiled.

"It is by no means as complicated as a revolver," she said. I made no comments as I put the working parts together. She was very silent, working incessantly upon some coarse material she had brought with her. I sat near her—teaching her what to do. She worked on until past noon. "Is it not time to eat something?" "It is," I replied; "would madam partake of my simple meal?"

"Madam! I am Eliza—and you say your name is Mary. Mary, I shall be very glad to share your food with you, if you will let me. If you have not enough for two, I will go out and buy what is wanted. What shall it be? I dare say I can shop better than you. Will you lend me your shawl, your furs and your overshoes?"

Before I could say a word she had them all on. Then she laughed for the first time and courted to me. "Sister Mary," "Sister May," she cried in great glee, "our co-partnership begins from to-day. I am capital and you brains. Little sister, good-bye. I shall not be gone more than a quarter of an hour. And I was so astonished as to be speechless. In a trice she was back, loaded down with packages. She had a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, a pot of preserves, a breast of smoked goose, some salt cucumbers. "I have a somayor, but it was too heavy for me to carry. The man I bought it of will bring it here at once. It is second-hand, but as good as new. I see you have a tea-pot. My only two extravagances were some good soap and a pound of the best tea. Come, let us eat. I can arrange anything. I am to wait on you."

Then came the man with the copper urn and charcoal, and she made the fire and prepared the meal. "We don't drink tea out of cups when we belong to the people, but swallow it in tumblers." Though I sat down at the little table with her; I ate very sparingly; I was so much confused.

"Before I conclude my first day's lesson, Sister Mary, let me ask you something. Did you ever read the 'Arabian Nights?' It is a book I suppose all the world has read."

"It is quite well known in the United States. All children read it and 'Robinson Crusoe.'" "So I thought." "You want me to remember Aladdin?" "Not at all. The story I wish you to think about is not half so pleasant. It is about Sindbad the Sailor, and the old man-ape he could not get rid of. You are the sailor, Sister Mary, and I am the ugly old man-ape," and she made so comical a grimace that I could not help smiling.

"I assure you that is my character and you never will get rid of me until you break my head. Sister Mary, will you share your supper with me, your bed with me to-night, your breakfast with me to-morrow, not for that day, but for the next day, and the day after that?" She said this very quietly as she took

my hand in hers. I was at a loss to know how to reply.

"We are to work together for our living—only, Sister Mary, make me proficient. I will be so diligent." "But, madam."

"No—Sister Eliza." "Sister Eliza, how is it possible that a lady of means, whose acquaintance I made but yesterday, who awed me with her grand manners, her carriage, should wish to become a sewing woman?"

"Ask me no questions. This, however, I will promise you. The story of the old man-ape is partially true, but there is a limit to your endurance. In a month from now, I swear to you, your passage home shall be paid you, and besides that there will be given you a handsome sum for you to start in life with in your own country; only, for God's sake, remember that just as you threw yourself on my mercy I now throw myself on yours. I believe you have character and courage. No harm will come to you. I want a refuge, and have found it. Teach me what you call the tension, how to tighten the band when it slips, how to gauge the stitch, and what to do when the thread breaks."

In a day I learned to love that woman. All the haughty, proud manner was gone. She waited on me. She was the first up in the morning. She was always busy. The porter of the house evidently mistook her for one of the two girls who had been in the employ of the sewing machine company, for one of the other of them had often been in my room. Some small extra compensation had been given him for the new lodger. She never spoke save in English, and her coming to me had been so mysterious that I felt quite certain the porter was entirely ignorant of her condition.

Certainly it worried me a great deal. More than once I ventured to ask for an explanation, but Eliza would place her hand on my mouth so that my speech was interrupted. It distressed me to see how hard she worked, for I felt sure that this new life was hurting her. I could see that from her pallor. If anything more than another made me feel sorry it was for her beautiful hands. She seemed to take infinite pains in soiling them. "They are filthy—horrible," she would say, "and still I think I care for them more than I should—if I only could get a thick, red, rough skin on them."

As she had said, the owner of the store was only too glad to sell me a machine. Eliza furnished the money. Work came to us in a mysterious way—left down stairs with the porter. By and by a fashionable dressmaker, who made dresses for the court ladies, sent for me and gave me work. As what we had to do was well sewed and were always prompt, in less than three weeks we were doing a good business. My companion, save for the daily purchases made in the immediate neighborhood for food never went out. No one called on her; she never received a letter. A few days over the month had passed, when one morning as I was running up a seam in a piece of cloth, my needle struck something. It was a piece of paper.

"It is for me, Sister Mary," said Eliza. She took the bit of paper, held it to the stove, appeared to read something, and then opened the stove door and burned it. I did not question her. She worked on cheerfully all day, chatting on indifferent subjects.

That night when we were in bed, taking me in her arms, she said: "Poor Mary, your troubles, your anxieties, are now over. To-morrow early apply for your passport. It will cost you to go from here to Liverpool, say £40, and the passage from Liverpool to the United States as much more; that makes £80, and you will have something to spare. I wish it could have been more, but you will have altogether £300, which, after deducting your traveling expenses, will leave you some money to begin your life with again. From me—who have learned to love a singularly honest and simple-minded woman—you shall have this ring," and she slipped on my finger a ring, "but don't wear it; the diamond might betray me. So far, Mary, you have run no risk, but next week you might be ruined forever, for you have harbored—"

I was speechless with terror. "Only a woman," she continued, "whose own life—or the life of any one else who stood in her way—she would care no more for taking than would the cook who wrings a chicken's neck. Do not be shocked, Mary, I shall sleep as sweetly to-night as if death did not threaten me. My story, as far as relates to you, is soon told. It became necessary for me a month ago to disappear. The simplest chance in the world threw you in my way. Had you been of any other nationality than an American I would never have trusted you. You might go out now, Mary, and sell me Judas-like for a sum of money which would make you rich for life."

I cinged convulsively to her and bade her be quiet.

"Through my veins, child, there runs the best blood in Russia, but every drop of it I will shed for the cause. Thank your God for your lowly estate. You must go away to-morrow, and now good night." I begged her to come to the United States with me. She said: "No, my place is here. I should be useless there."

Then she complained of lassitude, and presently went to sleep. I looked at her, her face pillowed on her arm, breathing as calmly as an infant, and thought her the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

Next morning, out of a package of some rough material, she produced, as if by magic, a roll of notes which, without counting, she handed to me. "Later in the day there ought to arrive some furs for me, for poor Mary must not get cold. Now, away with you." Her old manner had returned. "Get your passport. Go by Bremen to England, or the ice will delay you. Do not wait."

"Still I was irresolute. I could not bear to leave her. I sobbed as if my heart would break. Then she knelt to me and implored me to go. At last I consented. My passport was given me at police headquarters without a word. I returned to our room. As I stood at the landing the cheerful clatter of the machine was heard. Eliza was bending over her work, singing some plaintive air. "Is it all right?" she asked, very quietly. "See, your furs have come. They are very beautiful, and so warm."

"I have permission to leave." "Thank God! See my work. I think I could do now without you." "You do not love me, Eliza," I cried.

"Not love you—my sister! I loved my husband—he was shot. I loved my only child; in the agony of my grief—because his father was killed—from my breast he sucked poison and died. After then I love you best. Then she burst into a paroxysm of tears. "It is because I love you—that I might be your death."

As she rung my hand she felt the ring on my finger. "Off with it! You wore your mittens at the police office! If they had seen it! Quick, let me hide it. She took off my shoe, and hid the ring in my stocking. "Should you ever marry, sell the ring; or the stone in it, and you will not be portionless. Now, off with you. I have made a bundle for you. The rest of your things you will give me. Here is a photograph of yours—you will let me keep it? I have been happier with you than for years." She took me by the hand, gave me one long kiss, closed the door on me, and I never saw her more.

My trip home was without a single incident. My dear mother comforted me. Still, there were some vague feelings of dread. My mind wandered, all I could do, towards my room companion. Picking up a newspaper when at home, some two weeks after my arrival, I read in the telegraphic dispatches:

"St. Petersburg, Dec. 3d.—An arrest of great importance has been made. One of the chief actors in the Nihilistic plots, a Russian princess, was taken, but only after she had killed one of the two police. Disguised as a sewing-woman, she had baffled the police."

SHORT BITS.

A landmark—A dirty face. An enormous swell—A balloon. A goat—A man who owns goats. Friday is an unlucky day—for fish. Household words—"Shut the door." A water-color exhibition—A glass of gin.

A pair of slippers—Orange and banana skins. "A Winter's Tale"—The story of a blizzard. A close shave—Two per cent per month. A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister.

When lovers quarrel the taffy trade weakens. Sleight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage. If "Urip" does not spell Europe, what does it spell? Good advice, like vaccination, doesn't always "take."

An anonymous article—A baby before it is christened. A woman nose so much because she ears a good deal. "Song of the postage stamp"—"Gum, oh, come with me."

Nothing tells so much in the long run as a female gossip. Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances. A fatal blow-out—Extinguishing the gas with one's breath.

New reading: Where the treasurer is, there the cash is also. The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor. Silence may be golden, but it will never borrow a dollar.

The tower of Babel was the first continued story on record. The proprietors of ice houses make many a cool thousand in the course of a year. The average editor can sympathize with England in her trouble with the Boers.

A down east girl, who is engaged to a lumberman, says she has caught a feller. "Ruler ruin," as the boy said when he ruled the teacher's ferule into the stove.

Where there is a storm in the nursery the mother will castor oil on the water in vain. Josh Billing says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

A young lady at a ball called her beau an Indian because he was on her trail all the time. Shot falling into a tin pan "tumble to the racket," and so do hailstones on a slate roof.

"Of what complaint did your father die?" "The jury found him guilty," was the answer. A single swallow may not make one spring, but a small mouse will make a woman jump.

The rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers the fellow who rides the bicycle every time. Origin of a common phrase: It was the prostrate Persian subject who first said "O, Shah!"

Private troubles are very much like infants: The more you nurse them the bigger they grow. The uses of adversity may be sweet, but we prefer a little of the bitterness of prosperity in ours.

"Sport."—We have no opinion as to whether or not Slade can whip Sullivan. He Maori may not. Mixed society is like mixed pickles. All become of the same flavor if mixed together long enough.

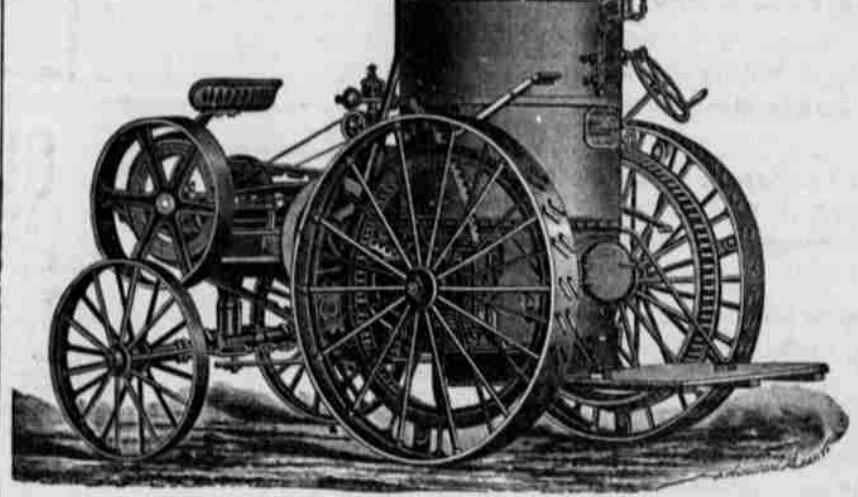
When Kansas papers ran short of local news the reporters write up an eighty-pound hailstone lie. You can't get happiness out of wrongdoing any more than you wool by shearing a hydraulic ram.

People say that blackberries are good for the complexion; but who wants a blackberry complexion? A man always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.

Many people die of fatty degeneration of the heart, but fatty degeneration of the head kills twice as many. An economical woman, after the death of her tenant, used the remainder of her soothing syrup to poison rats. A well-clad and respectable man recently created a great stir in London by promenading the streets sandwiched between two boards, which bore these placards: "General Post-Office, Discharged for not saluting a clerk. Twenty-five years Her Majesty's servant."

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.

Schenectady, New York. BRANCH HOUSE, PORTLAND, OREGON. G. P. DART, Manager.

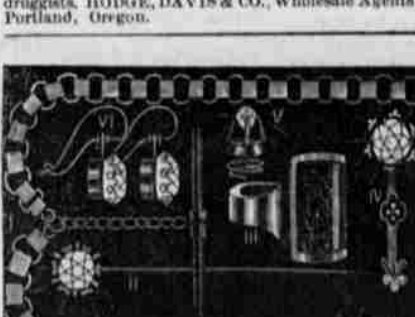


MANUFACTURERS OF THRESHING, LEVER and TREAD HORSE POWERS, PORTABLE and TRACTION ENGINES, DRAG SAWS, &c. We do not claim to have the ONLY THRESHING in Oregon. But we'll say we can prove that we have a machine the best adapted to the wants of the Farmers of the Pacific Coast. We claim we can thresh cleaner from the straw, save the grain better, and do more and better work in general than others. Neither do we have to rebuild our machines in the field at the TIME and EXPENSE of the FARMER. We warrant all machinery sold by us. We FURTHER GUARANTEE that our Engine will do the SAME WORK with ONE-THIRD LESS FUEL and WATER than ANY ENGINE in the MARKET. Do not buy without seeing our goods or hearing from us. For circulars or other information address: G. Westinghouse & Co., Portland, Oregon. Office foot of Morrison St.

BETTER THAN GOLD CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT.



IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF By over-indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dryness of the skin, with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by all means use Slaven's California Fruit Salt.



AN UNPARALLELED OFFER! 1st—Gentle Ointment: usual price, \$7.50; price, \$2.50. Cut represents no skin, 4.00. 2d—Elegant brilliant Scarf Pin; regular price, \$5.00. 3d—Gentle Ring: fit card over finger for size. \$2; usual price, \$5. 4th—Breakfast, a gem. \$1.50; usual price, \$5. 5th—A beautiful Boston Stud, very brilliant, \$1.50; usual price, \$5. 6th—Ladies' brilliant Ear Drops, \$1.50; usual price, \$5. We will return money on any of these goods if they are not superior to your anticipations, knowing that no such offer has been made before. Send money order if possible, and address THE MORTON AGENCY, Portland, Oregon. P. O. box 302.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

The ORIENTAL BAZAAR No. 69 Morrison Street, between Third and Fourth Portland, Or



H. P. GREGORY & CO., No. 5 North Front St., between A and B, Portland, Oregon.

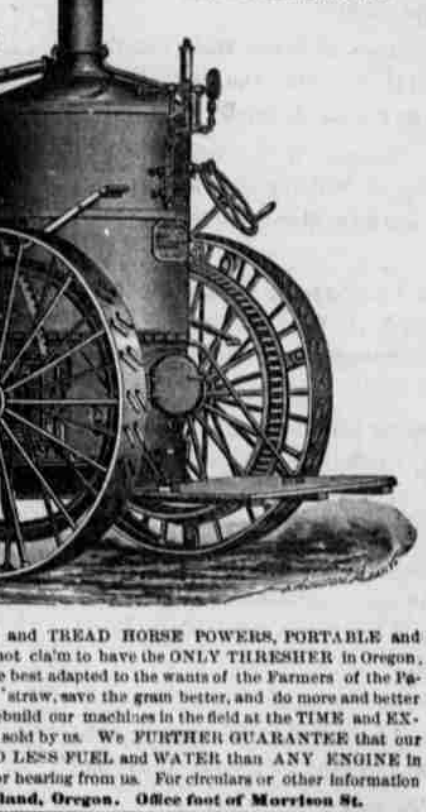


LAND PLASTER, For Sale by EVERDING & FARRELL, Alder and Front streets, Portland, Oregon.

DRS. FREELAND & ROBERTS, DENTISTS, Cor. First & Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or. (Davidson's Photograph Gallery.)

THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER PFUNDERS' KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

Also General Agents for The Westinghouse Machine Co.'s New Double Cylinder, Single Action, Self-Contained Engine, Unexcelled for Economy in every particular. Skilled Engineers unnecessary. No Packing, no Adjusting, no Pounding in boxes.



BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST. THEY ARE ALL STAYED SEAMS, BUY NO OTHER.



SAN FRANCISCO GALLERY. Towne Photographer, Corner First and Morrison Streets, PORTLAND OREGON.



NEW YORK JEWELRY MANUF'G CO., 107 First St., bet. Washington and Stark, Portland, Oregon.



JOHN A. CHILD, WALTER A. GRADON, John A. Child & Co., DRUGGISTS, DEALERS IN Fine Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods and DRUGGISTS' Sundries. Special attention given to CASH ORDERS By Mail. 161 Second St., Portland, Or.

ANTISELL PIANOS AND ORGANS. 10,000 Pianos, 1,000 Organs, \$75.00 up to \$1,000.00. Cash, Rent or Trade. Antisell, 107 Second St., Portland, Or.

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh" LIQUID OR DRY. PRICE \$1.00. "ATMOSPHERIC" lens mounted on pedestal of crystal, with full directions. Address, G. SKILLIMORE & Co., Druggists, 151 First Street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

USE ROSE PILLS.