ANSIBILATION.

If i could know, as none can know, That when my life is ended, I Shall perish, like the aureste glow Of rounded stars that die;

That in the dark beyond our earth There is no radiant beaven or bell, I should not curse my buman birth I should not fear to tell

The sad'y wise and bitter thought That none were birn immortal, none Predestined to a God-life wrought Reyond our sky and sun.

Nor should I fear to fill my part. To live my life out, to aspire With the whole passion of my heart, To love and to des.re.

For it is true that whitne, power. And all the sweetness of the mind Are real as teauly in the flower And music in the wind:

That any mortal man may be sub-linely silved without a sense That in his doing he must see some future recompense.

Vet, though I strive with fervent will To act with poble zeal and grace, And with a faith that each may still Live deschiess in the race-

I think, in lonely hours when sloop Obscures the grief that many hear, That I would turn to heaven and weep with neart-break and despair.

For I should then remember one Whose gentle love is more to me Than all the years that time can run. Than earth, and air, and sea.

And ch, to part with her were worse Than death and is inhuman fate— To jose her in a nuiverse Whose gods somhiste, - George Edgar Montgomery,

BARRY'S MAIDEN AUNT.

"It's too bad, really!" cried Mr. Harry Sturgess, walking up and down the room in an exuberance of indignation and sym-"I wouldn't have believed it of pathy. your uncle-to turn you out of the office and cast you, penniless, upon a cold and heartless world, all on account of an 'innocent frolic!"

"It was the third time," gloomily answered the handsome young man, who sat at the window, absently drumming at the sill-"and he had warned me, you know. I've nobody to blame but myself."

"And the fellows who called themselves your friends, and who led you on into the folly and extravagance," remarked Mr. Sturgess, forgetful of what he had just said about "an innocent rolic.'

"Well, I've done with them, and it shall never happen again if I've a will of my own," said Mr. Philip Booker, with an expression of firm resolve. "But what will you do about those

betting bills, since your uncle refuses to pay them?" "I'll pay them myself, so soon as I'm

able, and be done with it all. You see, old fellow"-turning around and seriously looking his companion in the face 'I've come to the conclusion to face fortune boldly and win my own way in the world. I'm only eight-and-twenty, you know, and have abundant health and strength. Why should I not succeed as well as any other man who begins on such capital?"

"But you haven't been used to itwhat can you do?" said his friend, hopolessly.

"Well, I've been thinking it over, you see, and have concluded that the best plan will be to emigrate to America, and there, in those far western prairies, to start a ranch. All you have to do as a beginning is to catch the wild cattle; and that costs nothing, you know. And I've read of enormous fortunes made in a few years by ranchmen."

"Phil," said Sturgess, solemnly, "you haven't yet got over your fever, I see. When your head is clearer we will talk over this. Meanwhile-" And without concluding his sentence, Harry Sturgess meditatively resumed his walk up and down the floor. Suddenly he stopped, and, with the light as of a great discovery illuminating his countenance, abruptly addressed his friend: "Phil, I've just thought of the best thing in the world for you to do! You shall marry my Aunt Priscilla!" The other looked up in surprise. "Do you mean that maiden aunt of yoars down in Hampshire, who is so fond of you?" "The very same!" responded Sturgess, enthusiastically. "She's very rich, and the best woman in the world! Her estate is the handsomest in that part of the country, and she has the kindest heart and the sweetest temper of any one I ever knew. She'll permit you to have your own way in everything-that is, if you conduct yourself rationally-and allow you unlimited tin: Why, the idea is splendid! And I congratulate yeu, Phil -upon my soul, I do!' "Thanks, my dear fellow," said his friend, with a benevolent smile; "but aren't your congratulations rather premature? Even taking it for granted that your excellent relative would accept such a worthless fellow as myself, I must assert frankly that nothing on earth shall induce me to marry for money, even if the woman be young and beautiful; but an old lady, and one whom I have heard you admit to be plain and eccentric-why, you must be joking."

the exception of one remote little corner, which he generously clipped off and be-queathed as a token of displeasure to my father, who had unhappily offended him. The old fellow called it a hunting-box, but I have christened it the Pepper-box. It is a pretty little bit of scenery, after all-divided from Aunt Priseilla's by the trout stream, and as her house is more than a mile distant, there will be no danger of our troubling her."

A week later saw the friends established in the fancifully named Pepper-box-a little brick cottage, half covered with vines and wholly buried in an exquisite bit of beechwood, through which was an outlook upon the distant moors. From a rustic bridge, which crossed the stream, was also to be had a view of a stately old mansion, with a terraced garden descending to the water's edge, and in the background a finely timbered park, in which Mr. Booker some imes ventured to stroll.

Harry Sturgess paid frequent visits to man.' his aunt, excusing his friend on the score of his "state of health," though in forming him that Miss Priscilla had expressed kindly sympathy and sent him an invitation to call at the hall when he should feel himself well enough. Meantime she bestowed upon him quantities of early grapes and peaches, and sup-plied her nephew's bachelor establish ment with various extra comforts and luxuries for the use of the invalid.

Mr. Booker regarded these favors with suspicion, and was very careful to keep out of sight of Harry's maiden aunt.

But one evening, strolling along the stream with Sturgess, equipped with fishing rod and tackle, they passed the terrace and beheld walking there, quite unconscious of their vicinity, two ladies. One was tall, sallow and stately, dressed in black satin and carried a lace parsed in black satin, and carried a lace parasol over her elaborately frizzled head. The other was much younger, and simply attired in a brown straw garden hat and a plain gray dress, fitting very closely to a graceful figure. She had a basket on her arm, into which she was cutting a variety of flowers, occasionally 'stopping to prune away a spray here and there, evidently at the dictation of the elderly

lady. "My aunt, Miss Priscilla Courtnay," said Harry Sturgess, "and her compan-ion, Miss Sophie Courtnay. What do you think of her?" he added, with an in-terest which he could not disguise. "Nice looking and lady-like isn't she?"

"Well-yes, certainly, for one of her age. But I pity that poor little companion."

"Oh, nonsense! My Aunt Priscilla is not the dragon you evidently think her nor is Miss Sophie tyrannized over, I assure you. Of course, as a salaried companion, she has her duties to perform, and is expected to fulfill them.

"So I should think," murmured Boker, as he saw the young lady kneel on a gravel walk and dig away at the root of a rosebush. "Is she generally called upon to do gardener's work?"

"It's her own choice. She's a clover, active young woman, who can turn her hand to anything, as occasion requires, and likes to do so. She's never compell-ed to do what she don't like."

Philip rather doubted this assertion, when on the following day he again had a glimpse of the two ladies, seated in a little pavilion on the terrace. The elder was comfortably dozing in a wicker arm-chair, while her companion read to her.

sweet and clear, but rather wearied, he thought; and he saw her, on discovering Mr. Booker felt as though in a dream

my great uncle, Colonel Pepper, died, he Pepper-box! How do you relish life in left his estate to my Aunt Priscilla, with that diminutive abode? Spicy, isn't it?" that diminutive abode? Spicy, isn't it?" "It could not be otherwise with Harry for a companion. A more genial and cheerful spirited fellow I never knew. I came down here quite an invalid and his

companionship has almost restored me." "Almost?" with a little, quizzlea! glance; "really, if your performance just now was that of an invalid, what wonderful things you must be able to do not by Cr.ok. when in health?"

He accompanied her to the foot of the garden, looking down into her bright, expressive face and thinking what an attractive one it was, though certainly possessed of no claims to regular beauty. He told his friend of the interview.

"She appears to be really an interesting and superior young lady," he said

"Well, yes; she's clever and sensible and very self-reliant."

isn't married? I have an idea that she would make a good wife for a poor

"I've heard her say she would rather marry a poor man."

"Really! But then she has no idea what that means. Fancy now, my asking her to go with me to those western prairies and live on a ranch! She would be rather taken aback, hey?"

"Well, I rather think she'd go-if she liked you. I don't doubt but that she would be willing to milk the cows, and herd the calves, and call the cattle home you know, across the sands o' Dee, or Mississippi, or whatever it might be. But for my part, I'd rather marry a rich woman at once.

"And I would prefer to marry a woman whom I could love and esteem, were she as poor as Job's turkey!" asserted Mr. Booker in a tone of defiance. And presently his friend heard him

whistling absently : "Ch Mary go and call the cat le home."

Next day Mr. Philip Booker said, rather hesitatingly : "Harry, don't you think it would be as well for me to call on your aunt and

thank her for all her kindness?" "She'd be delighted. Will this morning do?"

So a few hours after saw them solemnly ascending the steps of the terrace and then shown into a large and handsome apartment, with windows opening down to the ground. From these they could see the two ladies approaching the

house from across the lawn. "Your aunt is really quite a stately old

lady," Philip remarked. "Old lady! Why, Aunt Priscilla is only twenty six!" "Twenty-six!" Why, Harry, she must be-excuse me-certainly in her fifties.

She has gray hair!" "Oh, you are mistaking Miss Sophie Courtenay for my aunt. What an odd fancy! Why, that old lady is my aunt's

companion, and the younger one-the gray dress and brown hat-is my Anut Priscilla." "Harry, you're joking."

"Not at all. It is as I tell you. You'll ee when I introduce you."

"But-you said your aunt was old." "I said she was no chicken--nor is she

at twenty-six. It was you who called her an old lady!"

"And you called her plain!"

"I said she was no great beauty; nor is she. The fact is, that because she happens to be my aunt, and to have the unfortunate name of Priscilla, you set her down at once for an ugly old maid. and I refrained from breaking that agree-Philip caught the sound of her voice, able delusion, being willing that you should see and judge for yourself."

SHORT BITS.

Em-ployment-a printer's. A green house-a new congress. The country for good appetites-Hungary.

Every living novelist is entitled to a storied earn. The thisving Apaches live by hook, but

The most elastic of parlor diversions is

a rubber of whist. A new broom ought to sweep clean, for it is generally well handled.

The chord of sympathy is often best

expressed by a cord of wood. By what means do spirits materialize?

Echo answers, "Material lies." None but the most inhuman would

think of pulling down the blind. What do men never wish to be in and yet labor hard to possess? Bonds.

Ships are very polite. Even the stern propeller generally has a graceful bow.

A Syracuse man has a hat made of the last straw which broke the camel's back. When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt, his choler begins to

rise.

The man who lost a night's sleep during the war will soon apply for a pension.

There is a tailor in town who speaks of another in the business as one of his coat-temporaries.

In France a reporter generally makes a writing desk of the back of the individual be interviews.

"Does death end all?" Well, no; it merely begins some things. The fight over the will, for instance.

The new drink is called a dude cocktail, and is made out of mush, gruel, chopped ice and fresh milk.

Small boys should pass around dictioaaries in a theater whenever an actor is holding an audience spell-bound. No matter how loose an engagement

ring may be, the diamond never slips around on the inside of a lady's finger. When a man says he is out of breath he doesn't know what he is talking about. He means that the breath is out of him.

Logic is logic, and it does not follow that Noah brewed beer in the ark because the kangaroo went on board with hops.

A Galveston paper advertises for "a first class driving horse for a lady that must be young and gentle, casy to manage, and rather fast."

The festive cockroach toils not, neither does he spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, could not make a raid on a plate

of butter like one of them. She sang, "I want to be an angel," and he swore that she was one already. To this she blushingly demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

With the man of to-day life is a pathetic, heroic and unavailing struggle against baldheadedness. It is a waste of time, money and ointment to strive against it.

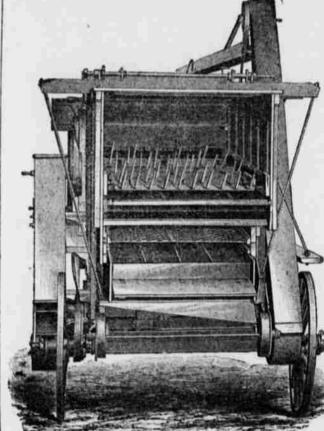
The man who wrote a little pamphlet entitled, "How to Get on in the World," was put off a street car the other day becruse he hadn't money enough to pay his fare.

An American young lady singer went to Europe bearing the name of Mary Jane Boggs, and her cognomen is now Miss Nina Lafonti. Effect of the sea air you know.

"Ma," observed a little girl, reflec-

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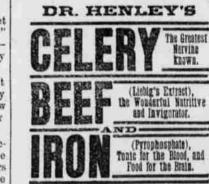
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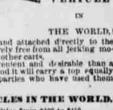
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FREECHKUP

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Harry stared thoughtfully at his friend and absently pulled down the corners of

his moustache. "It's true," he said, in a disappointed tone, "she's no chicken, and no great beauty, either; but she's very nice and pleasant for all that. As to her eccentricities-well, she does keep birds, and dogs, and such things; but I dare say if she married, she'd give them all up for the sake of her husband."

'Why hasn't she married?"

"That's another of her oddities. She has always had a morbid dread of being courted for her money, as was the case with her unhappy mother, and so she goes very little into society, and lives on her estate, with only the old servants and a companion-a distant, poor relation of her own. But she isn't selfish, and she does a great deal of good with her money. And by and by, Phil, do you know that I had another little plan to propose for the present? What do you say to going down with me for a week or so to my little speck of a place-the Pepper-box? You are looking wretchedly, I must say; and two weeks of shooting over the moors and fishing in our trout-stream will set you on your feet again, besides giving you time to decide

upon your next step." "You're a good fellow, Harry, and I shall be delighted, I am sure-provided I don't intrade upon any one. Haven't I heard you say your place adjoined your aunt's estate?"

"It was part of it, originally. When

the book, and leaning back, gaze with a sort of wistfulness away to the sunlit horizon.

"Poor little woman!" he murmured to himself, as he passed on. "I wish there were some worthy curate, or doctor, or lawyer in the neighborhood to marry her and rescue her that lonely and deperdent life with Harry's aunt!" Somehow he got into the habit of

strolling down toward the terrace garden ; and on one of these occasions fate did for him what in his secret heart he had been rather wishing for-she made him acquainted with Miss Priscilla Courtnay's companion.

The young lady, when he first came upon her unexpectedly, was standing on the bank of the stream, endeavoring with her parasol to recover the brown straw hat which was slowly drifting out of her reach. She started and colored at sight of Philip.

"Pray allow me to assist you," he said courteously lifting his hat.

And cutting a long, slender reed, he succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate property.

"I am much obliged, I am sure," said the young lady pleasantiy; "but how am I to get my hat, now that you have saved There is no bridge here, though it? there ought to be one.'

"I think I can cross it in a couple of leaps," he said, measuring the distance with his eye.

"Pray don't attempt it. You will be sure to miss that rock in the middle of the stream, easy as it looks. It is slippery, and the water deep enough to give you a thorough bath."

"I will try, nevertheless."

She watched him with interest, and when he kept his footing on the treacherous rock and then made the final spring to the opposite bank she involuntarily held out her hand as if to assist him. "How beautifully you did it! Do you

know that I have seen others attempt it -and fail? I used to wish to try it myself when I was a schoolgirl, but Miss Courtenay called me a tom-boy."

"Indeed, I should not imagine Miss Courtenay one to appreciate your per-formance in that line."

"Do you know her?" she asked, a lit-

tle curiously. "I have seen her. Indeed I have several times had the pleasure of seeing yourself and Miss Priscilla Courtenay on the terraces. My friend, Mr. Sturgess, told me who you were."

She smiled and again colored a little, "Since you are so frank, I must make a similar confession. I have more than once seen you strolling past by the brookside or haunting the park shades, and respecting your love for solitude have refrained from interrupting you. So you see we have been actually hiding from each other."

"I am greatly indebted to chance for bringing us together at last," he said gallantly.

"You are Mr. Harry Sturgess' friend, now enjoying the hospitality of his the glass.

her companion to be asleep, quietly close and although Harry's aunt made herself tively, one night, as the first stars came very agreeable, he returned home in a out, despondent mood.

"I'm almost sorry, Harry, that-that she is your rich aunt instead of the poor companion. She might think, you know, that I-hem!"

Don't let that doubt trouble you, my friend. J told her when I first came down all about your peremptory refusal to marry her, because she was rich, and though she scolded me I could see she was delighted. Go ahead, my dear boy, and if you can t be satisfied with Prissie's place, I am certain she won't refuse

to share your ranch." And Mr. Harry Sturgers joyously

whistled : "Oh, Mary go call the cattle home." -Illustrated World.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Lava from Mount Vesavius has given, while examined by Dr. P.dmieri, the spectrum line of "helium"-an element which until that discovery was recognized only in the sun.

Quinine and cinchona have proved fatal to rabbits, guinea-pigs and dogs, when administered in certain quantities under the skin. A dose of two grains proved enough to kill a dog which weighed twelve kilos.

It has been observed that "right-handedness" extends far down in the scale of creation. Parrots take hold of their food in their foot by preference, and Mr. Crookes is inclined to believe that insects like wasps, beetles and spiders, use the right anterior foot most frequently.

To increase the quantity of nitrogen which is given off as ammonia during

the destructive distillation of shales for the manufacture of oils, Dr. Urquhart mixes with the shale before introducing into the retorts an alkali or alkaline earth, and thus facilitates the combina tion of the hydrogen with the nitrogen.

Professor Jager, the "soul-smeller,"as he is familiarly called in Germany, lately delivered a lecture in which he insisted upon the expediency of wearing animal fibers, and only them next the skin. He would not have cotton or linen even for the lining of clothes. Professor Jager can amuse if he does not instruct.

At a meeting of the Academy of Medicine in Ireland, Dr. C. A. Cameron read a paper showing that a potent cause of deaf-mutism is the marriage of near blood relatives. It is indisputable that consanguineous marriages have ever had tendency to produce a degeneracy of the race. Insanity is not unfrequently the result of marriages between cousins. Herr Fandt, of Dresden, uses wires

heated to redness by electricity to cut glass, or rather break it. But there does not seem to be any advantage in the process, because the edges are rough and have to undergo considerable dressing. The wire simply heats the glass in the di-rection where the fracture is desired, and the contact with a moist surface breaks

"don't you think when those stars twinkle that way they must tickle the angels' feet?"

The large stone hand of an idol in a Chinese temple recently fell off and se-verely injured a worshipper beneath. "Satan finds some mischief still for idol hands to do."

"You're the plague of my life!" ex-claimed an angry husband. "I wish the old Nick had you!" "So I might plague you in the next world?" calmly inquired the wife.

A philosopher has discovered that the rib from which woman was formed was taken from the right side of man. Which may account for man's desire to keep on the right side of the gentler sex.

A Marylander shot a colored man in a tree en his farm the other day, and when the negro came tumbling down, apparently morially wounded, asserted that he had thought that he was a crow.

Chicago has dental rooms run on the barber shop plan, but the man who hears "Next," when his turn comes is not in such a desperate hurry to jump into the chair as he is in a tonsorial saloon.

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the coverlet," said a gentleman to a facetious domestic of his lodging house. "Very well," replied the chambermaid, "Mistress will likely put it down as rent."

Before cutting a man's head off in China the authorities considerately make him drunk. The beauty of this system is that a man can get intoxicated with-out having a head on him the next morning.

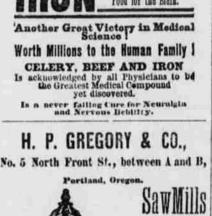
The toothache is simply the result of personal vanity. Men are born without teeth, but they are never happy antil they have a full set, and then they wonder why they ache. It is hard to satisfy human nature.

"What is the color of that judge's robe?" asked a lawyer of a stenographer. 'Well, I may be mistaken," replied the hieroglyphic slinger, "for to err is hu-man, yet I think the hue is ermine." The court adjourned sine die.

An observing pedestrian has made the startling discovery that the reason why woman cannot succeed as well as man in the walks of life is because when she is on the walks one hand is usually employed in holding up her dress.

A witty lady says that since so many spartment-houses have been put up on Back Bay, Boston, and so many single women are occupying them, what was formerly spoken of as "the new made land" has come to be called "the old maid territory."

At a fashionable wedding in New York the ceremony was performed under a foral umbrella. This was probably a little anggestion of the bride's mether, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put ap something for a rainy day.



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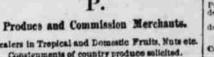
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