liew came this shell upon the mountain height? Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too reckless hand
whether there cast when oceans swept the land—
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? far from its native sea. One song it sang— one song it sang— sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide— Sang of the swful, wast profound and wide— Scilly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain height
Sirgs of the sea,
So do i ever, leagues and brazues away—
so do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home - sing, O my home,
Of thee.

—Heiena Modje

-Heiena Modjeska,

#### The Posy Express.

A. B. Miller, the prime mover, the man who prepared the way and kept it in running order from the Missouri to the Pacific, is now a resident of this city, and his hair is only streaked with gray, so fast do things change in the west. In an early day the firm of Russell, Majors, Waddell & Co., were among the largest contractors in the United States, their business sometimes amounting to \$6,000,000 annually. Mr. Miller was the "Co.," the youngest member of the firm. and in a great measure the life of it. Mails were very irregular, the stage lines taking a weekly which was sometimes lost, in fact was extremely fortunate to get through. This was conducted at a tremendous cost. There was great rivalry between the stage and ocean lines, the latter struggling for contracts for taking the mails from New York by steamer to the Isthmus, across this, and again by steamer up the western coast. The mail which went overland went by the northern route through New Mexico and Arizona. The contracting firm above mentioned had the control of the central ronte, by Kearney, Julesburg, Fort Laramie and Salt Lake. People insisted that this route was impracticable, and the idea of a daily mail over it was pooh-poohed most vigorously. Mr. Miller persuaded his more conservative partners that such a mail could be carried. From this idea grew the pony express, the fame of which was soon world wide. He was given two months, February and March, 1861, to equip the line with stock and stations, which he did at a cost of \$80,000. It was thought that the line would support itself, so the proprietors expected not to be out more than the original investment. It could hardly be said that it did pay, but it demonstrated what could be done, and encouraged the railroad and the wire to follow in its wake. Previous to this time there had been limited express lines of this kind, but nothing on so gigantic a scale. Mr. Miller had been over the route enough to know what had been He said that Salt Lake could be reached from St. Joe in ten days and the coast in five days more.

On the 3d of April the ponies were started from each end of the line. By this time the confidence of Miller had proved infectious and Russell was just as confident. The N w York steamer company were confident, too, but not in the same way. So a bet was made. It was a pretty good-sized bet, being for

breathless interest. Station after station

\$50 000 a side. The race began and was watched with

was passed. The pony from the ocean and the pony from the valley panted miles between them, melting away. At each station there was another horse saddled and rider ready spurred. The mail bag was tossed from one to the other, and on sped, like the wind, the fresh horse and rider. One boy on the first trip was lost in a canyon of snow. For four precious hours he wandered. Then he started on with desperate vigor. Another was lost in the Platte. The horse he rode was drowned. But the rider swam out with his mail and footed it to the next station. Here his relief was in waiting, and the flight was taken up again. Would the riders and the horses, with their daring and energy, win? Would the accident and the strangeness of the trial make them lose? No one could tell. The days passed. The ponics neared each other. They passed. The riders gave a wild hurrah. On and on; whip and spur. Ten days are gone, and the ponies have kept up to the mark. Fifteen. At four o'clock the westward bound must be in Sacramento. The noon has passed, and the minutes are being counted. Half past three. Will the brave rider be on hand? As yet there is no sign. With only thirty minutes to spare Russell wants: o double his bet. Then a speck of dust is seen. It grows to a cloud. The rider waves his hat. The people shout. The pony express has crossed the Great American desert. Vic. tory! There is still twenty minutes grace. This speed was always kept up just as

if there were \$50,000 as stake daily. It was the same for months, when the complications of the war turned everything unside down. The riders went to do battle, the stations were abundoned, contracts went to other hands, and grass grew over the trail. But soon the stage used it and the telegraph line was not far behind, while those who have rushed across the plains by steam know what followed these innovations.

The riders of the pony express were all young, wiry fellows, whose very love of excitement and danger had brought them to the frontier. In this occupation they had their fill. The individual adventures would fill a volume. The life, with its exposures and hardship, was a wearing one. What has become of the riders now is a question. Many of them have followed the frontier, and will stay on its fore until they die. Many are dead already. One, named Murray, recently health and fiesh. Horses are often expecially died in Salt Lake. From the stripling of the '60's he came to weigh 220 pounds. He made quite a reputation as a desperate character. As one who knew him said, "He got too big to ride a pony, but had a good build for holding up stages." One of the most daring of the crowd rode into Salt Lake from eighty miles this side, through the wild est part of the route. It was a hard task, but the lad was equal to it, doing the work of about four men. He afterdied on a southern battlefield.

These riders were of a class similar to cowbows of the present day, ready for a

their friends. There was only one mail lost by them, and that happened to be of little value. It was lost in Egan's Canyon when the rider in charge was attacked by Indians, his borse killed, and he himself wounded. The company tried to get the Government to punish the Indians for this, but there was another matter for Uncle Sam to attend to just then. So Miller took seventy five playful savages, and found that they kept out of the way very nicely forever after. The charges for carrying letters were \$5 per ounce or fraction thereof. This was afterward reduced to half that as "Pony Express" was invented, its best point being that it weighed almost nothing. The contents of an eight page paper could be written upon it and sent

The income of the concern while running averaged \$500 per day. Some very valuable documents were carried, and in every case arrived in good order. England was at that time having a little arthe home Government were carried by so much that the charges upon it were \$135.—Eastern Paper.

#### A Patriotic Gir',

Probably no country can furnish more striking proofs of patriotism in the sacrifices voluntarily made by individuals than the great German nation, no matter of what circle or what section. During the Seven years' War, the sacrifices made by individual Prussians to sustain the shattered fortunes of the monarch whom they loved were such as to challenge the admiration of friend and enemy alike. Willis, and he is over 80 years of age. But the most wonderful instances of personal sacrifice and heroism are to be found in the story of Napoleon's invasion, 1813. In looking over a few pages of that history I came across the following incident, which I thought worthy of being transcribed for a place by itself.

A Silesian girl, of tender age, when the French were threatening her native land, saw her neighbors and older members of her own family carnestly at work to help repel the invader; and when the thought came upon her that she could do nothing she was in sore distress-so much so that she went away into the little garden of her father's cot, where she sat down and wept. By and by she dashed away the tears, thinking to sink upon her knees and pray. As she did this, she gathered the flowing tresses of her hair with which to wipe her cheeks. That hair was long and silken, of a golden lustre, and pronounced beautiful. A happy thought struck her. She sprang to her feet, and hastened into the cot; where, without speaking to any one of ber purpose, she put on her hat and mantle, and hurried away.

It was early in the day when she set forth; and before noon she had walked ten miles, to Breslau, where she was fortunate enough to hit upon a hairdresser as honest, if not so patriotic, as herself. Yet, he was a sterling patriot. The girl told him her simple story—told | called—was full of chunks and openings it with all the eloquence of her native through which the rains could easily modesty and truth. She wanted to sell pour. There was no sign of a door to aer hair-the whole of it-for all it the habitation. In the muck outside would bring, that she might give the the veriest skeleton of a calf tottered money toward the need of her country, about.

The hair-dresser examined the hair, and presently told the girl that he would not set a price upon it then. He frankly Her account of their taking to such confessed that it was the most beautiful queer lodgings was a painful recital. hair, and the most valuable, he had ever time; but that was far from the worth of house and lot in Seventy-first street. But he can't take the book larnin' to any the hair. She should let him cut it off, reverses came. He lost heart, became great shakes. and do the best he could with it, and improvident, fell sick and deprived of "You are a when he had sold it he would call upon everything, the family came to this rick-

He cut it very carefully, however, leaving a few pretty ringlets over the fore- It was while in this strait that Charlotte head; so that, with a neat little cap, she O'Neil began her unfeminine work. hair left. Never mind what was said when she got home; only we will record that her sublime spirit of patriotism was recognized and applauded, which was re- with him and turned her hand to the ward enough for her.

At Breslau, the hair dresser exhibited a local curiosity. the breatiful tresses that had come into his possession, and told the story of the girl who had made the heroic sacrifice One wealthy lady offered him a hundred dollars for the hair, cash on the spot; but he would not sell it so. He made it up into bracelets and neck-chainsmade from the hair of a young patriot who loved her country more than she loved her own beauty. And at the end of one month, he appeared at the humble cot, and caused the chief magistrate of the village to be called in, and into his hands he gave two hundred dellars as the contribution of the young girl to the needs of her own country in its hour of sore distress! And a few dallars more he gave to the girl, for her own use, in private; and this, with his consent, she gave to a poor family, all of whose sons had gone into the army.

That may certainly be called individual patriotism!

Live Stock in Midsummer. This is a trying time for all kinds of farm animals; pastures are usually short, in the museum of the College of Surold grain is high, and the new not in the best condition for feeding. It is well to make the most of wooded pastures, where the animals can enjoy the shade during the hot days, and get a part of their living from the underbrash. A good supply of fodder corn helps to keep the cows up to their full flow of milk, and the other live stock in good tremely annoyed by flies, especially when in a shadeless pasture. to let them stand in a dark stable during mid-day, and then turn them out near nightfall. Horses, when at work, need the protection of a fly-sheet. This is Jame easily made and prevents much fretting. Lambs are now separated from the ewes. and should be pastured as far apart as possible. Place some wethers with the lambs to lead the flock, and in a few weeks the lambs will be entirely weaned. 1862. wards joined the confederate army, and | Pigs for early market need to be pushed vigorously, with abundant food at the trough. The apple orchard makes a pasture for swine. The falling fruit is died 1870. the determination to make the most of it. They were loyal to each other and benefit of the swins and the orchard.

| Drawing the legal inches at make that "onions are a vegetable that make death. Born at Market Wheaton, in you sick when you don't eat them your-it. They were loyal to each other and benefit of the swins and the orchard. fight or a frome, and entering either with usually wormy, and the pigs in eating it,

#### Charlotte O'Neil, Laborer.

The freshly-hown rock glittered in the hot sun and a film of dust floated over the triangular space at Second avenue and Seventieth street, where contractors are clearing away a mass of solid stone. Men were sitting cross-legged breaking the shattered bowlders to pieces, and others were about filling their carts with men, went out and killed a few of the the fragments. Among the laborers, working barder than any of them, and more skilfully as well, was a woman 22 years of age. Her face was tanned, her clothing was soiled and the apron about her head was neither clean nor picturamount, and then a sort of paper known esque. But her face was not uncomely and her actions were marked by a modesty and restraint ill-attuned to her occupation. An old man, fully four-score years of age, stood beside her, and when the cart was filled be mounted to the seat and drove away.

The old man and young woman have been a wonder in the neighborhood. The novelty of a woman taking to such a pursuit has been a source of ceaseless comgument with China. Reports from the ment. The superintendent of the work English squadrom in Chinese waters to said he knew nothing of her. The stone was given to the carters and they were this route, it being the quickest and saf- paid fifteen cents a load for taking it to est. One of these official papers weighed a boat at the foot of the street. The woman and the old man had been among the first to avail themselves of the employment. The man was too aged and decrepit to do more than drive the cart. The barder work was left to the woman. A reporter questioned the female laborer, who said:

"My name is Charlotte O'Neil. I could find no other work to do. My father has been too sick to do anything for ever so long. This old man and I are the only support of the family. He has lived with us for a long time and has known us for many years. We call him Bess We live on the rocks at the foot of Seventy second street, but we have not

much of a home there.' The woman spoke the truth. The abode of the O'Neil's is perhaps as odd a one as can be found in this city or its suburbs. Perched upon an elevation just off the eastern boulevards is a long, straggling structure which looks as though a puff of wind would topple it over. A crazy gate, bigger than a barn door and fastened only by a bit of wire, pens upon a lot with a battered, tumbledown hutch of a building at one end. When the reporter passed into the enclosure yesterday he found, among a score of dogs and in a squalor of manure heaps, rusted axles, broken wheels and scattered bricks, a gray-haired woman. No stranger collection of junk was ever soen than that which littered the place. There were broken ladders, shattered shutters, unwheeled barrows, crushed cans, loosened bedding, straw and hay. The area, closed in by pieces of tin roofing and old palings, was a picture of desolation.

The building at the extremity was little more than a lot of worm eaten boards propped by a few crazy posts. In one end a cow was stabled. In the other were a bed, a few boxes and an old stove. The roof-if roof it could be

This was the home of the O'Neils. The gray haired woman was Mrs. O'Neil. Joseph O'Neil, ber busband, had been a her and make a final settlement; to all of which she gladly assented. ety shanty for shelter. Boss Willis had known the family in their better days. And then she sat down and let him He, too, had gone to seed, but he had take her beautiful hair-the pride of her dragged himself from the aslmhouse, parents, and the delight of her friends. where he had sought aid in his old days, and did what he could to support them. would still have a trace of the beautiful They had a horse still-a worn, decrepit back-but still able to go about in harstrange employment which has made her

### Modern Giants.

London Tid-bits gives the following list of notable men and women of great stature:

Samuel McDonald, a Scotchman, nicknamed "Big Sam," was six feet ten inches in height. Was footman to Prince of Wales. Died 1802.

Alice Gordon, Essex, England, giant-ess, seven feet. Died 1737. Anne Hanen Swan, of Nova Scotia,

seven feet. La Pierre, of Stratgard, in Denmark, vas seven feet one inch. Henry Blacker, seven feet four inches, and most symmetrical. Born at Cuck-

field, in Sussex, in 1724. Generally called the "British Giant." Was exhibited in London in 1751. Howard Hamford, seven feet four inches. Died 1768. Buried in St. Dunstan's churchyard, London.

Louis Frenz, Frenchmen, seven feet four inches. His left hand is preserved

geons, London. Martin Seleron, a Mexican, seven feet four inches.

a half feet high, with strength in proportion. Heinrich Osen, born in Norway, seven

feet six irches; weight, three hundred pounds, or fifteen stone. Edward Melon, seven feet six inches. Born at Port Leicester, Ireland, 1665, and died 1684, being only nineleen years

James McDonald, seven feet six inches, native of Cork, Ireland; died Robert Hale, seven feet six inches; born at Somerton, England, in 1820, and often called the "Norfolk giant;" died in

Francis Sheridan, an Irishman, seven feet eight inches; weight, twenty-two stone; girth of chest, fifty-eight inches;

Bradley, seven feet eight inches at

preserved in the Museum of the College

of Surgeons, 1798-1820. Joseph Rice, seven feet eight inches. At the age of twenty-six years he was exhibited in London, 1862-65. His hand could span fifteen and a half inches. Born at Ramenchamp, in the Vosges, France, 1840, Was sometimes called Anak.

Cornelius Magrath, seven feet eight inches. He was an orphan and reared by Bishop Berkeley, England. Died at the age of twenty years. 1740-1760.

John Busby of Darfield, seven feet nine inches. His brother was about the same height.

Joachim Eleosgue, Spanish giant, seven feet ten inches. Exhibited in Lon-

Captain Bates, of Kentucky, seven feet eleven and one-half inches. Exhibited in London, 1871. Harold Hardrara, Norwegian giant,

nearly eight feet.

Gilly, a Swede, eight. Exhibited at show early in the nineteenth century. William Evans, eight feet at death. Porter & Charles I. Died 1632. Charlemange, nearly eight feet. He could squeeze together three horseshoes

at once in his hands. J. Toller, of Nova Scotia, eight feet,

died 1819. Maximilian Christopher Miller, eight feet. His hand measured twelve inches and his forefinger was nine inches long. Called the "Saxon Giant." Died in London. 1674 1784.

Chang Woo Goo, of Tychon, Chinese giant, eight feet two inches. Exhibited in London 1866 67, and again in 1880.

J. Reichart of Friedburg, Sweden, eight feet three inches. His rather and mother were giants.

Charles O'Brien of Byrne, Irish giant, eight feet four inches. His skeleton is preserved in the museum of the college of surgeons. 1763-1873. Patrick, his brother, was eight feet seven inches.

Lousbkin, Russian giant, eight feet even inches, drum-major of the Imperial Guards.

Maximus, eight feet six inches. The Roman emperor.

A human skeleton, eight feet six inches, is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

#### The Squatter's Daughter.

"Light and look at yer saddle," said the squatter's daughter, as a man stopped at the fence. The man, who had been several weeks in the neighborhood, and who had become so well acquainted with the girl that her handsome face was ever before him, advanced to where she was sitting, and lingeringly shook the hand which she extended him :

"How are you, Emily?" "Fust rate; never felt better nor had

"Where's all the folks?"
"Scattered. Dad's gone to the stillhouse, mam's gone to a quiltin', Bob's lying round loose somewhere and Dick's drunk, I speck.

"Emily," said the visitor, seating him-self in the doorway, "don't you know that dressed in anything like a stylish way you would be one of the most handsome girls Tever saw?" "Wall, Lor', I hadn't thought about

"Wouldn't you like to wear fine

"Now, you're houtin'."

"And have a good education?" "I don't kere so much about the eddycation, 'cause I'm sorter 'spicious 'bout book sense. Real old hoss sense is the

"You are mistaken. Education accomplishes wonders, and without our colleges and schools this entire country would be worse than it was when first discovered."

"I know jes' what I'm talkin' about," she replied, "an' thar ain't no usen you tryin' to talk book larnin' again me, case I'se got the figures. A mighty endy-cated feller come to see me, fur a long time, an' folks 'lowed we'd marry, an' l reckin we would ef it hadn't er bin that his eddycation proved to be a failure. One day at a log rollin', Tony Diver, the runt of the neighborhood, arter hearin' my eddycated man blow a powerful chance, went up to him an' said: "Look shear, cap'n, you've been talkin' bout your eddycation for some time, now I want to show you that it don't amount to nothin',' an tellin' the smart man to cut his capers. Tony grabbed him. They scuffled aroun' a while, an' finally Tony flung him. Tony don't know a letter in the book, an' when it was diskivered that the fellow's eddycation didn't amount to anythin', pap he comes home and sez: 'Emily, that smart man o' yourn was flung down jes' now by Tony Diver. Ef yer marry him I'll drive yer from under my roof, an' you shan't come back no 'Pap,' s'I, 'I ain't a goin' ter fling myself away.

"Emily, do you think that you could live happily with me?" "Look a here, if Gabe Johnson knowed

that yer was er talktn' ter me that er way, he'd chaw yer mane.

"What, are you engaged to him?" "It hits me that 'er way."

"I must say that I don't think he's-"Hole on right thar. Didn't be whip the preacher at Dry Fork t'other day, an' didn't he slap the jaw offen the county judge? Yer can't set here su' talk about a man with such 'complishments. Get Porus, an Indian king, who fought againsi Alexander near the River eler.

Hydaspes, B. C. 327, was seven feet and

W. R. Polston, of Nashville, has a three legged bay colt, which is now over a year old. Excepting the fact that he possesses one leg less than any other members of his species, he is a perfectly formed animal. When the writer saw him he was hopping around Mr. Polston's back yard, and resented an interference with his long tail by kicking as vigorously and with as much grace and precision as an old mule. The entire left fore shoulder and leg of this remark able animal is missing, the only effort which nature seems to have made to attempt to supply this want being a bone something in the shape of a seal's fin, and about the same size.—Nashville American.

A boy says that in his composition that "onions are a vegetable that make

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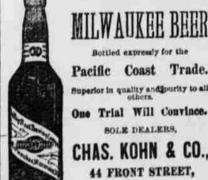
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