

## THEIR MISTAKE.

"Let's see," said Farmer Hawes, as he rose from the breakfast table, "to-day's Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied his wife, "it's Saturday, and I don't see how I'm ever to get this house righted. First thing I know 'twill be Monday, and then there'll be the washing and ironing. Dear, dear, it's work, work, work!"

"Well, don't fret, Jane; we must plan it so to have a little rest to-morrow. I know Sunday isn't much of a Sunday in this out of the way woodsy place, but we can make it as restful as possible."

"Tom," he continued, addressing his son, "we'll cut those trees over there on the brow of the hill, and after dinner you may drive over to Hammondville with a load of apples."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawes, "and when you go you can carry the children and me as far as Mrs. Wilbur's. I've been promising to go down there for a long time, and now is as good a time as any."

Tom and his father felled the trees and returned to the house where a piping hot dinner awaited them. Their morning work had sharpened their appetites, and they did full justice to the tempting viands which good Mrs. Hawes spread before them.

"Come Tom, if you're through dinner, we'll load up the apples," said Mr. Hawes, in the brisk tone characteristic of a man who makes every moment count. The fruit was soon in the wagon and Tom drove up to the farm house door.

"Ready, mother?" he called.

"Yes," and soon his mother and the two little girls, Nellie and Sue, were packed away on the seat.

"Tom," said she, as they alighted at Mrs. Wilbur's gate, "there's a bundle under the seat I want you to take to the girls."

"All right," and Tom drove off, whistling as merrily as only a happy boy can. Reaching Hammondville, he drove immediately to the house of Deacon Jenkins.

"The deacon is in the parlor," said Mary, the girl, in answer to Tom's inquiries.

"Please tell him I'd like to see him a moment."

Presently the kindly old gentleman appeared.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"I have some very nice apples out here in the wagon," began Tom, earnestly, "the best kind of eating apples; I would like you to come out and look at them."

"Really, my lad," returned the deacon in a somewhat surprised and dignified tone, "I hardly think it proper to buy—"

"If you look at them, you'll surely buy them," quickly interrupted Tom. "There isn't a better apple in the market, sir; I know you'll like them; they're genuine Harveys, every one, good and sound."

"But I don't approve of buying apples."

"Let me bring a full measure for you to see."

"No, no, I don't care to look at them now. Perhaps I ought not to purchase them to-day, but you may bring me over a barrel Monday."

"I can leave them now, if you like, sir; they're right handy."

"No, not now. Monday will be time enough."

"That's a great note," muttered Tom to himself, as he turned away from the door; "I've three minds not to bring them at all. Why couldn't he take them now, instead of making me drive over again? Guess they've got company; the deacon was all dressed up and so was Mary. They've been good customers of ours, and I think it's downright mean to put a fellow to so much trouble," and he drove briskly away.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he reached Main street, "what's all the stores closed for? Some big man must be dead; wonder if it's the president! Guess I'll drive around to the hotel and leave that bundle with the girls and ask them what's up."

Accordingly he drove to the hotel where his two elder sisters were working; they saw him coming and ran to the door.

"Hello, girls!" was Tom's boyish greeting; "what are you pinked up so for?"

"Why, Tom Hawes, what ever brought you here in those old clothes?" asked Carrie, in a reproving voice.

"And how came you to bring that load of apples? Folks will think you are a heathen," added Sarah.

"I'd like to know what you are blazing away like that for?" asked Tom, indignantly. "I'm just as good as any body else, if I haven't got on a broadcloth suit."

"Of course you're just as good," returned Carrie; "but you might have a little more pride, and come here looking shabby. But what are you going to do with those apples?"

"Sell 'em, of course. I drove over to Deacon Jenkins', but he had company, I guess; he wouldn't take them to-day. Say, girls, what are all the stores closed for? Is the president or anybody else dead?"

"What are the stores closed for? Why, Tom, are you crazy? It's Sunday."

"Sunday?" exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes in astonishment.

"Of course; there's the Baptist bell ringing now. Honestly, Tom, didn't you know it?" queried Sarah.

"Honor bright, we thought 'twas Saturday. Father and I cut wood all the morning, and I've carried mother and the girls down to Mrs. Wilbur's. If I don't hurry out of town, my name isn't Tom Hawes!" and catching up the reins, he drove rapidly away, with rather a sheepish look on his usually frank face.

Reaching Mrs. Wilbur's gate, his mother and little sisters resumed their places in the wagon. He knew by their faces that they were conscious of their mistake.

"You didn't meet with very good success in selling the apples, did you?" asked his mother, a knowing smile hovering about her mouth.

"No, and I guess you've found the reason," returned Tom.

"My! wasn't mamma's face red when Nellie Wilbur asked if we didn't dress up Sundays. 'Twas too funny, wasn't it?" and Nellie burst into a merry laugh, in which the others heartily joined.

"See, papa's at the wood-pile, cuttin' wood," cried little Sue, as they came in

sight of the house. "Him don't know it's Sunday."

"Don't say a word about it," said Mrs. Hawes, "until he asks about the apples."

"Here we are, all back again, papa," shouted Nellie.

"So I see, so I see," replied her father; "and judging from your faces, you've had a right merry time, I reckon. How's this, Tom? Didn't you sell an apple?"

"No, father, not one."

"How's that?"

"I only tried Deacon Jenkins. He ordered a barrel to be delivered Monday. He's a very pious man, you know, and don't believe in buying apples on Sunday."

"On Sunday?"

"Yes, papa, to-day's Sunday. Honest true, 'tis," cried Nellie.

Then followed a general explanation and a chorus of laughter. It is needless to add that Farmer Hawes has been quite attentive to the almanac since their memorable mistake.

Sir Moses Montefiore.

In Leghorn, on the 24th of October, 1784, Rachel, the daughter of Abraham Mocatta, gave to her husband, the merchant Joseph Elias Montefiore, his first-born son, and they named the child Moses.

Sir Moses, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies, and can find at will among the superb stories of his memory the incident or scene he wants, which he relates with eyes that sparkle as in youth. He is a tall man of majestic presence; his handsome features, unworriedly firm in repose, have the most attractive mobility when he speaks or smiles.

His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation day including a sum of £10 in each letter for the purpose.

He always directs prayers to be offered in the schools of Jerusalem on the birthdays of the queen and prince of Wales. The City of London college, soon to be opened by the latter at Moorfields, recently received Sir Moses' check for £500.

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazaar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets, which he as continuously gave away right and left to the hungry-eyed little gamins who crowd around such gay scenes.

One day last May (1883) Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Herman Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabaeus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged schools!" A pound for each year of Sir Moses' life. When I asked Dr. Adler to tell me in a word the sum of Sir Moses' effectiveness, he replied: "By his example he has stimulated his brethren in Europe to think of and work for their co-religionists in the east, and his sustained efforts, indirectly the origin of the 'Alliance Israelite' in Paris and the Anglo Jewish Association here, have inspired all the exertions made during the last year to relieve and rehabilitate the persecuted Jews of Russia."

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent, in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina hospital for the sick, in Southwark road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, whose wife, Evelina, was a relation of Sir Moses. And as the centenary of this beloved patriarch approaches, signs are not wanting of the universal interest he excites.

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a Rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish people is to be presented to him. I have also heard that a celebration in his honor is under consideration in the city of New York, warmly seconded by, if not originating with, his personal friend, the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, son of the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, founder of the Jewish Messenger; and here in England preparation are being made to celebrate worthily the interesting date.—Harper's for November.

"We Can't Help Ourselves!"

"Dreadfully! I just hate to wear mind. Would it be terrible if there should be an accident?" These words, uttered in a sepulchral whisper, were wafted to me on the breeze as I leaned over the railing of the steamer Charles P. Chouteau one evening last week, says the St. Louis Speculator. This evidently emanated from one of a couple of modest and neatly-attired young ladies who were engaged in earnest conversation not far from me. My mind, finding nothing to feed upon in the long lines of parted water upon which I was gazing, I seized with avidity upon this wandering scrap of conversation, and I fell to analyzing it, wondering what possible connection there could be between a lady's wearing apparel and the possibilities of a steamboat accident. What was it she hated to wear, and she did wear, and why did she hate, and why, hating it, did she wear it?

Because of this mystifying conversational fragment, I played eavesdropper and listened with all ears in hopes of hearing something more which might prove a key to the enigma, but they had evidently exhausted the subject and were now studying the turbid Mississippi water, as though picturing their own lifeless corpses floating upon the tide. All at once I espied a lady acquaintance seated in close proximity to the aforesaid maidens. She was equal to the occasion. Women always are. She nodded her head sagely when I repeated the puzzling words I had overheard, smiled pityingly upon my masculine ignorance, and quietly remarked:

"They were talking about their stockings; they were black. Every woman on the boat has black stockings on. O, you needn't look around, you can't see them. I can't see them, but I know they're black, and they're crock, crock dreadfully so, of course, we're naturally nervous about accidents. Women think a great deal about their appearance, even after they're dead. I mean they would like their corpses to present a clean and beautiful appearance, even though they are

not in a condition themselves to admire it. No woman would willingly be caught dead with dirty—I mean with crooked feet; and yet, if anything were to happen to this boat there would be a terrible revelation. Why, if some one were to suddenly issue the command now, 'Off shoes and stockings,' you'd see every woman drop down on her knees and draw her pedal extremities up under her skirts like so many sin-convicted penitents at a protracted meeting. Just you, for experiment now, when you're talking to some of these girls, lead the conversation round to childhood days, and suggest what fun it would be to paddle with bare feet in the water, as she used to do then, and see if she don't display a sensitiveness greater than Lord Byron's when any one chanced to refer furtively to his deformed member.

"You see, we can't help ourselves. You're just nobody nowadays if you don't wear black silk stockings, and you can't wash 'em—it spoils them to wash them; you just shake them out and wear them all summer. They are black; you know, and it don't show."

This was too much. I got up and walked off to the far end of the boat by myself and prayed. I prayed that the boat might spring a leak and go down, so that the two thousand pairs of black stockings might have a chance of getting washed before the summer was over.

Disraeli and Wines.

"How do you manage to keep so healthy?" he was asked by a dyspeptic fop. "By dining off a sardine," was the answer, and there was some truth in this. To the end of his life Disraeli always ate very sparingly when alone, and this enabled him to keep a good appetite for public occasions, thereby rebutting the presumption, which his pale face suggested, that he was consumptive. In this connection some remarks of his about wine may be mentioned. Hard drinking was in fashion during his youth, and at public dinners men who let the bottle pass were hardly regarded as gentlemen. Disraeli, who could never stand much wine, suffered a great deal from this social usage, and he set himself to study the demeanor of men who could drink deep without being any the worse for it. Lord Melbourne was one of these, and he gave Disraeli a wrinkle by saying: "You can drink if you don't talk; if you talk much you needn't drink for people will think you are drunk and let you alone." It is obvious that the excitement of conversation must co-operate powerfully with the fumes of wine in making the brain reel. Disraeli, having noted this fact, went further into the subject by observing that a man's convivial propensities are always taken for granted if he talks in praise of wine and appears to be very critical about it. Some of his remarks savoring of the most refined epicureanism may therefore be ascribed solely to his temperate desire to find excuses for not drinking. He was not a judge of wines, though he pretended to be, and once allowed himself to lay down the law about Burgundy against the late Lord Sefton. A droll trait in him was that he spoke enthusiastically about certain choice wines, but he never described any sort of liquor, even gin. A reason he once gave for "saying something kind" about brandy in the presence of a person addicted to spirits would have had a Mephistophelian ring if the subject of the observation had not been, humanly speaking, irreclaimable: "I could not speak ill of his only friend." "I should call brandy his enemy," interposed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates his enemy the worse for hearing him well spoken of," was the mild retort.—Temple Bar.

The First Russian Printer.

According to the Novoe Vremya, the project of celebrating the three hundred anniversary of the first printer, Ivan Fedoroff, who died December 17, 1883, has been receiving attention in Russian literary circles. Fedoroff, who was at first a scribe, founded at Moscow the first printing press established in Russia, of which the first production was the Apostol, (the Acts and Epistles divided according to the requirements of the Liturgy) printed in 1564, and still to be seen in the Synodalnaya Typographia in Moscow. Being accused of heresy, Fedoroff migrated to Lithuania and established another press in the neighborhood of Vilna. He afterward went to live at Lvov, where he set up a third press, from which issued another edition of the Apostol. He quitted Lvov to settle at Ostrog, which owed to him the fourth press established in Russia, the one which subsequently became so famous, and whence issued in 1580 the Psalter and the New Testament, and in 1581 the celebrated Ostrog Bible, published through the exertions and at the expense of Prince Constantine Ostrozsky.—The Athenaeum.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is the second largest United States bondholder, having \$30,000,000 invested.

Miss Maggie Knoll, of Erie, Pa., is under an engagement to play cornet and violin solos in the Leipzig orchestra of Cincinnati.

Mr. Woodall, member of parliament for Stoke-on-Trent, presided at a great siffage meeting held in London recently.

Mr. Ruskin entertains a profound sympathy with Miss Greenaway's genius, and says that her minuteness and delicacy of touch are carried to the utmost limit.

The Chautauque course of study has a temperance branch, Miss Willard having made out the list of books and been chosen secretary of the department. Many ladies are pursuing the course in their homes.

A letter has been returned to the Paterson, N. J., postoffice on the back of which are twenty different kinds of stamps, showing that it has had the care of as many different postmasters. This letter contains a £10 bill of exchange, and was mailed from Paterson in October last, but so badly addressed that the destination had to be guessed at. It was first sent to Ireland, and to every postoffice on that island. It was then tried in Italy, where failure to find the owner caused it to be sent to China, and from the Oriental empire it has been returned to the sender.

**WILLIAM BECK & SON**  
 Sharp's, Remington's, Ballard's, Marib and Winchester Repeating Rifles.  
 Colt's, Remington's, Parker's, Moore's and Baker's Double and Three-Barrel  
**BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS.**

**FISHING TACKLE!**  
 Of every description and quality.  
**LEADERS, FLY MOORS, HASKETS,**  
 Braided and Tapered Oil Silk Lines,  
**SIX SPICED SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,**  
 Strongest Lines and Hooks of all kinds.  
 165 and 167 Second Street, Portland.

**GARRISON'S**  
**SEWING MACHINE**  
**STORE**  
 167 Third St., PORTLAND, OREGON.  
**JOHN B. GARRISON, Propr.**  
 All the Leading Sewing Machines, Oil Needles, Attachments and Genuine Parts for sale.  
 All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Warranted.  
 GENERAL AGENT FOR  
 The Household and White Sewing Machines.  
**PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
 N. E. Cor. Second and Yamhill Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON.  
 A. P. ARMSTRONG, Principal.  
 J. A. WESCO, Penman and Secretary.  
 Designed for the Business Education of Both Sexes.

*Students*  
 Admitted on any week day of the year.  
**PEN-WORK!**  
 Of all kinds executed to order at reasonable rates. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
 The College "Journal," containing information of the course of study, rules of tuition, time to enter, etc., and cuts of plain and ornamental penmanship, free.

**CHEAPEST HOUSE**  
 FOR  
**AMERICAN WATCHES.**  
 Elgin, Springfield or Waltham Watch.  
 In 3 ounce Silver Case.....\$13 00  
 In 3 ounce Silver Case..... 15 50  
 In 4 ounce Silver Case..... 17 50  
 I mean business, and guarantee these Genuine American Movements—no imitation.  
 Also full stock of  
**JEWELRY, CLOCKS and SPECTACLES.**  
 Goods sent "C. O. D." by any part of the country.  
**JOHN A. BECK,**  
 Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
 149 Front St. (opposite the Fenelon),  
 Portland, Oregon.

**F. W. DEARBORN & CO.**  
 Manufacturers and Dealers in  
**DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS, GLASS,**  
 107 Front Street, Portland, Or.  
 ESTIMATES FURNISHED.  
**S. & G. GUMP & CO.,**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 Picture Frames, Mouldings, Mirrors, Art Goods, Etc.,  
 69 Third Street (Alamworth Block),  
 PORTLAND, OR.  
**USE ROSE PILLS.**

**FAIRBANKS'**

**STANDARD SCALES**  
 FOR  
 WAREHOUSE, STORE AND FARM USE.  
 GRAIN AND STOCK TRUCKS.  
 Write for Price List.  
 L. H. PARKER, Agent,  
 88 North Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

**DR. HENLEY'S**  
**CELERY**  
**BEEF**  
**IRON**  
 (Lindberg's Extract),  
 the Wonderful Nutritive and Invigorant.  
 (Pyrophosphate),  
 Tonic for the Blood, etc.  
 Food for the Brain.

Another Great Victory in Medical Science!  
 Worth Millions to the Human Family!  
**CELERY, BEEF AND IRON**  
 Is acknowledged by all Physicians to be the Greatest Medical Compound yet discovered.  
 Is a never failing cure for Neuritis and Nervous Debility.

**E. S. Larsen & Co.,**  
 WHOLESALE GROCERS  
 SHIPPING **E. S. L. & CO. MARK P.**  
 Produce and Commission Merchants.  
 Dealers in Tropical and Domestic Fruits, Nuts etc.  
 Consignments of country produce solicited.  
 Nos. 113 & 114 Front Street, Portland, Or.

**USE ROSE PILLS**

P. M. AKIN, BEN. SELLING, H. E. DORCH  
**"THE BOSS"**  
 BUY NO OTHER.

**B. B. B.**  
 See that Our Name is on Every Pair.  
 AKIN, SELLING & CO.,  
 Portland, Oregon.

**Northern Pacific R. R. Co.**  
 LAND DEPARTMENT  
 (Western District.)  
 This company offers for sale about four million acres of  
**FERTILE LANDS**  
 in  
 Washington Territory and Idaho.  
 At low rates for cash, or on  
**EASY TIME TERMS.**  
 ONE-FIFTH DOWN;  
 Balance in four annual payments, with interest at 7 per cent. Apply to  
**PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Agt.,**  
 PORTLAND, OREGON.

**USE ROSE PILLS.**

**PERUVIAN BARK**

**CINCHONA RUBRA (Red Peruvian Bark) and California Grape Brandy.** A most delightful Tonic, and Effective Remedy for Dipomania (the alcohol habit), all forms of Malarial Diseases, Dyspepsia and Insomnia (sleeplessness).

No Greater Success has been recorded, and nothing ever introduced giving such unqualified Satisfaction. Try it once, and be convinced. For sale by Druggists and Wine Merchants.

WILMERDING & CO., Agents for the Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal.  
 CHAS. KOHN & CO., Sole Agents for the Northwestern Coast. 44 Front St., Portland, Or.