AFTER THE HARVEST.

The wonders of harvest are manifold As Sybiline words from the Sphinx of old, When over the meado ws the sheaves are rolled, The basiley like sliver, the wheat like gold; But the darkest riddle of life is told When love, like the grain, for a price is sold!

Janet and I with the respect wrought As a lowir last and insite ought, When little is sail, but muon is thought: What did I gamer but sorow? Sauga ? As over the mendow the sheaves we rolled, And barley was silver and wheat was good

She was a woman, wondrous fair, A core of summers had sunned as r hair; My lips were beardless, my brown checks bare; For sixteen seasons had brough no care, If bailoy was silver, or when was gold, Or love, like the grain, f r a price was sold:

Tais was the way my love was won-S is turned to me when our tasks were done, As ripe grain turns to the glowing sun Bof se ine harresting is begun! A riddle, allke to the young and old. When barley seems allver and wheat pure gold!

W. kissed! Before but a mother's kiss Had blended with mine; but this, on this biscovered and filled my soul's avyss With life's best vintage, a lover's this! But the story of barrest will never be told, An 1 the wonders of loving are manifold!

Naxt day I wrought in the fields alone, free heart in my bosom a blood-red stone, For I heard the winds to the stubble moan. "The lord of these lands has wedded his own!" when love like the grain for a price is sold. No barley seems aliver, no wheat like gold? —Simeon Tuexer Clarke.

A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Mr. Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabbe's big retail dry goods store, was stealthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner among some empty boxes. It was not a very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice water with it.

A very mild, pleasant looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's, and fair hair, partod down the middle; but he was very doleful at this moment, for Crabbe, dolerul at this moment, for Grabbe, senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady, who was not to be suited by mortal salesman, to get off without buying anything, and had like-wise informed him that he had been wise informed him that he had been five seconds late, that morning, and, in consequence, would "be deducted an eits" on Saturday evening. That was not pleasant, and the dusty corner and the state sandwich were not

pieasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom, looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes over his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them, re-marked under his breath,— "I wish I was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 1189, came around the sorner, and fixed his pathetic eyes on Mr.

Bloom's glass of water. "I say, Mr. Bloom," he whispered, pathetically, "won't you give me just a monthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'."

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread winner; and said mildly, as he held out the glass,

"Here, Johnny, take half. I'd let you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves," "Guess water's getting dear," said

Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the you-slways!" permission.

"Thank'ee, You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here, have a paper. A customer left it on the desk. Save it for me to take home to-night, to ma. She likes to read the murders, and them things-

parlor, I'll take that. Go away? Not I."

derstands." "Let me congratulate you, my dear "Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Crabbe, bowing as he parted from the departing clerk as he did to the carriage customers at the very store door. "I have always felt a super-

iority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter Belinds the other day, 'If it were not for giving offence to others, I should ask Mr. Timothy Bloom to our little evenings. Something of the prince in disguise about him; but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache, but he must perform them."

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water-cooler, "Cashes not al-lowed drinks; a cash who drinks deducted one-half," and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart, this must be true.

Tim Bloom was a rich man; but he had no rich friends yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.'s had been always quarrelling amongst themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not "sociable;" he treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two. He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a book-case of his own, into which he put a miscellaneous assortment of volumes; but when one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to a lawn tennis party at Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the dissipations of the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted it, of course, and went attired in perfect style. and looking very well indeed. He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe

was very handsome. She played and sang and danced, she was "stylish," she had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe--yes, actually, Mr. Crabbe-had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

"Two months ago he called me a 'stupid idiot.' Iwo months ago he snubbed me, whenever he spoke to me," thought Tim Bloom. "Yes, this is the old story. Everybody, even old Mrs. White, flattering and crying for my money. I wonder if Hetty is the same?" And in the seclusion of his own apartment, poor Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stag party, where the guests were principally in the dry goods line, and in every direction one's ears caught the remark, "sold a bill of goods to a man," and where every one scorned to

drink anything less than champagne. "You rascal," said the excellent father on the way home, "I see you are afraid to speak, but I know you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednes

day." "Could I hope for your consent is

"My dear boy-ha! ha! ha! Why, ask her and see!" cried Mr. Crabbe. "It has

always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't say I told you) always admired At nine o'clock one night Mrs. White's

door bell rang and a mess nger-boy

"Of course grandma won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll never have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s gether. But it was only when Mrs. White had given her loving consent to

grandma. I wrote that letter myself. "Not yet, it's too soon," said Hetty to herself; "but he'll go when he quite un-my friends. Old Crabbe has proven my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false, and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married you must live with us, and there shall be no more hard wor and boarders for you in this world,

you deer old sonl.-Selected.

A Marriage Postponed.

For months past the chief topic of conversation in social circles in Baltimore has been the approaching marriage of Miss Rebecca Williams, daughter of Hon. George Hawkins Williams, president of the Maryland senate, and Henry A. Her-bert, ex-member of the British parliament. The nuptials were to have taken place Tuesday evening at St. Faul's Protestant Episcopal church, and a host of society folks congregated about the magnificent edifice awaiting the opening of the doors. About half an hour prior to the time appointed for the ceremony, the sexton announced that the wedding had been postponed, but could not give any reasons therefor. The assembly dispersel, and many rumors were rife as to the cause. Miss Williams' most intimate friends are reticent. Some say it was occasioned by the non-arrival of the bride's troussean from abroad; others that it was caused by trouble over the marriage settle-ment. At the Maryland club it was stated that the cause of the affair was the inability of Herbert to convince the bride's father of the legality of the di-vorce from his first wife, which, it is said, was obtained by him a year or two ago in Ireland. The affair has caused a flutter in society exceeding anything for years past. Miss Williams is a beautiful girl of 20, and worth \$250,000, while Herbert is the owner of the Muckross estate, upon which are located the celebrated lakes of Killarney. He is reputed to be the largest land-bolder in the south of Ireland. He met Miss Williams at Newport the past season. She is a sister of Ernault Williams, who disappeared

so mysterionsly a year ago, on the eve of his marriage to a society belle of this city, and returned equally mysterious six months later, and elaimed that he had been shanghaied to Europe by a rival. The Williams are heirs of Gettings, their grandfather, who left \$10,-

Engagement Rings.

Engagement rings are the natural sequences of the summer campaign of the watering places, and many a young man is at his wits' end to raise the necessary wherewith to secure the preliminary token of future domostic bliss. Ice eream, drives, boating and pleasures excursions generally have depleted the pockets of the devoted beau, and in many instances when the question, the momentons question, was asked, it was with fear and trembling that the expect-ed answer was received. On leaving, the happy girl generally says : "When you get me my ring get me a nice one, Charley, for I want to be proud of it, you know. Get a solitaire with a skele-

ton setting so the diamond will show nice-

FASHION NOTES.

The Escurial laces grow in favor. Silk underelothing is very much worn. Cuffs are gradually coming into fashion again.

Nasturtium red is a fashionable color for bonnets.

The Dorsey polonaise is very stylish, made of velvet.

Buckles used with straps for fastenings are fashionable.

The newest shopping bags are made of undyed sealskin.

Seal plush is immansely popular for cloaks and mantles.

Carriage mantles are of the richest brocades and velvets.

Square-cut corsages are the most fashionable for evening dresses.

Paletots of sealskin are more fashionable than the sacques of this material. Long, tight fitting sacques of Jersey eloth will be much worn by young Indies.

Mitts of soft black wool will be fashionable this winter, worn over kid gloves.

Bands of undyed sealskin are very stylish on dark red and dark blue velvet paletots.

Velvet dresses made perfectly plain will be used exclusively for skating this winter.

Buttons of real silver ornament the front of some of the imported reception dresses.

Chenille fringe comes in all the new and rich colors, and is very fashionable trimming.

Velvet will be the popular material for the ball-dresses of married women this winter, and tulle for those worn by the debutanies.

Polka-dot felt is a novelty. A bonnet for street wear made of this material, in French gray, has a front of garnet velvet plaited, and is trimmed with a number of Sun peak birds.

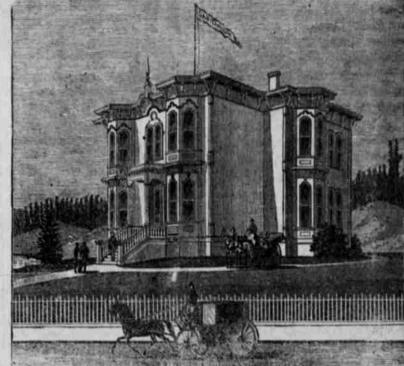
Old-fashioned brass and bronze doorknockers are to be noticed on several private residences, presumably occupied by people who, if not "thoroughly Eng-lish," have presumably been abroad.

Several new and striking shapes in felt hats are shown for children. The Shaker bonnet has been revived in all its primitive ugliness, and the "Pekin" is a hat that is also conspicuous for its oddity. It is shaped like a Chinese parasol, being all crown with only a ridge near the edge to simulate a brim. A band underneath holds it in place on the head. It comes in seal brown, garnet, navy b.ue, and golden brown velvet, with passamenterie

and chenille ornaments on top, and long strands of chenille hanging from one side like a tassel.

Insanity on the Stage.

Lillian Spencer playing in Article 47, was seized with a sudden attack of in sanity at a matince performance in Atlanta, Ga., recently. She is of a highly nervous and emotional nature, and in the mad scene, when Duhamel threatens to put her in the mad house, Miss Spencer was evidently worked up to the full fervor of the scene. "George," she said, while the audience was deeply interested, "you have disfigured my face, you have blighted my life, you have ruined me!" Here she grasped him frantically, "You mock at my suffer-



DRS. PILKINGTON and STICKNEY. Orthopedic Surgeons and Physicians,

Have opened the above institution for the cure of all Deformities, as SPINAL CURVATURES, CIUS FOOT, PANALYSIS, DISRASES OF THE JEINTS, TUNORS, RUPTURES, at d alto A L NERVOUS DISEASES.

DR. PILKINGTON will treat all Diseases of the i ye and Ear and No yous System.

DA. ATH KNEY I as spent four years in Europe, chiefly at St. Thomas and Royal Orthos pe ite Hospitars, in London, England, in study of this class of Diresser, and pursones settling permouently here for Surgical practice.

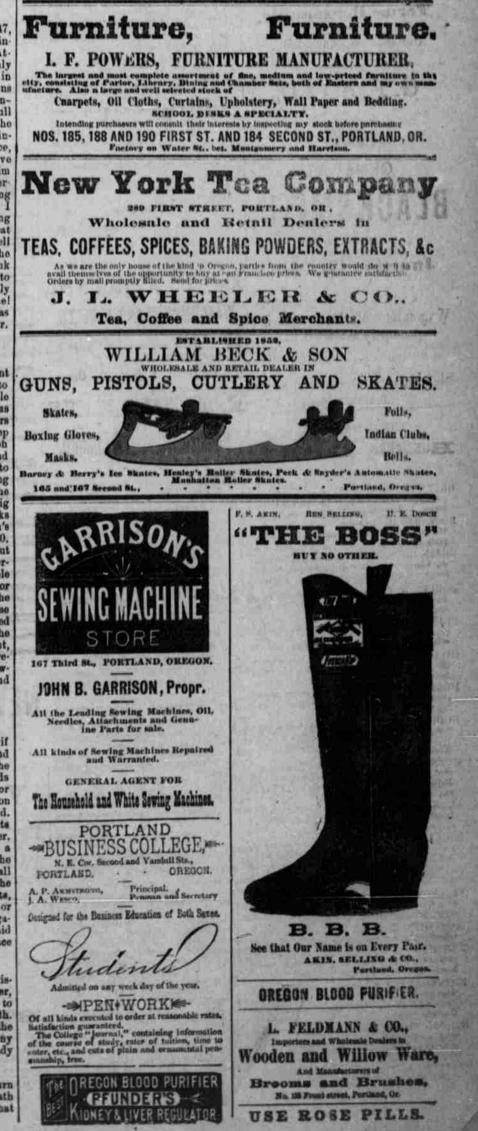
MASSAGE, KI ECTRICITY in all forms, and all the modern improvements in the treatment of these aliments are used. Address DR. PILKINGTON or DR. STICKNEY.

City offer-... Dekum's Building, Cor. First and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.



- - Portland, Or., THOMPSON, DeHART & CO., IMPORTERS OF

Hardware, Iron and Steel, Wagon Material, Cumberland Coal, Blacksmith and Wagoamaker Tools. our Revised Prices since completion of Northern Pacific Railroad.



000,000.-[Albany Journal.

'Cash 1189!" shrieked a female voice. "Cash! Cash!"

"It's Miss Pringle, I must go," whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror. There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well.

Mr. Bloom peeped around the boxes at the clock, saw that he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eyes lighted upon was the advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through-the description of the stables, barns, bath tubs, conservatory, veranda, lawn and kitchen garden; the well, the tiled hall and frescoed ceilings-as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eye upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen and had been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of limothy Bloom of Lancaster, Eugland, if living, might hear something to their advantage by applying to Jones & John-

son, --- street. "My name," thought Mr. Bloom at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard his grandfather's that he had heard his grandfather's name was Timothy. Certainly he came from Lancaster, England. His father David Bloom, had been an only son. He was an only son himself. Well, then, he was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom inquired for was really his father's father. "Bat, ob, pshaw!" said Mr. Bloom. "This sort of thing couldn't happen to me. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather." And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his

address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket book and went back to his counaddy r quite calmly, though he wrote to as & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young salesmen, went home that Saturay evening with a "deducted" salary as a solding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in the boarding-house parlor, nd an examination of the family bible his possession, and of a certain bundle yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had than once decided to burn, but d fortunately spared, settled the mat-Half a million of money had come him in the regular course of nature, he was richer, not only than Mr. bbe, but than any of his fashionable

was a wonderful surprise to little a Bloom, and he scarcely grasped idea at first. Even after he told his of confidant, his landlady's pretty oddaughter, Mehitable White, a ity, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, led Hetty for short, he only went so to think of a pair of patent leather and a diamond cravat pin.

etty awakened him to a full realiza-of his changed condition by saying, Seriously, and looking away from

handed in a letter-a big letter, with a big seal and "immediate" on it. What could it be? Something about the proerty, of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in, she saw him seated beside a table, on which stood wine and a tray of delicacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

"Excuse me," said Timothy. "Oh, certainly," said Mr. Crabbe. Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a sigh, and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned purple.

"Do I understand it?" said Timothy, hiling his face.

"Your lawyer says the money is no longer yours, that your grandfather was not the real Timothy Bloom, and that the real beir will demand a restoration them off on their brids tour. On their

Miss Belinda has quite a sufficient little fortune of her own. We can still be

happy. Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet.

"Sir! sir!" he said, "this is a great

piece of impertinence, sir. You haven't spoken to Belinda." "But you assured me"-began Timo

thy.

"I didn't!" shrieked Crabbe. "At least, I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon word and honor that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you were a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for yon, but-goodnight.

"Good-night," said Timothy. Then, as the door closed, he took up his letter and carried it out to old Mrs. White, who, with Hetty as assistant, was seeding raisins for next day's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop-

take me back."

"Time-serving old wretch!" said Mrs. White. "No matter, Mr. Bloom, I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired.

because it is more comfortable." "And try to keep up your spirits." said Hetty; "for, after all, money isn't everything."

"It seems too sudden to last," said Mrs. White. "I never trust these lawyers.

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him, she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked, they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest,

ly. I think a pure white stone is the best. That hateful Laura has a colored one, and I believe it is full of flaws. She is always showing it, anyhow, and if she hasn't a scratch on her finger sho is continually fixing her hair or arranging her collar. I want a better stone than hers. Won't you get it, dear?" "I will, darling; I'll get you the best in the mar-ket," and he departs with a sinking heart. The next day he makes an arrangement with some jeweler by which he gets an inferior stone at a high price, which he pays for in weekly install-ments. Visits to his girl and the usual presents and theatricals take the remeinder of his salary, and when the wedding day approaches his or her fond parent is obliged to hand over the necesthe reat perf will demand a restoration them off on their bridsi todr. On their return they generally settle down, and the question of the engagement ring and the attendant incidents form a sub-well. I can go back to your store, and ject of jocular conversation between ject of jocular conversation between them.-New York Morning Journal.

A Lucky Miner.

A miner in the hills near Socorro, New Mexico, made a lucky atrike in a wonderful manner lately. A few weeks ago, while tramping over the rocks, the prospector suddenly discovered that his haversack was on fire, caught probably from the condensation of the sun's rays and the powder soon exploded. The prospector turned mournfully to gather up such of his effects as were uninjured by the explosion, when some-thing in the appearance of the shattered rock struck his eye, and he examined "I shall have to give up the back par-it aball have to give up the back par-lor," said poor Timothy. "And as for my half hall bedroom, I don't know how to pay for that, for Mr. Crabbe won't third interest at \$13,000. The name of the "honest son of the pick and shovel" is John Quincy Adams, and he hails from Western Ohio. John is well known in Socorro county, and receives the congratulations of his friends in a modest manner. John Adams' "close shave" is a by word now in the mining campe.-Las Vegas (N. M) Gazette.

> CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN ITALY. -In some parts of Italy the inhabitants retain the provincial habits of their an-cestors of the early ages. One of the most curious customs still observed re lates to their marriages. The bride is dragged from home by main strength. The struggle begins in her own room, where she must cling, shrieking, as she is torn away by her married women friends. Among the wealthier classes the practice of announcing the approach of the bridal pair to church by blowing of

ings. By right of suffering you belong to me, for you have made me what I am." Miss Spencer stood trembling with emotion, while the audience sat spell bound. Then she reeled and fell behind the third entrance, and as she fell she was caught in the arms of Frank Irving, the stage manager, who tried to soothe her. She threw him violently aside, exclaiming, "He has ruined me! he has made me what I am!" She was removed to a hotel and kindly cared for.

A Mule Well Provided For.

Lieutepant Kobbe, stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, reported to the war department that a white mule which had been at that post 45 years, was about of be sold and the officers asked permission to buy him and keep him at their own expense. The petition went through the regular channels, and General Sherman submitted the case to the secretary of war, with the following report, and whether true or false, the soldiers believe it was left at the Big Spring, where Mount Vernon barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's

army camped there about 1819 or 1820. Tradition says it was once sorrel, but now it is white from age. The quarter-master's department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or from the condensation of the sun's rays the maintenance of it thrown on the by a prospector's glass which he carried charitable officers of the post. I advise by a prospector's glass which he carried in his kit. Now, that haversack con-tained about six pounds of blasting powder, and our hero dropped the bun-dle and got out of reach as fast as his legs would carry him. The bundle of traps fell into a crevice in the rocks and there upon made the follow-ing crier: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives." well cared for as long as he lives.

> Irrigation in California. There is a saying in California that if a man buys water he can get his land thrown in. The literal fact is that the value of much of the land depends solely upon the water which it holds or controls. Four systems of irrigation are practiced : First, flooding the land. This is possible only in flat districts where there are large heads of water. The second is by furrows, by which a large head of water is brought upon the land and distributed in streams as small as will run across the ground. The third is by busins dug around tree roots, to which water is brought by pipes or ditches. The fourth is by sub-irriga-

tion; the water is carried in pipes laid from two to three feet below the surface and let out to permeate the soil.

The infaut born to the Chinese minister in Washington during the summer, being a girl, has not been allowed to leave the house but once since its birth. It is carried into the yard adjoining the legation, but gets no fresh sir in any other way. Her little feet are already being baudaged to keep them small.

ings. Their taik was fong and tailest, and at last Timothy said: "Well, Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?" And she answered, "Yes, Tim," very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man recently reduced from afflu-