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Thou art not False, but Fickle.
Thou art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought,
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from our love's thought.
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou lovest,
Too well thou lovest, too soon thou givest.
The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceit and guile,
But she who is not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,
When she can change who loves so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.
To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely;
What must they feel who, no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition,
As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all this change can be but dreaming.

Only a Seamstress.
BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

"No, sir, there is no need of further conversation upon this topic. Once again I assure you that I will never give my consent to such an ignominious union."
"But, father, if you only knew her I am sure you would love her. She is so refined and lady-like that you could not but respect her!"
"Nonsense, Henry! We often hear and read of such cases, but seldom see them. But it is immaterial to me how accomplished and refined she may be. It does not make the slightest difference, as I would not give my consent to your marriage with a sewing girl, even though she possessed all the accomplishments of a princess. Now understand me, Henry; if you are foolish enough to throw yourself away on this Clinton girl, you shall never handle one cent of my money. I have labored hard to accumulate what I possess, and I do not feel under any obligations to you."
"What you say in regard to your wealth is very true, father. It is not the loss of your money, but I am very sorry to forfeit your good will and respect. My mind is irrevocably fixed upon this matter, and nothing but death can alter it."
"Very well, sir; you know the alternative."
"Will you not shake hands with me, father, before I leave the house forever?" said Harry, extending his hand and walking toward the irate old gentleman with a half pleading look.
"No, sir," was the harsh reply. "I will never clasp your hand again until you promise me that this disgraceful affair shall be pretended that I do not care to hear anything of you or your affairs."
"Well, good-by and God bless you, father. You will forget this son."
"Never while I live!" was the quick response.
Seeing that all efforts toward reconciliation were fruitless, Harry Sutherland, with a slow, faltering step, left the presence of his enraged parent.

The scene we have just described transpired in the elegantly furnished drawing room of one of the most fashionable mansions on P— avenue. Judge Sutherland was a retired banker of reputed fabulous wealth. His beautiful and accomplished lady wife died a few months after their marriage, and left their infant son, Harry, to his care and guidance. The judge had been eminently true to the trust, and had lavished both time and money in endeavoring to make his only child heir to a man of high name in the world. He was not young and strong, and fully capable of battling his way through life. And with these thoughts crowding into his brain, he hastened forward, and soon reached a modest little cottage located in a poorer but none the less respectable neighborhood. He rapidly ascended the steps and rang the door-bell. His summons was answered by Nina, the girl for whom he had sacrificed wealth, position, everything. She greeted her lover affectionately, and then led the way to the tiny little sitting room where her venerable mother sat sewing. The old lady extended a cordial, motherly welcome to her hero.

In a few words as possible, Harry informed them of the difficulty he had encountered with his father. He dispelled the gloom caused by these sad tidings with his bright and blissful prospects for the future. And there they sat until long after the little bronze clock on the mantel had in silvery tones proclaimed the hour of ten. Several days after, Harry, through the influence of certain prominent literary people, obtained a situation on one of the morning papers as an editorial writer—a position which his thorough education rendered him amply competent to fulfill. A few weeks after this he led Nina Clinton to the altar, and in the presence of a few friends who, in spite of adversity, still cherished him, they were pronounced man and wife.

After a brief wedding tour, the happy couple returned to the little cottage on A— street. Harry still retained his position, and was rapidly rising in the estimation of both editor and proprietors. Judge Sutherland never mentioned his son's name after the violent altercation previously related. He may have thought of and longed for the boy, who had, with one exception, always proved an affectionate and dutiful son; but his proud spirit refused to sanction that which his father's heart dictated. His friends understood his wishes, and never spoke of Harry in his unrelenting father's presence.

One pleasant afternoon several years after the events previously related, Judge Sutherland, while driving through A— street, met with a serious accident. His fiery-blooded blacks became frightened at some passing object, and with flashing eyes and distorted nostrils, dashed madly down the crowded street. The judge's efforts to check their wild career were unavailing. They refused to obey his voice, and his strong arms sank powerless at his side.

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Several gentlemen endeavored to stop the terrified creatures, but they dashed upon the sidewalk, and in so doing, the carriage was overturned, and Judge Sutherland was hurled violently to the pavement.

He was picked up insensible, and conveyed to a neighboring dwelling. Was it fate that directed the steps of the gentlemen who were carrying him that they should unknowingly select the house of his own son? But such was the case, and in a few minutes Judge Sutherland was tenderly laid upon a snowy couch beneath the roof of the son whom he with bitter scorn had driven from his sight nearly five years before.

A physician was summoned, who, after a critical examination, pronounced the judge's injuries serious, and advised, if agreeable to the occupants of the house, that he be permitted to remain with them until circumstances rendered his removal expedient.

The powerful restoratives administered produced the desired effect, and Judge Sutherland speedily recovered. The doctor informed him that his injuries were of such nature as to render his removal under the care of several weeks extremely precarious. The judge finally consented to remain, inwardly resolving to amply compensate the good people for their kindness.

On the evening when Harry returned from the office, Nina related the particulars of the accident, and informed him of the course she had pursued in the matter. Harry commended her action, and requested to see the unfortunate gentleman.

One look was sufficient, and, with a slight exclamation of astonishment, he turned to his wife and said,—"Good heavens, Nina, it is my father! He is fatally injured!"

Nina gave him the doctor's opinion, and assured him that if watchful care and tender nursing would restore the old judge to health it would be speedily accomplished.

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HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1876. NO. 10.

Harry and Nina, while little Arthur, after a slight struggle with his good natured grandmother, seized the judge's hand tightly with his chubby fingers, and stoutly maintained that he was going to "walk with grandpa."

Harry, at the earnest wish of his father, cancelled his engagement on the *Empire*.

The old judge is supremely happy now. And seated upon the veranda, with his little grandson's soft cheek pressed against his own, and Nina's golden head resting lightly upon his shoulder, he fervently blesses the day that Harry wedded Nina Clinton, who was "only a seamstress."

Story Writers always describe their old maids as tall, thin and angular, with sharp noses, corkscrew curls and the neutral.

Now, we know lots of old maids, and nearly every one of them is plump in themselves, and not one of them wears corkscrew curls. Some of them are, without exception, the best women we ever knew.

The majority of old maids are not unmarried because nobody has "asked them," for we do not believe that there is a woman living who has reached the age of thirty without having had an offer.

Old maids are, generally speaking, girls who in their youth were belles and beauties, and who set a high value on themselves.

Nothing concerning the future welfare and happiness of the young, remarks a contemporary, is so neglected by parents and guardian, as the manner in which their evenings are spent.

Children at Home.
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This fashion and early deaths have been the subject of recent comments of a physician of celebrity, and his notion that the latter is the certain sequence of the former is borne out by almost all authorities of every country.

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One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow of a neighbor of his, when the latter, of a party, the cow was to be sent home.

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