Alas! all of Life's joys are brief.
The test of friends must meet to part,
And leave behind a weight of grief,
To make a grave within the beart.

The fondest hopes may fade and die, And they in turn be buried there; And weary heart must breathe a sigh, Under the load that it must bear,

And bitter tears will often flow— Gushing out with a sudden start, Over the joys of long ago, That now lie stient in the heart.

And while the soul in weeping, moans, Fond memory will do her part, In erecling monument stones, Over the graves made in the heart.

But lost joys will never return— All of those that sorrow has wed Until time has destroyed the uru, And the heart given up its dead.

DAVID SWAIN.

Could we indeed know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a single page from the

secret history of David Swain. We have nothing to do with David until we find him at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education with a classic finish of a year at Gillmonton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down and await the coming of the stage coach,

As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little clump of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it really seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swain. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of the day before, and this lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him, the bards floated across the sky overhead, and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depth, fell upon David Swain.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake and passed to and fro on horseback and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumbering to their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept, and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swain. A middleaged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed the young fellow looked

charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swain.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowling easily along, was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place. A lineh-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight and occasioned merely a entary alarm to an elderly merchant and wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves between the maple trees, and there ed the bubbling fountain, and beside it David Swain. Impressed with the awe. which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow, and his pouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all

"How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sl-p as that, brought on without an opinic, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would argue health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth beside," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

Thus did this elderly couple feel intera secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it, and having done this act of as, she began to feel like a mother

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and have brought us hither to find him, our departed Henry. Shall we waken drawn.

"To what purpose?" said the merhant, hesitating. "We know nothing

of the youth's character!" "That open countenance!" replied his he stirred; now he moved his lips without wife, in the same hushed voice, yet a sound; now talked in an inward tone to earnestly. "This innocent sleep."

While these whispers were passing the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated; nor his features setray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than act the magician, and awaken the young man to splendor who falls asleep in

'Shall we not awaken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the ser-

The old couple started, reddened, and Sleeping or waking, we hear not the wished to have some fun. The woman hurried away, mutually wondering that airy footsteps of the strange things that received his attentions cheerfully, and they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for the unfortunate

above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little cutting and paring the hoof and frog is train passed on, and the "spotter" did not only uselees but positively into mot miss her "kit" until it was too late. haps it was the merry kind of motion | jurious.

The East Oregonian, that caused-is there any harm in saying it?-her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth-if silk it was -was relaxing its hold, she turned into London Times of the deplorable condi-men. A swift appreciation of the the shelter of the maple tree, and tion of the Holy Land, which he has re- ludicrous is the happy birthright of some there found a young man asleep by the cently visited. He says:

Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tip toe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead-buzz, buzz, buzz, through the strips of sunshine, and now peared to be settling on the eyelid of she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple hade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished with quickened breath and deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

'He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder vet

How could it be that no dream of among the phantoms? Why, at least, soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all its vague and passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart-and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again. "How soundly he sleeps!" murmured

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came. Now the girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at the identical time, to be wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune-the best of fortune-stole so near that her garments ties. brushed against him; and he knew noth-

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smart-

These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villiny on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees.

But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the roughs whispered to his fel-

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under The other villain nodded, winked and

leered. the first, "that chap has either a pocketbook of a snug little horde of small change stowed away among his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloon's pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other. His companion thrust aside his waistcost, pointed to the handle of a dirk and

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would have hardly known themselves as

asleep on his mother's breast. "I must take away the bundle," said one. "If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the

But at this moment a dog came scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of those wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the foun-

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master will be "Let's take a drink and be off," said the

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills at a single discharge. It was a flask ested in the unknown youth, to whom of liquor, with a block tin tumbler screwthe wayside and the maple shade were as ed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and lett the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their un-accomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejeicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down summit, I see the lingering strip of the crime of murder against their souls in

letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swain, he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death, after our disappointment in our cousin's when it hung over him, nor of the glow of son. Methinks I can see a likeness to renewed life, when that shadow was with-

He slept, but no longer quietly as at first. An hour's repose snatched from his clastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now the noonday spectre of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage coach. He started up with all his ideas about

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" "Room on top!" answered the driver. Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily for Boston, without as much as a rors set at angles, so as to reflect all the darting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitudes. He knew not that a est conductor passed through the coach, phantom of wealth had thrown a golden collected tickets and received money, ane upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimter he had left the coach the woman had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood, all in the brief

hour since he lay down to sleep.

almost happen. pains to examine a horse's foot will find magnificent asylum for the unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swain enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone it a set of elliptical springs, separated from each other by a spongy substance, and the frog a cushion to rest the foot upon, the whole being admirably con-

Desolation of Palestine.

The Rev. J. W. Starcey writes to the

"Nothing can well exceed the desclateness of much of it. Treeless it is for twenty or thirty miles together, forests which did exist thirty years ago (e. g., on Mount Carmel and Mount Tabor) fast disappearing, rich plains of the finest garden soil asking to be cultivated, at wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz best but scratched up a few inches deep—now among the leaves, now flashing in patches, with no hedges, or boundaries, mountain terraces, natural or artifilost in the dark shade till finally he ap- cially formed, ready to be planted with vines, as the German colony are doing at David Swain. The sting of the bee is the foot of Mount Carmel; the villages sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as nothing but mud huts, dust, dirt and squalor; the inhabitants with scarce clothing enough for their decency, their houses-ovens; large tracts without a horse, cow, sheep or dog; no pretense at roads, except from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and this like a cart road over a plowed field, the rest, like sheep-walks on the Downs of Sussex, but for the most part like the dry bed of the most rocky river. where, amid blocks of stone, each makes his way at a footpace as best he can, or on smooth, sloping rocks or over loose bliss grew strong with him, that, shatter- stones thrown down from the old walls ed with its very strength, it should part on either side, which no one offers a assunder and allow him to see the girl finger to remove; nothing upon wheels, not so much as a barroy, to be met with did no smile of welcome brighten up in a ride of 300 miles. Everything taxed ; his face? She was come, the maid whose every fruit tree, so none now are planted; every cow or horse, etc., every vegetable sold out of a private garden. Every eighth egg is not taxed but taken by the Government. Nothing like a small farmhouse is to be found far or near. If there were, the owner is liable to have soldiers or revenue officers quartered upon him, to be boarded and lodged at his expense. The towns are filthy in the extreme. None more so than Jerusalem itself, where, however, taxes are levied from every house for lighting and cleaning the streets, while a sprained ankle or a splash into a hole of blackest dirt is sure to be the result of a momentary carelessness. Nothing is done for the looking for just such a young man as good or improvement of the people or David Swain. Had David formed a the land by the Government. Not only so, but every offer, and I heard of several made by private individuals, or by companies, is at once refused, or refused unless a bribe be first given to the authori-

This is a picture, I believe, in no way overdrawn, of that land which was once flowing with milk and honey. What might it not become again, with fair usage and good government? But there is no hope of Palestine while it remains in the hands of its present rulers. Palestine is worthless to the Turkish government. The whole revenue is stated to amount only to £180,000 or £200,000 per annum. Capitalize this at per cent., and it comes to but four milions of money. If it were six, or even ten millions, what would that be for Europe to raise for the purchase of Palestine? A sum sure to be repaid a thousand fold in a few years' time. And what he has a better leverage or purchase for would not £10,000,000 in hard cash be to the Turkish government at this moment?

Gathering Wild Flowers.

Yonder on the wooded slope the "I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said feathery shade-tree blooms, like a suspended cloud of drifting snow lingering smong the gray twigs and branches; and chasing across the matted leaves beneath, a lively troup of youngsters, girls and boys, make the woods resound with their boisterous jubilee. A jolly band of fugitives fresh from the stormy week's captivity-spring buds bursting with life, with a pent-up store of spirits "So be it !" muttered the second vil- that finds escape in an effervescence of ringing laughs in a din of incessant jabber. How well I know the boyant exhibaration that impels them on in their reckless frolic, as they skip from stone to stone across the rippling stream, or "stump" each other on the treacherons crossing pole which spans the deep, still Now I see them huddle current. around the trickling grotto among the mossy boulders in the steep gully youder, where the mountain spring bubbles into a crystal pool. Alas! how quickly reflected there. But David Swain had its faint blue border of hepaticas is never worn a more tranquil aspect, even rifled by the ruthless mob! Now they clamber up the great gray rocks beneath the drooping hemlocks, stooping in their headlong real to snatch some trembling cluster of anemone, nodding from its velvety bed of moss. Now plunging down on hands and knees, shedding innocent blood among an unsuspecting colony of fragile bloom-these glowing blossoms so welcome in the early spring Who does not know the bloodroot-that shy recluse hiding away among the mountain nooks, that emblem of chaste purity with its bridal ring of purest gold? How often have I seen its tender leaf-wrapped buds lifting the matted leaves and spreading their galaxy of snowy stars along the woodland path!

Then there was the shy arbutus, too. Wherein all the world's bouquet is there another such a darling of a flower? And where in all New England does that Garling show so full and sweet a face as neath a hesitating foot? Even now, along the hichen-dappled wail upon the Sie Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cat. snow, gritty and speckled, and at its very edge, hiding beneath the covering leaves, those modest little faces looking out at me-faces which seemed to blush a deeper pink at their rude discovery .-Harper's Magazine.

WOMEN AS "SPOTTERS" ON BAIL-ROADS.-Women, it seems, are employed as "spotters" on the New York Central Railroad, and are provided with note books and ingenious little mirrors by which, with their backs turned to the conductor, they can see just how many sengers on a coach give up money or tickets for fares. The veils and wraps worn by them readily conceal their movements and disarm suspicion. A few days age one of these spies got on a train go-ing out of Utica. She took one of the front seats in a coach, and was seen to keep her hand to her face and peer into the little box which contained two mirmovements made behind her. The honresponded to the flirtations of a drummer who had noted her performances and made room for him to divide her seat with him. The drummer was persistent A Honse's Foot.-Those who will take | in his attentions, and succeeded in inducing her to leave the train with him at one of the stations. Before he did this. he succeeded in turning her jacket pocket so that the little mirror, notebook, her instructions in her trade

They Purify the Blood.

MIRTH AT HOME. - A merry heart doeth

good like a medicine, but a broken spirit

drieth the bones, declares the wisest of

fortunate people, but there are those who

never see a joke quickly, and who can-not comprehend why it makes others

laugh, even after it has been duly ex-

plained. If, as the proverb says, laugh

is medicinal, they are much to be pittied.

They are not cushioned against the

sharp corners and hard knock of life.

There is a coarse wit which is allied to

buffoonery, and may descend to indeli-

cacy, and the less we have of that the

better. The brightness and buoyancy

lift the weary and the ill from their de-

when disaster seems imminent, are price-

discouraged, how noble are these quali-

ties when put in practice. I agree in a

measure with the brilliant French woman who said that, "The joyousness

of a spirit is an index of its power," words true for all time. It should be a

matter of consciousness with us to main-

tain serenity of outward appearance un-

der all circumstances, and never to

monopolize the conversation with ac-

counts of our plans, perplexities or

A GREAT INVENTION.

Parrott's New Improved Doubletree

Wonderful Success and Valu-

able Article

sentatives in Oregon which will eventu-

inventions, but the latest and best is his

new improved doubletree. Its object is

to provide a device to be applied to vehi-

used to enable the weaker or less ambi-

tions animal, to carry only his portion of

the burden no matter how his mate may

take the lead. The invention consists of

a straight rack fixed centrally on the

front edge of a doubletree, and gearing

into a correspondent segment rack that

The advantage of this gearing is, that

when the horses pull evenly, the draft

will be on the hammer bolt in the usual

manner, but should one horse be thrown

back by an obstruction to the wheels on

his side, he can move easily by this de-

vice, pull up and come abreast with the

foremost one, because the pivoting point

or fulerum of the doubletree has become

shifted from the hammer bolt to those

rack teeth that are farthest from the

said hindmost horse, and consequently

pulling upon the doubletree than has

the foremost horse. The box shaped

clip for the plough acts on the same

principle as the tongue rack, and is a

safety coupling, and produces the same

plied to a three-horse team abreast, or to

two or four horses in line. This inven-

tion stops all tongue whipping and fret-

ting of the horses on uneven ground;

the cogs in mesh operating to catch all

rough and uneven motions, and help the

team to keep even, and look! the prond, gay animals that so much gratify the

pride and foster the affections that exist

between every good driver and his equine friends. The inventor, Mr. Par-

rott, is at present at the St. Charles Ho-

tel in this city, where he will remain for

a short time. Parties desiring to exam-

ine the invention or to purchase county

rights will receive every attention by

MALARIA PESTROYED.

BATTER TIMAS

The business revival and new era of prosper-ity which is now fairly isangurated, is in keep-ing with the increased health and happiness seen all over the land, and is one of the results obtained from the introduction of Warner's Safe Khiney and Liver Cure. "The changes wrought by this remedy," says Rev. Ir Harvey, seem but little less than miraculous."

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which make the dull day cheerful, which

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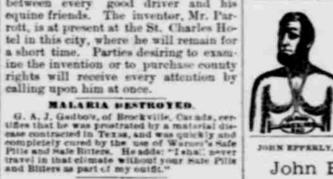




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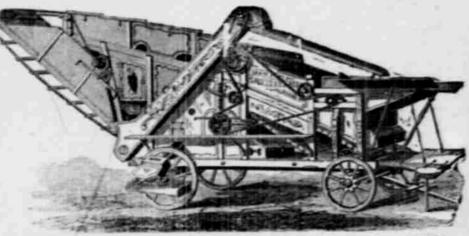
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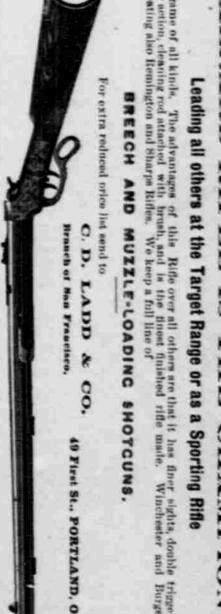
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