# The East Oregonian.

ONLY A LINE.

O ily a line in the paper That somebody read skud, A' a table of languid bo-roers, Fo a dull, indifferent crowd.

Market reports and a marriage. And the reader read them all; How could be know a hope died then, And was wrapped in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper, Read in a casual way. B it the glow went out of one young life. And left it cold and gray-

Colder than bleak December. Grayer than walls of rock; The reader pansed, and the room grew full Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to b r chamber Why, who could dream or know That one brief line in the paper Had sent her away with her woe-

A way into lobely sorrow, To bitter and blinding lears ? Only a line in the paper-But it meant such desolate years.

THE HIDDEN SORROW.

It was a bitter cold day; the streets of of crowding humanity, evercoated, mufiled and veiled, as became those who joyously braved the penetrating wind and sharp atmosphere, in the merry-making time between the death of the old and the birth of the New Year.

Notwithstanding the frosty weather, the Empire City was never in gayer mood, and up and down, and across the thronged thoroughfares, stylish turnouts dashed by to the tinkling music of silvertongued bells and low, happy laughter, speeding away to the open roads and snow-clad country, lying white and still beyond the hurry and turmoil of the great city.

Though so cold without it was warm enough in the elegant room where we him home were sitting-my cousin Althea, her And swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, Marshai Contade, who was commander half-sister, Mrs. Irene Chester, and I. unmindful of her elegant toilet, and the in Alsace from 1762 to 1788, decided that My consin Althea was not young-past thirty, in fact; but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as she sat in the large crimson damask chair by the window, dreamily looking out at the hurried passers-by, I thought I had never seen any one so charmingly and eyes, clear ofive complexion and glossy wealth of purple-black hair, were so perand smile were as sweet and winning as gels in heaven to weep. her form was graceful and her face matchlessly beautiful.

Howard Tremaine loved her as few husband, and yet somewhere there was a so dearly!

hidden sorrow, the nature of which I could not for my life divine. I had seen the shadow more than once, but the subhome, much less fix itself permanently

We were going to the opera in the evening. Mr. Chester was to attend us in the absence of Howard, who had gone spair seemed to settle upon her counteaway two or three hours before with three or four friends, who had, very much to his wife's regret, called for him life-blood in her veins. alf-hour

#### I can't say just how the evening pass ed. I only know I was intensely glad The conquest of Strasburg by the

Something Bergh Would Stop.

when it was all over with, and we were Germans has added to the empire a city home again.

in the parlor with Althea, who seemed in strange uses. These geese live and die startling landscapes and lurid sunsets, no hurry to go to her room, though it for the benefit of the few exquisite livers its moons which no connoisseur on earth was late and the house as still as death. | and the many men and women, especially | could distinguish from its suns, its chro-But as she did not appear inclined to men, who like to act the part of the mo yellow and olive green storms, its talk, I kissed her, said good night, and gourmand and are willing to pay for it, wonderful flowers and exuberant fruits went up to my chamber, leaving her as well as to indulge in a culinary fib with their glaring disregard of flature. alone there, like another Ariadne, sad, broken-hearted, in the midst of princely | with a sole regard for their liver, the lat- | aspired to copy Rembrandt or a Claude splendor and untold wealth.

ingle of bells and the clatter of flying packed in tin boxes or the pots of Sarge- which pins and peccadilloes vanish. mund, of which the latter are rather hoofs in the almost silent street arrested my footsteps.

the door, as if driven by a whirlwind. The night was intensely cold, but the geese were placed in iron cages, their and "Fast Asloep" were let loose on the tired horses were smoking, and their heads sticking out in such a way as to community, and hung in a conspicuous quivering flanks white with foam and make its withdrawal impossible and life place in every parlor, to reach by slow frost.

Not caring to see more, I dropped the curtain and turned to look at Althea. She stood like a statue in the middle of out of four perished, while the fourth and a color that no sun could fade. Certhe room, one hand pressed hard against succeeded, on the strength of three or tainly, they were the prettiest of all the her breast, and the other holding close New York were alive with a dense mass about her the rich white opera cloak she a miserable body and an enormous liver. with these little daisied cherubs, as a still wore, with its soft, snowy fringes | Roman gentlemen occasionally had their | first and last effort, we would never have and swan's down trimmings shimmering in the faint, uncertain firelight like a figs, as Horace says: silken cloud, for one dim gas jet was burning in the deserted parlor when we

entered it, and even this Althea had turned down so low that it was no more than a glimpse of light. Unsteady steps sounded on the stairs, then came the sound of a muffled fall,

and something like a half-muttered oath, mingled with the low cry of uncontrollable anguish that burst involuntarily from Althea's pale lips. "I knew how it would be," she moan- provided it was saturated with the

strangely beautiful picture she made, a large, fat goose-liver was too good for onions and garlie; he filled it with trnf-Althea hurried to the assistance of her fles, surrounded it with daintily chopped helplessly intoxicated husband. It was not the first time she had waited

his coming in a pale agony of fear and est dough, and gave it a slow droad, not the first time she had heard stew. But he insisted on an enor- windmill, or a patent lawn mower, we that dull, soul sickening fall, not the mous liver, the Prigord truffle and are not likely to be struck color blind irresistibly lovely. Her lustrous black first time she had glided down the great appreciative feeders. The latter were while examining it. oaken staircase to find her husband- found readily among the male and fehandsome Harry Tremaine-lying prone male beaux-esprits, the higher clergy and the interrogation: "Have you had your on the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the intellectual liberals ; men of affairs chromo taken?" That would, indeed, fectly perfect that one did not know on the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the intellectual liberals ; men of affairs which to admire the most, and her voice the boldest heart, and cause the very an- are occasionally too prudent to be gor-

I could have cried aloud in my unutin the rue Mesange, and now the dish terable surprise and grief, and on my knees have begged him for God's sake to enjoys an international reputation. The men love their wives; and Althea, as desist from further breaking the heart of Russians admire it greatly ; it is liked everybody knew, idolized her handsome the wife who loved him so dearly-aye, in France and England, and much used in America. The Germans call it Leberpastile, and are not quite up to its re-

I saw her through a rush of blinding tears help him somehow to regain his feet, and even in his pitiable weakness stance itself is well kept out of view, and he looked like a fallen god; the noble but for the sad, anxions, restless look head, clear-cut features, the something that often of late crept into Althea's indescribable that stamped him a man of great, soulful eyes, I'd not have thought wealth and intellectual force, was still sorrow could exist in her luxurious apparent, though so completely had the man been gotten the better of by the de- chased when about nine months old mon that lurks in the wine-cup.

they are placed in a dark, damp cellar And she-Althea-the look in hereyes where they are tied on stone tables with I'll never forget to my dying day. She did not say a word; a kind of dumb de-while wings and feet are separated as far as possible. For about a week the untenance-a despair that paled her cheek happy creature struggles and screams to the hue of ashes, and chilled the very against such human fiendishness ; then sets in a period of dull resignation,

finements.

liver of the goose.)

When the luxury of Rome was swept

tions, it is reported that the Jews re-

tained the secret of the goose-liver, and

divulged only by the French revolution,

although the "philosophers" who helped

to bring it on enjoyed the dish hugely,

f Normandy and chef de cuisine to

America will never produce much of

this food for mellow palates, unless all

its prevention-of-cruelty societies ad-

journ sine die. For the whole process

of making it is unnatural and not speci-

ally appetizing. The geese are pur-

## Farewell to the Chromo.

There is no mistaking the fact that the chromo, as a work of art, has had its day Mr. and Mrs. Chester went at once to of 80,000 people and several millions of and has now turned its face to the wall, their apartment, but lingered a moment geese, 150,000 of which are devoted to Its remarkable green and red effects, its

occasionally. These geese are educated its exaggerated pretensions when it

ter being used for the "pates de foies | Lorraine, all those memories will soon I had barely left the room before the gras," which go around the world, be relegated to that unknown limbo into

Yet, there was a time when the chromo preferable. The first pate of goose-liver was a welcome guest in every family. A sleigh dashed passed and stopped at on record was made by the Romans. In who does not recall that period in our order to get the liver large and fat the country's history when "Wide Awake" wretched. To make miscry complete a stages the sitting room, the nursery, and bright fire was burning close by, keeping finally the garret? They were pretty and up a temperature in which three geese painty, with an atmosphere of varnish four enforced meals a day, to develop a lot, and had the chromotype stopped anseraria where the animals were fed on | endured nightmares of high colored emotion or inflicted this tirade upon our "Piequitous +t ficis pastum jecur ansvris,"- friends. The mills of the gods ground (Of juicy figs they make food for the out other chromos, however, and they

were worse than the first. They sent us a much landed effort, "Mamms is in away by the Teutonic migration of na- Heaven." It represented a red and white angel, in floating garments, with corkscrew curis, kept on by a very green the whole secret of the modern pate was wreath of earthly laurel, and flying on some sort of a celestial trapeze over the heads of their impossible good children. seated in a red and blue row on an orange colored sofa. This ran its course, and ed. "I knew how those unfeeling crea-tures he calls his friends would bring preference for onions, but Close, a native the Hearth," a lackadaisical young woman with a long neck, holding in one hand an ancient oil can, and smiling insipidly at nothing. We cannot be too thankful for the development of home talent which has crowded out the chromo, for, even though we grope in a veal, enveloped the affair in the rich- maze of uncertainty as to the object in the foreground, whether it is a cow, or a

And we had never been confronted with have been a calamity, for there would be even less satisfaction in showing a dead mands. In 1788 Close decided to find a ancestor, done in chromo, than there is constituency of his own ; he set himself in bringing out the family group in dagnereotype-a presentment that has [0] any house in Oregon. Every mail no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

Yet the chromo brightens as it takes its flight and we recall the tender solicitude with which we saw it hung on the parlor

wall, just where the startled light would strike its glowing canvass and where admiring friends gathered in pleased comment. Our cup was fuil. "How be a utiful!"

"Perfectly lovely, isn't it?" "Just as handsome as an oil paint

"Did it cost a great deal?" "Given away. Yes, actually given away without price. Thrown in for a year's subscription to the Christian Dis-

"Why, how can they afford it?" WE DO NOT KEEP OLD ONES. The good people had no idea that thirty thousand copies of this work of You will find our prices astonishingly art could be ruled off in a day and at an expanse of a few cents each. Familiarity have bred contempt.

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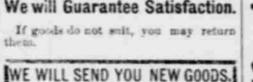
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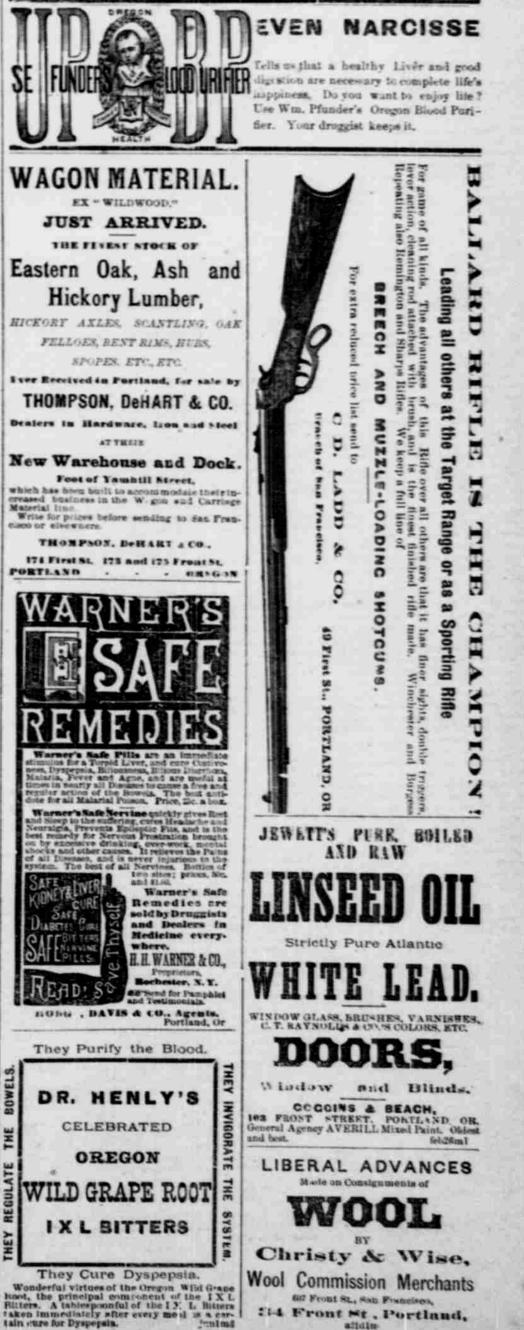
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214 Front Mt . Portland,

18. P. FRASK, Portland.

or so sleigh-ride out on the Bloomingdale road.

As the short winter afternoon wore on, Althea grew every moment more and ore uneasy; her faith in that "little half-hour or so," never having been very strong, died utterly, before the sun's last cold, golden rays faded in the west; and cold, go when Mrs. Chester rang for lights, and carelessly remarked that it was time to dress, she was noticeably ill at ease and would do nothing but walk to and fro between the window and the warm, rosy firelight, in that nervous, listening, expectant way which is so painfully sugstive of secret dread and anxiety too ep and wretched for words.

Whatever Howard Tremaine touched turned to gold and all that money could buy his wife possessed. Her wardrobe, headache and remorse. jewels, house and carriage were among the most superb in New York, yet her closet evidently had its skeleton, and tonight, more than ever before, it seemed to rattle its dry bones in our very ears, and make itself felt and seem in every nook and corner of the millionaire's TROK

"Althea," he said, drawing her lovely sumptuous home, in spite of all Althea face down to his and kissing the sweet could do to keep the unpleasant thing month, that trembled beneath his lips in out of sight.

For the twelfth time she walked to the window, and, with a half-suppressed sigh on her lips, stood watching the ghs fly past so long that Mrs. Chester lost patience, and exclaimed rather petulantly:

petulantly: "Nonsense, Althea! Why is it that yon always will be worrying about How-ard? He is not a baby and no doubt is quite capable of finding his way home ne, as most men are. Mr. Tremaine knows that we are going to the opera this evening and will be sure to drop in before the end of the first act, you may depend. And we must dress, if we wish to hear the opening air in Faust, which I certainly do, however it may be with

Mrs. Chester was one of those positive characters who immediately act upon I dare to think of." what they say, and in less than an hour we were on our way to the opera. The house when we entered was liter-

ally packed with a most brilliant and fashionable audience, but Althea seemed to move like one in a dream and took not the slightest notice of anybody or anything around her.

I could not make it out at all and her eyes the glad smiles were coming hardly dared to look at her for very sympathy. Her magnificent dress of violet velvet and creamy old lace became and going, like sunshine through an April shower. her perfectly, and never did a queen carry herself more royally, or seem more unconscious of her beauty and vow, and I feel quite certain now that he never will.

grandeur. Diamonds-a fortune's worth of them flashed on her arms, neck and bosom, and gleamed like drops of liquid light amid the rich abundance of her dusky hair ; but she was not happy.

There was much too heavy a sorrow lying unrestfully at her heart for thato much of nameless dread and anxiety to allow of enjoyment of any sort.

At the end of the second act a gentle man made his way to our box, and asked, in the usual conventional way, after the customary greetings were gone through with, how we liked the music.

Mr. Chester, who had been comfortably dozing in his chair the whole time, lared he was never more charmed-an innocent fabrication which none cared to qui

"And where did you leave Mr. Tremaine?" inquired Mrs. Chester, in some surprise. Mr. Richla "He was with you, I think, nd."

"Yes, and I left him with the others at onico's. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know," lowering his voice, and glancing furtively at Mrs. Tremaine. "It makes one feel so confoundedly wretched the next day." Althes was a well schooled woman of that he should never have gassed it,

the world, and full and unflinchingly she which pleased Simpsonburn mightily,-

I had seen enough, heaven knows, of which lasts five or six weeks. They are Althea's hidden sorrow, and stole away fed once in two hours, or rather forced to my room, wishing I could believe the to digest little dumplings of stewed whole miserable scene but a troubled corn, buckwheat and chestnuts, and this with the artist's methods would certainly dream, that would vanish with the comprocess is repeated six times a day. Fining of the morrow's sun, ally the animals approache their natural

Howard did not make his appearance end, and the great point is to kill them at breakfast the next morning. just before. They are usually so far Althea explained, in a tone of apology. gone as to be unable to make any resist-

ance ; they have no real ment ; but their that Mr. Tremaine came in late, and liver weighs about three pounds, and 'was tired.'

consists chiefly of fat. The rest is sold Mrs. Chester did not guess that anyfor about 10 cents. The liver is then thing was wrong, and really thought that Howard was ill-taken cold the day filled with about a pound and a half of previous, perhaps-and advised Althea truffles, and placed on ice for a week. to send for the family physician. Then it is cut up into slices, and placed

Althea, however, did not follow her alternately with the most delicate of finely chopped meats in tin boxes or earthen sister's advice, but sat all day beside the sofa where her husband lay, suffering miserably from the combined tortures of pots, covered with pure and tasteless fat, and stewed for about five hours. The article is now ready for the market Toward evening he began to "feel of five continents, and the rule is to like

better," and good resolutions began to it. The last prevention of-cruelty offishape themselves in his mind, as is often our who made his appearance in Strasbourg was denounced as a socialist the case when one's head and conscience have been for some little time on the and scarcely escaped with his life.-Boston Advertiser.

A GOLD MINE IN A COW .- One of the

most remarkable cows on record is the 10th Duchess of Airdrie, owned by the way that betokened the near approach Hon. Mat. Cochrane, which has just of tears-"Althea, I saw a look in your given birth to her ninth calf, a red eves last night that I cannot quite forheifer, to be named the 8th Duchess of get, and which I hope never to see in them again; and I promise you, here Hillhurst, by 3d Duke of Oneida. Of the 10th Duchess and her daughter's twelve years old, but lived a happy boy and now, that I will never, so long as I calves, Mr. Cochrane has sold the followlive, touch a drop of wine again. It's ing animals at the prices named: In the the devil's own and never-failing well winter of 1875 the bull calf, 4th Duke of spring of sin and misery, and my wife-God bless her!-is not to have her happi-Hillhurst, at \$7000; at public anction in Toronto, June 16, 1875, the bull calf. ness clouded and her heart broken by the folly and madness that lie in a bottle 5th Duke of Hillhurst, two months old, at \$8000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 5th, eight months old, at \$18,000; at auction sale in Toronto, June 14, 1876, the cow Airdrie Duchess 2d, at \$21,000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 3d, at \$23,600. In August, 1877, privately, the heifer 6th Duchess of Hillhurst, at \$12,000; and at a public sale at Bowness, Windermere, England, September

Duchess of Hillhurst, at 4100 and 4300 guineas each, or \$20,500 and \$21,500 reend-nothing to look forward to but spectively; making a total of \$131,600 for eight animals sold. He has still in his this-how could I endure to live? Oh, if you will but keep your promise I shall be so happy—so happy, Howard." She fell, sobbing, into his arms, and through the fast-failing tears that filled possession, besides the 10th Duchess, Airdrie Duchess 4th, 7th Duke and 7th and 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, five antmals, and had lost four animals by death. The above result has perhaps never been equaled by any one animal at the same age. In December, 1875, an offer of Three years have passed since that

day, but Howard has never broken his \$25,000 for the 10th Duchess was refused. and the same for her daughter, Airdrie Duchess 4th. Since then the old cow has brought three heifers and one bull; two of the heifers have been sold for \$33,500, Simpsonburg is not noted for his acand there still remain the bull and the tivity; quite the contrary. At the club heifer just dropped, besides the dam, who will probably breed a number of the other evening he got up energy suf-

ficient to propound a conundrum. Said he, "Boys, why am I like a tornado?" After having recovered from the shock calves yet .- | Nova Scotian Journal of Agriculture. produced by Simpsonburg's unwonted aclivity, the guesses flowed in quick suc-How HE GOT THE KETTLE .- Bishop

Jones thought it was because a Selwyn was a benevolent and kindly tornado is full of noise ; but that was not spoken man, as well as a great and right, Simpsonburg said. Neither was famous one. He interested himself Robinson's guess that it was because a much in the poor, especially in miners. tornado doesn't say anything when it One day, coming on a company of the speaks. Smith tried to work out s pun latter, he heard them talking in a very on torpedo, torpid, oh, but failed miseraanimated way, so loudly that he said to Everybody began to look sick. them: "My friends, something seems to Then Brown tried. He said it was beinterest you all very much; I heard your cause a tornado was not good for anyvoices quite in the distance; may I inthing till its head was twisted. Simpsonquire what it is?" To which they reburg shook his head with something like plied: "You see that copper kettle there? animation. One of the boys said it was We found it, and were just saying that because neither could climb a tree, another that it was a relief when either the one who could tell the biggest lie should have it." "Oh, said the Bishop, went off, and a third ventured to guess, in an undertone, it was a blasted nuisance. "I am sorry for that; I hope you will Finally Simpsonburg had to divulge ; he couldn't contain himself longer. He never again tell lies. 'Tis a fearful couldn't contain himself longer. He habit, and so unmanly. Why, I never said it was because he was full of snap. told a lie in my life. Whereupon the The boys yawned languidly ; every one miners shouted in one br of them acknowledged to Simpsonburg governor the tea-kettle." miners shouted in one breath: "Give the

"Where ignorance is bliss "The folly to be wirr."

this fearful comparison won the case.

A Boy Sculptor.

is a lad of great promise. He is fifteen

years old, and has been living for sev-

eral years with his mother and grand-

mother, near Paris. He showed no par-

life, apt in his studies and devoted to his

pet animals. His father believed in al-

owing him the full yent of his own in-

dividuality, and left him to develop in

talent for languages, and became so pro

ficient in Latin that he could talk it

fluently, as well as read and write it,

One day be came to his father's studio

and said he would like to model some-

thing. So he began modelling his doves,

rabbits and other anima's, making rapid

progress until early this last spring,

He started a bust of his grandmother.

an old lady, and when it was well along

he asked Fremiet, who is a near neigh-

bor of the family, to look at it. Fremiet

was highly pleased with it, and from time to time after that gave the boy some

practical hints in the principles of sculp-

ture. As the time for the salon ap

proached, Master Paul took the bust un-

ler his arm and went into Paris with it,

leaving it with the thousands of other

he found great difficulty in indulging

the Salon."-Boston Herald.

ury."

when he attempted his first head.

under any others you have had quoted, and our goods AS COOD AS THE BEST.

We want your trade; we will try to de-A prominent lawyer wished to annihiserve it. Send for samples and catalogue late a witness of the opposing counsel

MELLIS BROS. & CO. and, after he had fixed her with his glittering eye, slowly and forcibly remarked: Grand Mammoth Dry Goods Bazzar, "Can you believe the testimony of a woman who resembles the decoved Runs through 200 reet, from 126 First NL to 127 Front M., Portined, 6r. chromo of Queen Elizabeth?" and by

CANCER AND TUMOR CURED. Farewell to the chromo. It takes its beak from out our hearts and its form

from off our doors and we may imagine Birth Marks and Wens removed without the e of the knike or loss of blood. Specimers f Caprors in bollies to show. For copy of per-ficule from leading cilizens of cures made that it takes the solitude of some distant Plutonian shore, but, at least, we can buy a newspaper or a pound of tea without having a fearful caricature of color

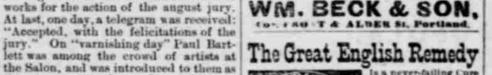
and design thrust upon us as "The Fisherman's Pride," or "The Italian

ilifeate from leading cilizens of cures made years ago in Oregon, and tuil particulars, ad-dress W. GENEN, Saless, Oregon, Unill September, 1983, and after that time at Onkins d, Cabfornia. He will be at the Oregon Suite Fair in July. Inqui e of Mr. John Brooks, opposite steat gate of Fair Grounds; or drop a leiter in the Salem Postelline. He expects to visit salem even past during the Slate Fair; also Portiand test before or after the Fair, and con be found at the leading hole's, all of which timely united. Peasant Boy," in thirteen original colors, by Bang & Co.-Detroit Free Press. to given in this and since beading No pay required until cure is effected. Ha Paul Bartlett, the son of the sculptor,

mony estillates are from some of us heat non in the Stale, and we can wouch for their reveality. His could all an entire relation in first print. Lisco or elsewa









Ret. atl.

ory, Lassitude, Nocur-init Ernissian, Aversion to Society, Dimness o Vision, Noises in the head, lie vital fuid passing unobserved in the urine, and many other discusses that lead to invanily and death DH. MINTIE will agree to forfelt Five Hundred Bollars for a case of this kind the VITAL MENTORATIVE (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure, or for arything impure or lejarious found in it Bill, WINTIE treats all Private Diseases en-cessfully without mercury. Consultation when marching through a wild bit of country. One day the column had just left a small hamlet, when the Captain noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger very emphatically, and ordered a lieutenant to go and rate the delinquent well. By Dif. MiXTif treats all Private Discasses and constitution without mercary. Consultation Free Thorough examination and advice, in-cluding analysis of prine, 55 00. Price of Vitas Restorati-e, 53 00 per bottle, or four times the quantity for \$10 00; sent to any addiress on receipt of price, or C. C. P., secure from ob-servation, and in private name if desired, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D. It Bearny street, San transform, ful. and by the subaltern returned, and whispered to his superior that the drummer had got two roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in his drum, one bottle and one chick being for the Captain. 'Why didn't the poor fellow let us know

his legs had given out?" cried Bugbie DR. MINTIN'S KIDNET REMEDY. "I don't want men to march if they are NFPRETICE W, cures all kinds of Kidney and Badder Complaints, Gonorrbues, Gleet, Leucorrbues, For sale by all druggists; \$1 00 a dead lame. Put him in the ambulance immediately." The order was obeyed, and having thus made amends for his in

DR. MISTIE'S DANDELION PILLS are the best and cheapest DYSPEPSIA and RIGOUS cure in the market. for sale by all HOOGE, DAVIS & CO. Portland. Br.

justice to the drummer, the Captain took A generous soul is sunshine to the mind.

of green seal. There! do you believe me, darling? or do you think me incapapable of successfully resisting the sparkling temptation that has proved the ruin-the utter and absolute ruin-of unnumbered millions, and blighted and embittered the lives of more women than "I believe you. Howard," she sobbed: 4, 1877, the heifers 3d Duchess and 5th "I must believe you; for to do otherwise would kill me. If there was to be no

