

Entold.

By MARGARET E. SANSTON.

A face may be useful while to cover a heart that's aching.

And a face may be full of light over a heart that's broken!

'Tis not the heaviest lot for which we wear the willow.

The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain relieve.

Harder are the crosses worn where none save Christ can find them.

For the loved who leave our side our souls are well nigh riven.

But all for the crosses we hide have pity, lend our Heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow.

Alas! for the weary soul that may not rest to-morrow.

Why He Looked Ugly.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder.

"But to tell the truth, Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face all scarred and cicatrized, I should think by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of the kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said.

"Don't know; never heard; never made inquiry; you know they only came to live in our neighborhood last summer, and I never dare ask her what disfigured him, but I wish you would—O, I should like to know!"

"I am constantly acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied.

"I thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking."

"Do! that's a dear, good Dolly."

"And I did."

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the sound of a light, springy step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me.

She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with a glow of health on her cheek, and a light in her eye.

I said I had been talking about her. No; it wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. The infirmities of the clergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was out of her mouth.

But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great round sun was sinking behind trees that burned and glowed in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and laid a portrait in my lap, without saying a word.

It was that of a noble-looking man, with most expressive and faultless features.

"Is it your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered, with a sigh.

"He is almost true for him to believe," she continued.

"You will stay with us this evening?"

"I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and once more looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear.

"Yet he says," and a blush overspread her features, "he says he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with an unaccountable dizziness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, and with a sweet smile to her wedding ring.

"Do tell me the story; I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying:

"I do not know that you will consider it interesting; however, several reasons conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard, perhaps I may as well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see, when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me, I wasn't at all pleased."

"He was handsome, I well knew, but I had set my mind, very foolishly, I suppose, on having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessity of work. So I slighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely different, but scornful and loathing."

Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumor reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost sanctity. His attentions to me were very marked, and not to be mistaken, and though he had not spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed him."

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our beautiful cottage at North Bend, the place was very gay, and social parties were very large and frequent; I mingled in them, and Barton was my escort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he seldom approached me."

"It was in October, the atmosphere dry and cool. As we were returning from a party late at night, I was much surprised by the appearance in the distance of a deep, high light, which seemed to climb the sky and quench the stars. A wild and awful presaging of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind."

"If that should be our house?" I almost shrieked.

"Nonsense!—it is much farther off," exclaimed Barton.

"But, unsatisfied, I hurried on, dragging him with me."

"We came near, my fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame, while up at one of the skylights stood my mother in her night-dress."

"With one wild shriek, I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. A great number had collected, chiefly for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ladders and ropes, others shouting and giving orders, which no one obeyed."

"My mother, my mother! I cried; who will no one go to the assistance of my mother?"

"Every moment the flames increased with great rapidity, roaring like sea in a storm. My mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr."

"Barton! Barton!" I shrieked; "for God's sake help my mother." He stood still. I implored him. At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother."

"Great Heavens! and I have loved this man!" The thought rushed seething and seething through my brain.

"There was a shout, and utterance of brave, strong words. A ladder was placed, and a man was rapidly mounting—on—on—through the dense smoke—wreath—through—singing flames, scorched by the greatest heat—on he went. It was a moment of intense

suspense; the crowd swayed and murmured like a wind-swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms. I knew that she was saved. There was the crash of the falling roof, mingled with wild exclamations; and a great mist swam before my eyes; a noise not unlike that of the roaring flames was in my ears, and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects.

"Is it necessary to tell who it was that rescued my mother? or what emotions I experienced upon hearing how my mother was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary, however, for me to tell you that then and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of his face and neck scorched and black, till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me finish."

I looked up. A man was there on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me at all. Each scar seemed to me a badge of honor, and the very scars and nobleness beaming radiantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand, he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you a part—for I have been a sad eavesdropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.

"Then I heard the flames roaring around my feet, and felt their fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and ready to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was in my arms. When I touched the ground with my precious charge, I heard the exclamations that rent the air, but could think of nothing else but the happiness of her whom I had saved from a dreadful death. I forgot my own sufferings. I was ill through several weeks—that would have been anguish indeed, had I not known whose care it was that had provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my ear, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I experienced such a exquisite felicity as when she sat beside me, presented me with fruits and flowers, put her hand in mine, and whispered something that would have repaid sufferings a thousand times more bitter than mine."

"Oh! William," cried Mrs. Winslow, and blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how silly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I answered, "but the reward of great virtue and heroism. Let him go on."

"I have but little more to tell. When I was quite well I noticed that all the mirrors in the house were broken. I had thought little of the scars that had defaced my features. When I requested a mirror to be brought, she implored me to desist, and finally burst into tears. I know it all now, but my scars disappear in the future. I took her in my arms and whispered, that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and would not for the world change back again. You have seen and love me now, whereas you did not before. You know all my disfigurements, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to kindness—so I have nothing to mourn for."

"Every day of my life since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

"The Little Toothpick-Seller."

"Toothpicks, sir?"

"Buy a toothpick—only five cents apiece, sir?"

And the poor, little shiveringly-clad mortal before a group of fashionably dressed gentlemen in the lobby of one of our principal hotels, offering her simple wares.

"Don't you please buy a toothpick?"

And she patted her feet upon the broad, white tiles, and stretched forth one of her hard, cold, red hands, toward the heater, while in the other was held the long, crowded tray, into the warm and comfortable room, and was busily offering to the gentlemen the balance of her little stock in trade.

"Won't you please buy a toothpick, sir?"

"Will you have one, sir? Just five cents."

Save a great fear that came-trickling down her reddish cheeks, and a look of despair that too plainly indicated the sorrowful feelings rendering in twain the heart of the little peddler girl, there was naught that gave answer to her piteous appeal, "won't you please buy a toothpick?"

And she shrunk away to a corner and hiding her childish yet narrowed face in the folds of her torn and ragged gown, she wept bitterly, while crowds and groups of fashionably attired beings swept by, untroubled of the little broken-hearted, weeping toothpick girl among them.

"Shine yer boots, sir?"

"Shine 'em up; extra polish for a dime, sir."

And Billy Maddox, the boot-black, down from the Board, came sauntering with his harness thrown over his shoulder, smiling and whistling, anxiously seeking a job.

"At this a great, burly porter assumed charge of William's car, and marched him from the premises."

"Evening papers! Tremendous excitement! New Orleans! Papers, sir! First edition! Five o'clock!"

And Tony Herring, from Chatham street, was making his clear, sharp, rounded voice ring through the halls and corridors of the hotel, offering the last of a huge roll of papers he had bought for his evening's work.

"Thank ye, sir," said Tony, as he pocketed the price of the last paper he had; and with a light heart, smiling countenance, and bright, sparkling eye, he turned to leave the premises for home.

"What's the matter, little one? What yer cryin' here for, poor fack? How yer eyes got so large?"

And Tony, crying by the little girl as she stood crying in the hallway, while the above questions were asked in a breath.

"Got far left, hey? Well, come along; we'll try a new one."

Out they went together, arm in arm or the cold, icy air of night, but whether can tell. Two live street peddlers, horn in poverty, nursed in degradation and

misery, raised in want, ignorance, hard knocks and rough usage; caring for other as wrong as good, kind sisters and brothers, in this great, crowded, moving, fascinating metropolis—New York.

Like a bright angel came Tony Herring to the little weeping orphan, and all his poverty, rough exterior, shabby hair, and unkempt, but kind, warm-hearted, loving words for the little one, and no doubt the rough, brow-beating, cruel, harsh, drunken father allowed his little one, without beating and abusing, her supper and bed.

And all this through the influence of a little ragged, warm-hearted, manly new-boy.

And while these scenes daily attract the attention of the multitudes hurrying along the busy, crowded thoroughfares, how many children in the land, who should be bright, cheerful, happy and light-hearted—never knowing a care or a sorrow—suffering from the same kind and dissatisfied simply because something has happened that does not exactly suit them. Yet such have loving fathers and mothers, and sisters, a comfortable home and generous, warm-hearted friends, and in them let them not murmur, nor be cross, sorry or discontented—but let them think of the many wandering, homeless, tattered, starving orphan outcasts, struggling hard to eke out a wretched existence for bread and life in the large and crowded cities of the land.

Let them think while they sit at home enjoying all the comforts of this world and surrounded by kind parents, how many hundreds of children, poor blacks and new-boys, are battling with starvation, yet are doing good and noble deeds of kindness to one another.

And may He who notes the fall of an eagle, the sparrow, love and protect the feeblest and the lowliest of His creatures, the feeblest and the lowliest of our kind—Pomeroy's Democrat.

A Plucky Girl.

THE LITTLE HEROINE OF THE NIGHT.

Miss Amelia R. Purvis, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., was awakened at 12 o'clock one Saturday night by a noise at her bedroom window.

Looking up, she saw a man crawling on the roof, and another man entering her room, closely followed by another. Instead of giving the traditional scream, Miss Purvis remained perfectly quiet and awaited developments.

The first man crawled noisily toward her bed. The second man slipped to her room door and began to examine it.

Miss Purvis slipped out of bed, seized a ray bottle and smashed over the intruder's head. He dropped. She gathered him up by the hair and dragged him to the window. Not a word was spoken. The fellow, under this mode of treatment, recovered his senses and leaped out.

The second under the bed did not stir. He no doubt believed that his presence there was not known. Having disposed of the first fellow, Miss Purvis took a small tin trumpet from her pocket, and stepping down, at the same time turning the gas slightly on, she presented the small end of the trumpet at the crouching form of the thoroughly terrified man under the bed, and said:

"See here, young man, you have been there long enough. Just scurry out instantly, or I will blow you into the middle of next week."

He did not wait for the second invitation. Miss Purvis kept him covered with the trumpet, and, fearing that his time had come, he made a lively shake for the window and went out like an arrow. In his hurry he lost part of a false side-whisker, but he escaped with a blow. Having met with this misfortune, his disguise failed further to deceive the young lady. In the intruder she recognized Abraham T. Wilson, a discarded lover.

Miss Purvis said nothing of her adventure more than to satisfy inquiries next morning about the rumpus in her room, explaining that she had broken a ray bottle, and had been frightened.

Wilson did not wait for the second invitation. Miss Purvis kept him covered with the trumpet, and, fearing that his time had come, he made a lively shake for the window and went out like an arrow. In his hurry he lost part of a false side-whisker, but he escaped with a blow. Having met with this misfortune, his disguise failed further to deceive the young lady. In the intruder she recognized Abraham T. Wilson, a discarded lover.

"No sooner said than done. Done went the terrified scoundrel, on his hands and knees, and prayed for mercy. He acknowledged the intrusion, and promised never to trouble her again by either his tongue or presence."

A few weeks ago Wilson's name was stricken off Miss Purvis' list of visitors. It is said that he circulated stories damaging to her character, and upon doing so, she expressed as to the truthfulness of his assertions, he made a bet that he could go into her room at night. He took a companion with him as a witness, but the name of his partner has not been ascertained.

DIPHTHERIA.—Diphtheria, in its early stage, may be recognized by any person of ordinary talent, by two very marked symptoms; the sensation of a bone or hard substance in the throat, rendering swallowing difficult and painful, and a marked fever, unpleasant smell of the breath, the result of its putrefactive influence. On the appearance of these symptoms, if the patient is not enough to do so, give a piece of gum camphor of the size of a marrowfat pea, and let it be retained in the mouth, swallowing slowly by the saliva charged with it until it is all gone. In an hour or so give another, and at the end of another hour a third; a fourth will not usually be required; but if the pain and unpleasant breath are not relieved, it may be used two or three times more, at a little longer interval.

Have you ever thought of the healthful, cheerful and charitable, in a family, the patient, if the child is young, powder the camphor, which can be easily done by adding a drop or two of spirits of alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into its throat, depressing the tongue with the haft of a spoon.—Exchange.

"Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody, who can be without these silent private tutors, can know their educational power for good or for evil. Have you ever thought of the healthful, cheerful and charitable, in a family, the patient, if the child is young, powder the camphor, which can be easily done by adding a drop or two of spirits of alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into its throat, depressing the tongue with the haft of a spoon.—Exchange.

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