

Life Revealing

Visions of the golden morning From the graves of memory rise Early lights and shadows are passing Once again before my eyes.

Hopes then came and danced before me, Joy played to sleep in my night, But the clouds were still above me, And around me fell the night.

Then my young feet wandered, dreading, And the world was very dear; Life seemed one oppressive mystery, And the grave a thing of fear.

In the summer silence holy, Forth I walked as in a dream, When the stars looked down and greeted, Sweet stars in every stream.

Whispering winds the tall trees wakened, Lovingly their limbs upstung, And they bowed and sang in answer, Grand old oaks within the wood.

Thus the trees and streamlets taught me, Their response to look and tone; How their love had made the breeze, And the stars had made the moon.

By my door there passed a stranger, Poor and worn and stained with sin, But I thought of Heaven's mercy, And I asked the loveless passing Angel around me as he went.

By my side one dear and loving, Dumbly clinging and now away, And I thought that now the light time, Sure could know no dawn of gray.

But a spirit sweet and holy, Came and touched me with his own, And I walked no more alone, Nor felt the grave with glooms of gold.

And I saw that Love and Duty, True all things with gleams of gold, Calm and trusting grew my spirit, Rise revealing, life revealing, Let me raise my glad thanksgiving, Life in good and death is gain.

A Pair of Wristers. "What is the price of these wristers?" I inquired of a lady clerk behind the counter of a worsted store.

"Forty-two cents." "How much would it take for them?" "About an ounce."

"I will take an ounce. What will it be?" "Twenty cents." And I left the store, thinking with great satisfaction, I shall make twenty-two cents by knitting them myself.

My husband had just left me, to be absent several days. Before he went away, he asked me what I would do while I am away. And there he suggested that I should finish a book which we were reading together. "Oh, no!" I said, "I shall not need to do that, I have all these papers to finish."

And though I did not say so, I knew there was a pile of stockings to be attended to, and smiled inwardly at the idea of my being in want of occupation.

But after he had bade me good-bye with a loving voice, I passed the door in an anxious thought. What can be done, I asked myself, to prevent his taking these bad colds? He sometimes speaks of his wrists being cold, and of course they will be the larger cold, for he wears them. I'll buy him some wristers, or make him some, the first thing I do.

And so I sallied forth to the worsted store. On returning, I borrowed some needles from a friend, and some advice upon the subject of wristers. After casting on some stitches and knitting a little, I found I had not started my work large enough. Raveling it out, I began again. This time I started large.

"I must have had it right in the first place," I remarked, and re-cast the original number of stitches.

three a day, and it is terribly hard work. "Enough to break her back," says my landlady. "Fifty cents a day, porking and mending, is broken off by me. I have not seen her for over thirty years, but know that she is still alive, and now, for partial reparation for the wrong committed, and should she still live at the time of my death, and will receive if I direct my executors to pay her, in three equal instalments, within twelve months, the sum of \$10,000; should she refuse to receive it, the amount to revert to my daughter Jessie." It is stated that the lady has accepted the offer and received the money.

A guileless Danbury man saw a beautiful chromo advertised "for fifty cents," and sent on the money and received the jank of clubs.

Terrible Incident of the Great Storm. THE PRODIGIOUS QUALITY OF MINNESOTA FUR-GLIDING-HOW PEOPLE FREEZE BEHIND THEM KNOW IT.

Among the many sad incidents which have been called upon to chronicle during the last few days with regard to the terrible results of the late storm, none, perhaps, will excite more sorrow and sympathy than the story of Mrs. Mary Townsend, a young married lady who recently came with her husband from Central New York to take up their abode in our new State.

Just after the holidays the young couple left this city for a visit to an uncle of the bride, a gentleman named Murray, who resides some five or six miles from Farmington. A week ago last Monday Mr. Townsend and his wife had occasion to visit Farmington, and for this purpose a team attached to a light cutter was furnished them by Mr. Murray. They were to return on Tuesday, but they did not return until the next day.

They did not attempt to return that evening, but early on Tuesday morning they were on their way back into a very cold, and the horses were urged on, but suddenly the wind arose, fine particles of snow began to fall, and before long the great storm burst upon them with all its fury. For a while the strong animals battled against the elements, but, becoming exhausted at last, it was found impossible to urge them onward.

In the meantime the violence of the storm increased. Great drifts were forming around the sleigh, and it was impossible to distinguish objects at scarcely a rod's distance.

It was a terrible dilemma to be placed in, and the hearts of both occupants of the sleigh beat fast with fear and anxiety. As hours passed on, with no abatement of the angry storm, the perils of their situation began to increase, and while each endeavored to cheer the other, both felt that nothing but a mysterious interposition of Providence could save them from the terrible fate of freezing to death. At last night came, but still the fierce winds howled over and about them, the drifts grew larger and the temperature colder. Wrapped in their robes and blankets, they huddled together at the bottom of the sleigh, and passed the night in praying for deliverance from that awful situation.

As soon as daylight appeared Mr. Townsend signified his intention of making an attempt to find assistance if possible. His wife made tearful remonstrances, fearing that he would meet with no success, and perhaps perish with the cold. He cheered her as best he could, however, and packing the robes still closer around her, took one of the horses, and mounting him, rode away.

All day the lonely wife waited, her heart beating faster with fear as the tedious hours went on, and her tears and prayers falling together. Night came again, but it did not bring her husband nor relief. Buried in the folds of blankets and buffalo robes, she could hear the wailing of the wild winds as they swept over the lone prairie all through the dismal hours. Exhausted, weary and benumbed, she at last fell asleep, in which condition she was found at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 9th inst., by a party who were in search of missing ones.

She was, after considerable exertion, aroused, and finding that her exhaustion was caused by hunger and fatigue, and that she was not frost-bitten, the neighbors carried her to the residence of her uncle, only half a mile distant. Here she was provided with everything useful for her comfort, but when, upon the next day, the body of her husband was brought home frozen and stiff and stark, her grief gave way to the wild ravings of insanity. Before this she had told her uncle all that had happened up to the time of her falling asleep. As soon as possible physicians were sent for, but at last accounts Mrs. Townsend was falling rapidly, with no signs of rational improvement.—Minneapolis Times.

TEST OF TALENT.—A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried stock-raising.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander. "Wa'al, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?" "Wa'al, I didn't hire out, I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?" "Wa'al, I gave it up for some reason or nuther. I heard you examined 'suss he. He set in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish. But I was consid'ably frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and went on as smart as I knowed how. He said he'd tell me when to stop; so I kept on till I thought I'd gone far enough. Then I 'spected suthin' was to pay, and I looked round. Wa'al, the door was shet and Snickles was gone!"

The Lancaster Republican tells this story: "A gentleman not having a classical education, always entrusts the reading of his store bills to his better half, who, when she comes to items of female apparel, which she doesn't wish her husband to understand, call them 'tobacco' and other groceries." But a short time since he was heard telling the store-keeper that his tobacco bills were getting enormous and that he must leave out using it or it would kill him. The habit, he thought, was rapidly increasing.

A REPENTANT LOVER.—Archibald Dunlop has just died in the neighborhood of Troy, New York. Many years ago he broke an engagement to marry and now he has left the jilted lady a snug ten thousand. In his will he thus tells the gentle story: "Many years ago, before my acquaintance with the late Mrs. Dunlop, I was engaged to Miss Alken, which engagement, for certain reasons, was broken off by me. I have not seen her for over thirty years, but know that she is still alive, and now, for partial reparation for the wrong committed, and should she still live at the time of my death, and will receive if I direct my executors to pay her, in three equal instalments, within twelve months, the sum of \$10,000; should she refuse to receive it, the amount to revert to my daughter Jessie." It is stated that the lady has accepted the offer and received the money.

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HISTORY: THIS REMEDY IS COMPOSED OF THE Active principle of the Unk Weed, Englemann's Coriaria officinalis, L., indigenous to Oregon. Grows most abundantly and perfectly in Washington county.

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TESTIMONIALS: We are aware of the fact that it is generally an easy matter to procure certificates attesting the efficacy of our patient remedies from a certain class of those who use them.

Certificate from the Deputy Jailor of Multnomah County Jail, City Jail, Portland, Oregon.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co. I was attacked with a severe case of rheumatism in my right thigh, hip, loins, shoulder blade—indeed in all the joints of my body I suffered great pain and anguish. I was unable to get up, and I was almost blind with an effect. I was induced to try "Unk Weed Remedy," and the result was that I was cured in a few days. I took only two-thirds of the contents of one bottle, and I immediately felt the best remedy for rheumatism known.

Certificate from Hon. N. H. Lane, Pilot Commissioner of Oregon and a member of the City Council of East Portland.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co. I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy" for several years past with "weakness in the back" and wandering rheumatic pains, accompanied by severe neuralgia, and I have been completely cured. I have used only one bottle of the "Unk Weed Remedy," and I have been cured in a few days.

Certificate from Hon. E. L. Quilley, ex-Coroner and Commissioner of Multnomah County, Oregon.

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co. I was afflicted with a severe attack of chronic rheumatism, which was confined to my bed most of the time from January to July, when I used the "Unk Weed" and it cured me up.

Certificate from James Bybee, the celebrated stock-grower and "King of the Oregon Trail."

Dr. A. M. Loryea & Co. I have used the "Unk Weed Remedy" and can cheerfully recommend it to persons afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and can say that it has cured my hands, wrists, ankles—indeed all my joints were swollen and very painful.

Certificate from the well-known merchant, O. W. Weaver, Esq., The Dalles, May 23, 1871.

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