

[For the New Northwest.]
KATE'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY GEO. P. WHEELER.

See, what a pure and sweet white rose!
He gave me this at the ball to-night,
As we stood in the shaded hall,
Away from the glare of the great gaslight.

He begged I would wear it for him, you know!
This quiet, thoughtful, sober man,
Of course I told him I would, you know,
And I tapped him lightly with my fan.

Oh, I couldn't help it! so please don't scold;
He's such a manly, handsome beau.
It's wrong, a sin, and all that, of course;
But it's all the same to Kate, you know!

He's dreadfully bashful, is Mr. Brown,
And needs a little encouragement,
But he's awfully handsome, and rich, they say.
His family? Well, it's just grand descent!

So I tapped him playfully with my fan,
And asked him to place the rose in my hair.
He acquiesced, and in doing so
Softly said I was wondrous fair.

And all at once, with a great wild throbb,
My heart went out to this sober man:
Proud by flattery, you will say,
No doubt. Just make it what you can.

Has Kate a heart? I know you laugh!
Kate, the accomplished ball-room wight!
Absurd! But then, Kate had a heart
Until a recent date—to-night.

I blushed; at least, I meant to blush;
I did my best, indeed I did,
And some way—how, I'll never tell—
My crimson face was wholly hid!

Where? What a question! Bless my soul!
Where did you hide your face the day
That John in all his love proposed?
Where could you hide your own face, pray?

And did he kiss me? Ask the rose—
It knows it all; perhaps 'twill tell.
But as for me—preposterous!
I really couldn't do it, Nell.

My own, my pure, my sweet white rose!
But such a foolish little thing
To win a heart. No matter, though,
Look, sister Nell, this is his ring!

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

AUTHOR OF "TREAS AND VICTORY."

[Entered in the Office of Librarian of Congress at Wash-
ington, D. C., in the year 1880.]

CHAPTER XII.

Anice Merton's little twelve-year-old brother was greatly rejoiced when it was finally decided that she should go to Pendleton to teach. He was making a collection of birds and their eggs, as well as of bugs and flowers, and he told Anice it would be "awfully jolly" to have her go up there and get some of the prairie chickens' eggs, and a specimen of a kind of sparrow that is not found west of the Cascade Mountains. He wanted some black crickets, too, and he was enthusiastic over the flowers.

"I have heard of a man who had over four hundred kinds, that he had collected up there, and my teacher saw them, and she says lots of them can't be found here; so I want you to send me about a million next Spring," said the boy.

"Not quite a million, Clifford," said Anice. "Would not one hundred do for a beginning?"

"Oh, bother being so particular!" said Clifford. "Don't you s'pose they have cart-loads of 'em? And I want every single kind there is, and I want about a bushel of eggs, and I am going to make you a drill, and show you just how to blow 'em, and then you can get just cords of 'em. I don't know what is the use of having a sister if she can't make herself useful. I got a *Meleagris gallopavo* egg to-day, sis; and where do you suppose I got it?"

"Oh, in the woods somewhere, I suppose. I am afraid you will break your neck climbing trees after them yet."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Clifford. "Break my neck climbing trees after turkey's eggs! That's too good. There are some things that you don't know yet, if you are so all-fired wise and proper. Climb trees after turkey's eggs! Ha! ha!"

"Now, Cliff, you are too bad to laugh at me because I do not know the botanical name (as you call it) of every bird. You know I have never studied ornithology, and you take advantage of my ignorance."

"Don't big folks take advantage of children's ignorance, I'd like to know, and talk about their ologys and their isms before us when we don't understand a word they say? I've heard 'em, and it always made me mad, and I intend to get even with 'em some day. And do tell what is the reason you couldn't have studied ornithology when you went to school so long? It's lots more use than that horrid French and Latin."

"We cannot expect," replied Anice, "to settle that question just at present, when so many wise men differ upon it."

"Yes, that is just the way you do when I ask you a question that you can't answer; you back out of it. Why don't they study about the things they see every day around them, I'd like to know? There are not a dozen men and women in the country who know what kinds of birds we have here, and what we don't, nor what are the names of the flowers they see every year, nor in fact much about anything that is handiest to find out; but they all want to be able to jest in ancient Greek like the beautiful Mary Jane."

"What a boy!" said Anice. "Where did you get such ideas as that?"

"He got 'em from Professor Gray. I heard him say pretty near the same thing in school one day," said little Kit.

"Now, Kit, it wasn't your turn to chip in. I wish you would just cheese it," said Clifford.

"Oh, Cliff, don't talk slang. I am afraid, with all your Latin names and wisdom, you will not pass for a gentleman if you use such expressions," said Anice.

"I heard a fellow that you think is awful nice say just as bad slang as that the other day," said the incorrigible boy; "and I know you would be just hopping mad at me if I was to say he isn't a gentleman."

"I am sorry if you think I get 'hopping mad,' and I am more sorry if any young gentleman I am acquainted with uses slang," replied Anice, demurely.

"Acquainted with?" said Clifford. "It is that very fellow that is so awful sweet on you, that Noble fellow. He—"

"There, Clifford," said Anice, in a severe tone, "that will do, I think. I hope never to hear you talk so again. I am sure I don't know who should tell you such things as that."

"As what?" said Clifford. "Nobody has told me a confounded thing. I guess I can see what is before my eyes. If that fellow isn't sweet on—"

But here he stopped short, for he saw the tears come into his sister's eyes, and he said:

"I won't say it again, sis. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I didn't know it would. I thought you would like it. I didn't know but you might be just the least bit in the world sweet on—"

"Oh, Clifford, do hush, for pity's sake!" cried Anice, as she rushed from the room with her face blushing scarlet.

The evening of the very day on which this conversation took place, Harry Noble called on Anice and made a formal proposal of marriage. She was intending to start for Eastern Oregon in a few days, and he wished to see if he could make her change her plans. He was pretty confident that she loved him, though he had never before said anything of marriage to her. He had said many pretty little things to express his admiration of her, for he was an adept in the art of flattery, and she had received it all with an eager appetite. She had feared that, after all his attention and demonstration, he would let her go away without saying the word she was longing to hear. Perhaps this was the secret of her sensitiveness on the subject when her brother teased her so innocently about it.

The persuasions of love are very sweet to hear, but they failed in this case. Anice heartily acknowledged her love for her suitor, but she could not be persuaded to give up her plans for the Winter. She had made up her mind to go, and she was not by any means ready to be married right away.

Harry insisted that if she loved him she would not go. He declared he could not do without her. She was grieved, but firm in the conviction that she was right, so she was unyielding.

Harry went away vexed and cross. He tried to hide his vexation, lest Anice should discover the temper that he well knew would stand in the way of his marrying any sensible woman, if she was aware of its violence before it was too late.

"I will let her know after we are married," said he to himself, "that she will have to pay some attention to my wishes. She does not love me as she ought, or she never would wish to leave me."

But he forgot that she had not known his wishes in the matter until after the engagement to go was made, and she could not have broken it honorably without giving her reason for staying, and this she could not think of doing. Anice would have been very glad if she had not made any promises to go, now that she reflected how pleasant the Winter might have been with her lover near her, and all the attractions of home; and she felt so wounded by his apparent doubt of her love, when she told him positively she could not for a moment think of breaking her engagement at Pendleton, that it detracted from her happiness on that night when it should have been unalloyed. But, after all, she felt very light-hearted, and could hardly wait till morning to go and tell Bertha all about it.

Bertha sympathized with her fully in her great happiness as well as her little trouble. This was the proportion the matters assumed to her in the morning after sleeping over them.

Bertha told her she had done perfectly right, and Harry was just like all men. They thought a woman should always be ready to give up her plans for them, and do as they wished, without consulting her own desires.

"But," she added, "Earle is not at all so. He seems always to prefer to give up his plans to please me, if I express a different opinion from his; and I have learned to try to keep my preferences to myself until I know his, so he may not always do things in my way. I don't want to have my way all the time. I would rather have his, once in a while."

Anice gave a little sigh, and said:
"I suppose all men are different in their ways, and some yield to their wife's wishes before marriage, and never afterwards; and perhaps some are the other way. I remember you and Earle used to have disputes in fun quite often before your marriage, and I used to fear he might develop into a tyrant some day. I am glad to hear such a good report of him."

"Perhaps Harry will turn out the same way,"

said Bertha. "If he is half as good as Earle, he will do."

"Do! I guess he will do! I think he is just as good now, without turning out a bit," laughed Anice.

Bertha's father was getting quite well, but he was weak yet, and the doctor advised him to take a trip somewhere in order to regain his strength; so he concluded to go up with Bertha and see her home. Bertha was jubilant over this, though she was sorry her mother could not go too, and was aware that it would put off the time in which she might see her husband, as it would be unnecessary for him to come for her, now that she had her father's company. But she was so glad when she thought of how she had feared she might have to go home without any father in the land of the living, while now he was able to go with her, that she did not worry much over the few days that she would have to wait longer to see her husband, though it seemed sometimes that she could not possibly wait.

Mrs. Nimms and Anice went up the river with Bertha, and they had a merry time—"The maddest, merriest time in all the glad New Year," sang Anice.

It so happened, without any visible prearrangement, that Captain Hartly Aldenn was on the same boat with them, on his way to his mine, somewhere in Idaho. He was helpful and attentive, without being in the least obtrusive. He joined occasionally in the conversation, and said many good things. He was especially amused by Mrs. Nimms, who sat and talked over the old times in Barren county with Mr. Wills to her heart's content. He said to Bertha that the old lady was the most entertaining person he had met in many a day. He was most attentive to Bertha, but watched Anice with an eager eye, and listened with apparent delight to her witty conversation.

When the little party arrived at The Dalles, they were surprised to meet Earle Russell. Bertha was almost beside herself with joy, and Earle seemed equally elated.

"I could not think of waiting longer, and having you come over those rough, disagreeable roads without me," said he to his wife.

"How good it was of you to choose to go over them twice yourself just to accompany me, you splendid old fellow!" said she.

"Just to accompany you! I would be willing to search for you in the infernal regions, as did Orpheus for Eurydice, if I could not find you elsewhere," said Earle.

"As though that was a place he would be most likely to find you," said Anice to Bertha.

"I do not wonder his mind easily reverts to that location, after having traveled over those windy, desolate regions which he has chosen for his home. I think it is not more than one remove distant," said the Captain.

"Oh, Captain Aldenn, I shall never forgive you for that speech!" cried Bertha.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Russell, but I am sincere. I can never forgive a man for asking such a sacrifice of a woman as to live in this lonely, God-forsaken country."

"Why, Captain, I am astonished at you," said Anice. "I fear you do not appreciate the country, and I thought you were a religious man."

"I hope I am not an unbeliever; but if you do not very nearly agree with me before you have spent six months in the country, I am mistaken."

"I shall never consider it forsaken of God, because I believe I shall be just as near His kind care and sustaining arm where I am going as in any other spot on earth," replied Anice, quite solemnly.

"You will undoubtedly need it as much as you ever did in your life. But I hope you will pardon me for my thoughtless expression. I should fear to have you remain there if I believed it to be what I called it," replied the Captain.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts, * * * even there shall thy hand lead me," said Anice.

The little company was undivided part of the way on the stage trip, and found each other's society a great pleasure, which served to dissipate the tedium of the journey. For Captain Aldenn it passed only too soon.

It was very plain to Bertha that his devotion to Anice was unabated, but Anice seemed not to notice it in the least.

When the party finally separated, the Captain bade Anice good-bye with the saddest face, and an unmistakable quiver in his voice that wrung her heart with sympathy.

[To be continued.]

Old Parson S., of Connecticut, was a particular kind of person. One day he had a man plowing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plow struck a stone the man took occasion to swear a little. "Look here," cried Parson S., "you must not swear that way in my field." "Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plow such a stony field as this." "Not a bit of it," said Mr. S.; "just let me show you!" So the parson took hold of the plow, but he very soon had considerable trouble with stones. As stone after stone caught the plowshare, Mr. S. ejaculated: "Well, I never saw the like!" And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. As soon as he had plowed around once he stopped and said to the man: "There, now! You see I can plow without swearing." "But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie," answered the man, "and you told dozens of lies. Every time the plow struck a stone you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before."

THE TRUE STORY OF MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Jassy as follows:

I was unsuccessful in my attempt to visit Barbocke, or rather to look at the bridge of Barbocke, for so long as I limited myself to the town, I could go where I pleased, so I was told by the Russian officer in charge. There was nothing worth recording; it is a dirty little place now, but was once a Roman cantamount, under the name of Dinigutte, and is supposed to be the scene of the last stand made by the Ostragothi Athlaric against the Hems. Twelve miles further on is Galatz, and here I could go where I pleased. The city, whose commercial importance is well known, is divided into two parts—the old and the new town. The first, along the Danube's bank, is a filthy hole, with irregular, tortuous streets paved with wood, and knee-deep in mud or dust, according to the weather. The new town is much more habitable; the main avenues are in a respectable condition, the hotels are tolerably fair, and some of the shops really elegant. Still I would scarcely choose it as a residence, although its position on the hillside above the river is commanding. Here, too, are the principal public buildings, none of them, however, possessing any interest except the church of St. Mary, where is to be seen the tomb of Mazeppa, the famous hetman of the Cossacks immortalized by Byron. His adventures sung by the bard were in reality much more commonplace than as we have learned to know them. Mazeppa was a young Cossack of the Urkine who, having been ennobled by the Russians, declined to pay his taxes. For this, the local governor, Count Talboski, ordered him to be stripped naked by his servants and tied to the back of his own horse, with his head to the animal's tail. The horse was then flogged, pistols were discharged close to his ears, and, after being thus excited, he was turned loose. The road leading to Mazeppa's house was a bridal path leading through the woods, which was particularly fertile in thorn bushes and wild pear trees, and the infuriated beast, accustomed to follow this route before, dashed off homeward as soon as he was at liberty, where his master arrived very much the worse for his journey. He had, however, enough strength to call for the gate-keeper, who recognized his voice, and opened the door, only to close it again immediately, to keep out what he supposed to be Mazeppa's ghost. At last the other servants, recovering from their fear, came to his assistance, and put him to bed, where he remained for some months, between life and death, from the injuries he received. When he recovered, he exiled himself voluntarily to Poland, and, joining himself to the fortunes of Charles XII., was mortally wounded at Pultowa, and dying at Barnitza, his body was brought to and buried at Galatz.

HOUSEHOLD RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

No one who has not been tried can imagine the discomfort and inconvenience that results from irregularity in regard to meals. The whole business of the day is broken up by the tardiness of part of the members of the family, and it is unjust to practice it; and yet many men who would chafe and fret if their business was delayed never give a thought to the fact that it is just as inconvenient for their wives to wait for them. Order is the first law of nature, and it should be the same in families. A regular day and hour for especial purposes make housework easier and far more pleasant, and this order should be recognized by each individual in the family, and it is the mistress' privilege to insist upon her rights in this respect. Again, the various contrivances and improvements for making housework less laborious, and thereby saving both time and strength, should be considered as great a necessity in the house as upon the farm. A woman does not grudge the money expended for machinery in carrying on the business of the farm, and if she did it would probably make no difference, and it is just, that she, too, should avail herself of the helps that lighten the labors of her department. Spirits of ammonia is useful in expediting the tiresome business of house-cleaning. And it does not cost but little, yet how very few housewives think of availing themselves of its assistance, because, forsooth, it "costs so much;" and just the same with other articles of utility, and a wife will make a martyr of herself by scrubbing and working, even unto death, to save a little expense.—*Woman's Column* in *Thayer County (Neb.) Sentinel*.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.—A divorce suit recently came before one of the St. Louis courts, entitled "Gregory vs. Gregory," in which there was a startling and sad episode. The counsel for the husband was unusually severe in his strictures against the wife. She exhibited great agitation during his remarks, and finally became so excited that she could no longer restrain herself. A St. Louis paper thus describes the scene that ensued: "She rose from the witness chair, and throwing up her arms with a dramatic gesture and tone, exclaimed: 'You will drive me crazy! Would you rob me of that? You have ruined my character. My God! I cannot bear this! Engage, my husband, save me! save me!' These impassioned utterances produced a great sensation in Court, which was filled with ladies, witnesses and spectators. The agonizing appeal to the husband brought him to his wife's side. He bent over her and did all in his power to soothe and quiet her. An elderly man who had accompanied Mrs. Gregory to court also went forward, but the husband gave him to understand that his wife having summoned him to her side, he would allow no one else to render any service at that time. The ladies in court were much affected by the scene and some began to sob. In the end the proceedings were adjourned until morning."

AN EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.—Itlicia was the scene a few days ago of one of the most remarkable marriages on record, the bridegroom, Samuel Love, being eighty-three years of age, and bedridden, while the bride, Mrs. A. M. Fenner, of Lansing, is about sixty. She made an attempt to marry the man some time ago, but was thwarted in her scheme by Miss Rachel Huntly, of Elmira, a niece of Mr. Love, who is the heir of the property under his will. On this occasion the woman evaded the vigilance of Mr. Love's protector, and gained access to his room at the Tioga House, in company with her brother and a clergyman named J. W. Pratt, of Lansingville. Mr. Love is in an utterly helpless condition, very deaf, unable to dress or undress himself, and, in fact, is all but inanimate. The woman claims to have been actuated merely by a desire to minister to his wants, and without reference to the contingency of inheriting any portion of his money.