

THE EBB OF LOVE.

A love that wanes is as an ebbing tide, Which slowly, inch by inch, and scarce perceived, With many a wave that makes brave show to rise, Falls from the shore. No sudden treason turns The long-accustomed loyalty to hate,

WORKING FOR NOTHING.

BY LIZZIE CHASE DEERING.

"I shall not be able to hire you after this week, George," said a pale, delicate-looking woman to a fourteen-year-old boy, who had been in the habit of getting her wood and water for her.

"Why? Don't I suit? I work as cheap as anybody, I guess."

"Oh, yes! You don't ask any, too much, and you do your work well. The reason is only that I cannot spare the money, as small as the sum is."

"George, I guess I shall have to get you to bring me an extra pail of water. I may feel too tired to get it myself in the morning. Here are three cents extra for it."

George took the three cents as a matter of course, and listened with satisfaction to hear them drop down into his pantaloons pocket with the other money he had just received.

Perhaps it seems strange to most of you that it should seem such a burden to her—work that to you would seem so light; but Mrs. Noble had never drawn a pail of water or split a stick of wood. She had until recently had plenty of money and servants to help her; but within a short time death took from her husband and only child. Misfortunes of various kind reduced her large property to a very small one, and the small one to an income so small as to hardly support her comfortably.

Little did George Burch think what a sorrowing heart he was leaving, although tears were in the widow's eyes when she bade him good-bye. Perhaps we ought not to expect a boy of his age to feel or show sympathy for such a one. Still, I can easily call to mind one of his age, now gone from earth, who would have been melted to tears by her tears, and would have exclaimed, eagerly:

"Never mind the money, Mrs. Noble; I will get the wood and water for nothing."

There has been such a boy, and I know there are more; but George Burch was of another sort, and it must not be wondered at. From his earliest childhood he had been taught to get all he could and to keep it.

"Make every cent you can, Georgie," his father would say, "and there's nothing to hinder ye from being as rich as any of 'em."

That had been his motto, though as yet he had not made himself very rich by it. He had, however, a good house and all that he needed.

George seemed to be born with a love for money. He would never lose a chance to make a cent if he could help it. He was willing to work, and to work hard, not because he loved to work, although he really did love work better than study, but because he loved the money the work would bring. He was always ready to lose a half-day's school for a few cents; and it was generally remarked by his schoolmates when he was absent, "George is out making a cent."

"A few days after this, George and several other boys were playing in the yard adjoining Mrs. Noble's. Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"I should think she was goin' to meetin'," added another. "Hope she won't catch cold!"

"No danger o' that," said a third. "Pity she hadn't a buffalo-robe to wrap 'round her head, on top of her big white shawl. She'd make a good scarecrow!"

At this the boys joined in a hearty laugh. "I thought you did her chores, George," said a pale, slender boy, who had not yet spoken.

"Well, I did as long as she could pay; but when the money stopped I stopped. You know I ain't one of the kind that works for nothin'. No, sir; you don't catch me doing that. I ain't so fond of work as all that."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Noble was struggling very hard to turn the heavy crank of the well. The cool November air made her shiver, and caused her face to grow whiter than ever. Beside, she had heard part of the remarks the boys had made, and she felt as if she must look very ridiculous. Her only thought in wrapping up so much was to protect herself from the cold, knowing by hard experience how she should have to suffer from any exposure.

"Here, Mrs. Noble, let me lift the pail over. It is too heavy for you. I will carry it in, too."

"Oh, thank you, dear! but I don't like to trouble you. I find it hard, though, I confess, to get it in myself."

"It is no trouble at all. I am used to bringing water."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Noble. "George Burch used to do this work for me; but lately I have been trying to do it myself. But it is quite an undertaking for me to get a pail of water. I find I have to wrap up as much as if I were going a long distance."

"I will come over and draw what water you need. I live near, and it will only take a few minutes."

"I should like to have you, but I cannot afford to pay you. I gave George up for want of money."

"Oh, I didn't mean to do it for pay. I will do it for nothing. I have plenty of time before and after school."

Without waiting for Mrs. Noble to express her thanks, he bade her good-night and went away.

Ned Ingalls's mother was a widow. She was glad to get employment to help support her family, and to keep Ned at school. She did all the sewing she could get, and frequently took in washing and ironing. So, really, Ned could less afford to work for nothing than George Burch and many of his other boy companions; but, with all her work and all her poverty, his mother never lost a chance to teach her children to be kind to others, and to lend a helping hand whenever they could.

"You will never lose anything by doing for others," she would often say. "Don't expect to be paid always in dollars and cents."

George Burch was surprised when he found that Ned was doing Mrs. Noble's work.

"That's pretty queer," said he, angrily. "She said she turned me off because she couldn't afford to pay, and now she's gone and hired you. I'm glad, now, that I took three cents for that extra pail of water. I set out not to charge anything, but then I thought I'd better get all I could. That's father's way, and mine, too. He says I'm a chip off the old block, and I guess I am. Ha! ha! ha! I'm glad she didn't get nothin' out of me but what she paid for. I s'pose you work cheaper. How much do you charge her?"

"Nothin'," replied Ned. "It doesn't take long to get what little wood and water she uses, and she looked so sorter sick I told her I'd do it for nothing, as long as she couldn't afford to pay."

"Do it for nothin'! Well, you are a fool. All right. Go ahead. Guess you'll get sick enough of it before Winter's over. I s'pose you'll shovel for nothin', and go to the post-office for nothin', and go after yeast for nothin', and do everything else she wants done, for nothin'. Well, I hope you'll lay up money. The bank won't be apt to bust while you are so prosperous. Do it for nothin'! Well, as for me, I'd rather work for something."

But Ned did not get sick of it before the Winter was over. In fact, as time passed, he liked it better and better. Although he did shovel, and go to the post-office, and go after yeast, he did not feel as if he did it for nothing. He felt doubly paid when he came in, perhaps out of a drifting snow-storm, to meet her pleasant face, and to see her point smilingly to an extra plate on the little tea-table, which she had drawn close up to the fire, and to hear her sweet voice say:

"That plate is for you, dear. You must have a cup of tea with me to-night; and here are some doughnuts which I made purposely for you."

Then, after supper, she would help him with his lessons, explaining all the difficult portions until she made them clear to him. This last was a great help to Ned, and he progressed so rapidly at school as to excite the wonder of his teacher and classmates. George Burch, in particular, wondered what had given Ned Ingalls such a start. But Ned and Mrs. Noble knew. This, although she had not money to pay Ned for the work he did, she had many ways of helping him. It was she who knit his mittens, although it was often done with yarn raveled from stockings her husband used to wear. It was her delight to make him pretty neckties from bits of bright silk she had in the house. Then they had nice talks about Ned's future prospects, and many a cheery game of checkers and backgammon; and often, in the midst of their enjoyment, Mrs. Noble would exclaim:

"Why, Neddie, I don't know what I should do without you; but it doesn't seem right to have you doing my work for nothing."

"I don't do it for nothing. I think I am over-paid every week; so if you are suited I am sure I ought to be."

And so the weeks went by, and the months went by, and even the years went by, and little was said about Ned's doing the work, except an occasional inquiry from George Burch, in a rather sneering way, if he still enjoyed "working for nothing."

But this state of things could not go on. At the end of two years, George and Ned both left school to go to work. George went into the factory, and

Ned got a place as clerk in a book-store on smaller wages; but he thought he should have some chance to study there, and, though he had said nothing about it to any one beside his mother and Mrs. Noble, he had a strong idea of trying to work his way through college.

About this time a telegram came to Mrs. Noble informing her that her brother was dead, and urging her immediate presence in New York. She closed the cottage and went away, and Ned missed her very much. But after a few weeks she came back, bringing with her a little girl, the only child of her brother.

Ere long it was rumored that the Widow Noble had bought the cottage where she lived. Soon additions began to be made to it. It was painted, and an ornamental fence was put around it. New and handsome furniture arrived, and many signs pointed to the conclusion that the widow had had a fortune left her. And she had. Her brother had left a large property, which was divided between his only sister and his child, whom he confided to her care. But the greatest sensation of all was produced when it was announced that Ned Ingalls had left his place of employment, and, after a few months at the Academy, was to enter college.

"I don't see how you've managed to save money enough to go to college," said George Burch to him one day. "It's going to take a big lot, and you can't be earning much while you're there."

"No, I shall not have much time to earn anything then. But, to tell you the truth, George, I laid up a lot while I was working for nothing!"

THE USES OF AN ENEMY.

Always keep an enemy in hand—a brisk, hearty, active one. Remark the uses of an enemy:

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is twofold—it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault, you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental qui vive must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work.

There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his truthful assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy. But let us pray to be delivered from secret foes.—Rev. Dr. Deems, in Sunday Magazine.

GETS A "FREE" TICKET.—One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in "dead-heading it" on all occasions. No one who has never tasted the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and happiness. He does one hundred dollars' worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, and rides twenty-five dollars' worth, and is looked upon as a dead-head. He "puffs" a theater or concert troupe ten dollars' worth, and gets one dollar in "complimentaries," and is thus passed in "free."

If the hall is crowded, he is grudging the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets, the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival or ice cream social free to any desired extent, and barely gets "thank you" for it; and if he should happen to attend, his silver is as much expected as any other person's. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and generally gets cursed for it all, while a man who donates a dollar for the Fourth of July or a base-ball club is gratefully remembered. Yes, it is a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free," you know.—Ex.

The prevailing opinion among many people that petroleum is of recent discovery, and that its production is confined to this country alone, is a very great mistake. From indisputable records, a spring exists in one of the Ionian Islands that has yielded petroleum for more than two thousand years. We read that the wells of Armenia, on the bank of the Zera, were formerly used for lighting the city of Genoa. At Baker, near the Caspian Sea, in Persia, springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest time, and from other instances, and data we might give, its use would seem well nigh coeval with civilization.

No matter how deep a young man's pocket may be, a colored silk handkerchief will invariably float to the top and flop over, while a soiled linen rag will sink to the bottom like a brick thrown in a mud-puddle.

Several of our exchanges are giving directions "how-to-dress." The most sensible way is to stay in bed till the fire is started, and then take your clothes under your arm and trot out to the dining-room stove.

PORTLAND.

The Great Commercial Center of the Northwest.

Its Present and its Future.

It has a population of 21,000. It is to Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, what New York City is to the State of New York, and bears the same relation to that State and those Territories that Chicago does to Illinois, St. Louis to Missouri, Philadelphia to Pennsylvania, and New Orleans to Louisiana. It has more territory tributary to it than any other city in the United States, and will soon be numbered with the foremost cities in the Union. Even at this time the hammer and the saw can be heard all over the city; the demand for buildings is so great that the inclement season of Winter does not check the onward march of its growth. With the vast number of ships constantly plying between this and foreign ports, freighted with our constantly increasing agricultural products, and the numerous wharves now building or terminating at this city, it will not require more than ten years to swell the population of our beautiful and growing city to 100,000 souls. Having a larger territory than San Francisco to support it, we may confidently assert that in less than a quarter of a century Portland will be the foremost city on the coast in point of wealth and population.

We will here enumerate the many railroad enterprises already inaugurated. Some of them are obstructed, and others in process of construction, all making their termini at this city.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

Is building rapidly west from Duluth, on Lake Superior, and also from the Columbia River east, and will be completed at an early day, thus connecting us with all our sister States.

THE OREGON AND CALIFORNIA R. R.

Terminates here, and is having an immense patronage.

THE WESTERN OREGON R. R.

Formerly the Oregon Central, is doing a good business. This road runs through the fertile country on the west side of the Willamette River, and its southern terminus at present is at Corvallis, 100 miles from Portland.

THE UTAH NORTHERN R. R.

Will be built through hundreds of miles of fertile lands, the produce of which must be brought to this city for shipment. This road will connect with the Union Pacific R. R., thus securing two competing lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is now a settled fact that this

PORTLAND, DALLES AND SALT LAKE R. R.

Will be constructed at an early day. This will give three trans-continental roads.

NEW RAILROAD ENTERPRISES.

A home company, with unlimited capital, has been organized, under the name of the Oregonian Railway Co., to construct narrow-gauge roads from this city to the interior portions of the State, ultimately connecting with the Central Pacific, with branches wherever inducements may offer. This enterprise is being pushed vigorously to completion, so that it may be in readiness to move this Fall's crop.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

Have been filed to construct a road from Battle Mountain, Nevada, in the direction of Oregon, to connect with the Oregonian Railway Co.'s road, and make Portland its terminus. This will give us direct communication with the richest silver mines in the world, and will make Portland one of the greatest railroad centers in the Union.

We shall soon be connected by rail with the Northern Pacific R. R.; also with Chicago and the Atlantic cities. Thousands of immigrants are constantly arriving from all parts of the civilized world, and the millions of acres of agricultural lands that lie still unbroken by the plowshare, and waiting the advent of the sturdy farmer, point most conclusively to the fact that the future of property is already dawning upon this fair young State. When the immigration has reached its full tide, and three millions of acres are under cultivation, then will Oregon be known as the wealthiest State in the Union.

PORTLAND CITY HOMESTEAD.

The land in this enterprise lies adjoining the city, and is only from ten to fifteen minutes' walk from the Court House, and a less distance than that from one of the best public schools in the city. It is divided into

ONE THOUSAND TWENTY-FOUR LOTS.

Fifty by one hundred feet in size, with streets sixty feet wide.

PRICE.

All lots will be sold for \$100 each, payable in installments of \$5 per month, or the small sum of 16 2/3 cents per day. No interest will be charged, and a good and sufficient bond for the purchase will be required. The first payment of the first installment of \$5, and a Warranty Deed upon receipt of last installment, both without expense to the purchaser.

TO PURCHASERS.

Those not finding it convenient to make their payments when due, will be granted twenty days grace in which to make such payments, as it is desirable that all shall have every possible opportunity to keep up their payments. Those desiring to make their first payment at the time the Bond is posted, will be entitled to a reduction of \$10 on each lot or \$5 on each \$50 bid. As the

ROAD TO WEALTH

is the most certain and rapid through real estate investments, this enterprise offers far more inducements to the public than any other on the coast at this time, as the price and payments are within the reach of all. Do not let this chance pass. Buy a lot, build and make yourself independent. Many of you who live in rented houses pay more every year for rent than would purchase a lot and build a roof over your head. You then would be independent of exacting landlords, and in truth have a place to call home.

DON'T FORGET

That not many years ago some of the best lots in San Francisco were sold for an ounce of gold dust, and that now they cannot be bought for \$100,000. Also, remember that in Chicago some of the best business lots were once traded for a pair of old boots. How often is the remark made by old residents of Portland that once they could have bought lots for \$100 that \$20,000 would not buy now. It is not wise to despise the day of small things."

IT IS TRUE

That of all real estate investments the homestead plan is the best and safest, as all who invest are interested in making the whole property more valuable. To illustrate: Suppose a builds a house on his lot, and B owns a lot adjoining; B gets the benefit of A's improvement, while A is not injured thereby. This philosophy will apply to the entire property.

We have donated a lot to each of the principal churches for church purposes. Also, two lots are set apart for public school purposes.

RAILROAD PURCHASE.

The Overland, Oregon and California and the Western Railroad Companies have purchased all the land from the Court House to the Homestead (Ninth Street) to the water front for their terminals, depots, freight sheds, etc.; also the main line of the Oregonian Railway Company (limited) will have its terminus near by. Thus the greatest railroad center on the Pacific Coast lays in close proximity to these lots. This purchase has caused a rise in all adjoining property of 30 per cent, making the lots in this Homestead from 75 to 100 per cent cheaper than any other real estate in Portland. Inasmuch as this Homestead was advertised to be sold for a stipulated price before the recent advance, unpleasant as it is, we shall strictly adhere to our advertised contract with the public to sell these lots for \$100 each for the next ninety days.

The two hundred lots that were reserved for actual settlers are now all sold, and the demand to select lots being so great, we have been compelled to place more lots on the market from which the public may select for the next ninety days. This affords an opportunity for persons so desiring to purchase the most beautiful residence property.

TO PARTIES DESIRING TO PURCHASE.

This property is now selling very rapidly, and those wishing to buy will do well to call or send immediately for a lot or lots. All but the first installment must be paid at the Banking House of Ladd & Tilton, in the city of Portland.

PERSONS FROM A DISTANCE

Desiring a lot, may forward \$5.00 to the General Manager, and a Bond will be immediately forwarded. Money may be forwarded by registered letter, money order, or Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, at my risk.

For further particulars, apply to J. M. RICE, General Manager, Portland, Or. Or to H. A. HAIGHT & McLAUGHLIN, 32 Morrison street.

Certificate:

I certify that I am the owner of the lands in the Portland City Homestead—the title thereto is perfect, being a U. S. patent—and I authorize J. M. Rice to sell said property on the foregoing plan. P. A. MARQUAM.

References:

Wm. Reid, Banker; Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Ex U. S. Senator; Hon. L. F. Grover, U. S. Senator; J. A. Stronbridge, Merchant; Meier & Frank, Merchants; Geo. H. Himes, Printer.