the happiest of women. Still, I was not quite satisfied—unreasonable being that I was.
"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said,

with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on pur-

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but, as I looked in his face, I did not think so then; and, although years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

## LADIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A lady listener at the House of Commons first complains that the ladies cannot be seen, and then that the men on the floor are all bad-looking.

In the ladies' cage there are sixteen front seats. From these the occupants can see nearly all the members, including the cabinet ministers, but can neither see nor hear the Speaker. These sixteen chairs are immediately behind the gilded ecclesiastical lattice work which prevents our being seen from the floor of the House. Is it not a remnant of barbarism to suppose that women should not be seen in our houses of legislation? Behind these chairs are sixteen others, the occu-pants of which can hear, but cannot see, and no one knows what an assistance sight is to hearing unless he has tried it. Seen from above, the members of the lower House are not conspicuous members of the lower House are not conspicuous for beauty. Perhaps the view from our eyrie is not the most favorable. Artemus Ward says that if you want to see a woman at her best you must look up at her; and it is no doubt trying to a man to be looked down upon. So, under the circumstances, the members may not be seen at their best. Perhaps that is why their attitudes appear so ungraceful and their gestures like those of marionettes,—Liverpool Post.

A correspondent of a French paper, commenting on the number of "mysterious disappearances" constantly occurring, not only in France, but also in England, starts a curious theory. He maintains that death occasionally is actual dissolution. Persons attacked by this form of disease suffer no previous illness, have no warning of their approaching end, but suddenly cease to exist and as immediately fade from sight. He asserts that some years ago he actually witnessed this phenomenon. He was out walking with a friend, with whom he was engaged in an interesting diswith whom he was engaged in an interesting discussion on a political question of the day, when
instantaneously his companion vanished, and
from that hour to the present time has never reappeared. He has little doubt that many of the
missing persons so anxiously searched for by their
friends and the police have in like manner "melted into thin air." At the moment of his friend's
disappearance, a strong sulphurous odor was noticed, but beyond this nothing remarkable was to
be observed. The question is, he thinks, worthy
of medical investigation.

TRIED TO LEAD AN HONEST LIFE.—"I've tried to lead an honest life, jedge," observed the prisoner, "but what's the use? There ain't no encouragement for genius no more."

"What direction did your genius take?" asked the magistrate, unconsciously softening in his manner toward the unfortunate man.

"I'm an inventor, jedge. I sent an application to the Patent Office more'n a year ago. Nothin' ever come of it. There ain't no encouragement for—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted his honor; "you've said that once already. Now tell me what it was you

Brushing a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve, "A burglar's jimmy, jedge."

At the dedication of the new Second Reformed Church, Albany, a hymn, which had been "writ-ten for the occasion by a brother," was sung. The first\_yerse was as follows:

Our Father's God, from out whose hand The centuries fall like grains of sand— We meet to-day, united, free, And loyal to our Church and Thee, To thank Thee for the era done, And trust Thee for the opening one.

By a strange coincidence, Whittier wrote precisely the same thing for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, except that the word "land" was substituted for "church."— New York Sun,

Mr. B. F. Dowell, of Jacksonville, Oregon, states that Goose Lake, thirty miles long and two-thirds of it in Oregon, the rest in California, was almost dry in 1853 and 1854, while in 1869 and was almost dry in 1853 and 1854, while in 1869 and 1870 there were ten feet of water; its depth has been increasing since 1870, and there is a probability of its discharging, as at some former time, into Pitt River. Clear Lake, also, about two miles farther south, is ten feet deeper than it was in 1853-4; and Tule Lake, in the same region (the locality of the lava beds, where were the hiding places of the Modoc Indians), is ten or fifteen feet higher to-day than then.

"I feel," said the fat passenger, as the train crossed the Ohio line, "that I am in the land of statesmen. There is a smell of the post office in the air, and the low, sweet sound of a consulate is heard in the dewy distance. I see the shadowy forms of marshals yet to be, and out of the dreamy gates of the impossible I see the sad procession of never-to-be Supreme Judges. It is a dear and favored land, this grand old stepmother of Presidents."—Burlington Hawkeye.

Pleasures of hotel life.—"Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"—Texas Exchange.

At a Cincinnati wedding lately, the organist en-tertained the audience awaiting the bridal pair by a series of voluntaries, the last of which unluckily was, "Trust her not; she is fooling thee," at which he was hard at work as the bridal proces-sion walked up the aisle.

"The freest government," says Webster, "can not long endure where the tendency of the law is to create an accumulation of property in the hands of the few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent."

#### THE MIRTHFUL MUSE.

#### A JINGLE FOR JILTS.

One of Boston's wealthy young men was mulcted of \$3000 n a breach-of-promise suit and subjected besides to hearing his wonderful love-letters read in court. The fate of this gentleman so affected the Chicago Tribune's home poet that he at once composed the following beautiful and intensely practical verses, which should be pasted in the hat of every young man in the country :

In the twilight's solemn gloaming Stood a malden young and fair. Watching anxiously for some one Who was certainly not there.

Long she peered into the darkness, While her nrind was fraught with fears, And her heavy-hanging eyelids Showed the marks of recent tears.

Oh! the woe that woman suffers! Oh! the heart-aches and the pangs! Only partially atoned for By her bangles and her bangs.

Faithless man, come to the maiden Who is waiting there for you; Clasp her gently to your bosom-Tell her she is life to you.

Let her roost upon your knee-cap, Sitting in the old arm-chair, While the end of your cont-collar Tangles gently in her hair.

Play it fine, misguided creature; Tell the maiden on your knee That to you a guardian angel Will her love forever be,

Then be sure to get your letters-On this point depends your fate-For in case you shake the maiden, She may choose to litigate.

Never let a heartless jury See those notelets where you say That the girl's your "tootsey-pootsey," For it gives you dead away.

When you have the precious missives, Burn them ere the sun has set; Then steer clear of guileless maidens, And you may be happy yet.

#### THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE.

How doth the busy little wife.... Improve the shining hours, And chuck the carpets out of doors As 'round the house she scours. How skillfully she sets the tack Upon its head so neat, And wonders if her "hub" will run The blamed thing in his feet.

#### UNROMANTIC.

A noble young man in Momence Loved a maiden with ardor intense. Her cruel pa's boot Obliged him to scoot Through the back yard and over the fence.

### A FAT MAN'S EPITAPH.

Here lies the body of Thomas Dollman, A vastly fut, though not very tall man. Full twenty stone he weighed, yet I am told His captain that him worth his weight in gold. Grim Death, who ne'er shows anybody favor, Hurried him off for all his good behavior. Regardless of his weight he bundled him away 'Fore anyone "Jack Robinson" could say.

## ACQUIESCENCE.

Says the Captain to Pat, "Come, I'll have none o' that !" As Paddy of whisky was drinking his fill.
With a satisfied sigh,
As he finished the rye,

Says Paddy, "Be jabers, I don't think ye will!"

## REFERENTIAL

An Arab came to the river side With a donkey bearing an obelisk; But he would not try to ford the tide, For he had too good an \*. -Boston Globe.

So he camped all night by the river side. And remained till the tide had ceased to swell, For he knew should the dopkey from life subside, He never would find its |. -Salem Sunbeam

When morning dawned and the tide was out, The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection, And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt, For he had the best donkey in all that }. -Somerville Journal.

The donkey was seen by a shrewd galoot, Who asked, as he showed a sack of "sand": How much will you take for that 'ere brute, In gold or silver, cash in #2" -New Northwest,

"Go to! go to!" cried the Arab sheik, With neck outstretched like a lean giraffe; "This donkey's value I could not speak In an Evarts-protracted "." Philadelphia Bulletia.

But the noon-day sun shone on the pate Of the faithful donkey, who began to stagger,

And the Arab was forced to assassinate The obelisked ass with a terrible t. -Bristol Gazette.

OBITUARY REMARKS, WITH COMMENTS. Exact in all the relations of life was he-His hat and boots were just what they ought to be. He never was known to neglect the means of grace-He paid for his pew, and always sat in his place. Among the safest and best of our business men-Whatever he bought for five cents, he sold for ten. His thoughts and hopes were not for a day, but all time No man knew better the use and worth of a dime. His intellect easily showed the breadth of its range-He never once was deceived in making change. A bright example he set before every one-Who knows of any good he has ever done? His days flowed smoothly and evenly on to the end-He never succeeded in making a single friend. By his wife and his children he was highly revered-By silks and sealskins and cash so justly endeared. His life was blameless and pure, without a flaw-Whomsoever he cheated, he kept within the law.

He left this world, which could ill afford the loss— They who hest knew him most patiently toro the ex-

-New York Bun.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### TO MILLINERS. NOTICE

We are now opening our

## NEW STOCK

MILLINERY COODS! IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE BASTERN MANUFACTURERS,

> Which we will Sell Lower than Any Other House on the Coast.

Special Inducements Offered to Milliners Starting Business.

# LEWIS & STRAUSS.

128 First Street, Portland, Or.

CARDWELL & BENNETT.

## THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE, NOW OPEN!

## Call and Examine Our Stock and Prices.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING BY EVERY STEAMER.

Northwest Corner Third and Morrison Sts .-- Don't Forget the Corner.

CARDWELL & BENNETT.

jel-tf

T. G. HARKINS.

## C. W. PATERSON.

# HARKINS & PATERSON.

Designers and Manufacturers of

EAGLE MARBLE WORKS.

MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TOMBS, TABLETS, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CEMETERY WORK IN

MARBLE, STONE OR.GRANITE.



AN ACRICULTURAL MONTHLY.

Devoted to Improved Methods.

FARMER AND DAIRYMAN

A SIDE FROM THE BUSINESS OF PUBLISHING THE A above paper, the Editor is practically engaged in the dairy business in Clarke county, W. T., and the Manager also owns and manages a farm in Polk county, Oregon. Both are experienced publishers, and are thoroughly up to the times in the special pursuits they undertake to advance in publishing a strictly business journal for the farmer and dairyman. No religious, political or general news features. Terms, 75 cents per annum. Subscriptions solicited.

Let Us Exchange Experiences.

Remit by money order, or three-cent stamps in registered letter, at our risk.

STEARNS & CASEY, Publishers,
P. O. Box 155, Portland, Oregon.

JOHN A. BECK,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

Front street (opposite the Esmond), Portland, Or.

A Fine Assortment of

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SPECTACLES

AT LOW PRICES.

Repairing a Specialty - All Work Warranted.

Purchasing AMERICAN WATCHES Direct and for Cash, and having the advantage of Low Rent, I can safely promise Lower Prices than any other house in Oregon.

Being competent, I will repair Common or Fine Watches satisfactorily.

SPECTACLE and OPTICAL GOODS a Specialty.

OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS AND CHROMOS! ......POR SALE BY.....

VICTOR VOLNEY.

Picture Frame Maker.

Frames Made to Order. Old Frames Re-Gilt. Black Wal-nut Composition Ornaments Pressed.

or Orders by mail immediately attended to, "68

Corner Third and Morrison Streets, Portland, Or.

D. H. STEARNS, Editor.

Eigin Silver Watches..... Waltham Silver Watches.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS. WE USE NOTHING BUT THE BEST quality of Italian and Vermont Marble direct from the quarries. Cemetery lots enclosed with Stone Walls and Capping or Stone Posts and Galvanized Iron Railings and Gate. We are prepared to do work at a lower figure than it has ever been done for heretofore in Oregon. We are also prepared to creet Granite Monuments or Head Stones of any style or dimensions. We do not employ any agents to consume profits and make the work more expensive to the purchaser, but attend to our business ourselves, which enables us to give our customers the benefit of an agent's percentage. We solicit orders from the country, which will be promptly attended to. We guarantee entire satisfaction. If you wish anything in our line, and will write to us, giving a description of what you want, we will send you designs to choose from, with prices of same. myl

No. 26 Salmon street, between First and Second, Portland, Oregon.

ED. CASEY, Business Manager,

## SEWING MACHINE! SIMPLE, NOISELESS, LIGHT-RUNNING!

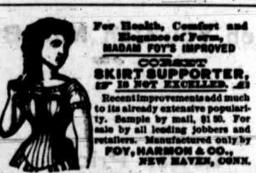
The Pioneer in All Improvements!

All kinds of Sewing Machine Materials for sale. Repairing a specialty. E. F. HEROY, Agent, 225 Second St., bet. Salmon and Main.



#### CORBETT'S LIVERY, HACK AND FEED STABLES Corner Second and Taylor Streets.

Reasonable Charges for Hire and Boarding. Hack orders promptly attended, Day or Night.
WOODWARD & MAGOON, Preprietors.



# G. NEIMEYER. Merchant Tailor,

No. 162 First Street,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FINE AND COM-

## SCOTCH, ENGLISH, FRENCH & DOMESTIC GOODS

Which are unsurpassed, and which will be

MADE UP AT COST PRICES.

## THE AMERICAN

Steam Dyeing and Cleaning Works DYE AND CLEAN ALL KINDS OF SILK, WOOLEN and mixed goods, after the best and newest German and French systems. Kid Gloves and Feathers cleaned and died by a new process. Blankets and Furs cleaned nicely. Cleaning and dreing Gents Cleaning a specialty. No. 10 Salmon street, Portland, Oreg

USE ROSE PILLS.

## EMPIRE BAKERY.

VOSS & FUHR,

Manufacturers of Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Pilot Bread, Soda, Pienic, Butter, Boston, Sugar and Shoo Fly CRACKERS,

Jenny Lind Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Etc.,

or Orders from the Trade solicited. To