

and directly after Phil came in, having forgotten something. Seeing Rose in tears, he inquired:

"What the h—l is the matter now?"
Falling on the floor before him, Rose embraced his knees and said:

"Oh, Phil! my husband! Don't, don't leave me alone to-night! For weeks you have left me from morning till late—very late—at night, and I have never said a word. For God's sake, Phil, don't leave me alone to-night! I feel so bad—so strange—I am sure something—you know what, Phil—will happen to-night. Don't, oh! don't leave me alone!"

"Oh, go to thunder! Do you suppose I'm going to be dictated to by a woman? Let go of my legs, I tell you! Something going to happen, is it?" mimicking her. "Well, let it happen! And if the brat is dead, so much the better for both of us. Let go, I tell you!"

But she, in her agony only held the closer, and being almost delirious with emotions and an undefinable dread, insisted on his remaining with her—crying, pleading, begging him to stay, "only this one night, and she would never, never, ask him again!"

"Let me go, you fool!" he replied, roughly shaking her. "Let me go, I tell you!"

"I will not let you go, Phil! I will not let you go, unless you kill me! I cannot stay alone!" she screamed in her agony. "I won't stay alone."

"Let me go," he repeated, with uplifted hand. "No, Phil! no, no!" she screamed. "Don't strike me!"

It was too late. The clenched hand descended with a dull thud upon that white upturned face and felled her to the floor. A gasp, a sigh, a quiver or two, and Phil was free to go.

The evening sun went down, bathing everything with a mellow, golden light that seemed to linger upon the floor on which poor Rose was lying, as if trying to warm that pulseless body into life again, and then, finding all in vain, sank in seeming reluctance beneath the western horizon.

[To be continued.]

A TRUE LADY.—Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exacting and ennobling. It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned and not banish men and women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a State prison offense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the Prince unthought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of men toward women is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in fact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she would be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—Gail Hamilton.

TWO OVERSIGHTS.—One of the stall-keepers at the Central Market had a basket of vegetables to go to a house on Fort street, yesterday, and calling a white-washer, who was hanging around for a job, he said to him:

"Here, old man, take this basket to No. — Fort street and I will give you a watermelon."
The colored brother closed the bargain at once, and upon his return, after a rather suspiciously brief absence, the man handed him the two halves of a green melon. "I promised you a melon, and here it is," he said, as he clapped the halves together.

"But dat mellyon hain't ripe, boss."

"Can't help that. I didn't specify that I would give you a ripe one."

"Dat's so, boss, but I didn't specify what time dis summer I should tote dat basket up dar, either, ah! I kinder reckoned dat it was better to leave it in a lumber yard till I saw de size an' color of de mellyon! 'Pears like I hain't much behind in dis trade."

He had a ripe melon under his arm as he started off to finish his errand.—Free Press.

A Norristown man, the father of a large family, calls his flour barrel Maud S. It goes so fast.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken-of-your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best woman physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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SELECTED VERSE.

THE MECHANIC.

What builds a nation's pillars high,
And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"TAKE BACK THE HEART."

Take back the heart that thou gavest;
What is my anguish to thee?
Take back the freedom thou cravest,
Leaving the fetters to me;

Take back the vows thou hast spoken,
Fling them aside and be free;
Smile o'er each pitiful token,
Leaving the sorrow for me;

Drink deep of life's fond illusion,
Gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee
Swiftly through strife and confusion,
Leaving the burden to me;

Then, when at last overtaken,
Time flings its fetters o'er thee,
Come with a trust still unshaken—
Come back a captive to me;

Come back in sadness or sorrow,
Once more my darling to be;
Come as of old, love, to borrow
Glimpses of sunlight from me.

Love shall resume her dominion,
Striving no more to be free,
When on her world-weary pinion
Flies back my lost love to me.

—Thomas Haines Bailey.

MY RIGHTS.

I have a right to a life of my own—
Not merely a casual bit
Of somebody else's life, flung out
That, taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral
writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can,
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man;
Taking with free hands freely and after an ordered plan.

The right—ah! best and sweetest—
To stand all undismayed
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Calls for a woman's aid,
With none to eevil or question, by never a look
gainsaid.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army-roll,
And God, who made man's body strong, made
too the woman's soul.

—Susan Coolidge.

SIMPLE FAITH.

If one could hear his mother's voice again,
And stand beside his mother's knee again,
And be again a child,
Simple and mild,

Absorbing faith as earth receives the rain;
Thus only could he shake the feeling off
That he has learned too much, or not enough.

Cold is the air of reason, though serene;
Chill and unsatisfying, though serene,
Better for life and death
Were simple faith,

That ample evidence of things unseen;
But we have eaten the forbidden fruit,
Nor knew the tree was rotten at the root.

—Unknown.

AT LONG BRANCH.

The waltzes were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperone's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with a bang of my hair;

And if ever a mortal was thankful,
It was I that a window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think!—and to whom?

But the heiress of Phippant's millions,
And the vulgarlest thing in the room!

Now, Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I had flirted,
But only a little, in fun—

And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him,
If the thing could be possibly done.

I felt in my bones 'twas all over—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss—
For of course 'twas a grand speculation,
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss.

But to think, after all his palaver,
That he could ever snub me like this!

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug.
Then I saw my old chaperone stimper,
And up to me whom should she lug?

But that great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash;
He's been dangling around all the season,
Yes, of course it was dreadfully rash,

But I just thought I'd show Mr. Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

"Would I walk on the breezy veranda?"
"Oh, thank you." Now, Nell, you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress.

When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
"Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y—e—s."

So it's all coming off in October:
I am having my trousseau from Worth.
He's nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,
And a man of respectable birth;

But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know
For the moment—let me get upon my feet.

—Scribner's Monthly.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON for the County of Multnomah, ss.—Louisa Jane Suetrey, Plaintiff, vs. John Patrick Suetrey, Defendant.—To John Patrick Suetrey, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled action within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, if served within this County, or if served in any other County of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served by publication, then you are notified and requested to appear and answer said complaint on or before the third Monday in January, A. D. 1882, that being the first day of the next term of said Circuit Court; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the Plaintiff will take judgment against you for a decree dissolving the marriage bonds now existing between you and the Plaintiff, and the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint. And you are further notified that on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1881, an order was made by the Hon. Raleigh Stott, Judge of said Court, directing publication of said summons for six consecutive weeks.

F. CLARNO,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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