

WANTED.

Martie Woodbridge—her name was Martha, but no one called her so—lived on the outskirts of a small village. Her father was a farmer, but not a prosperous one. Nature, with her frosts and drouths, was always getting the upper hand of him, and the crops which he raised were sure to be those which brought the lowest price in the market. The canker-worm stripped his apple trees, and a late frost blighted the corn and oats. He had the misfortune to buy a cow which introduced the cattle disease into his farm-yard, and Creamer, Spottie and Whiteface—the three cows that always filled their pails the fullest and made the most golden butter—sickened and died.

This was the question which Martie puzzled over from day to day, coming at last to the conclusion that she must try her luck in the big world of which she had seen so little outside of her own small village. She would go to London, and, if possible, find there a situation as governess, in which she could at least provide for her own support.

Her mother let fall a few quiet tears over the plan, and smiling patiently through them, said: "Ask your father."

Mr. Woodbridge said "No" at first; but having lain awake all night over his difficulties, he called Martie to him, kissed her solemnly, gave a weary sigh, and with it his consent.

So it came to pass on a cool, crisp October morning, when the woods were at their brightest Autumn flush, and the frost had stiffened the grass into little silvery blades and spears, and made the few pale flowers that lingered by the roadside hang their heads, Martie put on her bravest smile, made hopeful, comforting little speeches, kissed them all good-bye at home—the dear old home, so full of joys and troubles—and started for London, to put into that great, hurrying, driving, jostling market the wares she had to offer.

Martie was eager and full of hope; but, alas! how much eagerness and hopefulness go down to death every day in the frantic rush and scramble for the good things going. Martie, in the great city looking for work to do, seemed like a quiet little wren trying to pick up a worm or crumb where hawks and vultures were snatching and clawing for plunder.

Martie was met the moment she stepped from the train by an old friend of the family, who had kindly promised to receive her at her house and do what she could to assist her. The next day, early in the morning, a modest, unpretending little advertisement was sent to one of the daily newspapers. What a stupendous affair it seemed to Martie, and how her unsophisticated little heart beat at the thought of it! Nothing could come out of it that day, however; and while she goes out with Mrs. Allen to do a little shopping, and stare at a few of the city lions, let us take a look at the quarters she has fallen into.

Mrs. Allen kept a small private lodging-house, very select and very genteel. Its inmates were the learned Professor Bigwig and family, from whose presence a certain literary aroma was supposed to pervade the atmosphere; the brilliant Colonel Boreas, hero—according to his own account—of numberless battles; a rising young lawyer, with his pretty, blushing girl wife, all fresh and lovely in her new bridal toilet; a rich widow and her still richer daughter, who, it was said, was soon to become the helpmate of the clerical member of the household, the Rev. Paul Appolos; and last, though not least, the representative of the fine arts, Mr. Raymond, an artist whose pictures had won golden praises from critics and connoisseurs, and golden praises from purchasers.

Mr. Raymond was Martie's left-hand neighbor at the table. With the first glance at his dark face, iron-gray hair and mustache, and deep-set gray eyes, she felt rather inclined to be afraid of him. When he smiled, she liked him better, and thought the gray eyes looked kind; and she felt very shy and lonesome among all those strange faces. She was glad to have him talk a little to her, and take care that she was provided with all she wanted.

On the second morning after her arrival in the city, Martie's advertisement appeared. Mrs. Allen sent a paper up to her room before she was out of bed, so that almost as soon as her eyes were open she had begun to hope, and to be afraid and to wonder if, out of so many people who she supposed would come to see her, any one of them would think well enough of her to want her services.

Martie was very painstaking with her toilet that morning. She wanted to look her best. She spent twice the usual time over her wavy, golden-brown hair; and when she had put on her pretty gray dress—the gray dress was for morning and the black silk for afternoon—and fastened the dainty, spotless collar and cuffs, she dallied fully five minutes over her little stock of ribbons, trying this one and that, and went down at last to breakfast, looking to Mr. Raymond's artist's eyes, which took her in a glance, like a wild rose just out of a thicket, with the dewy morning brightness brimming in her brown eyes, the pink of rose petals in her cheeks, and soft, warm, shimmering sunbeams woven into the ripple of her brown hair. How his artist fingers longed for canvas and colors to give his beloved St. Agnes that beautiful hair!

But the wild rose might as well have been blooming in her native thicket. In vain Martie peeped from her front windows, and held her breath when the door-bell rang. No one came to see the gray dress that morning.

The black dress fared better. It was called upon, and Martie went down to the parlor with her heart in her mouth, to meet the grand lady whose carriage and dashing horses she had watched as they drew up in splendid style before the house. But, alas! Martie was not experienced, and Martie was too young, and, though Madame did not say so, Martie was too pretty, and to set youth and beauty before him in the shape of a young governess would be tempting Providence. Madame was very sorry, hoped this and that, and swept gracefully out to her carriage, while Martie mounted with rather a slow step to her little fourth-story room, to watch and wait, and wonder if everybody would find her too young. She was not to blame for it, anyhow, she said to herself, trying to coax a laugh.

No one else came that day, but the next morning there was an early call for "the lady who advertised." Martie was glad she had on the gray dress; perhaps she looked older in it. But gray or black was all the same; she was again weighed in the balance and found wanting—not in years

this time, but in German; and as one weary hour after another went by, and no other applicants appeared, Martie grew heavy-hearted. Her advertisement was to appear for three days. Two had already passed, resulting in disappointment. Mrs. Allen tried to encourage her, but when night came, and the six o'clock dinner, Martie felt sad and homesick.

"I hope no one has made arrangements to carry you off just yet," Mr. Raymond said, as he took a seat beside her at their end of the long table.

"No," said Martie. "No one wants me. I'm too young, and I don't know German."

And a big round tear rolled over into her tea-cup.

"There's no cause for discouragement in that, I assure you," said Mr. Raymond. "I know people who would not find fault with you on either score."

Then he went on talking to her in such a pleasant way that she soon became interested, forgot all her troubles and the tear in her tea-cup, and was as merry as though she had been older and had known German.

Mr. Raymond stayed down stairs until ten o'clock, read aloud an old-time fireside story, and kept the ball of conversation rolling in such pleasant channels that the evening was gone before Martie knew it, and in spite of all her disappointment, it had somehow been the pleasantest one she had spent there.

The next morning a lady came to see Martie in behalf of her mother-in-law, and Martie engaged to go on the following day to see the place and people.

There was no poetry about Mrs. Myrick. "She was pure, unadulterated; wanted her girls to have a good, strong education—no nimmericks, no fur-rin language to jabber in. She was willing to pay good wages—would give her governess twenty pounds a year and her board; but she mustn't expect much waiting on. They didn't keep any servants—didn't need any; a pity 'twould be if two hearty girls like hers couldn't do their own work."

Poor Martie! She would not say no at once, because this was thus far her only chance; so she promised to give an answer soon and went back to her room, praying heaven to send her something better.

She thought her prayer was answered when a gentleman called that evening, talked with her about his three little girls, and seemed well satisfied with the modest account she gave of herself. He was very particular about music, however, and would be glad to hear Miss Woodbridge play. Their interview had taken place in the kindly shelter of the quiet little reception room; but the piano was in the big parlor, and in there the Professor and the Rev. Paul Appolos were discussing earth and heaven. The Colonel was stalking about, showing off his martial figure, and the young bride, by the side of her new lord, was holding court in the midst of a lively circle of callers.

Shy, bashful Martie! how could she play before all those people? Poor, timid little wren, that had just crept from under the mother's wing and flown out of her nest! Could she show what sweet music she knew how to make, with a crowd of listeners?

There were none of the airs and graces of the music-pounding young woman about Martie, as she dropped down upon the piano stool and took a moment's grace before entering upon the dreadful ordeal. "Twas no use waiting, but oh, if the gentleman would only sit down! Why will he stand beside her and watch her poor, frightened fingers as they trip and stumble, give a wild jump for a distant note and miss it, make a dive for one octave and light on another, and at last lose their way altogether and go on chasing each other up and down the key-board. Martie knows the piece she is trying to play as well as she knows her own name, but it all flies out of her head and slips away from her fingers, and she ends at last with a *fa-la-lal* of her own improvising, feeling her hair stand straight on her head as she do it.

The gentleman was "much obliged," left almost immediately, and Martie, in a state of grief and mortification, was rushing through the hall, exclaiming, with a sob, as she covered her face with her hands, "What shall I do?" when she was suddenly stopped at the foot of the stairs by Mr. Raymond.

"My dear child," said he, "don't take it so to heart. I've heard you play that piece before, and thought how well you did it; but, of course, you couldn't play with all those people staring and listening. The man was a brute to ask you to do it."

"Oh, no, it is I who am such a simpleton," said Martie; "but you are very good to me;" and she hurried on up stairs, longing to get where nobody could see her, but feeling comforted a little even then by the tender sympathy which had done its best to console her.

Once in her own room the flood-gates were opened, and Martie cried over what she called her disgraceful failure, until she had succeeded in getting up a raging headache. Then she went to bed with the determination of writing in the morning to Mrs. Myrick, informing that lady that she was ready to accept her offer and enter upon the "education" of her children. But before she had time to carry her resolution into effect, Mrs. Myrick herself appeared, having made up her mind that Martie would not do for them. She hadn't been brought up in their ways, and was likely to be too particular.

Thus vanished all hopes of success from advertising. Mrs. Allen next advised that Martie should try one of the educational agencies in the city, and an application was accordingly made. Then followed more days of anxious waiting and of hope deferred, resulting at last in a visit and a generous offer from a lady who won Martie's heart at the outset with her pleasant face and winning ways, and her gentle, motherly talk about the little boy and two little girls at home, for whom she wanted a teacher and companion. But, alas! that home lay hundreds of miles away. It seemed to Martie like going to the ends of the earth. She had twenty-four hours in which to decide; spent half the time in wandering between yes and no—between the courage to go and the home-sickness that crept over her at the very thought of it. Then, scolding herself for a genuine coward, she made up her mind that she must and she would.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, in a tone of surprise. "Have you really made up your mind to go so far from home and all your friends?"

"Yes, I must go," said Martie, with a little quiver in her voice. "Please don't say anything to discourage me."

"I wouldn't for the world," returned Mr. Raymond, "only that I know of a situation nearer home which you can have if you will accept it. Come into the reception-room, and I will tell you about it."

Martie was all eagerness now. How delightful

if, after all, she should not be obliged to make an exile of herself.

"It is a companion, not a teacher, that is wanted," Mr. Raymond continued. "Would you be willing to take a situation as companion?"

Martie's face fell a little, but she answered: "I should be very glad to take such a situation, if I could fill it. Do you think I could?"

"I'm sure you could."

"Do you know the person who wants a companion?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Myself."

"Yourself! How—what—?"

The exact question which Martie intended to ask just here must be left to the imagination, since she did not seem to be quite clear about it herself.

Mr. Raymond continued, "Yes, it is I, Martie. I want you for my companion, my wife." The gray eyes twinkled as he asked, "Will you take the situation?"

An hour later Mrs. Allen entered the room, exclaiming, "Bless my soul!" as she stumbled upon an unmistakable pair of lovers.

"My dear Mrs. Allen," said Mr. Raymond, taking his blushing "companion" by the hand and leading her to the astonished old lady, "I know that you will be glad to hear that Martie will not be able to make an engagement with that lady; she has already made one with me."

A CHICAGO GIRL'S LOVE OF POETRY.

Eulalie McGirlygrit sat silently by the drawing-room window of her father's palatial residence, watching the snow-laden clouds as they piled slowly up in the western horizon, burying in their cold bosom the golden-browed sun that erstwhile gleamed brightly forth upon the bleak surface of the storm-beaten earth.

"Heigho," sighed the girl, wearily, as she raised her right foot and languidly scratched her left ankle—a small and prettily turned one, without sign of curb, ringbone, or spavin. "Rupert will not come to-day. I shall not feel his strong arms around me, taste the nectar of his lips in a pulsing, passionate kiss, nor quaff the aroma of his Cedar Run-copper-distilled-two-drinks-for-a-quarter-breath. Perhaps he does not love me. Sometimes in the long, still, stem-winding watches of the night I awake suddenly with the thought that he is not true to me, that some haughty beauty over on the West Side has won his heart, leaving me only the liver and other digestive organs. But it cannot, must not be. Without the beacon light of his love, my life would be a starless blank—a mere chaos. No, I will not doubt him. I will not rack my soul with the thought that he could be untrue to me."

And with these words the artless girl stepped into the conservatory, plucked a blush rose, and placing it in her nut-brown hair, walked slowly to her boudoir.

Seating herself on a damask-covered *fautuil*, she touched a bell that stood on a table near by, and scarcely had its silvery tinkle ceased to be heard, when Nannette McGuire, her *femme de chambre*, pushed aside the damask curtains that hid from view an alcove, and entered the room.

"Give me my volume of Tennyson's poems, Nannette," said Eulalie. The book was handed to her—an elegantly bound work. Rising slowly, Eulalie placed the book under one corner of the *fautuil*, and saying to herself, "Well, I guess I have fixed that pesky, short-legged sofa now," lay quietly down, and was soon wrapped in the sweet slumber of innocent maidenhood.

Such is the power of poetry.—Chicago Tribune.

Beer has been banished from the large lunatic asylum at Barnum, Kent, England, and the medical superintendent reports the following happy results: The wards are much quieter than they ever were before. The patients are cheerful without being noisy, and they certainly work better. Their general health has been good, and there is a marked diminution in the death rate.

There are 80,000 Methodists in Iowa, and they are building churches in that State at the rate of one every two weeks.

Rescued from Death.

The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the Fall of 1878 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the Summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over \$100 in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time that a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable; but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years. I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I have taken two bottles, and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared, and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

Quinine and Arsenic

Form the basis of many of the Ague remedies in the market, and are the last resort of physicians and people who know no better medicine to employ for this distressing complaint. The effects of either of these drugs are destructive to the system, producing headache, intestinal disorders, vertigo, dizziness, ringing in the ears, and depression of the constitutional health. AYER'S AGUE CURE is a vegetable discovery, containing neither quinine, arsenic, nor any deleterious ingredient, and is an infallible and rapid cure for every form of Fever and Ague. Its effects are permanent and certain, and no injury can result from its use. Besides being a positive cure for Fever and Ague in all its forms, it is also a superior remedy for Liver Complaints. It is an excellent tonic and preventive, as well as a cure, of all complaints peculiar to malarious, marshy and miasmatic districts. By direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, it stimulates the system to a vigorous, healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

A HYGIENIC LECTURE.

The stomach is the best friend of man, but he uses it as if it were his worst enemy.

It is generally considered that the stomach is a hopper into which anything can be thrown, with the assurance that the digestive machinery will take care of it. This is not so. Fried shingle nails and fricasseed hairpins will not assimilate with the human system any easier than leathery flapjacks or lobster salad and milk.

The first thing that a man does when his stomach feels bad is to put some medicine in it to make it feel worse. He is looking ahead for the happy contrast when it will possibly feel better. The more medicine a man puts into his stomach, the more that organ seems to crave, and the more money the patent medicine man gets to circulate his ill-looking portrait in the newspapers.

It is useless to attempt to pave the inside of your stomach with conglomerate. Nothing but the best Belgian pavement should be used, and that can be thoroughly masticated. You can eat Belgian just as safely as you can a thousand things you do eat.

In making a beer vat of your stomach, under the impression that you will thus become a walking brewery, you will find out your mistake. You will merely put on a bay window which will be expensive to live up to.

Don't mistake your stomach for a receptacle of everything that tastes good, but use it rationally, treat it to gentle doses of strength-giving, nutritious food, moderate quantities of mild drink, exhilarating exercise, a little fresh air occasionally, and you will reach that happy elevation of good health and spirits which will render you totally oblivious of the fact that you have a stomach at all. A man who is thoroughly aware of the presence of his stomach is not well.—New Haven Register.

The disqualification of a witness at Toronto, on the ground that he was an Agnostic, adds to our knowledge of matters and things in Canada. The supposition that because a man is not sure about what goes on in the next world he is therefore an incompetent witness as to what he sees going on in this world, when his evidence may be very important to the rights of a plaintiff or a defendant, caused Mr. Justice Osler to suggest that there was a chance for improvement in this respect in the law of the Dominion.

Rev. Mary Thomas Clark, of Richmond, Ind., is a regularly licensed minister in the Universalist church, and is the only minister of that denomination in the State who preached every Sabbath during the past Summer of extreme heat. She frequently preached twice in the day, and traveled five miles from one appointment to another.

A New York robe and cloak house employs a beautiful girl, the daughter of a saloon-keeper, to act as an animated "dummy" on which to display the articles for sale. She has a queenly style, and everything she wears shows to the best advantage. Her salary is forty dollars a week.

A religious controversy at Nevada, Iowa, resulted in the election of four anti-Christians out of the six School Commissioners, and the Bible has consequently been excluded from the public school.

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