

A Bachelor's Will.

The sun of an August day was sending golden shafts through the intersecting foliage overhead showing a limpid trout stream.

A young man was kneeling beside it, pole in hand, ostensibly fishing, but the speckled denizens of the brook had but little cause for alarm. The cool brain and steady hand so dangerous to their peace under ordinary circumstances were not really putting forth any efforts against them.

It was a handsome young face turned in such evident eagerness toward the faintly defined foot path leading through the woods to the sylvan spot. The features were almost too regular for masculine ideas of beauty; but the firm way the red lips were set together and the massive chin redeemed them from weakness.

He started to his feet as the crackling of dried leaves and twigs betrayed an approaching footstep. Another moment, and a breathless young creature was beside him, panting from her rapid approach.

"I began to think that you were not coming, Dot, and that my holiday was to prove a failure."

"It was by the merest accident that I got away. Father hardly trusts me out of his sight. But he was called off on unexpected business, and I've run every step. I feel so guilty all the time—I can't do it unless things change."

"Dot," began Philip, reproachfully.

"I know it is hard," continued the girl, "but I am as much the sufferer by it as you. Though, Phil, with a sudden intensity in her voice, "one thing I can do. I solemnly promise never to marry any one but him I love, and that is—you know whom."

"That is poor comfort, Dot. To know that the girl you would shed your heart's blood for cannot give you a kind word now and then to keep up your spirits! I shall half the time think you are forgetting me, and making up your mind to marry the man your father is so taken with."

"You are very different from the idea I have of you if you give way to any such feeling. Why, Phil, all the people in the world couldn't make me believe you false, if you had promised to be true. But I must go. I just came to tell you—no matter what happens—that force could not drag me into a marriage with Oram Dinsmore, and to say goodbye until we can meet as we used to, with the full consent of father."

"That'll never be," was the gloomy answer. "It's goodbye forever, I am sure. I wish that old cousin of yours had left his money to some one else. It has destroyed our happiness. Your father seemed to like me until that will made you an heiress, and Oram Dinsmore began coming to the house. Much as he might have been taken with your looks, he'd never have bothered his head about you unless there had been a prospect of adding to his possessions. I know him of old, and he's as tight as the bark of a tree."

"Really, Philip, you're complimentary. So money is the sum of my attractions, is it?"

But there was no vexation in the eyes she turned upon his troubled face. Hers was a true, truthful nature, and she understood her lover's meaning, though she tried to speak lightly and playfully to prevent a painful parting scene. Tears were near her eyes, but she forced them back; she must be strong for both. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Philip. Don't be discouraged; all will come right yet." Philip took the little hand in his sweet young face. Then he said: "Won't you give me one parting kiss, Dot?"

"Yes, Philip, kiss me here," touching a slender finger to one of her soft cheeks, "and from this time that place shall be sacred from the touch of other lips until we meet again."

Philip kissed the cheek which flushed redly at the touch of his lips. Dot was chary of permitting kisses, and though they had been free of each other from their boy and girl days, Philip had never presumed to kiss her, unless when playing a game of forfeits in some of the merry gatherings which are sometimes given in country neighborhoods for the double purpose of drawing the young people together and helping the farmers to husk their corn, or get the rosy produce of the orchards into festoons of neatly pared and quartered apples to dry, on the principle that many hands and nimble fingers make light and pleasant work.

The next moment he was following the little figure with sad eyes until it had disappeared under the overhanging branches. He lacked Dot's faith in the kindness of the future. He could not anticipate a long separation, and perhaps estrangement; and it was with a heavy heart that he gathered up his fishing tackle and started for home. A distant relative of the Ingrahams had lately died, and had willed his property to his cousin, Dorothy Ingraham. During his lifetime he had never shown that he was aware of the existence of our little Dot, and it was a great surprise to her when the old gentleman's solicitor came from New York with the intelligence that he had made her an heiress.

At first it was a great pleasure to the girl, and she built many pretty "castles in the air" about the way she would use her wealth, until a change came over the scene.

Mr. Ingraham, who had heretofore seemed well pleased to have his daughter in Philip Bertram's company, began to entertain higher views for her, and when young Mr. Dinsmore, son of the president of the village bank, began to drop in of an evening, with the evident intention of seeing Dot, though he asked for her father, poor Philip began to be treated coldly, and at last was forbidden the house!

Had Dot's mother been living, things would have been different, for her sterling good sense would have carried the day against her husband's sudden inflation caused by their good fortune. But

since his wife's death Mr. Ingraham had no one to influence him, for he considered Dot a mere child, to be petted and governed as though she were five years of age, instead of a well grown girl of eighteen, of more than ordinary capacity and good sense.

Affairs went on in this way for several months. Mr. Dinsmore's calls grew more frequent, and a strong pressure was made to bear upon Dot to make her listen to his suit, which was now openly declared. She had now tried to discourage him by treating him with marked coldness and indifference; but he would not take a repulse, and her life was growing to be an unhappy one, her father's conversation being almost principally upon the perfections of her suitor, whom, at heart, she cordially detested, though doing her best to treat him with courtesy.

Philip knew of his constant visits, and heard rumors of an engagement. He grew gloomy and morose, and when he chanced to meet Dot, would pass her in a way that made her poor little heart ache.

So things went on from bad to worse, until Dot would have been glad if her inheritance had been sunk in the sea. At last another actor appeared—a young girl, who created quite a sensation in the quiet village. She was from a city in the far West, and was very pretty, and knew just what colors to choose for her toilet to set off the tints of her glowing brunette complexion.

Dot's heart felt like lead in her bosom, when one day she met the stranger walking jauntily by Philip's side. She was shortly afterwards introduced to her, and for a few moments a hateful spirit suggested that she would make herself disagreeable; but she resolutely put the temptation away from her and appeared her own natural, lovable self. She soon ceased to wonder at Philip's evident pleasure in Miss Belmont's society. She was so frank and cheerful and sparkling in her conversation, that she was won from her prejudice, and they grew to be friends.

It was not long before Kate Belmont knew the true state of Dot's feelings toward Oram Dinsmore, though Philip's name was as a sealed book between them. Dot loved him as dearly as ever, and the very intensity of her feelings for him made her strangely shy of mentioning him to even her dearest friend.

It was a great surprise when Kate said to her one day, half jestingly: "How strange that you don't like Mr. Dinsmore better! I have taken a great fancy to him, but have studiously avoided being even pleasant to him, for rumor gave him to you; and thinking him your special property, I didn't want to play with edged tools. But if you don't love him, I shall adopt different tactics, for I think he is perfectly splendid!"

"What is meant to one is poison to another." How true those old adages are; I don't think he cares for me. He never looked at me before I came rich. I wish old Jared Ingraham had left his money to some one else."

"Jared Ingraham," said Kate, musingly; "where have I heard that name? Oh, I know; I have the dearest old friend out West, and it's her love story which that name has brought to my mind. Something happened to separate them when they were both very young, and she left all her friends and settled in the West. But she always remained single, and to this day is true to the memory of her old love. By the by, her name is almost the same as yours, only it's Dorothy Ingraham, instead of Dot."

"Why," said Dot, "my name is Dorothy. They only call me Dot for short."

"I wonder if you and Miss Ingraham are related to each other. I am quite sure that Jared Ingraham was her lover's name. If it was the same person, doesn't it seem strange that he should have left his money to a young child like you, begging your ladyship's pardon, instead of his faithful old love?"

Dot's face was as study as Kate rattled on. It fairly shone.

"Kate," said she, "I see it all! I am an interloper. Isn't it nice? The will said, 'I give and bequeath to my dear cousin, Dorothy Ingraham'—that's all I can remember verbatim, but that's enough. All the law terms in the world wouldn't make it plainer to me. We all thought it strange that he should have left it to me when he never had paid me the slightest attention when he was alive; but the lawyer said that to his knowledge there was no other person of that name, so I must be the one. Give me your friend's address, and I will soon get to the bottom of the matter."

"I'll give it to you, of course, but first promise me not to say anything about it until you are sure."

"I will keep silent until you give me permission to speak," said Dot.

She wrote at once to the old lady, and in due time received a reply which confirmed her suspicions. So she immediately began to put things in train so that Miss Ingraham should receive her rights.

A month had hardly gone by when, much to Dot's amusement, Mr. Dinsmore called and requested a private interview with her. She had noticed his growing fondness for Miss Belmont's society and half suspected the denouement.

As she went into the room he rose to meet her, and for the first time Dot felt an emotion of sincere liking and respect enter her heart for him. Under the influence of genuine feeling he seemed a different person to the plausible, polished man of the world who had tried to palm off the semblance of love upon her during his unsatisfactory courtship.

"Miss Ingraham," he said, flushing as he spoke, "I have come to make a confession, and ask your forgiveness. Not for withdrawing my suit, for I know you have never even liked, much less loved the unworthy man who stands before you; but for persecuting you with my unwelcome attentions. Under the light which a genuine passion has shed upon my actions I see how contemptible they have been, and I wish to apologize to

you and make my peace before I dare speak to the young lady I love of my desire to win her for my wife. Will you forgive me?"

Dot held out her hand. "With all my heart, Mr. Dinsmore, and I shall always respect you for the frank, manly part you have acted at the last. You have my best wishes for your success."

Mr. Ingraham was at first very angry at Oram Dinsmore's defection, but when Dot said decidedly: "I would not have married him if I had remained single all my life," he determined to give up trying to direct the course of true love, making a virtue of necessity, yet thinking himself a model father.

Dot was willing that her father should please himself with this delusion as long as he withdrew his opposition to Philip's coming to the house.

When a few months after, the real heiress, Miss Dorothy Ingraham, appeared upon the scene, uncharitable persons said that Mr. Dinsmore had known of the mistake.

But Kate Belmont, his betrothed wife, had the pleasant consciousness that she had won his heretofore mercenary heart while he thought Dot the true heiress, and that he valued one glance of her bright eyes more than he did Dot's supposed thousands.

The real testatrix was very much taken with her namesake, and would not consent to take more than half of the property. The mistake about her legacy had been the means of drawing her into the society of a young relative of whose existence she would otherwise have been ignorant. It proved very pleasant to her to have such a treasure-trove of warm, human affection, bestowed upon her, for young Dorothy loved her aged cousin very dearly, and was always pleased to entertain her in her pretty home, for she became the wife of Philip Bertram, and the happiest little matron under the sun.

Living in San Francisco.

But, after all, it doesn't pay; we do not mean in the money sense, but it doesn't pay in any way we look at it. This tremendous pace that we are going will very soon result in driving all the nice poor people out of society. We know many of the best, the very best people, the most gifted, and most cultivated, the best born, and the best bred, who are now exiles from social life because they cannot afford to come into competition with the wealthy in this race of jewels and clothing—this vulgar contest of display of shops' contents and tradesmen's baubles. We know of young ladies, just as lovely as youth, beauty, education, good manners and accomplishments can make them, entitled by their social positions to enter society, denying themselves an indulgence of their natural tastes because they cannot honestly rival their more wealthy associates, and because they are too proud to appear in harness not gilded and silver plated with monogram and crest stamped by fashionable society. We think, and all gentlemen think, that a young girl looks prettier in a lawn, in a simple white cambric, with peach-down and a blush hair natural, than one in train and flounce, with hair chemically dyed and face painted in French cosmetics. But women dress for women, not for men, and there is only one way of reforming this abuse, and that is a strike on the part of all pretty and sensible girls against this unreasonable social tyranny. Let them not decline to attend parties, but rally in force with plain, cheap and simple dresses, and with their other charms give battle to the rich ones, armor clad in clothes of expensive material and fashionable make. All the gentlemen will be on the side of the young and pretty ones, and we will drive these dressy old maids, wives and dowagers to the wall. Expensive entertainments and costly dressings are an evil in San Francisco society. There are hundreds of pleasant houses that never entertain because they cannot rival the more elegant affairs given by millionaires. This has a tendency to discourage social gatherings of the more unpretentious kind. An association of the kind we suggest would bring to it nearly all of the young, most beautiful, and most accomplished girls of society; all the young married ladies, who, being wives of poor men, do not desire to impose upon them burdens of extravagant dressing, and all the rich girls who have sense enough to know that youth and beauty are overmatches in attractiveness to the display of dress and jewels. From this class the wives would be chosen. All girls hope to marry; it is the natural relation. But he is a brave young man who will take upon himself the responsibilities of married life. She is a courageous girl who will yoke herself in life's harness to a husband. It is a rare couple who, not being rich, will say to each other: "We will harness for the chances and toils of life's journey; we will content ourselves to be excluded from social life because we cannot afford the costly expenditures it entails; we will work for ourselves a life course along that lower plane to which we are confined for want of money." It demands a high moral courage for a young couple to withdraw themselves from the association of friends, and attempt to carve out for themselves an independent career; to live within their means when their "means" is confined to the earnings of the young husband. All along the shore of social life in California we read scattered wrecks of domestic life. Who that lives here cannot count up by the score the ruined homes? Who that notes the current of events does not recognize the hazard of marriage? Look at the divorce record of to-day in comparison with that of a half century ago.—Argonaut.

A minister in one of the small Illinois towns was the unfortunate loser of several dollars the other night. He had a donation party.

A Liverpool boy recently hung himself because "somebody found fault with him." The boy was certainly not born to be a country editor.

Religious Intelligence.

Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, thinks the last Christmas the best the world ever had.

Joseph Cook's monthly receptions are features of the Boston world of scholars and theologians.

The Methodist Board of Church Extension received \$105,631 during its fourteenth year, just ended.

Dr. Dollinger is not yet wholly reconciled to the act of the Old Catholic Synod in abolishing priestly celibacy.

The Church of England last year provided in elementary day schools some 2,252,000 out of the 3,942,000 sittings.

The M. E. Church in the United States has 11,423 itinerant and 12,492 local preachers, and 16,721 church edifices.

The veteran Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, entered upon his fortieth year as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church December 7th.

Philadelphia churches have raised \$9,000 toward the expenses of the great council to be held in their city in 1880, and will raise the whole \$15,000 if necessary.

Mr. Hammond, the revivalist, is going about with a company of men and women in London, Ontario, singing hymns and holding prayer meetings in saloons and hotels.

Canon Lindon is regarded as perhaps the most brilliant of the living preachers of the Church of England. He appears at St. Mary's before a cultured audience at his best, Oxford.

The lady members of one of the Episcopal churches in Brooklyn collected among themselves \$500 at Christmas, which they distributed among the poor and needy of the parish.

Luke Lothrop, known to Yale graduates of many classes as a college janitor, has recently died. For twenty-five years he was a deacon of the Temple street corner church, New Haven.

Mr. William E. Dodge says he never invested any money that brought a better return than that he expended for the education of Rev. Wm. D. Johnson, the colored pastor of a church of 800 members in Macon, Ga.

Feminine Items.

"A Fraud in Silks," is the startling headline in an exchange. "Ah! Went back on you, did she?"

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh will soon celebrate their golden wedding. He is the premier Duke of Scotland, and is lord of 450,000, with a rental of \$1,150,000 a year.

Mr. O'Flanagan: "Well, Barney, when you come to see your landlord, you might put a coat on you." Barney: "Is it coat, your honor? Shure, thin, the only decent coat I'll be having is just a bundle of howls stitched together, and sarna a rag else—and that same in pawn—bad cess to it intorty!"

The late Mrs. Catherine Hogarth Dickens was in her youth a pretty, bright-looking young woman. In her later years she is described by an acquaintance as a comfortable-looking man of the English middle class, amiable, but commonplace in conversation.

On New Year's day Mrs. Hayes' toilet was more than ordinarily becoming, the gold threads with which her white broadened satin dress wrought contrasting handsomely with her dark hair and eyes and burnet coloring. The waist of her dress was cut V shaped in front, and filled in with lace. The court dress was long and square and entirely made of the white broadened satin, on which rose buds were worked in threads of gold. The petticoat, of plain white satin of the richest texture, was trimmed with bias folds of satin arranged horizontally, with a fringe of gold and pearls between. Up either side, where the court train fell back from the petticoat, were broad bands of embroidery in gold thread. In her hair was a silver comb, and on her neck a pendant (a cameo head of the President set in diamonds).

Mr. Phillip Remlinger, an old subscriber to our paper and well known to the whole surrounding country, informed us the other day that his wife, who for two weary years had suffered with rheumatism in the shoulder, during which time she had been treated by several physicians without success, had been completely cured by a single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.—Bucyrus, Ohio, Courier, Feb. 13, 1879.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1879. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try it, and you will certainly find it has no equal.

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Hon. Thomas H. Price—U. S. Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.—recommends the St. Jacobs Oil as the most useful pain-relieving and healing remedy in the world. His testimonial is endorsed by the local officials of the Treasury department who have been cured of Rheumatism and other painful conditions.

Mr. R. Scherer—No. 31 Brown St., Allegheny City, Pa.—had the Rheumatism in his own medicine cabinet. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Gen. A. Hellmann, Editor of the "Pittsburg Daily Republic"—Suffered with Rheumatism for three years, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pain. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

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Portland, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
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H. COHEN.

Independence, Oregon, December 13, 1879.
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Aurora, Oregon, December 28, 1879.
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Enterprise, Oregon, October 20, 1879.
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Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe Pain in my Back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and by the time I had used one half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back, as a pleasant, safe and good remedy.
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Concerning the material resources of Oregon and Washington Territory, including a full description of the Cities, Towns, and Counties, Topographical Appearance, Population, Growth, Business Enterprises, Lists of Officers, and a complete

Business and Official Directory!

Of the State and Territory. Our agricultural advantages, as well as the mining, manufacturing and all other material interests of the entire State and Territory will be fully represented.

TOURISTS

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