WILLAMETTE FARMER.
7

The Home Circle.
monjay's wash











 Yan says she enjogs mod horses, Out upon the thasatnut rowd;








 Ahtial bose thet 1 can dof
 Risty Forbes, in tho Prairio Farme JOHNSON'S OVERCOAT.
 at home. And so, he had lent it, thit
took from the hanil ruek and carried it
into her sewin. int her seowngr. Woom. Wition, nd she had
seen married five years, nond never-never-never during that time hat had
one unhappy monent. Mr. Whito hha
ond been very attentive, very. kind, very
generous, a d never made her jealous. She often sind she was she happlest
wounliving. Now, ses she hooked at
the lining and compared the silk with
 porton she was thinking these
thombts
They had never had any children, but


 in his, pocket; ; it bulges it all out of
shaphe, put her hand in the breast pocket ns \&he spoke and drew out alift.e pack
age wrpped in in silver paper and tied
withbue
Hibbon. expecte.thing he has bought for me, I





 der what there is in that package" "nd
 Then she undid the riblon, unfolded the paper and saw letters, "he must
keepent mon old letters next next his heart, as Keep my old detters next his heart, as
hehas told metion
But the writing was not hers; she saw that at an glance. Then the began ot trembe alittle, for
the entery
did no no son," one anything like it
sere love het eye tese over them. They "Toun has ived some other woman

 | she cried out: "Oh, frolish, foolith crea. |
| :--- |
| ture that $I$ am. | and he only loves me now. st thas and

 "Oh !oh! oh "," cried Eva, "Oh:
$\qquad$








 Yee, That would be best; and th
 A man whot is acoorat treatherous to
woman never has any remorse. Re wooman never has ny remorse. Re fe
morse in love affirs is a purelt fomi
nine
 belijeved to be an angel in humana form
 and pussionate expressions of repret,
which she. perhaps, might ee from
 The drught was an old man, a be
neolent
not
not

$\qquad$

## ATALE OF THIS DESERT.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { in the fowe a grave countenanee he } \\
& \text { comp with a } \\
& \text { compoudod a power and handed it } \\
& \text { arcose the counter. }
\end{aligned}
$$ She went at one to her room and un

dreseed herrelf and retired to teed, tak.
ind

 sorit is over,", the said. "Oh Heaven,
 her pillow. Just as she didd so the fit
hillian sound or a lith key in the door
below started her. Tom never came home at noon-but there hhe was now
no one olso but tot wonh walk
that cool way, and now he was calling
 torture her dying moments: Hark-
Now io wo wassouncing up stairs. He
was the room.



 Thad't a jealous wife-eh? What
the mater, Evas,
"Oh, Tom ", cried Eva, hysterically






|  |  |
| :---: | :---: |
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Etc., Etc.
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