

WILLAMETTE FARMER PUBLISHING CO. Issued every Week by the WILLAMETTE FARMER PUBLISHING CO. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One year (Postage paid), in advance \$2.50

My feet are weary, and my hands are tired— My soul oppressed; And with desire have I long desired Rest—only Rest.

IDA RICHARDS. By Charles Monroe Beebe. The sun was sinking behind the Western hills of the good old State of Connecticut, and cast its last glittering rays upon the moss covered rocks that were washed by the blue waves of the sound.

It was, indeed, a beautiful sunset. There were white silvered clouds, fringed with orange, gold and purple, and behind a clear blue sky. To add to the beauty of the scene, the wavelets came rippling up against the sea beach, with a force so gentle and light as scarcely to dispel the smallest pebbles.

It was just such an hour, and at just such a place, when young people—especially lovers—like to be abroad. The scene was one that was very enchanting, weird, strange and decidedly romantic.

Far up on a high rock, covered with moss and located near the sound, affording a fine view of that magnificent sheet of water, might be seen the figures of two persons. One was that of a young man. He was about five feet eight inches in height, slightly built; his hair was black, curly and glossy. His complexion was light and fair, while a moustache concealed his upper lip and teeth, which only appeared in conversation. He wore a plain suit of gray clothes, with a black necktie, and a gold ring containing a red stone rested upon the little finger of the right hand.

The person that accompanied him was a young lady. She was not so very tall, but possessed an elegant and graceful figure. Her eyes were of a dark blue, her brow was as fair and as white as a lily, while her cheeks resembled the richest of roses; her hair was of a flaxen or golden hue, her face was of a decidedly intelligent cast, and her measured and finely articulated words showed that she possessed learning and culture.

I may as well inform my readers that these two young persons were both employed in factories. They had wandered out to this delightful spot and were viewing the beauties of nature spread about them. Many times they had been traced, seated upon the old rock, and talked of the future, of the happy days that were to come, when they would be married and settled down. Love's young dream was daily kindled, and as the days went by the affections of the two young lovers grew stronger.

Ida Richards was a noble girl. She was an orphan, her parents having died when she was but a little child. It required no small amount of labor on her part to provide for herself. She lived with Mrs. C., a very fine old personage, in a well kept, old-fashioned house. Mrs. C. was very kind to Ida and allowed her to do very much as she liked, and of course Ida felt very much at home.

Henry Workhouse's mother was dead, and for a long period his father lived single, and Henry was then happy and contented. But one day he was told that his father was likely to marry again, and time proved the rumor correct.

They had together. The hearts of these two unfortunates for a time were thus made happy. "Henry," said Ida, "is this not a delightful spot? Here we can see everywhere the handiwork and creative genius of the Infinite mind; in the blushing flower, in the green grass, in the sparkling waters, in the singing of the birds, and above all, the majesty and beauty of the cerulean skies."

"It is true," said he, "and many a time have I stood upon this rock and gazed upon the dark blue waters of the sound, lost in admiration and astonishment at the view presented."

"Many a time," exclaimed she, "I have watched the ships sail gaily on their way to the open sea, and watched their sails until they disappeared beneath the horizon. The thought has then entered my mind how like that ship in my life, I sail onward upon the sea of life, beset with storms and calms, until eventually my bark will sink and disappear from view."

"I think you are very solemn and thoughtful this evening, and I am at a loss to account for it. You are all smiles generally when I am near. Shake off those gloomy moods, and raise thy blue eyes to mine, and sing me that sweet song, of which I am so fond."

"I do not wish to make you feel unhappy while everything around appears bright and beautiful. But there is something that troubles me. I have retained the impression all day, and have striven in vain to drive it from my thoughts. There are times when impressions are made upon the mind which cannot be removed."

"Your strange remarks startle me. I never heard you talk so seriously and earnestly as you do to-night. I am almost persuaded to believe that you have been studying theology upon philosophy by the manner in which you speak."

"I gave a hearty laugh at this light jest, but her brow darkened again, and the smile died from her lips, and she relapsed into silence. "Come, come, Ida, sing a song while I play my guitar," and he will make the rocks and hills echo with music and song as we did of yore."

Ida endeavored to brighten up a little, and she turned her earnest, wistful eyes upon her lover, and then sang a low, sweet song. After singing this favorite song of Henry's, Ida ceased singing. Her lover bent forward and kissed her exquisite little mouth and encircled her within the loving zone of his strong arm. Looking into the depths of her wondrous eyes, he eagerly sought to fathom the mystery which lay therein concealed.

"Henry, I feel that there is trouble for either you or myself in the near future; I feel it—I cannot think otherwise. I do not know the nature of the trouble, but it will certainly come."

"Come, now, Ida, you are getting very nervous out here in this romantic spot. It is time for us to go home. Do you not see how the shades of night are fast chasing the twilight tints?"

Ida placed her arm within his, and the two walked toward the village. Their conversation need not be repeated, as it does not concern this story, and as lovers' words do not interest any one much but themselves.

Henry lingered longer than usual at the white gate that led into the yard of the little cottage where his sweetheart lived. The moon began to show her large silvery face before they thought of separating.

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ANTI-SCAB. Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Sept. 15, 1879. Sir:—Let me tell you that I have used the remedy that you sent me last Spring for scab among my sheep. I have delayed giving you results until the present time, as I desired to allow sufficient time to elapse so as to be certain that the disease was thoroughly cured.

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