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DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES.

FIRST HORSE. We are the pets of men-The pampered pets of men! There is naught for us too gentle and good In the graceful days of our babyhood; We frisk and caper in childish glee-Oh, none so pretty and proud as we! They cheer and cherish us in our play Oh, none so smilingly sweet as they! And when a little our lives have grown, Each has a table and room his own, A waiter to fill his bill of fare, A barber to clean and comb his hair

Yes, we are the pets of men!

The pampered pets of men! They show us, gayly dressed and proud, To the cager eyes of the clamorous crowd: They champion us in the rattling race. They praise our beauty and cheer our pace They keep for us our family trees-They trumpet our names beyond the seas They hang our portraits on the walls, And paint and garnish and gild our stalls. Yes, we are the pets of men-

The pampered pets of men!

SECOND HORSE.

We,are the slaves of men-The menial slaves of men!

They lash us over the dusty roads, They bend us down with murderous loads y fling vile insults on our track, I know that we can not answer back; The In winds of Winter, or Summer sup. thread of our toil is never done; And when we are weak, and old, and lame, And labor-stiffened, and bowed with shame, And labor-stillened, and bowed with sin And hard of hearing, and blind of eye, They drive us out in the world to die. Yes, we are the slaves of men-The slaves of selfish men!

They draft us into their bloody spites, They spur us, bleeding, into their fight into their fights; poison our sou's with their senselessire, curse us into a storm of fire. The when to death we are bowed and bent And take the ball that for them was meant. Alone they leave us to grean and bleed, And dash their spurs in another steed! Yes, we are the slaves of men-The slaves of brutish men!

LISBETH'S MISSIONARY.

From Harper's Bagar. "The butcher's bill, papa !"

Outside, the locusts were piping shrilly among the blue cups of the morning glory vince; the bland September sunshine steeped everything in yellow brightness. Within, the country parson sat at his desk, with divers and sundry sheets of sermon paper scattered before him, half a dozen reference books open at his clow, and his head clasped tightly be-tween his two hands, after a fashion which involved considerable rumpling of his iron gray hair.

"Eh?" said the parson, letting his head, as it were, out of custody, and coming slowly down from the world of polemics, as he stared at the pretty, slender girl in faded calico and washed-out ribbons, who stood beside him with an ominous looking piece of paper in her hand.

"The butcher's bill, papa," said Folly Fenn: "and he's waiting, please.

"But, my dear"- the parson laid down his pen, and took the bill into his hand with a puzzled air-"we've had no butcher's meat this month. We have striven to be in the last

newspaper in her hand, her yellow hair catching the sunbeams, like a coronal of gold, as e rocked. "Linbeth," said the elder sister, austerely

"Linbeth," said the elder sister, austerely, "are the wild grapes ready for preserving?" "Wild grapes?" repeated Linbeth, flingting the newspaper into the window seat; "I haven't thought of them since you went away. Oh, Polly, how I wish we were rich!" Polly advanced soberly to a flat wicker tray of clustered grapes, full of subtle perfume, and dusted over with pale, purple bloom, and becan to senarate them from their stems with began to separate them from their stems with deft quick fingers. "Why?" said she.

"I would go to New York and see this new play," said Lisbeth, still swaying back and forth in the splint bottomed rocker. "Olivia was a country parson's daughter, and so are we. I should like to see my own counterfeit

we. I should like to see my own counterrent presentment on the stage." "You had a deal "Nonsense," said Polly. "You had a deal better come here and help with these grapes." "It's such wretched business to be poor!" said Libeth. She was a sparkling little creat-ure, after the humming bird type of damsel, with yellow har curling low over her fore-tered birden brown even a small red head, intense hazel brown eyes, a small red mouth, with dimples hovering shyly in its neighborhood. "Just look at us, Polly, you and me, two girls of ninetcen and seventeen, and me, two girls of intercent and seventeen, that ought to be enjoying ourselves, and hav-ing a good time, and here we are washing and scrubbing, and turning wretched rags of dyed silk, and cleaning faded ribbons, and counting every pound of rice and every potato ! Even every pound of rice and every potato? Even these wild grapes, Polly, that you and I gath-ered down by the edge of the swamp, we shouldn't venture on the extravagance of pre-serving them, if Mrs. Deacon Blodgett hadn't offered to supply the sugar on halves. Oh, I do so hate this life ! Even Brisket, the butch-

do so hate this me : Even with impunity. er, thinks he can insult us with impunity. "we er, thinks he can insult us with imported. "Yes, said Polly, thoughtfully, "we musta't order any more meat at present." "But we must live," flashed out Liabeth. "There is salt mackerel," said Polly, "and there is salt mackerel," said Polly, "and

always sends us a nice cut of pork and some fresh sausages when they kill their pig. . Oh, we shall get along somehow, Lisbeth; any-thing is better than debt."

thing is better than debt." Lisbeth looked up with sparkling eyes. "Polly," cried she, "why don't they in-creased papa's salary? Six hundred dollars a year is a shameful pittance for such a man as

he is. Polly shook her head over the grapes "Papa isn't a young man any longer, Lisbeth," said she, "and he isn't as motiern in his ideas as Mr. Crocus." "But he is such a learned man," cried out

Lisbeth, shaking the yellow mane out of her eyes, "And his sermons—oh, Polly, they make me cry, they are so deep and so solemn, and go down into one's heart so! Six hundred hullow make me cry and so solemn, dollars a year, Polly, for such work and study as that !

"There is no doubt," said Polly, soberly, "but that clergymen are, as a general rule, very much underpaid in this country." "I shall never marry a clergyman," cried Lisbeth, with energy. "No, Polly, never! I'd marry a dust man first! For dust men get Lisbeth, with energy. "N marry a dust man first!

eir pay, and clergymen don't and—" Lisbeth stopped short, scarlet and confused. in this rhapsody of hers, for chancing to glance up, she beheld in the door way a tall and solemn-faced young man, with an umbrel la in one hand and a traveling satchel in the

"We don't want anything, please," said she, jumping at once to the conclusion that she beheld a book agent, or a vendor of patent polish, or some such itinerant tradesman.

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman apparently as much embarrassed as was sh herself; "I must have mistaken the house. was looking for the Rev. Francis Fenn !" "My good gracious | another missionary ed graciously forward, saying, "You are not mistaken, sir; this is the nouse. Please to walk into the parlor, and I

will speak to papa." The best room of the parsonage was cool and

dark, with green paper shades drawn down, a jar of fragrant dried rose leaves in the fire place, and a home-braided rug of parti-colored cloth laid carefully down before the sofa to hide the darned spot in the carpet.

"Not that chair, please," said Polly, color ng up to the roots of her hair, as the unwary The leg is broken, and we've glued it, and I'm afraid it's not quite safe. This one is bet-

ter." While Lisbeth, hiding her face in her apron, murmurs to herself, "Is there no end to our humiliations? Is our world always to be full humiliations?

"Oh, you reckless Polly !" said she; "and where are all the funds to come from ?" Polly sighed softly. "I shall have to take the dried-cherry money," said she, "that I was saving up for my Fall hat and gloves. But it isn't much matter. I dare say I can manage very well with the old ones for a little while longer."

"It's a shame!" cried Lisbeth, vehemently. "And to think how you toiled all those hot Summer days to pick and dry those black oxhearts

"There's no help for it, dear," said Polly, ntly. "Get your hat on quick—there's no

"There's no help for it, deal, shit rony, gently. "Get your hat on quick—there's no time to lose." "But it isn't fair," protested Lisbeth. "Why should all the traveling preachers and book agents and mission collectors come here, and eat us out of house and home? Why don't they go to Mr. Crocus ?" Polly smiled. "Because Mr. Crocus doesn't

nake them welcome, and papa does," said

she. "I do wonder," cried Lisbeth, impetuously, "if there is any other race of men imposed upon as country ministers are? Mark my words, Polly, I never, never, will marry a-" But by this time Polly had tied on her sister's straw flat, and twisted a muslin scarf

across her shoulders. "Do make haste, dear," said she, in accents of gentle entreaty, as she pointed upward to the clock.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed when Lisbeth came flying back, with yellow tresses streaming behind, and market basket in her hand.

dyspepsia." "Lisbeth !"

"Well, but I do," saucily retorted the girl, is she turned to put away her hat. "And

Oh. Pol-ly!" Polly turned around with a start, at the changed tenor of her sister's voice. "What is it, Lisbeth? You're not ill?"

Lisbeth, with a glowing face, pointed to the little wooden cupboard in the wall, which, extending through from parlor to kitchen, in butler's pantry fashion, was used as a general repository for books and papers. And then, for the first time, Polly perceived that both

doors were slightly ajar. "Polly," muttered the girl, hoarsely. "he has heard every word! He couldn't help it."

the pillows, and cried harder than ever.

seemed an age to her, but it was in reality little more than half an hour, before Polly came fluttering up the stairs, like a sweet-

browed guardian angel. "Lisbeth," said she, "darling, don't fret-you meant no harm. Get up and braid your hair, and come down stairs. Dinner will be on the table directly, and papa is asking for

you." Lisbeth sat up and pushed the damp fringe of yellow hair out of her eyes. "I shall not

come down, Polly." "But you must, dear; papa would be very nuch vexed

"Never!" cried Lisbeth, with a fresh burst came to the rescue, with mild eyes and a firm,

gentle voice. "No member of my family must be lacking in courtesy to a guest," said he, taking Lis-beth gently by the hand; and the poor child was led shamefacedly into the kitchen, where the table was spread, and Polly stood smiling at its head.

"Mr. Vincent," said the parson to the tall

"Mr. Vincent," said the parson to the tall stranger, "this is my youngest child." "I am the black sheep of the family," said Lisbeth, hanging her head, "and I'm very sorry, sir, and I beg your pardon." "Pray, don't mention it," said Mr. Vincent, in genuine distress at the sight of the mortifi-cation of this yellow-harred lassie with the

deep hazel eyes and the red, sensitive month. And when dinner was over-and here let us

mention that Mr. Vincent ate and drank with dresses are of dark-colored waterproof; her

MIDDY MORGAN.

We gave a few years ago some facts about Middy Morgan, but her work and her success are so unique that the facts of her career are always of interest. We met the lady several times at agricultural meetings in New York State, and can testify to the truth of the descriptive parts of the following sketch, written by Roselle Rice, for the Farm and Fire

side: Miss Morgan came to this country twenty years ago, bearing a letter of introduction to Horace Greely. She was a stranger, without money, having landed from a ship in New York harbor with only one dime in her pocket, and that she dropped into the sailor's charity fund. But sne had letters to persons of influence in the city, and a very fine recommendation of the highest order from his majesty, Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. When she presented her letter to Mr. Greely, he looked up from his desk, and said, premptorily, "what can you do?"

She replied in a very modest, lady-like way that she could report agricultural fairs and horse races.

"The devil!" he growled, looking at her from head to foot. He never could take a ioke. He did not see fun where others saw hand. "There, Polly," cried she, in the dear, light woice of girthood, as she deposited a plump chicken on the table, "there's your new hat; and there," as she laid down a packet of gro-ceries, "are your gloves; and here," rathing ont the potatoes, "is my last chance for a new blue necktie! And I do hope, Polly, that they Il give the missionary the worst kind of a dyspensia." Saratega and let her write out the report.

The joke turned charmingly when Middy's account was accepted and the other one rejected. It was so well written, so clear-cut and so sprightly and newsy that from that day the lady had no trouble in getting! plenty

to do. At this writing she is the well paid reporter for four to five cattle market columns in as many New York papers. She is in demand every where to write out reports of horse fairs and races, live stock and cattle markets. She is one of the best judges of

cattle in this country, and can tell the weight And flinging her bat in one direction, and her scarf in another, Lisbeth fled up the narrow wooden stairs to her own room, and threw herself, sobbing hysterically, upon the bed. "It's my tongue," sobbed Lisbeth, "my of a beef on foot, almost with the twinkle of wretched, chattering tongue. Papa always warned me against giving loose to it; Polly al-ways told me it would get me into trouble. Oh, dear, what must he think? How can 1 ever look him in the face?" And with this doleful resume, Lisbeth buried her hot face in the nillows, and cried hardre then aver. ble, and full of character-a little hand that lies often, fuller of power than a lever, upon the shaggy neck of wild cattle, or mingles its whiteness tenderly in the long, shining, silky manes of blooded horses stamping impatient ly with the impetuous tire of their uncurbed natures. Middy's voice is her most charming charm. It is soft and musical; "it drops like vellow sunlight down;" a clear, sweet, rich voice, with just the faintest hint of the Irish brogue remaining in it.

Among all classes she is popular, but most popular among growing boys. They call her and the second s they never tire of recounting her virtues and good traits and story-telling ability, to sisters at home. And these sisters, while they listen with awe and wonder, will break out into, "Oh, how can she!" or "Did I ever!" and then they generally wind up by saying, "Oh, well, if we didn't have to dress, or fix our hair, or if society hadn't demands on us, we could do something too!" She don't bang her hair, and she don't buy new lats, and she don't care whether things are in fashion or not.

There is a good deal of truth in this latter assertion. In the winter time Miss Morgan's



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degree economical.'

'Yes, I know, papa," said Polly, knitting her pretty brows: "but we ordered three pounds of steak the day the district missionaries dined here, and there was the joint for

aries dined here, and there was the joint for that Sabbatarian Society day, and the evening the bishop was here—don't you remember? "I remember, my child—I remember," said the country parson, with a sigh. "Hospital-ity is an agreeable duty, and one that the Good Book enjoins upon us, but it costs mon-ey, Polly—it costs money. Put down the bill, child, and tell Nonchbor Brisket that I will attend to it at my carbiast convenience."

ill attend to it at my earliest convenience.' Still blue-eyed Polly hesitated: "And the grocer was here this morning, papa, and the account has really mounted up beyond every-thing. And he says that he hopes you will please to settle at once, and that hereafter he has determined to do business only on a strictly cash basis.

Reverend Mr. Fenn smiled a sickly smile

"Then I am afraid, Polly," said he, "that he won't do much business with me. For as long as the vestry are so dilatory with their

"Yes, papa, that's just what I told him," said Polly, "but he says that business is busi

"He is right, my dear," said the parson, "and I am wrong; but it is through no fault of mine. Now, run away and leave me to my

books." Polly Fenn silently withdrew, with her pretty brows still knitted, as if she were atterly hopeless of comprehending the prob-lem of the world's ways. The butcher, white sproned and burly, stood at the door, a hving impersonation of the fate which Polly could ither ignore nor avert. "Well, miss?" said the butcher.

"Papa will attend to it at his earliest con-venience, Mr. Brisket," faltered Polly. "But his earliest convenience has been such

a mortal long time a comin', miss," grumbled Mr. Brisket. "And times are dull, and I've got notes to meet "

got notes to meet " "I'm very sorry, Mr. Brisket, but--" "Tain't no good standin' here," said the butcher, irritably scratching his head. "I might ha' knowed what answer I should ha' got afore I crossed the threshold. But it's hard on a poor man, that's what it is, and them as calls themselves gentry hadin't ought to eat if they can't pay. I'll call again this day week, miss, and then.-" And with this the butcher whisked himself away under the arch of morning glory vines.

of glue and patches, and mends and make-shifts?"

call papa." "It's another missionary, I'm sure," said Lisbeth, unwittingly pulling down the sleeves of her brown calico dress. "And 1 know he'll stay to dinner, and he's got a hungry glare in his eyes, and there's nothing for dinner but barley soup and a cabbage. Oh, dear?' with a grimace, which made Polly laugh in spite of herself, "I wish the race of missionaries was extingt."

extinct. The country parson looked mildly up from The country parson locked initially up from the second paragraph of his "Thirdly," as Lisbeth came in, smelling of wild grapes, with an aureole of yellow hair about her face. "Papa," said she, "there's a gentleman in the parlor to see you, with a carpet bag and a white neck tie."

white necktie." "Ah !"vsaid the clergyman. "A visitor, I

suppose. He is most welcome. But I am just at present deep in the thread of a complicated polemic theory. Make my compliments to the gentleman, Lisbeth, and beg his indulgence for a quarter of an hour or so." And the parson dipped his pen resolutely into the time stained wooden standi-h, as if he was deter-

mined to settle the subject at once. "But, papa!", Lisbeth had caught at his coat cuff to reclaim him temporarily from the abysecs of theological argument.

"Yes, my dear," looking absently at her. "Do you think he'll stay to dinner ?"

"I shall invite him, my dear, most assured

Lisbeth's countenance fell. "But, papa," faltered she, "there's nothing but barley

soup." "We will serve it with the good old fash-ioned sauce of welcome, my dear," said the Rev. Mr. Fonn. with a grave sweet smile, "and I doubt not it will suffice."

"and I doubt not it will suffice." Lisbeth flounced out of the room with heightened color and quick impatient breath. "Papa's an angel," said she to herself, "but angels never were adapted to get along in this work-a-day world." She put her gold-n head into the parlor door for an instant "Papa is very busy with his 'Thirdly,'" said she, with a roguish twinkle in the deep harel eyes, "and he begs you'll be good enough to wait until he's through."

he's through.

The stranger bewed, and looked more em-barrassed than ever, as he answered: "Oh, certainly, certainly. I am in no haste what-

to eat if they can't pay. I'll call again this day week, miss, and then — And with this the butcher whisked himself away under the arch of morning glory vines, where the locusts were singing, and the pink and purple cups swung to and fro in the morning wind. And Polly, with crimsoned cheeks and heart beating with vague resentment, turned lake into the great sinshiny kitchen, where Liabeth was swaying nervously to and fro in the splint bottomed rocker, with a week-old

an excellent appetite, as if no lurking shadow wraps are something servicible that will beau glue and patches, and mends and make-of the threatened dyspepsia disturbed his digestion—and the country parson had taken his guest into the study. Polly put her arm

around Lisbeth's waist, and drew her out un around insoches waise, and drew her out in-der the morning glory vines, where, by this time, the blue and rose tinted cups had all folded themselves into tight little parasolettes and hidden behind the leaves.

"Lisbeth," said she, "I've got good news Labeth, said sid, 1 ve got goot news
"Nothing can be good news any more," said
Lisbeth, with a fresh burst of tears,
"Oh, but listen," soothed Polly.
"Do you
know who this Mr. Vincent is ?"

know who this Mr. Vincent is : "A — missionary, I suppose." And poor Lisbeth spoke the word as if it was a dose of quinine. "No, dear, he's the bishop's screetary. And he has heard of papa's learning and

zeal and talent, and he has come to offer him a parish near New York, with twelve hundred dollars—only think of it, Lisbeth '__twelve hundred dollars a year and an assistant. We shall be rich, darling, and dear, dear papa will

have a little rest and case in his old age." "It can't be true," said Lisbeth, vaguely, "But it is," cried Polly; and then the two sisters began to cry and sob, with happy inco-

"Is it possible," cried Polly Fenn, "that it is a whole year since we came to Moreham land. They have an abundant supply of wa-Rectory?'

It was a year. Once more the wild grapes were scenting all the woods, once more the golden rod held up its torches of flame along the course of babiling brooks, and Polly shaded her eyes with one hand, as she stood in the doorway and watched Lisbeth come in the doorway and watched Lisbeth come lightly along the gardien path, with the yellow sunshine tangled in her hair, and an uns onted moisture in her deep eyes. "What have you done with Mr. Vincent?" asked Polly, demurely. "He is walking down by the falls with pa-pa," said Lisbeth, coming up to her sister's side, and slipping one arm through Polly's. "And, Polly."

"And, Polly_""Well, dearest?"

"Well, dearest?" "I--I have something to tell you." "Coulde't I guess it ?" said Polly, haughing. "No, Lisbeth, doa't turn your face away--I know it all, darling. He loves you, and you have promised to be his wife." "Poliy." said Lisbeth, I think you must be former table. But oh'l away havey and

a fortune teller. But, oh ! I am so happy ! and I can hardly believe that it isn't all a dream." "But, Lisbeth

"Well !

"I thought you were never, never, going to

marry a -" But Lisbeth's soft little hand pressed over her sister's mouth, and her pleadingly uttered, "Please Polly, don't," stopped the sentence ere it was finished.

And Polly was merciful and didn't.

John Chenoweth is making a good local paper of the Falls City. It is independent in politics.

all sorts of weather; her hat is a plain, black beaver or fine black straw, with little or no trimming; her shoes substantial, and in bad weather boots are worn the same as men wear boots. This is sensible. The gloves that cover the little hands so plainly showing "good-blood." are honest gloves of soft leath-

One reason that she is such a favorite with growing boys, is because she loves to teach the-lads how to ride gracefully and well. Her instructions are invaluable.

Carp in Lake.

Lake county will prove one of the best fishproducing districts in America. Schwartz & Webber, near Middletown, in Lake county. are doing well with carp. They have five ponds, the largest covering about one acre, stocked with an immense number of small fry. They are improving and increasing their ponds, and do not expect to rest until they

land. They have an abundant supply of water from a large trout stream (of 40 to 45 de-

grees in temperature,) brought in by a ditch. and the flow regulated so as to keep the water in the ponds at about S0 degrees during the warm season. The fish are growing fast, and next season the guests at Anderson and Harbin springs-within two miles of the pondscan be supplied with fine large fish, transported alive in tanks if desired. They have found the low, moist, black soil land more favorable for holding water in ponds than the higher

red soil and gravel land-and believe Lake county as good as any in the State for fish culture. The proprietors of Anderson springs have taken water from the stream mentioned above, at a higher point, to supply a large pond made upon their former croquet grounds. Carp have also been placed in the very large pond at Boggs' old mill site, between Glenbrook and Kelseyville.

THE FUEST OF THE NEW CROP.-Mr. T. Hislop was busy yesterday afternoon weighing the first lot of wheat of this year's crop brought to market at the D street dock. It was from the farm of Mr. S. Sumon, which is

was from the farm of air. S. Simon, when is situated on the "narrow strip" on the other side of the river. It was of the White Win-ter variety, and the berry was large and plump. Mr. Simon informed us that his crop averaged 35 bushels per acre.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitia, Catarra, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bebli ly, Neuralgia, Kheumatiam, and all Uhronic and Neurous Disorders. Pack-ages may be conveniently sent by ex-press, ready for immediate me at home. Send for fired treatise on the Oxygen treatment. Address the proprietors, 100, 1111 (firard Street, Philm, Pa., 06 Moutgomery 54, San Francisco, Cak

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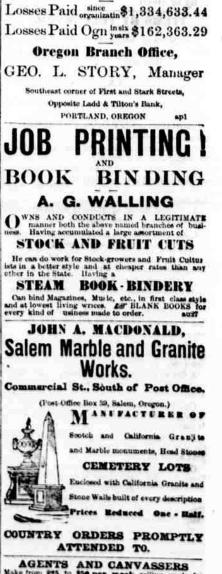
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Desire to call the attention of Wool-Growers to the fact that they are now prepared to receive consignments **AND MAKE ADYANCES**. Thereon at reasonable rates. Having has long experi-ence in wool growing and our interests being countoos with those of the State at large, and particularly East-ern Oregon, we feel that we can give antifaction to all parties engaged in wool-grawing. It shall be our aim by honesty, fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit the confidence of all who may have us with their patronage. Our commission is 22 per cent. Par-ties desting advances on their wool will make applica-tion at our office. JACOB FRAZERAJLSPREEY.

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