Carrent Titerature.

GO AWAY.

With a bumpy swing and a curdled roar,
Bweet Mary's chura goes drumming;
Young Reuben leans on the low half-door
And hopes that the butter's coming;
Then sighs and sighs, and drops his eyes.
What words can his feelings utter?
"O, drop me down in the churn," he cries,
"And make me into butter."
She rests her hands, then gazing stands
At sound of his words' vagary,
Then plies the staff with a lightsome laugh,
"O, go away!" says Mary.

If a maiden's word means aught, they say,

The opposite sense is in it, so Reuben finds in her "Go away!"

So Reuben finds in her "Go away!"
A "just come in a minute."
"I hope," says he, "I may make so free,"
With a grin and a nervous stutter.
"My answer should be to your cars." says she
"If I could but leave the butter."
His arm on the shelf that holds the delf,
He locks across the dairy:
"Shall I go to her side? Shall I dare her pride?"
"If a news!" says Mary.

"O, go away !" says Mary. He takes the hint, and he takes a kiss, With fears and inward quaking; She does not take what he takes amiss,

Nor seem in an awful taking.

Sweet kisses he takes so loud and fast
That he takes her breath completely;
He takes her tight in his arms at last,

And still she takes it sweetly!

The heart of the boy is wild with joy;
He has won her—his bird, his fairy;
"I'll go outright for the ring to night!"

"O, go away!" says Mary."

—Frederick Langridge.

The Wedmores' "Hop.

A JERSEY LOVE STORY. London Society.

"My dear, they are as good as engaged; they always were together even before Gertie, was in her teeus; two years ago, when she was sixteen, there was a tremendous row. Miss Fox, in her usual amiable way, congratulated both Col. Moray and Mrs. Clive on the engagement. Of course the result was astonishment, indignation, Percy and Gertie called up ment, indignation, Percy and Gertie called up to judgment, vows of eternal constancy, Gertie sent to selood for six months; and ever since then, whenever Percy had been over here, six 'rounds' together at every hop, and all the squares sat out in the garden, whether Mrs. Clive liked it or not. I suppose, now Percy has this mosey left him, it will be all right."

So spoke Miss May Faulkner, a Jersey belle, aged twenty, to her companion. Clare Grat tan, a girl two years her senior, who had come from England on a visit to the Clives above mentioned.

The girls were strolling slowly along the St. Helier's broad white sands; they were lagging rather behind the rest of their party. which had split itself up into two other couples.

Clare Gratton's heart was heavy with a dull oppression of pain, the result of a fear became a reality, as she answered : "Then you think Mr. Moray (there was

enomentary pause before she spoke this name) and Gertie care for one another?"

"Think so? Look here!" As May spoke, she pointed to the figures of

a young girl and man who were standing almost at the water's edge, their outlines sharply defined against the sunset glow. Their faces were turned toward the sea, away from Claref but she, looking at the young man's bent head, the girl's upturned one, could fancy only too well the look of Percival Mobrown eyes. Had she not known it to her own cost?
She had been a feel, she thought, and only

that aftereoon had been happy in her folly. Clare Grattan had only been six weeks at Jer sey, but that time had been fuller and more intense to her than all the years of her yet se to her than all the years of her yet heart at length; had grown into love.

For the last mouth she had found herself,

For the last month she had found herself, whenever she was at a dance, waiting with a favorish impatience for the advent of a tall, allast figure, with a beight, honest face, the charm of which it was difficult to analyze, but impossible not to feel. She had listened every morning, as she sat in the breakfast room with Gertie, for a cheerful voice calling them from the garden below, and begging them to some out for a practice at lawn tennis; and she had felt a new interne pleasure in the rare talks, in which Percival seemed to show her glimpees of that other "soul side" which a sudden faltering of her voice and a hurst of tears. "He suited her as no one size had ever done, and she had fancied that he wished to let her know that he loved her.

And yet she had feared sometimes—and, as it had proved, had had reason for her fears—that Gertie and Percival had loved one another; and how, thought Clare now, could any get who had once cared for Percival Morsy secone indifferent to him?

Clare still was pendering when Gertie turned her steps toward her friends.

"Do you know that it is nearly seven go cot, Clare? We shall have a nice scolding from mamins if we are late for dinner, and we promised to be at the Wedmores' by a quarter

"Is she trying to ask me not to flirt with some out for a practice at lawn tennis; and

"Are you tired!" asked Percy of Miss Grat-tan, bending toward her.

If he had only known the sharp thrill of pain the tone of his voice caused her! She was glad to hear her own sound unconstrained

es she answered :
'Not at all, thank you." "We have come too far along the sands; I sught to have remembered. Won't you take

my arm?"

"Oh, no; I am all right."

He said no move, but, turning again to Gertie, called out to two other individuals who is
had upparently forgotten everything else in
the contemplation of a dead starfish; at all
wrents they had been gazing at it for full five
minutes when Percy's voice reached them.

"Halloo, Rashten! come on; it's getting

slowly to and the rest of the little group. Their conversation, as they strolled along, "Ro a linek, Miss Wedmore, and try to

"You needn't, I don't mind it."
"I think I must have most reason for jeal-ousy. Why, I know that she and Moray were speoms once, even if they are not now."
"Yes, but Gertie can't know that I am only playing confidents."

playing confidence."
"Never you mind; only help me, and you shall see what the bridemaids' lockets will be like."
"For shame, Capt. Rashton! bribery and corruption! By the way, I have a weakness

corruption! By the way, I have a wonance-for opals."
"I'll make a note of that," answered Capt. Rashton, taking out his pocket-book for the

purpose.

Certainly, to an uninitiated eye, the two had decivedly as much the appearance of firting as Percival and Gertie had, and a keen observer might have connected that fact with the wrathful flash of Miss Clive's blue eyes and her sharp, petulant answers when addressed. Clare did not do so, but imagined that these signs of ill temper in her friend were owing to some fault of Percy's, and inwardly determined, now that she knew of the wardly determined, now that the knew of the understanding between Mr. Moray and Gertie, to abstain even from any appearance of intimacy with the former, lest it should wound her friend, whom she knew was a little inclined to be exacting.

"She needn't be straid, though," thought poor Clare to herself. "I know he is true. If he loved me I would trust him entirely."

The party broke up at the top of King street, Florence Wedmore going one way and the three other girls holding the opposite course.

course.

"Good by for an hour and a half," said
Florence. "Capt. Rashton and Percy, you
are to come back home with me, and give the floors a last polish."

If Gertie's face could be said to be so dark

at any time it certainly was as she, with Clare and May, turned toward that quarter of St. Helier's popularly known as "the Shingles." "What a flirt Florence is !" remarked she

"People who live in glass houses," answered May. "The idea of you accusing any one of flirting, Gertie, is rather too fine, considering the way you have always treated

Percy."
"Percy and I understand one another," an-

tioned abode was not very cheerful. was cross, Clare occupied by her bitte noon, and Mrs. Clive. Gertie's mother (Miss Gertie was an only child,) found it very hard work to maintain anything like conversation. Direct y it was ended Gertie ran up to her

Direct y it was ended Gertie ran up to her room to dress for that evening's dance at the Wedmores'. She was standing in her white wrapper by the toilet table, unfastening the twisted rope of her pretty hair, which shone like gold in the still lingering after-light, when her 'ye fell on a hall-withered bouquet of passion flowers, ferns and tuberose, which was the still standard of passion towers, ferns and tuberose, which was placed in a glass of water on the table. Some memory connected with it made her cheeks flush, her brain throb, her eyes burn with stinging tears, which she tried to force back by hard niting of her under lip.

"So," she thought, "he neglects me and flirts with Florence! Very well, sir, tit for tat. I'll revenge myself with Percy, and if I

tat. I'll revenge myself with Percy, and if I don't make you suffer—that's all!"

Meanwhile Clare, in her room above, was trying to convince herself against her heart's assurance that Percy did not love her, and that if he did (illogical but girlish sequence) it was her duty to Gertie to reject his affection, and bid him render it to her to whom it was

She would be loyal to her friend at all coat to herself. A light tap at the door, and Gertie entered,

looking very pretty in a soft white silk, much smo, hered wi h lace.
"How shall I do, Clare?"

"I never saw you look so well," said Miss Grattan, and she spoke the truth. Gertic's eyes were shining like tits of sunlit summer sea; her cheeks 'as crimson dyed ingrain;' her fair hair was ruffled in that sweet order of disorder which best suits a Greuze face and low white brow.

"Will you put in my flowers?" said Gertie

"Will you put in my nowers" said testee, holding up the great pink bells of the bella-donna lily for Clare to fas en in her hair. "Thank you, dear," as it was accomplished, and the little lady pirouetted round, humming

"Gertie, are you bewitched? What is the

"Gertie, are you bewittened."
matter with you?"
"Nothing," said Gertie, bursting out singing a sounct in her sweet, rather small soprano. "Oh, Clare, how badly Miss Fox sing that the other night, like a peacock with the influenza. And she need not ask the question, considering how people avoid her.
"Still, the question is rather a pertinent one sometimes," said Clare, lightly, yet with one sometimes," said Clar a ring of pain in her tone.

from mamins if we are late for dinner, and we promised to be at the Wedmores' by a quarter to niae."

"If she trying to ask me not to flirt with him!" thought Gertie's friend, and the hot clear amiled faintly.

"How horribly fagged you do look! Not at all like dancing. These last three nights have been too much for you."

"Are you tire!!" asked Percy of Miss Gratters, should be suspected of flirting. It was some little time before she slowly answered:

anwered:
"I should trust him and be sure that he deserves it; and, Gertie"—she spoke nervously
and as if frightened lest her friend should be
offended—"I wouldn't give him any cause
for jealousy by being too much to-night

"There's the carriage," said Gertie, spring ing up, "I'm very sorry, dear, I can't take your advice, as it is the exact opposite to what I mean to do. I shall treat him just as

he treats me.

With which words Miss Clive ran down stairs, and Clare had no opportunity of saying

more.

"How good of you to be early!" exclaimed Florence We imore, entering the cleat-room as Clare and Gertie were disencumbering themselves of their wraps. "I've put you down to play two wallses, Gertie, and Miss Grattan for one."

"Oh, I will play as often as you like," said Clare. "I am rather tired, and don't want to dance much."

Clare. 'I am to dance much.

"How can It I can't make Gertie like you."

"Ke p that fellow Mo ay out of the way, so that I may try my luck at loast."

"You're doing your very best to rum it by seeming to flet with me. Gertie is awfully jealous, nited."

"Han, it! I beg your pardon, I mean—"

to dance much."

Florence shock her head.

"I won't victimize you," she said. "Ah, there's the first walts beginning. I put down Miss Fox for that; she always plays the "Faust" and thumps so. It's as well to get her performance over before many pe pic come."

A Jersey hop is very much more primitive in its arrangements than an English carpetdance. At the former entertainment the carpetis nearly always up—so far Jersey dancers are exacting—and the boards are polished, and the doors are removed, the furniture piled away, and the lights fixed by the young men intimes of the house. All your friend's plate is held in requisition, and mirrors, flowers and other such adornments are freely lent and borrowed. I see and sit-down suppers are rare; rowed. I sees and sit-down suppers are rare; lemonade, claret-cup and light refreshments being usually the order of the day. If you have a friend who possesses a butler, borrow him with the plate; if not, rest contented without one. Bands are soldom se n or heard,

without one. Bands are soldom seen or heard, the general arrangement being that the performance of the music should be divided among the guests, each family being expected to supply so many dances. They are very pleasant, very informal, and sometimes alightly wild, these Jersey hops. I am not speaking, of course, of the stately dances given in the aristocraft or region of Rouse Bouillon. speaking, of course, of the stately dances given in the aristocratic region of Rouge Bouillon, nor of the military balls, but of the small hops of from thirty to eighty, principally in the Shingles.

The Wedmores was a pattern one of its The Wedmores was a pattern one of its kind -bright, gay, with all the girls pretty and good dancers—it is hard to find a Jersey girl who is not both. The dancing-room soon grew full, but neither Mr. Moray nor Captain Rashton had yet appeared, though they went to their respective abodes to don evening dress shortly before 8 o'clock. The night was so sweet and warm that the piano had moved into the veranda that surrounded the house, and which had been hung with four house, and which had been hung with four paper lasterns—a proceeding which caused many old ladies to remark enthusiastically that "it looked like fairy land." Outside this fairyland was a cool, calm, reented garden, a wide, hushed sky, moonless, but bright with stars, and far off the restless splash of the waves on the snore. Inside was a lit room, gay with evergreens and bright with many-colored dresses, pretty laces and the rythmical sound of dancing feet.

Clare sat at the piano between these two worlds; the light falling on her shewed her to the eye of a man that had entered by the garden way as only an intimate of the Wedmores would have dared to do. There were many people near her on the veranda—girls

mores would have dared to do. There were many people near her on the veranda—girls without partners, girls sitting the dance out with their partners, old ladies talking scan-dal, old gentlemen talking politics, a nervous boy who dared not dance, a gloomy man who wished to do so and could not—but Percy Moray only saw Clare.

She was dressed in a simply-made dress, unflounced and untertured by feshion, of soft silk, the color of the outer leaves of the daffo-dil, which deepened in the folds with subtle gradations shade. In her black hair were set wo or three siephonatia stars; the outline of her face was fair—Percy thought sad. The heavy-lidded graveyes were not on her music; her hands moved mechanically. How different she was from other women! How unlike her dress, her face, her words to anything he had ever known! He was twenty-seven, and he loved her, loved her, loved her. The words formed thems lves to the rythm of the passionate German waltz she was playing. It was a conventional sickly-sweet thing; but to the young man it row, for the first time, became lively and full of meaning, the expression which his love needed. He wished that he and she were waltzing to it Anyhow, he would do the next best thing—ask her for the

So, two months before this evening, Moray sold out and come over to Jersey to win his old love; when, to his great disgust, he found that he no longer cared for her nor she for him. Still, they went on playing at love, till Clare Grattan came on her visit to the Clives, and Percy fell honestly, heartily in love with

Nevertheless, he felt ho was, in a manner, bound to marry Gertie if she wished it; and it was hardly likely, he thought, that she did not; for the girl was full of wounded pride and indignation against the man she loved, and held the sweet jest up by dancing, talking and flirting with Percy so desperately that she deceived both him and Capt. Rashton into the idea that she was in love with the former.

It was full half an hour before Percy was able to gain Clare's side and ask for "the dance

you promised me."

She knew it would be far more marked if she refused, so she took his arm as the first pars of the waltz sounded.

Clare was fond of waltzing and Percy's long, swinging, yet perfectly smooth step suited her better than any other. She could not help enjoying the swift motion, and the certainty that under his guidance she was safe from the merciless knocking and bumping against other couples to which many men sub-ject their unfortunate partners.

The last slow chords sounded and they "Ah!" said Percy, drawing a long breath

"it's warm."

"It is," assented Clare.

"But the garden is cool," said Percy.

"So people seem to think," she answered, laughing.

For everyone had poured out of the ball-

room to the cool night air, and the white dresses glimmered dimly among the trees on

the small lawn.

"They have placed the refreshment table out there," said the young man. "Don't you want some o aret-cup?"

The want was supplied, and they sat down

on a rustic seat near the table. The lawn seeined nearly at full as the dancing-room had been a few minutes before; and Clare watched lierten, as she saw her evidently engaged in a funious firstation with a man whom she knew

Percy disliked.

"She must do it to vex him," Clare thought, quite ignorant that Gertie had not once thought of Mr. Moray this evening.

From the veranda sounded the warning

bars of a galop, and the laws began to be de-seried. Clare would have rusen, but Percy topped her. "Don't go yet," he said; "at least, if you are not engaged for this."
"But I am."

"Then let your partner find you."
"No, I really must go. I want—"
"Oh, I know what you want—to avoid me.
"Mr. Moray!"

"I beg your pardon if I am rude; but how have I offended you?"

"Then why do you always try to escape "Nothing. I-"

"Why de you stop! Oh, Clare, Clare! don't you know that I love you!"

There was silence. For one moment a great pulse of joy throbbed through the girl's whole being; then came the sickening remembrance

of Gertie,

'You must know it," the young man said passionately. "You must have seen! And I thought—Clare, can't you love me!"

There was no one else near to hear the heavily whispered "No."

"Then what made me think—for I did think—Clare, you are not a first, like those girls here. Why were you kind if you never meant to have me? Why did you let me im sgine it!" gine it?"
She could only say, "I beg your pardon,"

"Why should you? Only look straight at me and say, 'I do not love you,' and I will leave you; but not till then."

She could not tell that lie to him who

trusted her; and yet she did not wish to be-tray her real reason and Gertie's pride. "You don't speak; you do care for me! I

knew it, my Clare!"

He would have taken her hand; but she ithdrew it. "How about Gertie?" she said, quietly.

'Are you not engaged ?"
He did not answer for a mement; and then

"Is that childish bond to stand between you and me? Clare, Gertie and I are nothing to each other now; we have outgrown our "You may have; she has not. Percy, if I

trust you with her heart secret, respect it.
She loves you, and all her gaiety is put on to
hide pain at your neglect. Oh, think how
base I must feel—her friend whom she trusted to let you speak so to me!"
"You base! you, Clare, darling! I've been thoughtless brute; and I see it now. For-

"And love me!"
He spoke timidly, as knowing he would be

nied. Her answer came very low:
"I shall have to learn not to do so." "Then you do?" he said, quickly.
"I cannot help it;" and there was a break

of a sob in her voice.

"And you ask me to give you up, knowing that—to win my heaven on earth, and turn away from it? Clare, you cannot."

"I must;" and the bitter agony of the tone only showed the firmness of her resolve. "Prrey, you are bonorable; don't make me desnive you as I should if you were false to

lespise you, as I should if you were false to "But, Clare, I love you, not Gertie." "She loves you," Clare answered, with the ight is right, though it is hard—oh, so hard! It is something to hear you say that it is hard," he answered, in a smothered tone, "But you don't know how cruel you are to me, or low you have grown into my life. I never meant to love; but this evening when I

saw you I felt I must speak and know i She laid her hand on his.

"And you have made it all the harder for me," he said. "If I had still thought that you did not care for me, I might have turned to Gertie; but now."
"You will do what is right," she answered,

while the tears would spring to her eyes.
"Right! Is it right to marry a girl I do not

ove ?"
"You will learn to do so; she is so dear, you cannot help it."
"Cannot I? Clare, your face is the one face for me on earth; you the one woman."
She rose, blindly, nobly wrong in her self-

"I cannot listen to more," she said, in choked voice; to her own heart she added, 'I dare not.

"Clare!" he rose and caught her wrists. There was no one to see; the garden was again dark and silent, except where the light streamed from the veranda. "I only want to sav good-by."
"What do you mean?"

Alas, before he could move to her, the waltz ended. Clare was monopolized by nother man, to whom Florence introduced her; and Percy himself was discovered by Miss Wedmore, who insisted on introducing him to a red-haired heireas, who smiled sweetly as she heped Mr. Moray did not mind deux temps;

she did not dance anything else.

Percival Moray was a lieutenant of Hussars, whose fat er lived in Jersey. The boy him self, when a child, became a favorite with his mother's brother, who proclaimed him as his heir, petted him as a child, sent him to Eton, bought him his commission, only asking in return that he should spend half his holidays and leaves with him; and who had died twelvemonth ago, leaving Percy two thousand year and a pretty old house in Kent. "Do you think I could go on as I am doing

now—see you for the next month every day and know that you love me and that you will never be more to me than now? It would drive me mad. No; I shall leave here by to-morrow's boat."

morrow's boat."

"But, Percy—"

"You need not think that," he said, with sudden fierce burst of anger; "if she and I were alone on this earth I would not marry Gertie. You have done her no good, or rather no harm. Dear little thing, she deserves a better fate than a husband who does not care

There was silence; then Percy sp ke again, his voice strangely humble and gentle.
"One kiss, Clare, for our good-by; only one

my dear. "No," she said, and her tone was both stern

to the house. Clare's heart was full with the unutterable longing to turn to the man beside her and say, "stay;" Percy's with a wild turmoil of anger and love. He felt dimly that his love gave him a right over Clare; that her power, "woman-like to weave sweet words," had been exerted wrongly; that her sacrifice was a needless one, which would mar both

heir lives, and for no good.

A hard grasp of her hand, a low-spoken "good-by" in answer to her "forgive me?" and ie was gone. When would she see him again? Dizzy and faint with dull misery, she sat lown in the versada.

wn in the veranda.
"I think this is our dance?" The voice woke her up, and she saw stand-ing beside her a tall man with a puffy, foolish good natured face.

"I am so very tired," she answered; "will ou excuse me?

"Certainly. You look faint, Miss Gratton; nay I get you a glass of water?" "If you will be so kind."

"If you will be so kind."

The water did her good; she steadied her nerves, and gazed in through the open window at the dancers. She saw Gertie, glowing and radiant, the prettiest girl in the room, waltzing with Capt. Rashton, looking utterly happy, caroless and contented. For one moment Clare felt a bitter anguish against this girl, for whose sake she had given up the supreme beauty and jey of life, and who would never know it. What did Gertie need more than she had at the present moment? Seemingly no hing; and yet Clare remembered the childish tempest of sorrow she had witnessed a few hours ago, and was glad she had been loyal to her friend, even though at so dear a price.

The dance was over. The two girls climbed rather wearily up the bedroom stairs of the Retreat.

Retreat.

"Come in here, Clare," said Gertie, as they reached the latter's retreat.

Clare's wearied eyes looked piteously at her friend, as her lips repeated for the third time that evening the excuse, "I am so tired."

"Only for a pinnute, dear." Gertie drew her is and shut the door; then said: "You was such."

ly amased.
"He loves me," said Gertie, pressing her small hand close against the faded pink lilles on her breast; "he always has, and I was only a little fool to think he was firting with Flor-

"He! Who?" "Robert—I mean Capt. Rashton. Clare, are you til?" For Clare's face was white, her eyes closed,

the he wily-out lips closed together.
"No, Gertier I am quite well. But I don't understand. Don't you lover Per-Mr. Moray?"

"Love Percy! I left off doing so more than a year ago. I only used him as a decoy duck to draw Robert on."

"And in doing so may have unknowingly wrought evil to two people," thought poor Clare.

Percy was to leave Jersey on the morrow she might never see him again; he might go abroad and never hear of the real state of

But she remembered it was hardly likely

things.

But she remembered it was hardly likely that a man possessing both relations and friends in Jersey would not hear very quickly of his old love's engagement to another man; and she wished Gertie happiness very warmly and was glad in her gladness, staying with her more than half an hour, listening to her talk about Capt. Rashton.

She was gl-d to be alone, though, in her own room—alone, free to thank God for the great happiness which yet might be hers.

And was, for in less than a fortnight later Clare was standing under the shade of a tall, flowering my:tle, the aromatic scent of which filled the Autunn air with bitter sweetness. Percy was beside her, very gravely contented, and in her left hand was the shimmer of a sapphire ring she had only worn a week.

"You came back very quickly," she said.
"Were you afraid I should forget you?"

"I wanted to be sure," he answered.

"You nealn't have 'een afraid," and her face glowed a little. "Percy?"

"Do you know I almost think I was in the

"Do you know I almost think I was in the wrong that night?"

"I know you were."
She laughed, but her tone was grave as sh aid, "Are you angry with me?"
"Angry with you for showing how strong you were to do what seemed right to you? You must think me a brute, Clare."
"It seemed to tear my heart out to have to

deny you, and I see I was wrong now."
"So do I; but I am not corry for it, Clare, for it taught me"—and he drew her closer to him as he spoke—"how far above myself is the woman I love."

Umatilla County.

A correspondent of the Pendleton Tribune has this to say concerning the lands in Umatilla county. I have, of late, been taking a leisurely spin through Umatilla county on a buck-b ard, and although I thought I had an intimate acquaintance with the agricultural resources of this county, yet every trip taken off the regular roads reveals to my astonished eyes immense tracts of fine prairie land, as any in the United States.

The country north of Pendleton and fronting on the Columbia river, from the Walla Walla river to the western bounday line of Umatilla county, is not half settled. There are homes here for ten thousand more settlers with all the varied industries which close settlement and cultivation bring in their wake. As viewed from the Columbia river, the country wears a most forbidding aspect of basaltic cliffs, sage-brush and sand, yet this belt of waste land only extends two miles from the river, and then you are in an agricultural region, where already settlers are raising grain Two miles from the great river, and thence extending south to the foothills of the Blue Mountaius, the country is one vast prairie where the bunch-grass is knee high, the soil rivals, in richness the most fertile bottom lands. I have seen fourteen bu hels of wheat to the acre raised on sod this year on the prairie, only three miles from the Columbia river, and this was simply sowed broadcast and was not harrowed in or rolled.

There is an impression that the rain-fall de creases as you go towards the Columbia, and upon this presumption is based the impression that the country in that direction is less desirable for agricultural purposes than that lying nearer Pendleton. This is altogether wrong. Last year, 1881, the rain-fail at Umatilla landing did not exceed ten inches while a friend of mine assures me that the rainfall. by actual mea-urement, on his ranch, only six miles from Umatilla landing, was sixteen inches, and my friend did not commence his observations until March. This great variation is simply explained by the difference of altitude He said no more; side by side they returned at an elevation of about 600 feet higher than Umatilla, and the meteorology of all countries is that the higher the altitude the greater the rain-fall.

Even those best acquainted with the cour try have not yet begun to realise the vastness or the future greatness of this county. The era of development has but just begun. Railroads are coming in and distributing the agen cies of civilization where they have been heretofore unknown. It is a most inviting field for the capitalist, for it offers more induce ments and more opportunities for the profita-ble investment of individual or associated capital than any other portion of the Union.

could specify a dozen points where a store sould be started, which would accommodate vast scopes of country and prove a gratifying pecuniary success to the projector. Our treeless plains need lumber yards at differen points along the Columbia, where farmers can haul their grain and return with rails, posts lumber and firewood. Warehouses are need ed for the accommodation of the harvest, and at every point a score of profitable undertak-ings present themselves to the eye of the shrewd business man, for whom, as before stated, Umatilla county offers the most de mirable advantages. sirable advantages.

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If you have rough, pimply, es sallow side, bad broath,
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In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach,
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3 Ou will be paid for a case they will not cure help.

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daughter, can be made the pieru e of hashin, by a fe
bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will yo

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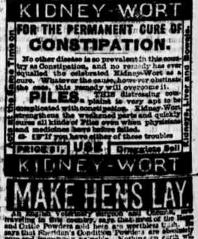
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