

THE TWO WORLDS.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

Two mighty silences, two world's unseen, Over against each other lie: Forever boundless apart have been, Forever nigh.

In one is God Himself, and angels bright Do congregate, and spirits fair, And, lost to sight in depths of myetic light, Our dead dwell there.

All things that cannot fade, nor fall, nor die, Voices beloved and pre-cious things foregone, Float up and up, and in that silence high With God grow one.

No barren silence, nay, but such as over Lips that we love its spell may fling, Where tender words like nest-dallows hover Ere they take their flight.

Sometimes from that far land comes a breeze, Soft airs surprise us on our way, A few drops from above, then on our knees We fall and pray.

And oft on some low crimson coast of cloud We deem we see its far strand; Our hearts like shipwrecked sailors cry aloud, "The land! The land!"

And side by side that other world unknown Drenched in unbroken silence lies— World of ourselves, where each one lives alone, And lonely dies.

With our unuttered griefs, our joys untold, Our multitudinous thoughts swift unrolled, We dwell; one silence then and us both fold All our life long.

Out from those depths there comes a cry of pain, "Ah, pitifully, Lord!" it calls, "Behold the sorrows of our hearts!" and then— A silence falls.

Die down, die down, O thou tormented sea! Buffer my silent world to fill With voices from that land which call to me, "We love thee still."

In vain—I hear them not; but o'er my loss Comes an apocalyptic voice: "There shall be no more sea, and thou canst cross."

Re-joice! rejoice!

A Monday Romance.

She, that is, Miss Laura, had a city lover. She captured him, or he had captured her, or they had mutually captured each other while she was on a visit to her step-brother's sister-in-law.

Miss Laura's home was in the country—not on a farm, where, presumably, the good things abound—milk and butter, cream and cottage cheese; eggs and chickens; or at least pork, with, perhaps, string beans with cabbage. She lived in a small village, through which the express train rushed with a nod of recognition, without a glance, and where the "accommodation" paused barely long enough for a "howdy." This village had no green grocery store, and only two fresh-meat days in the week. It had no ice, hence no ice-cream, no lemonade.

Miss Laura's father lived by his wits. Of course, then, he made no garden. Miss Laura earned precarious pinnymoney by making an occasional dress, by trimming an occasional bonnet, by crocheting an occasional decorative piece, by giving an occasional music lesson at fifteen cents the lesson. Of course, then, she did not raise chickens or make butter. Neither did she any kitchen-work, nor house drudgery. Her time was reckoned too precious for such use, since even when her hands were not engaged, she had her "thinking" to do, plans to lay for the capture of a music-pupil, or for securing an order for a tidy. Her ears had to be kept in a receptive condition to catch the flying words about the villagers' buyings. Whenever a dress-pattern was among these, she felt it her duty to throw out a mantua-maker's bait.

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Another part of Miss Laura's duty was to do the buying for the house. As to who did the paying, this writer could not speak with definiteness. It is often impossible for a writer to learn all about a case. Sophronia, a sister aged fourteen and three-quarters, presided over the drudgery. She knew how to boil potatoes and to stir mush; and she thought she knew how to make coffee and griddle-cakes.

One certain Monday, the president of the drudgery was wrestling with the family washing; and all through the wash-boarding, the boiling, the rinsing, the wringing, the bluing, the starching, there was running a little vein of envy of the elder sister—removed from the slop and steam, in the cool middle room, fitting a yellow calico dress to "Sissy" Fish-back.

As she was wringing the last of the boiled clothes, Sophronia was entertaining vague wishes in connection with Mr. J. C. Gummies. He was the city lover about whom Miss Laura had made some blushing confessions. Sophronia was wishing that he would "come along," and do "something or other." There was a knock at the front door. She heard it above the creak of the wringer and the splash and drip of the rinse-water. She paused, stenting, with one hand on the wringer-handle and the other holding Miss Laura's stocking to the rubber lips. There was a hurried, rushing noise in the middle room; the kitchen door was opened with a precipitation, and in ran Miss Laura.

"It's Mr. Gummies at the front door!" she exclaimed, nervously working at the curl-papers which kept up her banged hair. "You must go to the door, Sophronia."

"Why, I can't go. See what a fright I am," said Sophronia. Her sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, her skirts half-way to the knee; her bare feet splashed with bluing-water and dabbed with starch.

"No matter about your looks," said

Miss Laura, breathing fast; "he'll take you to be the hired girl. Please go, Phrone," she said with urgent pleading. "There! he's knocking again!" she went on in a panicky way, twitching and pulling at the curl-papers. "Do go along, Phrone! I'd do as much for you; and I will do a great deal more when I am able to, as I probably shall be at an early day. I can't possibly go till I get my bangs arranged and my dress changed. Go along, please do, Phrone, and make haste or he'll go away. You can act like a hired girl, and speak incorrectly; call me Miss Laura, and he'll never know the difference."

"Until he's my brother-in-law, and then he'll prosecute me for getting a brother-in-law under false pretences," Sophronia was beginning to make ready, by "sussing" off her arms. Then she went forward to the front door, feeling awkward for the role of a servant girl.

"Sissy" was dismissed by the back way; she might have been sent to the door, if the idea had occurred to Miss Laura's bewildered brain. Mr. J. C. Gummies' card was soon brought to the destined trembling hand. And, at length, the bangs and dress being arranged, Miss Laura went to the happy meeting.

Do not imagine that you are to be told what transpired at the happy meeting. Doubtless Sophronia could have told somewhat, since she made prolonged key-hole observations before returning to the washing. It is about the interruption of the happy meeting that you are to hear. This occurred about twelve minutes before twelve, when the improvised servant maid put a head in at the parlor door, and intimated with an Irish brogue which was not above suspicion, that "a word was wanted with the mistress."

The red of Miss Laura's face was deeper than rose, as she went forth to the interview with Mr. Gummies' whispered entreaty that her absence might be made short.

"What is to be done about dinner?" said Sophronia, her face in a pucker.

"Why, it isn't dinner-time," said Miss Laura in a tone of injured surprise and astonishment.

"It's nearly twelve o'clock," said Sophronia.

"Why you must be mistaken, it can't be much after ten," Laura expostulated. "Time runs like a mill to folks that are courting," said Sophronia, "but it's a very little way from noon, and you've got to say what's to be done about dinner."

"Oh, dear! nobody has a particle of sympathy with me," Miss Laura complained. "My sakes! you talk as if I had been putting the sun forward, and had been straightening the shadows all over the place. It's noon, and I've got to know what's to be done about dinner," Sophronia persisted, giving her sleeve an additional roll-up.

Miss Laura was pestered to the tear-point. "Can't you put off dinner?" she said with unusual meekness. "Have it about two o'clock. I'm not a particle hungry."

"But I am," said Sophronia stoutly, discerning that for once she had vantage-ground usually held by the elder sister. "I've been at the washtub all morning, and haven't had any love to feed on, so I'm ferociously hungry."

"Well, you can just take 'a piece,'" said Miss Laura in soothing tones, and preparing for a return to Mr. Gummies.

"But," said Sophronia with detaining insistence of tone and manner, "there's not a bite in the house for 'a piece,' and besides, pa's in the back yard come for his dinner."

"Well, you can make some coffee and have some griddle-cakes; they are quickly got," Miss Laura turned to go.

"Coffee and griddle-cakes!" cried Sophronia, "there's not a grain of coffee in the house, and there's no flour or eggs for griddle-cakes; and besides, there's no lard to fry them."

"Then fry some potatoes," said Miss Laura.

"Fry potatoes without lard!" cried Sophronia. "Besides, there isn't a potato on the place."

"Well, what is there?" demanded Miss Laura with tears in her eyes.

"Nothing but a quart of corn meal."

here on Monday. He might have known that we'd eaten up everything o' Sunday."

"But you know," Miss Laura apologized, "he's always been a bachelior, poor fellow! He'll soon learn better. Pacify pa as well as you can, Phrone, dear; put the blame on me if it is necessary to defend yourself. I shall not be here long to bear fault-finding. Now, please, Phrone, dear, don't call me out any more, and please, please, don't rattle the dishes, and just hint to pa the situation; tell him that probably my fortune is hanging in the balance, and ask him to eat quietly."

"All right," said Sophronia, cheerfully. "I'll do my best. Perhaps I may persuade him to eat with his fingers, and mush is a noiseless kind of food." Sophronia had a sense of the funny, and besides, felt cheered at the prospective abdication of the lady of the family.

Miss Laura again departed to happiness. Sophronia began tiptoeing about the kitchen. Why she did this was not evident, since she was still without shoes. (Upon the writer's honor, the wit of the last remark was unintentional.) The father came in soon. The situation was explained to him. For some time he had been reckoning on the convenience of having a son-in-law to get a loan from when the wits do not produce well. He readily fell in the whist idea, and joined Sophronia in tiptoeing. He had 213 pounds to keep quiet; his feet had never been submitted to Chinese treatment, and his boots squeaked. When he whispered that he'd help her set the table Sophronia was alarmed.

"I'd rather, pa, that you'd sit down and keep quiet; your boots are so noisy," she whispered.

"That's a fortunate thing," he whispered back, "their noise will drown the rattle of the dishes."

At this he went on his toes the length of the kitchen out to the cupboard, which was in the wood-shed; Sophronia "whirled in" to clean the table of the soap and starch and bluing, of pans and pails and dippers and clothes pokers. Then she spread the cloth, then she went over to the stove and stirred the mush. Then the pa came squeaking, squeaking, a glass tumbler in each hand. Sophronia took them gently, and set them slowly, holding her breath.

"I've got an idea, whispered the man of wits, and away he went toeing back to the cupboard.

Sophronia laid the knives and forks and spoons, handling them as if they were of spun glass. She heard the clatter of dishes out at the cupboard, and began warbling to drown the noise. Then she heard the returning squeak of the pa's boots. She looked, raising a warning finger. He was advancing on tiptoe, carrying a tea tray loaded with crockery and jingling glasses.

"No need," he whispered at the kitchen's length, "making twenty trips to the cupboard. I'll do all the fetching in one."

"But," whispered Sophronia, "we'll not need the half nor the quarter of all those; you'd better take them back to the cupboard."

"No," he whispered, still advancing on his boot-toes, "I'll set them on the table, and you can pick out the one you want."

"But pa," whispered Sophronia, "that's the most troublesome way that we could manage it; there'll be such a rattle in picking them out, in handling over so many."

"No," he whispered, frowning, "that is the best way. If you can't pick what you want without a great clatter, you select such ones you want, and I'll be bound I can pick them out with no more sound than if they were covered with velvet."

"I can," he whispered, "with no more noise than if they were made of velvet."

By this time he was in the upper end of the room within a foot of the door. As he whispered the word "velvet," the door was suddenly opened by Miss Laura. She had come to say that she was getting hungry, and ask about dinner. But she did not say the one, she did not ask the other. The suddenly-opened door struck the end of the loaded tray, and the pa's hand. His hold was lost. There was a rattling, shivering crash. Miss and Laura Sophronia shrieked, "Heavens!" the parlor door was burst open, and the ex-imprisoned Mr. Gummies came running through the middle room into the kitchen, exclaiming:

"Ladies and gentlemen, what is the matter?"

"Oh! the mush is burning up!" screamed Sophronia, discovering a fresh calamity. She dashed to the stove, and snatched off the smoking kettle.

"Mr. Gummies, my father," said Miss Laura, with great mental presence. People whom Miss Laura neglected to introduce weren't worth introducing.

Old Don.

J. E. McCONAUGHY.

The summer had been only commonly trying at Mrs. Spencer's, but for some reason it had worn severely upon her. She dragged herself about in a listless fashion, and all her old-time life and animation seemed to have fled. Nobody thought much about it, except that mother was "tired out," and father was glad harvest was over—not that the season's work was over by any means, for every housewife knows how heavy autumn labors are, especially on a farm so well fruited.

Everybody was glad when "Uncle Doctor" came down from the city for a few weeks' visit in apple time. That was the title the youngsters gave to Edward Spencer, who had just finished his medical course and was on the lookout for a sickly place in which to settle. Mrs. Spencer never made "company" for him, for he knew all the ins and outs of the old homestead where he was born, and it required no effort to entertain him.

"How long do you expect that wife of yours to hold out at this rate, Lew?" he said to his brother, as they were gathering winter pippins together.

Lewis stopped short in his work and asked, "Do you see any bad symptoms about Lucy?"

"Yes, very bad indeed. I was in a place last week where there were at least two dozen just such overworked farmers' wives. They were all thin, moody, anxious-eyed women, who looked out on you from under their drooping eyebrows in a way that would make your heart ache."

"Where was it, Ned?"

"In the lunatic asylum."

"How do you talk!" exclaimed his brother, banging down a basket, as if he would crush an unwelcome thought. "Don't you know some kind of medicine that will sort of pick up Lucy's strength and spirits a little? Should think you might, after spending such a lot of money studying about medicines."

"The medicine she needs isn't sold at any druggist's. Still, I can prescribe, and you can carry out my instructions as easy as not."

"Go ahead, then; I'll do what I can."

"How many times has Lucy been outside the front doorway this summer?"

"Not often—that's a fact. You see, we have to work so hard through the week, we sleep pretty late on Sunday; so she has hard work to get even the children off to church, let alone herself."

"How often has she been over to the village to do her trading?"

"I've generally done that," said Lewis, with a slight cough.

"Very wrong in you. It does women good to shop, and the change from the dull round of their duties here is better than medicine. You have these little breaks in the monotony of your life all the time—she, none at all. It is like the steady tramp of a tread-mill. Let me tell you this, young man; give that wife of yours two hours outside of this house every day in the year, unless in case of a blizzard or cyclone, if you care anything about keeping her long. It will be hard work at first to make her feel that she can go; but do you smooth away every difficulty in your power, and thus coax and argue the point until you succeed. The best argument will be some money to spend as she chooses at the end of her ride. It is absurd for the man to do the family shopping. A woman can make the money go at least a third farther than any man, and have the satisfaction of getting what she wants; and while she shops, don't you 'stand round' to see what she gets. Go off about your business, and come back when she is ready to return. Have you a gentle horse?"

"Yes; Old Don is gentle enough. He's getting pretty old, but he's as steady as a mill."

"Just the thing. Give the horse to your wife. I'll see to the rest of the arrangements. Make it out in writing when we go in with this basket."

There was never any "getting around" Edward—Lewis had known that from his boyhood up. So he was marched up to the desk and instructed to "sign his name just there," to a document which gave over to his wife entire possession of Old Don, to have aid to hold for her own use and her children's, so long as his life lasted.

women's work, and what it takes to get children ready to go anywhere!"

"That's just what I was telling Lew. I was sure you'd think of something you would have to buy; so he must lay down the stamps."

"How much would you want, Lucy?" asked her husband, rather anxiously, taking out his wallet; "you know I have to see Johnson next week."

Lucy named a very moderate sum, and Lewis added another small bill, which seemed to make the world look more cheerful and hopeful to her view. Whether it was this consideration on his part, or the novelty of the whole proceeding, one cannot say, but certain it is that work sped for the next two hours. By three o'clock she was dressed, and with a happy, chattering little girl on either side, was speeding toward the village—at a very orthodox pace, it is true, but just the gait to take in all the loveliness of the autumn landscape. Never could she remember so delightful a day, though the inner spirit was what lent a charm to the earth and sky. It was a new experience to the little ones also to be riding along with mother, hearing her talk about something else than every-day work. "Going to the store" was an epoch in their history, and the small purchases made for each were a source of keen enjoyment. Lucy saw that she could make better bargains than her husband, and all her investments were most satisfactory. She met an old friend, too, with whom she had a pleasant chat, and learned considerable "news"—that wonderful enlivener of drowsy country life. It is surprising how much an observing woman will pick up in the course of an hour or two in a bustling, prosperous village which she will turn over and over in her mind when she goes back to her quiet home again. But this "stirring up" is just what the mind and body need to keep both in health and vigor.

"You are a blind man, Lew, if you don't see that the prescription has done your wife good already," said the doctor, as he helped put up the horse; "you can tell it just by her eyes."

It became the established rule for Mrs. Spencer to ride out often and do her own shopping. Edward had strictly charged her to remember that every time she made an errand for herself to the village, or some place about as far, it was money in her pocket. "Health is wealth, and a thousand other blessings besides," he asserted. He gave Lewis so many charges private, and so thoroughly aroused his fears of losing his dearly loved Lucy, of whom he had been very careless, that he was ready to make any amends. Riding out was the chief prescription, and worked well.

It is surprising how one can make time for such a purpose where it seems needful, and one becomes thoroughly convinced that it is a good thing to do. But all would have been of no avail but for that steady old horse. If Lew was in the field she could manage very well, with Fanny's help, to put on the harness alone, and often all three children went with her on some errand or excursion. The gain was great all around, and no one was able to see any loss, though an envious neighbor might now and then say that she did not see how Mrs. Spencer found so much spare time. The fact was that with her increased cheer and energy she was able to "make time," in effect, and so accomplish far more in a week than in the old days of feebleness and despondency.

I wish there was a good "medical brother" in every household to give such wholesome advice, and that it might always be well followed.

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