Gurrent Literature,

THE SABBATH

Tis a law ordained by Nature, And sanctified by God, That rest should come to the weary, As dew to a dropping sod,-

That peace should come to the troubled And flatering heart of care, As moonlight steals thro' the darkness To mellow the sombre air,

As flowers scatter their fragrance, As birds in the glosming sing, As snow descends in the winter, As the leaves burst forth in the spring,

As a breeze to a sweating forehead That is faint with the noonday sun, So comes the Sabbath to mortals With the blessing of labors done.

There needs some cloister of silence Remote from the turmoil of men, Some Eden of peace-giving beauty. Where Heaven is reflected again,

That the soul may pause in its journey And know that the desert of time Still holds an unwithered oasis To lighten its desolate clime.

Oh, sacred forever to worship
That spot in its quiet should be,
Where the spirit may drink from the fountains Which rise from eternity's sea-

Where the aching bosom of Sorrow Forgets for a little its pain, And the burdens endurance must carry Are lifted from body and brain.

As the traveler glances a moment Through the open cottage door, And sees the home of his fancy Pictured as often before-

So the Sabbath is but a portal Through which the spirit may see Its home far off like a vision Of happiness yet to be.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why this world's good things Should fall in such unequal shares; Why some should taste of all the joys And others only feed the cares? I wonder why the sunshine bright Should fall in paths some people tread While others shiver in the shade

Of clouds that gather overhead? "I wonder why the tree that hung So full of luscious fruit should grow Only where some may reach and eat, While others faint and thirsty go Why do sweet flowers bloom for some For others only thorns be found? And some grow rich on fruitful earth.

While others till but barren ground "I wonder why the hearts of some O'erflow with joy and happiness, While others go their lonely way Unblessed with ought of tenderness?

I wonder why the eyes of some Should ne'er be moistened with a tear While others weep from morn till night Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here?

"Ah! well; we may not know in lead The whys, the wherefores of and clife But this we know-there's One who sees And watches us through joy or strife: Each life its mssion here fulfills,

And only He may know the end, And loving Him we may be strong Though storm or sunshine we may send

John Pringle's Wife.

sequence of which the minute descripwequence of which the minute descrip-tion of the trimmings on Mrs. Squire Wright's new Boston-made dress was finished, when Miss Maria Jane availed herself of the first opening.

"I was in to John Pringle's as I came along."

"Ah?" The pause had to be filled exactly as if every listener had not felt sure some choice bit of cyticism or gossip said Miss Maria Jane, that she hardly were to follow. One even went so far as to ask

"Found them all well. I hope"

"Oh, yes!" an upward reflection of the yes. "Found things about as usual. It is amazin' though, the peculiarities of some folks. It beats me to guess how John Pringle's a comin' out."

"Baby well?" was offered to fill up the next pause, rather than with any solicitude for the health of that young person.

"Oh, yes; found the little nurse gal a fixin' things up to take it out doors, an she agoin', too, with that everlastin' porty folio of hers right after dinner, when

"M, m, m" heads were shaken em phatically.

"And-what do you suppose she did afore she went out?" hands holding needles were suspended in mid air. "Well, M'lindy Jones is there; she's always there, a sewin' or a fussin' over housewifery entirely too lightly.

"Most of folks I know, Mis' Pringle." things that most farmers' wives have to fuse over for themselves. Well, 'John Pringle's wife, she brought out a whole bunded of flannels, and nice flannels they be, too—better'n John's mother had ever laid out the money for—reg'lar made, and solid, and all wool (though I think a bashed, "only you see a room can be dy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

little mixtur of cotton stops 'em shrinking). Well, she just gives 'em to M'lindy to mend up and put away in tobaccer and

camphire—her husband's flamels!"

The exclamation which went around the circle was quite satisfactory to Miss Maria Jane, so she resumed :

"Soon they was ready to start, so we come out together, and I couldn't help a sayin' to her: 'Most of folks I know, Mis' Pringle, has to do that for them-

"What did she say to that?"

"Oh, she only laughed, and said she hadn't time for it—time, indeed!—and M'lindy seemed glad to do it. So she come along till she got to the grove, and there she turned in and sets herself down on a stool she took cut of the baby's carriage and begins to draw. I must say, she looked as pretty as a picture, while the little gal went 'round with the baby and kep' a runnin' to ber with bits of wild flowers and such trash."

"John Pringle's mother'd a set down to her mendin' after the dinner dishes these. washed, and a took care of a baby,

"Yes. I thought to myself how she'd 'a' felt to seen that new-fangled baywindow goin' up outside her best parlor the kitchen was good enough for her to set in—and it used for every day, with a carpet lookin' like a posey bed, and an

"It seems to suit John well enough." "Oh, yes; she winds him right 'round tiny drawing with great pride.
er finger, you see! He takes care of "I suppose so," said the lady, stiffly her finger, you see! He takes care of

her just like a piece of chiny."

"I don't see that Mrs. Pringle's to blame for wanting to have things nice about her," said one of the younger ladies," if her husband can afford it."

"That's just it-he can't. That form o' his ain't a goin' to stand many Brussels carpets, nor servants' wages without end, to say nothin' of sewin' girls doin' the mendin."

"It's a great help to Melindy, though,I know," said the younger lady. "Since she's lame, she told me Mis' Pringle's kindness was a real Providence to her-"
"She must 'a' been out in that grove afore this spring," went on Miss Maria Jane, "for, as I come farther on, I found this, see this is the kind of work she

"It's pretty, anyways," said the younger lady, as a scrap of paper on which appeared a delicate tracery of a sprig of maiden-hair fern, with a violet laid against it, was passed around the

"Pretty way to spend one's time, should say. But I'm going to carry this back to her, and I think I shall just speak a little of my mind. I'm really kin to John Pringle, you know - second consin to his father's first wife-so it's my place to speak to her."
"Of course, its your place."

"—And your duty."
Mrs. John Pringle had committed greivous sins in the eyes of the farming community in which she had appeared as a bride about three years before. In the first place, she was, in a measure, held accountable for John Pringle's sin in turning his back on the country lasses who waited on the glance of his handsome eyes, to bow before a maiden in whose superior refinement he rejoiced with loyal and proud appreciation-she never for a moment considering that it placed her in any way above his sterling qualities of mind and heart. She had down from generation to generation of by her drawingfarmers' wives, as to keep up a constant small agitation among them, of which she, being absorbed in her own pursuits, was provokingly unaware.

who observed it that something of more order to pay attention to drawing, which than usual weight was on her mind. A everybody knows ought to be let alone few however, had not observed it, in con- as soon as a girl has done school. The disturbance which had been caused by few blades of grass one or two of the as the sewing was turned over to hired ing that she had made a total failure in hands, and arose to positive excitement her effort at convincing these two that when a little girl was taken into the one of them was a "right-up-and down family to assist in the care of the baby.

> "Though I'm free to confess, as I don't want to do an injustice to a livin' soul.' ever lets that baby out of her sight. But, I take it, a woman as has to be ever-lastin'ly foolin' over bits of paper and dauby paints, ain't no call to be a wife and mother.'

"I come to bring this to you, Mis-Pringle, 'sposin it to be yourn," said the worthy spinster as she was' shown into the room of the posy-bed carpet, when boasts of a good literary and debating a potato must be large, quality being she found its mistress scated at a desk, apparently absorbed in a few flowers which stood in a glass of water.

*Oh, thank you very much, Miss Brew ster. It is one of a set of wild flowerdrawings. The wind blew it away from me and Sarah couldn't find it."

It was fully two hours after breakfast and the pretty room was still in all the disorder of the previous evening. Mrs. Pringle might bave noticed the compremost farmers' wives have somethin' else hensive glance with which Miss Brewster took in this fact, for she said, with a

"You've caught me a little too soon, Miss Brewster. John brought me those lovely little spring beauties' just after breakfast and they fade so soon that I let things go while I sketched them." In Miss Brewster's opinion this was treating the sacred obligations of thrifty

wept one time just as well as another ut these flowers would not wait.

Miss Brewster was indignantly cast ing about for some expression which could delicately convey her idea of the shiftlessness of such a principle, when an interruption occurred in the person of John Pringle coming up the walk outside.

"Ha! ha! ha! my lady," said the visitor to herself. "I wonder what he'll think of such doin's at this time o'day, when his mother'd a' had her wash out and a'—" she rejoiced in seeing that Mrs. Pringle did have the grace to look a little confused.
"Oh! John, dear," she said, "I wouldn't

have left my room untidy, if I had known also some twelve acres of heavy grass strawberries in the neighborhood were you were coming, but it has taken me ever since to draw these.

"Good morning, Miss Brewster," said John. "Never mind the room, Janetbusiness before pleasure, you know!eh, Miss Brewster? Look here, Janet, I came all the way back home to bring you

Business before pleasure, indeed! Miss Brewster was speechless as the two bent over a few anemones he held in his big hand. She had no intention of including John in the setting down she had come to give his wife, but she now felt nerved by the sight of such "fool nonsense" to say her say to both.

"They're as natural as life, ain't they Miss Brewster?" he said, showing her the

"but it seems to me, John Pringle—not to say it's any concern of mine, I know, but most of us neighbors has our opinion. I'm only meanin' it in all kindness, you know—that it—well," Miss Maria Jane found her own and her aeighbor's opinions more difficult of expression than she had anticipated, "that it ain't a goin' to pay in the long run to have everything goin' to sixes and sevens; I mean that a farmer's wife can't afford to spend all her time over such light doin's. Now, your mother, John—I hope you know I only mean to suggest to Mis' Pringle here, that your mother was the greatest hand in the country for bucklin' down to real solid work—no fine arts about her. I don't mean no interference, you know." She hesitated, seeing a look in the faces of both her listeners which led her to imagine her suggestions might possibly be looked upon as an interfe-rence. "I only mean that most of folks think your father wouldn't a' been as forchanded a man as he was if it hadn't been for his wife's helpin' hand."

"Miss Brewster," said John, gravely, to my eyes there never was such a woman as my mother, and likewise there never was such a woman as my wife. If I had known the neighbors were so concerned over the rather unusual way in which her helping hand is as strong for me as my mother's was for my father—" here he kissed the small white hand which had so excited Miss Maria Jane's contempt as being unfit for any use, "I should have asked her to be more open about it, simply because I don't want her misjudged among my old friends. Now, Janet, will you please tell Miss Brewster how much you earn in a year by your drawings ?"
"Oh, nonsense, John. Go and attend

to your steam-plow."
"I don't want my wife to be a money maker, as she knows and you know, but if she is happy in turning her talent to brought her own ways with her to the account, and others are happy in doing farm, and her ways were so different the work she would do if she didn't make from the ways which had been handed a thousand dollars a year, more or less,

"What !" exclaimed Miss Brewster, in such astonishment that John hughed-"Yes, ma'am. She furnishes illustrations for different publications, and de-She had brought a trusty servant to assist in the work of the house, which, the farm being a dairy farm, with a good deal of work for women, was acpays her servant hire for a month, and is Miss Maria Jane Brewster came into quiesced in by those who so kindly content the sewing society with a set expression cerned themselves in her business, all make that little fellow out there—"he to show that it may be seen there is nothon her face, which plainly told those Pringle left things too much to her, in side the window—"good for a better farm from cutting to storing. My usual meth-

> "All by them little scrawls!" John was watching his wife as she laid among a shiftless, no account sort of a woman. But, much comforted by the reflection that the wonderful thing she had learned would create a profound sensation when fully reported by her at the next meetthe sewing-society. Demorest's Monthly.

Howell Prairie Debating Society.

A correspondent writing to the States man says: "Howell Prairie now society. The society meets in Grange Hall every Saturday night, and every fourth Saturday evening is devoted exclusively to literary exercises, etc., de-barring the debate. These exercises especially are largely attended. Mr. Joseph Woodworth is president of the society, and ma'tes an excellent presiding officer. The debates are upon various subjects, and are participated in by a large number, and with unusual interest. Nothing could be established in a community from which more benefits may be derived."

Beatty's Christmas Gift.

It is in the way of offering an 74 ctave Piano, with Stool, Book and Music for only \$173.75. Those of our readers who are desirous of procurring a hand-some Christmas present for their Child-ren, and make their homes happy, are advised to read Mr. Beatty's advertise-ment in this issue—on the 7th page.

Morticultural.

Raising Vegetables for Canning.

A visitor tells of what he saw on one of the farms in Massachusetts where raising vegetables for the canning factories is the leading industry:

"The crops grown this year are about two acres of potatoes; one acre of fieldcorn, which was as heavy as any we have ever seen; five acres in tomatoes, and thirteen in sweet corn. There are and a large pasture for milch cows. Few men have learned to manure farm crops as heavily as we found them manured here. The tomatoes were set 54 inches by 60 inches apart, and so completely covered the ground as to leave too little room for the pickers to walk among the vines. Mr. Richardson will set them at least five feet each way in future, or five kind can be kept from splitting down by by five and a-half feet, which he thinks twisting together one twig from each of will be better. He ploughed in a heavy coat of stable manure, and then fertil ized liberally in the hill after setting the plants, and believes the fertilizer has given him 200 bushels of fruit, picked before the 15th of August, and sold for from \$1 to \$4 per bushel, averaging about \$2. His neighbors, who used less fertilizer, or none, had scarcely begun to pick at that date, and will have to put nearly their whole crop in at factory prices, which are usually about forty cents per bushel. That Mr. Richardson has not sunk the farmer in the manufacturer, is shown by his farming operaions outside the home farm. He has this year thirteen acres of sweet corn, grown on leased land, and manured with fertilizer and stable manure, purchased from and brought out on the cars; and as an evidence that he makes his farm-ing pay, he cited a field of less than an acre which produced \$360 worth of marrow squashes last year, figuring at the same price per ton that he paid others for theirs. He also last year took in a partner in the canning business, Mr. Hopkins, who has about eleven acres in corn and squashes. There are about 60 of it by the two members of this firm. They had just finished canning 700 bushels of string beans, of the favorite Golden Wax variety.

Single Eye Culture of Potatoes

A correspondent of the Cultivator and has this to say in regard to the singleeye culture of potatoes :

"A potato has three crops in itself, to two weeks carlier than the central eyes. The two or three eyes immediately surrounding the root end should in all ases be discarded in growing for home use or for market. They produce mostly small potatoes, and if large they are watery and soft. By cutting one or two weeks ahead of planting, and sprinkling with lime, plaster, or other material to dry the pieces, those that will not germinate become as hard as stones, and the person planting can casily detect such and throw them away. By cutting as they are used you will have some misses, or blanks. Cut to one eye, and do not be afraid in the least. Bear in mind that your own confidence in the whole matter will carry you successfully through. The cutters and workers of my whole crop are men of all nations, from Castle Garden, the most intelligent one than his father's, long before he needs it.' od is to set one man to cut off the root end, and another to cut off the eye-end. thus forming three heaps. The root end heap goes to the hogs. My great trouble is to get them cut close. All the waste flesh goes into heaps for cattle or hog-

When my potatoes have come up some of them will have two stalks. Those hills having those two stalks produce much smaller potatoes. If a fine-flavored pe-tato is wanted, plow up sod in the fall. and plant to potatoes in the spring without any manure. The width apart of hills must be judged by the growth of the potato. If stems of a variety grow thirty inches long, the drills must be of that width; if the vines grow five feet long, drills must be that width apart. You must determine in the fall where your potatoes are to be, and place at each end of the field heaps of ma nure, and if a large field, in the centre also. For market, my experience is that no consideration. If you have a good plowman, a macker is not necessary but straight rows are essential, both for working and looks. Take any plow that suits your land, and with two horses your plowman (after giving him his width to run and depth to go), will put a spreader between his horses to open the team to the desired with. If his plow does not go deep enough, he will lasten a board on his land side and monld-board, and even go twice in one furrow, so that when his drills are finished, the ridges between are perfectly peaked on top, resembling a house-roof

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

"The rule is, the people of New Eng land plant their gardens too early to get large crops. Plants that come up and grow rapidly will produce much more than those that, after being above ground a few days, stop growing and stand a long time without making any perceptible progress. Every man who can do so should have two gardens, one in which to grow a few early vegeta-

bles, and the other to plant for the main crop. The first should be located in a warm dry place, the last on moist, rich land. The early garden should be planted as soon as possible after the frost is out, and the late garden not much before the 1st of June."

"A Southern amateur gardener secured slabs from the saw-mill and bored twoinch holes in them fifteen inches apart, and laid them round side up on the edge of some beds, and set a strawberry plant in each hole, in August. Such a profusion of strawberries as we had from each of five experimental varieties, was a sight worth beholding. When other all dried up by the great drought of that season, ours were in perfection. A half pint or more were taken at a time from each plant. It was but little trouble to keep the runners down. But the next season the plants crowded in the hole so closely that the crop was a failure.

Crotched or forked fruit treets of any twisting together one twig from each of the main branches. These twigs, thus twisted together will, in five years, grow into a solid branch that cannot be broken. Twigs from the size of a lead pencil to half-an-inch in diameter can e used for this purpose.

"Are cauliflowers profitable, and how are they grown ?" asks a correspondent Give them plenty of water, fertilizing material and cultivation, and there is no more profitable vegetable. To raise the plants sow the seed thinly and water three times a day until big enough to transplant. Cauliflower is most easily hurt by frost when it is half grown, so that late set plants must be forced with plenty of water and superphosphate of lime or guano. When the heads make their appearance no more cultivation is needed, but the plants must be kept moist until ready for market, which will be in about a month.

"I selected five smooth potatoes of good size," says a New Hampshire correspondent of the American Cultivator, "and cut them into three or four pieces.

I then selected some about the size of a acres of sweet corn now growing within I then selected some about the size of a mile and a half of the factory, planted walnut. These were taken from my pile expressly for this firm. Nearly a third of potatoes intended for the hogs. I planted one row with the cut potatoes and the next row with small whole ones. and so on, until I had planted ten rows, five of each. I treated them as nearly alike as I could, and felt sure that the cut potatoes would yield the best crop. But at digging time, to my surprise, I found nearly one-fifth more of marketa-Country Gentleman, of Albany, N. Y., ble potatoes in the rows planted with the small whole potatoes than in those planted with the pieces of large potatees. I have concluded that there is "A potato has three crops in itself, something more for me to learn about an early, a middle and a late one. The planting potatoes, and I intend next cluster of eyes at one end will ripen one year to make a more complete test on a larger scale.

Whoever, says the New York Sun, makes a summer pilgrimage westward from Albany, by the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, after the first thirty miles are passed, begins to see a strange and unaccustomed vegetation. sionally a luxuriant growth of vines is met, which covers the earth entirely from the fervent mid-day sun, and rises from twelve to twenty feet in the air. He is in the outskirts of the hop district. It is only after he has gained the summit, about fifty miles west of the capital city. and rolls swiftly down the long slope of the Susquebanna valley, that he realizes that the heart of hop-growing America is reached. He is in Oswego—a county which excels all others in acreage and amount and value of hops.

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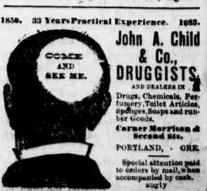
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