Literary.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.)

HOME.

The prince rides up to the palace gates And his eyes with tears are dim, For he thinks of the beggar maiden sweet Who never may wed with him. For home is where the heart is, In dwelling great and small, And there's many a splendid palace That's never a home at all.

The yeoman comes to his little cot With a song when the day is done, For his dearie is standing in the door And his children to meet him run. For home is where the heart is, In dwellings great and small, And there's many a stately mansion That's never a home at all.

could I but live with my own sweetheart In a hut with sanded floor, I'd be richer far than a loveless man With fame and a golden store. For home is where the heart is, In dwelling great and small. And a cottage lighted by lovelight Is the dearest home of all.

A face that cannot smile is never good. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage.

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.

and always simple.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

The best things are possible, if we will but live for the best.

Man is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge by the bark.

Some men by ancestry are only the shadow of a mighty name.

Resistance does but strengthen truth, which it cannot overthrow.

The intellect of the wise is like glass, it admits the light of Heaven and reflects

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

Noble work is the true educator. Idleness is a thorough demoralizer of the body, soul, and conscience.

You cannot add one cubit to your age of 23 years, 2 months and 11 days.

Death of Mrs. C. N. Brown.

[The following was sent us sometime ago, but owing to a mistake it did not reach this office until after our departure for Salem, hence the lateness of its publication. Ed.] From the Biggs (Cal.) Argus.

A wave of heartfelt sadness and regret went over the entire community Tnesday morning last the 13th inst., when the sorrowful intelligence that Mrs. Emma Elva Brown, wife of our esteemed townsman C. N. Brown, superintendent of the Farmers' Co-Operative Union warehouses, was dead. That on the very brink of young motherhood the unseen guest had entered the threshold of a home of love, content and happiness, about to be made more joyful with the voice of heaven's most precious gift, the connecting link of true wifehood and fatherhood, and instead of administering the earthly blessing, laid the icy fingers of death upon the fair brow and carried the happy bride of only a few years ago, to a home prepared above, leaving the devoted husband wifeless and a broken-hearted mother and father without a child. It was one of those most heart-rending scenes that come when least expected and while it does not seem right, it was a The language of truth is unadorned a part of human life known only to the All Wise to whom all christendom bow the knee and say Thou alone knowest best and we humbly submit.

Emma Elva Colvin was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Colvin, formerly of this place, now of Florence, Oregon. She was born in Lawrence county, Illi- E nois, October 2d, 1869. She came to Biggs, with her parents when a child, and grew up to noble womanhood, the idol of her parents and the kind, loving o and beloved friend of a wide circle of schoolmates and friends. She was married to Case N. Brown on January 1st, 1888, and no man ever had a more lovely, loving and affectionate wife and helpmeet. Although not a member of any church she was always a leader in the Sunday-School and was an active member of the W. C. T. U. of Biggs, of which she was Recording Secretary. A position which she filled with honor. She died in puerperal convulsions Tuesday morning, December 13th, 1892, at the

A

WHY?



tature, but you can increase the volume and force of your mind.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves; there is a nobleness of mind that heals wounds beyond salves.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.

The mind which does not sink under misfortune rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction. In forming and strengthening habits new forms of truth, new visions of right, Mew conceptions of duty. Let us always eave room for our minds to grow, our earts to expand, and our lives to deelop into ever-increasing excellence and

Like flakes of snow that fall unprefived upon the earth, the seemingly important events of life succeed one aother. As the snow gathers together, are the habits formed. No single flake at is added to the pile produces a senble change; no single action creates, wever it may exhibit, a man's charac-

If we would establish any real and during power over others, we must altivate their trust in us. We must be honest that they rely on our integrity sincere that they never doubt our th, so that they confide their interests our hands, so truly kind and generous at they are sure we will do them good it enables us really to help or benefit fellowmen.

The M. E. Church where the funeral services were held Wednesday at 1 o'clock p. m., was decorated in a most attractive manner. Three magnificent floral emblems, being especially worthy of notice. One, a large frame, neatly woven with smilax, chrysanthemums, pinks, roses and evergreen runners, all beautiful aromatic white blossoms, representing the gates ajar, along the base of which purple violets marked the let-"W. C. T. U." A beautiful ters mounted crescent o'ermounted by a star, which we know to be good, 'et us beware a pillow of snow-white blossoms at the hat we do not shut ourselves away from base on which tender hands had placed the word "Rest," and a mounted anchor in floral grandeur representing that the soul of the bright young woman was anchored in the harbor of peace.

The hearse conveying the remains of the departed, in a fine snow-white coffin was guarded by six young men all friends of the family, Messrs. J. A. Foster, W. D. Baker, Frank Snow, C. E. Chatfield, Scott LaShell and W. M. Doty, was followed to the church where Rev. A. L. Walker delivered a most impressive sermon and an excellent choir sang, "It is Well with My Soul," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," etc.

An immense procession was formed after the services at the church and the mortal remains were escorted to Live Oak cemetery where the last sad rites were performed. The Argus extends the sympathy of the entire neighborhood to the bereaved.

Inot harne. It is power such as this For terms, rent on store building, etc., -Florence needs a good grocery store write Geo. M. Miller, Fairmount, Oregon.

Will Pay, through its Advertising Columns, a larger Dividend for the Money Invested than can be realized from any other source.

-

Because it is read by the people with whom you expect to do business. Can fyou expect them to trade at your store unless you invite them to do so?

AN ADVERTISEMENT Is a standing invitation. DOYOU WANT

THE PEOPLE'S TRADE?

"I LEAD, BUT NEVER FOLLOW!" H. Friendly Dealer in

