THE COQUETTE'S TEARS.

WM. TIREBUCK.

Rivulets from violet eyes
Tremble down a glowing cheek;
Show'rs are they from summer skies;
Wending through a heathered creek
Weep, O maid; I from the pain
Lightly laden pleasure gain.

How I'd soothe your grief, if great!
But I know the pearls but prance
Like outriders to the state
Of your smiling rogish glance.
Weep, O maid; for there appears
Sweetest sadness in your tears.

Were I not as coy as you
I would deem the weeping sad,
Coax you as I sometimes do,
Kiss you till we both were glad;
But I'll lose a kiss to-day,
Watch you weep and waste away.

Ah, your hands now hide a laugh,
Which your voice too well betrays!
Come, then, mingled wine we'll quaff
From the cup-like lips you raise.
There, O maid!—ah, now you cry—
There, then! there! and so do I!

HOW IT WAS.

"Folds of the silk and cream-colored roses. You will have the hats just alike, then?" asked Miss Lucinda Smith, milliner.

"Just exactly alike. It will please Hermione, and there is nothing I like so well as to please my pretty step-mamma," answered Linly Thetford, lifting her sweet eyes for sympathy to the precise countenance of Miss Lucinda.

"Umph!—so you are very fond of her, Linly?"

"Yes, indeed! She is my best friend since poor papa died; and being so near of an age, we are constant companions. I don't know what I should do if it weren't for Hermione; Ryelands has changed so since his papa's death."

"You have Mr. St. Charles' company a great deal, I hear."

"Of course he is Hermione's cousin, and—and like a brother to me," answered Linly, stooping over a box of silk violets to hide her confusion.

"Umph! yes—well, 'tis all right, of course," remarked Miss Lucinda, pinching out a brier-leaf, and setting the little rose more firmly on its stem. "But didn't it ever occur to you that folks would talk?"

"About what?" asked Linly, lifting her clear hazel eyes to Miss Lucinda's profile.

"His being at Ryelands so much, so soon after your father's death. Poor man! dead but six months; I should think your step-mamma, as you call her, would have more respect for his memory than to——"

"Than to what?" asked Linly, her bright orbs growing large and bright with indignation. "What have you to say against Hermione—against my father's wife, Miss Lucinda?"

"Say?—oh, I say nothing. It's what other people are talking about. But I must add, that it is strange you are so blind, Linly. Now I've known you ever since you was a child—used to come to Ryeland every spring to make caps in your grandmother's day, and your own mother always bought her bonnets of me—and you were always bright enough about other things. It's strange you can't see."

"What?" with a thrill in the young voice.

"Why, of course, your step-mother married your father for his money, and to have a home and position. She was only a district school-teacher, down in Marshfield, when he married her, and everybody knew she did pretty well for herself when she married Dr. Thetford. But she was dead in love with her cousin, Rupert St. Charles, and he with her; but they were poor, and he was working his way so slowly through college that she thought there wasn't much chance there, and so gave him up for your father. And now he's a promising young lawyer, and she mistress of Ryelands, what is so likely?—Lor, you ain't going to faint, are you, Linly?"

"Faint? No! The day is warm and your store is close. It is foolish for me to stay here listening to this gossip. I do not feel in the least indebted to you for repeating it to me, Miss Lucinda. My beautiful step-mother loved my father dearly when she married him—five years of utter devotion to his interests, and her crushing grief at his death, proved it for me—nor do I believe that she loved anyone else when she married him. And if she chooses to marry Mr. St. Charles now, she is at liberty, for all in Circleville," and bowing with the barest civility to Miss Lucinda, Linly left the shop.

The cool air in the village streets cooled her burning cheeks; but how her loyal young heart ached in her bosom! Not for worlds would she have had Miss Lucinda confirmed in her suspicion that she loved Rupert St. Charles; but it was the cruel truth. She had never believed that there was anything between the cousins but cousinly kindness and freedom. But perhaps others knew better; maybe she was "blind."

A feeling of bitter desolation fell upon her as she entered the broad gates of Ryelands, whence her beloved father, whose pet she had always been, had been carried scarcely a year before.

Mr. St. Charles' beautiful mare Sultana stood tied to a tree. For the first time the sight gave Linly pain instead of pleasure. She did not wish to meet him, and she turned away from the door, and took the garden-path.

She saw no one, as her path wound among the shrubbery; but soon she heard voices, and, pausing to learn what direction they were in, the following conversation forced itself upon her:

"I hardly know what to say."

"But, Hermione, surely you trust me?"

"Yes; entirely. But, Rupert, wait a year. My husband has been dead such a short time, and I shrink from such a responsible act."

"I cannot wait a year. You know how lonely I have been, and now that I love one woman with my whole soul—and she is free, and I can at last take care of a wife—surely, Hermione, you will not refuse?"

"Poor Rupert, I love you so much, how can I?"

"Then you give your consent?"

"I do."

Breathless and wild with pain, Linly tore herself from the spot. She sought the house now, and fleeing to her own room, cast herself across the bed, writhing with anguish. Lost! Lost! They had all left her! She had not one.

The tea-bell rang; she did not heed it. Inquiring voices called her name; she covered her face with her hands.

By-and-by, in the stillness, she heard steps on the stair. Was Hermione coming? Yes, the door opened, and Hermione's voice syllabled: "Dear, you are here? Why, we thought you had not come from town."

She advanced into the room, putting the light she carried under a shade in the corner.

"You have come home with a headache, I know—the day has been so hot; but you ought to have drank some tea, Linly, dear."

The graceful, fragrant form pressed the couch by the girl's side; a tender arm stole round her neck.

"I am glad we can be quiet. I have something to tell you. Did I hurt you, Linly, with my ring? Why did you wince so?"

"No, Hermione, no," feebly.

"Linly, something has happened today, which gives me great hope and pleasure. Shall I tell you?"

There was a little pause—such a hard little pause.

"You have known my cousin Rupert St. Charles a year, and you feel quite well acquainted with him, do you not?"

"Quite well."

"He is all he seems to be, Linly. I think you like him."

No answer.

"I hope you do, dear, for he is just what a young man ought to be—honorable, pure and steadfast—and the woman who has won his love is fortunate, indeed—blessed if she returns it—for he will make a devoted husband. She could not have a better fate than to be the wife of Rupert St. Charles."

Hermoine Thetford heard her stepdaughter's breathing, but could not see her face.

"I walked with him this afternoon in the garden, and—surely, dear, your head must be very bad. I heard you moan."

"Very bad. But never mind, Hermione."

"He urged me to a promise which I was reluctant to give."

"Yes."

"I hesitated to take the step he urged upon me, because your father has been dead such a short time, and others might think -- "

"You need not care what others think if you are sure of your own feelings, Hermoine."

"It is because I am sure of them, Linly, that I at last yielded, I have known Rupert from a child, and he is one in a thousand. So, dear, surely you will forgive me if you are averse to this—"

"Forgive? What should I forgive, dear Hermione?"

"I yielded, and gave my consent that he should tell you his love, and try to win yours, dear."

"Hermione, I have been told that you and Rupert St. Charles used to love each other."

"I have always loved Rupert as a cousin—nothing more. It was your father whom I loved, dear, and so you are the next dearest to my heart. I have promised Rupert to urge you to give him a little sign of encouragement, and so he has sent you this blush rose. If he may speak to you, wear it in your hair when he comes to-morrow night; if you have no hope for him, you need not see him at all, dear, as it may be painful to you, and will surely dash his dearest hopes to the ground."

"Give me the rose."

Hermione unfastened the cool, fragrant thing from her own dark hair, and in the darkness saw its whiteness lifted to the girl's lips.

"I will wear it."

Soon all Circleville heard of Linly's engagement, and this is the way it was.

The Tomb of Jackson.

The "Hermitage" is approached through a long row of cedars on either hand. Here, in this quaint old building, main rooms and shed rooms of brick, with wooden columns and wooden coping in front, reside Colonel Andrew Jackson, adopted grandson of the hero, with his wife and mother, and two old negroes, man and wife, about sixteen years old when purchased by Jackson nearly sixty years ago. General Jackson and his wife sleep side by side in the little garden near the residence, each beneath a broad granite slab. Inscribed in old-fashioned Roman letters are the words on the slab which covers Mrs. Jackson, composed by her devoted husband.

"Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d December, 1828." The old hero had been elected President his first term, but did not take his seat till March 4th, following. The inscription recounts her virtues in words forcible and tender, and closes:

"A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

The day of the funeral Jackson, feeble and heart-broken, walked slowly behind the coffin, leaning upon a long cane he was accustomed at that time to carry about his farm. As the friends of the dead gathered about to look for the last time upon her face, General Jackson lifted his cane as if appealing to heaven, and by a look commanding silence, said, slowly and painfully, and with a voice full of bitter tears:

"In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for m rcy."

One of the most beautiful and redeeming traits in all this rugged and heroic nature was the unalterable love and devotion he bore his wife. For seventeen years after her death the memory of this noble woman was cherished, until the summer of 1845, when he was laid to rest beside the only woman he ever loved—loved with a romantic tenderness and strength surpassing the dream of fiction.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly, and said: "Let the oldest go first." And the damsels embraced, and went back with entwined arms.

Starving to Death in Jail.

Mary Cross, a negress forty-five years old, while working for Robert Hemingray, at Covington, Ky., last summer, remarked to his little boy, "What would your ma say if she thought I stole a diamond pin?" It was then found that the pin was gone and she was accused of the theft. She became very angry, threatened to burn the house down and kill children, and she was imprisoned in default of bail to keep the peace. Being released on October 14, she demanded of Hemingray wages for the time she had been imprisoned, which he refused. On November 7th she shot at him five times, but failed to hit him, for which she was sentenced November 27th to twelve months in the county jail and $500 fine. From that time to the present the turnkey says "she has taken no kind of nourishment either food or drink." She was born the slave of Noah Patterson, about six miles from Cynthiana, on the Lexington pike, whence, during the war, she, in company with several other slave women of the neighborhood, dressed herself in men's clothes and came to Covington, where she has since lived. She has fallen off from 200 pounds to 150 pounds since November 27th, and the physicians say she cannot hold out long and live.

Shook Him for 'Em.

"We have had a sweeping victory," said a slow-movement man to the bartender: "Democrats have carried everything."

"Yes, sir."

"But what is it to me?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? An American citizen, with bottles all around him, don't know. Don't you know, sir, that I want to drink to the success of the Democratic party——"

"But I am Republican."

"And hope that the Republicans will do better next time?"

"But I don't hope that they'll do better. I've fallen out with the party."

"Got no political enthusiasm?"

"No."

"No chance to get a drink here?"

"None that I can see."

"I was merely jesting, my friend. Have a drink with me." The saloon man complied.

"Here, give me twenty-five cents."

The slow-movement man began to quietly withdraw, when the bartender seized him and shook him until his teeth chattered. When he was asked by companion who had gone to "skirmish" at another place if he was successful?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "the bartender shook me for the drinks and lost."—Ex.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that our annual Catalogue and price list for 1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive reading, and will be furnished gratuitously. Send your name and postoffice address to FARMERS and MECHANICS' STORE, 184 First street, Portland, Oregon.

sep7-1m *P. O. Box 175*

When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade, and the next moment the very bliss itself looks as if it had never been more that a phosphorescent gleam, the summer lightning of the brain.

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste

An aromatic combination for the preservation of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any preparation of its kind in the market. In large, handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

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BOOK AND MUSIC BUYERS:—Send to Wiley B. Allen, 153 Third street, Portland, for any book or music published. Orders by mail filled promptly. The "Musical Pastime," a monthly journal of music, 50 cts. a year. Send stamp for big catalogue of music.

The male and female minstrels at the Elite theater in Portland are drawing crowded houses. The Tudors are the latest sensation and more talent is on the way.

Frank G. Abell, the Portland photographer is leading the profession in all the novelties of the art. His work is always of the best and his customers are satisfied with what they receive.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John B. Garrison 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

The best liver regulator known, a sure cure for Dyspepsia and indigestion is Dr. Henley's California I. X. L. Bitters.

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

Portland Business Directory!

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THE MUSICAL PASTIME.—A monthly journal of music (both vocal and instrumental,) sent to any address for 50cts per year. Address Wiley B. Allen, publisher and music dealer, 153 Third street, Portland, Oregon. Catalogue free.

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W. H. MAYRE.—Civil Engineer, Contractor and surveyors. Office—Room No. 8 Lane's Building, East Portland. All kinds of surveying and drafting done for any part of the country.

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EMPIRE BAKERY.—12 Washington. Voss & Fuhr, Props. Manufacturers of Pilot bread, Soda, Picnic, Butter, Boston, Sugar and Shoe Fly crackers. Orders from the trade solicited and promptly attended to.

ASSAYERS.

W. G. JENNE & CO.—109 Front street near Washington. Ores, metals, mineral waters, coals, etc., carefully analyzed. Assays for gold and silver $3.; other metals from $3. to $5. Gold dust bought and bars made. Orders by mail carefully attended to.

J. B. McINTOSH.—Cor. Front and Stark. Chemical analysis made of coal, mineral waters, etc. Ordinary assays of gold, silver, lead or copper, from $3 to $5. Dr. P. Harvey, Consulting Chemist.

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ap15 HILL & BARR.

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By over indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dryness of the skin, with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by all means use

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Physicians, Druggists, and all who have Used and Thoroughly Tested it, pronounce it Specific for the Cure of that Loathsome Disease.—Singers and Public Speakers find nothing better to Improve and Strengthen the Voice.—A Cold is Broken Up Quicker by its use than by that of any other remedy.

TRY IT: YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. PRICE, $1 00.

The following Testimonials and Letters, taken from a mass of evidence of the same sort received by Dr. Keck, and which, with many others not adapted for publication, can be seen at his office, are published for the encouragement of those suffering from Catarrh and other Chronic Diseases:

Statement of a Physician.

PORTLAND, OR., March 7, 1879.
I hereby certify that I am a practicing physitian, and that I have used DR. KECK'S SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, both in Oregon and California, and it has not failed in a single case to effect a speedy cure.
DR. ROBERT ALEXANDER.

From Rev. Alonzo T. Jones.

Who had Catarrh seven years, tried many remedies with little or no benefit, and at times could hardly preach on account of hoarseness and sore throat.

SALEM, OR., February 12, 1879.
DR. KECK, Portland—Dear Sir:—Please send by Wells, Fargo & Co., to-morrow, February 13th, one bottle of your Catarrh Remedy to me at Salem, and oblige. It works charmingly.
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
REV. ALONZO T. JONES.

The Following Letters Speak for Themselves.

MOUNT COFFIN, W. T., August 10, 1879.
DR. KECK:—Your medicines are helping me. I intend coming to Portland to see you My Disease is more than Catarrh, and I don't think I could write my symptoms. MRS. MARY A. WELBORN.
Again, from the same on the 24th of August, 1879.
DR. KECK—Sir:—I want another bottle of your Catarrh remedy. I have used one with good effect. I think that my disease affects my throat more than my head, although my throat feels better than it ever has after using any other Catarrh remedy. Yours with respect, MRS. MARY. A. WELBORN.

TENINO, W. T., July 28, 1879.
DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—After suffering over twenty-five years, and having given up all other means of cure, I am very glad to be able to say that five bottles of your SURE CURE FOR CATARRH have relieved me to that extent that I feel sure that a little more will effect a permanent cure. Believing that a plain statement of facts is the best recommendation that I can give, and feeling very grateful,
I remain fraternally yours. JOSEPH DAVIS.

PORTLAND, OR., May 9, 1879.
DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—I have been afflicted with Catarrh over twenty-seven years and have tried all kinds of medicines and went to different doctors, but could find no relief until I tried DR. KECK'S SURE CURE. I am now getting well and feel like a new person. MRS. H. E. HUNTINGTON.

Extracted from a Letter from W. A. Anderson, Esq., County Auditor of Chehalis Co., W. T.

CHEHALIS, W. T., June 11, 1879.
DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—The second lot of medicine was received in due time. Have been using the SURE CURE continuously, but have used but little of the medicine for the bowels, as I have, in a great measure, regulated them by the use of Graham bread. The deafness has, I think, almost left me. There still remains a slight ringing noise in the ears, but nothing to compare with six weeks ago. In fact, I do not notice it except when I lie down. I have no pains nor itching in the ear. I send by the bearer, John Esmond, Esq., $20 00 for another supply of medicine.
W. A. ANDERSON.

Another Remarkable Cure after Ten Years of Suffering, Causing Blindness, Etc.

EAST PORTLAND, July 12, 1878.
DR. KECK—Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I have used your SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, and find it all you claim it to be and even more. I have had catarrh for ten years. I suffered much with pain in my head; would take cold very easy, which would make my throat very sore. There was almost a constant tickling in my throat, so I could not sleep. When asleep my throat would fill up and strangle me, and my sight was also badly affected so that very often I was unable to read the coffee and spice sign on Yamhill street oppos te J. C. Mendenhall's fish market, where I had been at work, a distance of perhaps four rods. In fact, I could feel the effect of Catarrh all through my system. But these troubles have all disappeared. Now I can go to bed and rest all night, which is something I have not been able to do for six years. I hope you will publish this, and that the hundreds who are suffering as I have suffered may pay attention to this letter. If this is published, I would advise any one that may be troubled with any disease, however bad or long-standing, to call on Dr. Keck. I think he can cure you if anybody can. Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. WHEELER.

EAST PORTLAND, July 1, 1879.
DR. KECK:—I am happy to say to you and the suffering that I am still free from that terrible disease, Catarrh.
C. H. WHEELER.

A Case of 25 Years' Standing, was Deprived of Smell 15 Years, Cured.

EAST PORTLAND, July 8, 1878.
To those suffering from Catarrh, I would state that I have been afflicted with Carrh for twenty-five years. I had continual aching pains over the eyes, and for fifteen years have been troubled with soreness in stomach and left side, and could smell nothing. In the meantime I tried Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, Sanfords Radical Cure for Catarrh, and other remedies recommended by friends, besides remedies from local physicians, all of which failed to cure, and the best gave but slight relief. About six weeks ago I met Dr. James Keck. He said the trouble in my side and stomach was caused by the Catarrh having extended to those points. He also said that he had a sure cure for Catarrh, and he could cure me. About five weeks ago I began using the SURE CURE. The pain over my eyes has disappeared: the soreness in my side and stomach is gradually disappearing; my sense of smell is returning; and, in fact, I feel like a new man, and am convinced that I will soon be permanently cured. Any one doubting the above statement can consult me in person or by mail, and I will repeat to them viva voce what I have here committed to paper.
CHAS. H. HAMLIN, Engineer Railroad Ferryboat.

EAST PORTLAND, July 1, 1879.
DR. KECK:—I would state that I have not been as well in fifteen years as I have been the last year, since you cured me of Catarrh.
C. H. HAMLIN.

DR. KECK thoroughly understands and is eminently successful in the treatment of all CHRONIC AND DIFFICULT DISEASES OF BOTH SEXES AND ALL AGES, having made a specialty of their treatment for fourteen years. He treats CANCER without using the knife. His favorite prescription is furnished to LADY PATIENTS FREE. No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insanity or a life of suffering is your inevitable doom unless you apply in time to the physician who understands and is competent to treat your case. Waste no more time nor money with incompetent physicians. All communications attended to with dispatch and are strictly confidential. Medicines sent to any part of the country. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. CONSULTATION FREE. Inclose a three-cent stamp for list and address.

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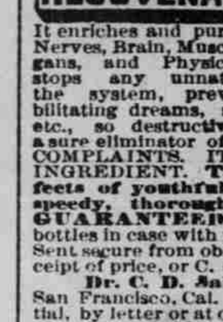

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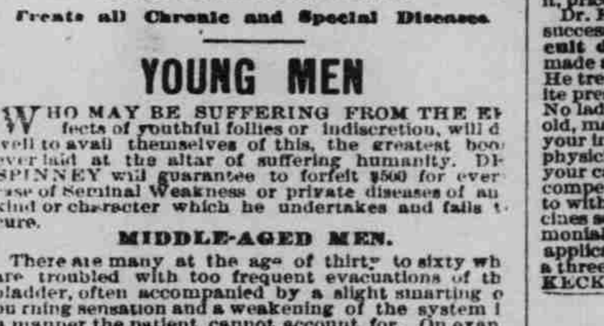

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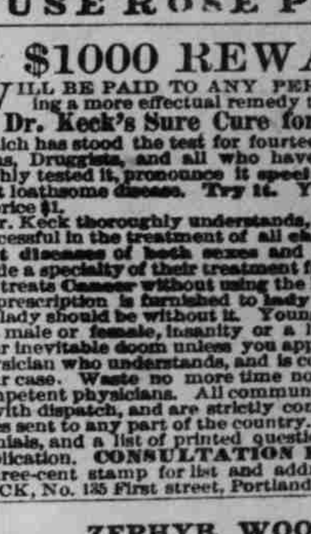

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