

LOVE AND VISION.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

My love is more than life to me
And you look on and wonder
In what can that enchantment be
You think I labor under.

Yet you, too, have you never gone,
Some wet and yellow even,
Where rusted moors reach on and on
Beneath a windy heaven?

Brown moors which at the western edge
A watery sunset brushes
With misty rays you sullen ledge
Of clouds cast down on the rushes?

You see no more but shade your eyes,
Forget the showery weather;
Forget the wet, tempestuous skies,
And look upon the heather.

Oh, fairland, oh, fairland!
It sparkles, lives, and dances;
By every gully and by every stream,
And every daisy and dandelion.

Never in jewel or wins the light
Burned like the purple heather;
And some in palest pink, some white,
Swaying and dancing together.

Every stem is sharp and clear,
Every bell is ringing;
No doubt some tune we do not hear
Nor the thrushes' sleepy singing.

Over all, like the bloom on a grass,
The lilac seedling grasses
Have made a haze, vague, without shape,
For the wind to change as it passes.

Under all is the budding thing,
Gray-green with swollen nothings,
Bosomed with many a mossy thing
And gold with lichen blotches.

Here and there slim rushes stand
Aslant like carried lances;
I saw it and called it fairland;
You never saw it, the chance is.

Brown moors and stormy skies that kiss
At eve in rainy weather;
Pronounce on that. What the heather is
I know for I saw the heather.

The Apothecary's Valentine.

It was a lonely house for a child to live in—only papa, who had been ill for many months, little Ida herself, the ten-year-old mistress of the establishment, and Mrs. Libby, the housekeeper. Across the street the postman had been ringing all day. Ida, watching at the window, with a piece of red flannel around her throat, had seen little lads and lasses slipping envelopes under the doors; then little girls, and sometimes big girls, came out on the steps, looked up and down the street, and smiled as if they were very much pleased.

"Why do they get so many letters today?" asked Ida, timidly.

Mrs. Libby was cleaning the nursery closet, and was answered shortly, "Those are valentines; come away from the window. You'll get cold."

"Valentines," said Ida, thoughtfully to herself. "I wonder what that is?"

She slipped down to the library and dragged the V volume of the encyclopedia beside the register. Ida had long since adopted the plan of looking up Mrs. Libby's replies in papa's library. The child's head bent over the page. "Valentines—A declaration of affection between two people, sent on St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February."

"A valentine must be something very nice," thought Ida, "the children over the way were so happy. I wish I could send one, but I only know Mrs. Libby. And with a sigh, she put the heavy book back. Mrs. Libby came down stairs with her bonnet and shawl on, and Ida, taking a small purse from her pocket, asked, "Will you please buy a valentine?"

"What for?"

"For me to give to you."

"Nonsense! Little girls don't send valentines to old women like me. Keep your ten cents and put it in the box, when you get well enough to go to church."

Ida sat still a long time after this. She wanted to be like other little girls, but all the little girls she had ever known intimately, were in books, and it so happened that none of these had ever spoken of Valentine's day. The telephone bell rang; Ida heard the housemaid order "five pounds of coffee-crushed sugar, to be sent up immediately," and then an idea came into the child's mind: "I can't go out to buy a valentine, but I can telephone one." She repeated the word, "valentine," a declaration of affection; yes! I can telephone a declaration of affection. Mrs. Libby is out. Papa can't hear in his room, and I'll get Mary to go down and look at the furnace. Thus Ida made her plans.

The next question was, to whom should she send her valentine?

"I'd better look on the telephone list. Seth Bennett, M. D. That's the doctor who comes to see papa and me; he wouldn't be in—he is always out. John Dixon, grocer; Thomas Irving, baker; oh, here is R. H. Whitney! That's the nice apothecary man who brings the medicines. I'd like to send him a valentine."

Richard Whitney's clerk stood at the telephone. Messages were coming in very fast that February afternoon. Sam Jones, the under clerk, was putting up the packages. "One porous plaster for Mrs. Lewis. Two ounces pulverized slippery elm bark sent immediately to 19 Spruce street. Some one wants to speak to Mr. Whitney."

"All right," he shouted back through the telephone. "He's in the back shop; I'll call him."

There was a smell of chloroform in the back shop. Mr. Whitney, on the top of a step-ladder, was preparing a prescription.

"Lady wants to speak to you, sir," said the clerk.

"Couldn't she give the message?"

"Said she couldn't."

Mr. Whitney went to the telephone and called "What's wanted?"

To his astonished ears came back: "I send you a declaration of affection."

"I do not understand," said the apothecary, not quite sure of his hearing.

The message was repeated, each word very distinct.

"Who is it?"

"Your Valentine."

Sam Jones, judging from the expression of Mr. Whitney's face that it was a case of strangling, convulsions or poisoning, had taken down his hat ready to run. "No matter," said his employer, returning to the chloroform atmosphere of the back shop. It could not be a joke; the voice was too sweet and true. A child's voice—a little girl's, he thought—but he did not know any little girls.

It might be one of the orphans at the asylum—probably was. Every Christmas Richard Whitney had been in the habit of sending a number of small bottles of cologne to the large brick house over the way. He did it from principle, not from any acquaintance with the children.

Valentine's evening there was an exhibition given at the asylum. Richard Whitney went. "Such a kind gentleman," said the matron; "he spoke to every child."

Then the public school examinations took place. Richard Whitney attended them all.

He became a Sunday school superintendent; next, he got his sister to give a little girl's party.

"Mr. Whitney has grown awful fond of children all of a sudden," said the head clerk to the second clerk. Ah, but no one knew he was listening for the voice of his Valentine. The apothecary and Ida's papa were old friends; of late years they had seldom met, but these last months of Mr. Hammond's illness had brought them together again. Ida was a sly child and kept out of the way of visitors. The apothecary was not aware that he had ever seen her.

One April afternoon he met a womanly little girl coming down stairs with a tray in her hand. "Miss Ida, I suppose," he said, passing her. Ida nodded gravely, and as Richard Whitney looked over the balustrade he thought, "What a lonely life for a child! I wonder if she gets out much. I will give her a drive to-morrow."

Mr. Hammond was very weak that night, and when Richard Whitney, bending over him, asked: "John, will you trust your little girl to me?" the only reply was a tighter clasp of the hand.

Early next morning Sam Jones left a parcel of gum-drops and a note for Miss Ida Hammond. Presently the telephone bell rang, and the head clerk said again: "A lady wishes to speak to you."

The message was simply this: "Thank you very much; I cannot go—papa is worse."

Richard Whitney started. It was the voice he had waited so long to hear. "Why, it's Hammond's little girl," he said, hurrying down the street. "Poor child!"

Papa died a few hours later, leaving his little daughter in the care of his old friend; and now, every day, a child in a black dress comes into the shop, to walk home with Uncle Richard.

"Wonder why he calls her Valentine; thought her name was Ida," said the head clerk.

"Perhaps Valentine is her middle name," suggested Sam Jones.

"That must be it," said the head clerk; "yes; that certainly must be the reason."—(H. B. B. W., in Wide Awake.)

A Practical Minister.

The pastor of St. Chrysostom's church, Philadelphia, has hit upon a plan for detecting unworthy persons soliciting alms at his door, and for the nearly two years it has been in operation but one individual has circumvented him. The pastor accepted the request of the Society for Organizing Charity to make inquiry into the needs of applicants for alms, and he set about his work in this manner: He obtained a freshly-coined silver dollar, and to all persons who applied to him for assistance he held the shining coin before them and said it would be theirs if they would remove a cartload of gravel that had been dumped in the ministerial back yard. An hour would have sufficed to perform the work, but the applicants were unable to find a spare hour in which to remove the obstruction. The first case was a man on his way to Baltimore, who wanted only a little more to aid him. The minister produced his dollar, and the traveler's eye brightened as he spied the shining silver.

"Here, sir, is a dollar," but holding on to it, he added:

"You are a strong man, and honorable, and you would rather work for it, would you not?"

"Indeed I would," was the response.

"I have a load of gravel which I would like to have removed; it will take you an hour. I will give you this."

The traveler left to change his clothes, and not finding them, he never returned. The next was a man who had nothing to eat for two days. He had a dinner given to him, and then wanted a little money for his sick wife. The bright dollar was produced, and many blessings were invoked as it met the gaze of the poor man. The gravel heap was delicately hinted at and the man started immediately for his tools; but a spade was offered on the spot. Then he suddenly remembered his sick wife, who needed his attention, and that man failed to reappear. This course was continued for nearly twenty months, and in that time 119 persons were relieved in the manner described. The one hundred and fourteenth customer was a match for the minister, and put a stop to that system of outdoor relief. The man had noticed that the dirt heap had been nearly leveled with the ground in the course of time; so, on accepting the offer, he asked for a shovel about the heap for a few minutes, and the obstruction was removed to the satisfaction of the minister, who paid the dollar to the witty knave.

A Model Report of a Hanging.

"Iverson Slade, colored, was hanged at noon to-day for the murder of Dora White, his sister-in-law, last June, for creating trouble between him and his wife. Last night he made an unsuccessful attempt to kill his death watch. He was firm on the scaffold. He dropped five feet. The gallows was in a valley near to an immense crowd was present, many coming from South Carolina and Virginia. Some came fifty miles. They camped all night. The procession to the gallows was a solemn scene. Slade confessed his crime. He died with a few convulsions." For a report of the hanging there is some business-like style about the above. No blubbering, no monkeying, no dull thud. And neat and sweet and prompt, and the platform cleared for the next candidate.—Kansas City Journal.

Faint-heartedness would never have won the Vicksburg fair lady who refused her suitor four times, but yielded when he fell on his knees before her in a parlor in the presence of a dancing company and for the fifth time urged his suit. She accepted him on the spot, and appointed a day for the wedding.

The Aged Millionaire Mechanic.

Regarding the venerable philanthropist, Peter Cooper, the scribe of the Rochester Democrat says he will be ninety-two on the 13th of this month. He is still able to attend to business, but the infirmities of old age are upon him and he is now rarely found at his office in the institute. Forty years ago, when the present philanthropist was merely a business man, says the correspondent, I used to see the sign painted upon the warehouse as Burling Slip, "Peter Cooper, Glue and Iron Wire." How little did I then imagine the distinction this name would hold, both in enterprise and benevolence. The office was very small, and everything had a quiet look, for in fact it was merely a place for taking orders which were served from the factories. The quiet methodical man who sat at the chief desk might have been taken by a stranger for a retired mechanic who had become a clerk. He spoke in a calm and subdued voice, and resembled one of the most favored members of the working class. Such, indeed, he was, and in that light he has always viewed himself, and hence he now stands before the public as one of the most wonderful mechanics in the world's history.

£ D. K. Osborn has jumped a portion of the governor's palace at Santa Fe, N. M., and swears he will hold it. The ground has always been in dispute.

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 1892-93 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive. Send your name and postoffice address to FARMERS and MECHANICS' STORE, 184 First street, Portland, Oregon.

Sept-1m P. O. Box 175.

"EMERALDA."

The Madison Square Theater company will play at Salem on Monday and Tuesday the 26th and 27th; Eugene City, on the 28th; East Portland, March 1st; New Tacoma, March 2d; and Seattle, March 3d and 4th. The company draws heavily every night in Portland at New Market theater.

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.

BOOK AND MUSIC BUYERS.—Send to Wiley B. Allen, 133 Third street, Portland, for any book or music. Established in 1870. Catalogue sent promptly. The "Musical Pastime," a monthly journal of music, 50 cts. a year. Send stamp for big catalogue of music.

DON'T BUY BOSS BOOTS UNLESS YOU WANT THE BEST. SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON EVERY PAIR. AKIN, SELLING & CO.

FULL SET OF TEETH FOR \$10. Best set, \$15. Teeth filled at low rates; satisfaction guaranteed. Gas administered. Pehr Rose, Dental Union Block, Stark street entrance. Dental graduates.

FRANK G. ABEL, the gold medal photographer of Portland, does all the late styles of work as produced by the best gentlemen in the East. He keeps up with all the improvements in his art.

TRUCKS.—Send to John B. Garrison, 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of trucks and a great cache of mule and mulestrels at the Elite Theater, in Portland.

The Leo brothers, Miss Couchita, the Tudors and a great cache of mule and mulestrels at the Elite Theater, in Portland.

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IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF 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 Slaven's California Fruit Salt, and feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it at 25 cents per bottle for 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

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WE INVITE All persons who wish to sell their lands or farms in the State of Oregon, either improved or unimproved, grain, fruit, vegetable or stock farms to notify us personally or by mail, in order that we may be able to place them in the hands of the proper parties, section, range, township and county, lay of land, also watered, nature of soil, view, much fenced and cultivated condition of place, What improvements, such as buildings, orchards, etc., distance to school, postoffice or market, railway, or river; what is the best road to reach the farm from Portland, etc.

PRICES. We want your lowest price and best terms. Write to us at once, enclosing a description of the farm to be sold. All communications private and will receive prompt attention. Address

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The intention is to provide a Home for such cases with all the best hygienic appliances combined with the latest medical skill to be had in the metropolis. Consulting physician and surgeon Dr. Philip Harvey, Prof. of diseases of women and children in the medical department Willamette University. Also Dr. J. M. Pilkington, Prof. of physiology med. dept. Willamette University.

For any amount of references and circular, address Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

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Of goods damaged by smoke at the late fire, we are enabled to lay before you a List of Prices, an Array of Figures not quoted by any other House anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit, whether buying to break and to rob their creditors and steal what they may before the bolt falls, it matters not. We place this price list before you and mean it to be final, decisive and crushing in its logic, immensity of variety, and its unapproachable, solid and

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Best 8-4 Sheet.....	4 yards for 1 00
Best Gingham.....	10 yards for 1 00
Irish Lace, worth 25 cents per doz.....	12 1/2 cents per doz
Good Felt Shirts.....	50 cents place
Good Kentucky Jeans.....	12 1/2 cents per yard
Heaviest Kentucky Jeans.....	25 cents per yard
Heavy Cheviot.....	10 cents per yard
White Bedspreads, worth \$1.....	60 cents each
Heavy Crash.....	11 yards for \$100
Woolen Shirts, worth \$2.....	\$1 00 each
Ladies' Hose, German Hand Knit.....	1 1/2 a pair
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There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milky line, changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many who attribute this to indolence, or to the use of wine, which is the second stage of Seminal Weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genital urinary organs.

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