THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Death sent his messengers before;
"Our master comes apace," they cried.
"Ere night he will be at thy door
To claim thy darling from thy side."
I drove them forth with curses fell;
I drove them forth with jeer and scog;
Not all the powers of heaven or hell
Combined should bear my darling oft.

I armed me madly for the fight;
My gates I bolted, barred and locked;
At sunset came a sable knight,
Dismounted at my doors, and knocked.
I answered not; he knocked again;
I braved him sole, I braved his band;
He knocked once more: in vain, in vain;
My barrier crumbled 'neath his hand.

I rushed into the breech; I stood
Dazed with the flood of ebbing light;
"A victory over senseless wood
Adds scanty glory to thy might!
A stronger champion guards these walls—
A human love, a living heart;
And while each earthly bulwark falls,
It stays thee, awful as thou art!"

My sabre shivered on his mail,
My lance dropped heedless at his feet;
I saw my darling's cheek grow pale,
I saw her turn my foe to meet.
He passed—my lips alone could move;
Mad words of passion forth I hurled;
"They lied who said that God was love,
Who lets a tyrant rule the world."

He gathered her to his embrace
While yet I raved in my despair;
He raised his vizor from his face,
I looked and saw an angel there.
Such conquering love, such mercy rare,
Such heavenly pity in his eyes
As surely lovely divine might wear
When he assumed our mortal guise.

He bent above her dear dead lips—
Mine own, whom I loved too well—
And struggling from life's last eclipse,
They smiled in peace ineffable.
Awestruck I watched, he raised his head,
And then, in tones like summer's breath,
"Am I a thing so vile," he said,
"I, whom ye men call shuddering Death?"

And sword and targe aside I flung,
Forgotten wrath, and loss and pride;
To his departing feet I clung,
"And me too, take me too," I cried;
"Without her all is blank and black,
With her and thee so fair—me too,"
The solemn voice came ringing back,
"Not yet, for there is work to do."

The sunset sank from rose to gray,
His accents died away with it,
And from my soul, as from day to day,
The glow and glory seem to flit;
And 'mid my stronghold's shattered strength
I knelt alone, yet not alone;
Death's angel left me hope at length
Through tasks fulfilled to reach mine own.
—[All the Year Round

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

On a blowy, rather raw day early in March, in the year 187—; a young man of a well-bred bearing and stylish presence strides with quick steps along the narrow sea-wall that protects the inhabitants of St. Augustine from the overflow of the ocean through Mantanzas river. The breeze from the sea is so very stiff and brisk that it requires some balancing and acrobatic feats and contortions for him to retain his foothold upon the wall. Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop—as his visiting cards label him—is piqued and annoyed, and he takes a malicious pleasure in butting against the wind, and conquering its ugly gusts. After a valiant struggle, he reaches the fort in safety. The walk has sent a rich tinge of crimson to his cheeks, and having changed the circulation, has somewhat cooled his ire.

After rambling about the fort, and listening with an incredulous smile, to the blood-curdling tales of the cicerone, in regard to the skeletons, instruments of torture, and rusty iron cages found in a certain dungeon, Mr. Lathrop comfortably settles himself on the rampart in a retired nook, and sheltered from the gale. He has a fine view of the river and the distant white-crested breakers. He is really uncommonly comfortable, and the surroundings are so bright and smiling and conducive to pleasant thoughts, that after a slight introspection he comes to the conclusion that he is the one at fault, that he has been unreasonable and disagreeable, and thinks that if the men at home could know how he has acted in a certain affair, they would vote him a cad. The fact is, Mr. Sedley Dutton Lathrop is somewhat in love, and men when laboring under such an influence are apt to be exacting and suspicious.

Mr. Lathrop, about a fortnight ago, traveled all the way from Philadelphia to St. Augustine for the express purpose of being near a very charming young woman with whom he is enamored; but lately the powers that be have been most provokingly against him. Miss Estey, upon his advent at St. Augustine, was most gushingly delighted to see him, and for five or six days he lived in elysium, but then a change came, and it dawned upon Sedley Lathrop's mental vision that Ethel Estey was a sad coquette. To be sure, there was some excuse for it, as she was an uncommonly pretty and attractive young woman and wore her gowns and hats with such a bewitching grace that a dozen or so men at the hotel were as enthralled as Sedley Lathrop. When Mr. Lathrop arrived, and Miss Estey appeared so to approve his admiration and devotion to the exclusion of all others, there was gnashing of teeth, and bitter anathemas pronounced upon his devoted head by the young men in question.

But now she seems to tire of the attention of only one man, so she throws out her lines again, and the twelve young men are soon wriggling on the hooks; then comes Mr. Lathrop's turn to gnash his teeth, but what is one against so many? He sulks and he mopes, and complains, but all to no purpose; she still continues dancing three times in succession every evening with that miserable snob, Tom Wilton. On all sailing and driving parties she takes particular pains to snub him most unmercifully, and his life, to Sedley Lathrop, grows to be a burden and a misery; he loses faith in human nature generally, and the milk of human kindness within him is rapidly evaporating.

On this particular windy March day he has told Miss Estey, at the conclusion of another gentle remonstrance, that he sees now clearly that they are not suited to each other, and he intends returning to Philadelphia the following day. She looks a little startled when she hears his last words, and her under lip and eyelids quiver, but she replies that she has long been of his opinion, too, that he has done nothing but scold and annoy her, that he is horribly suspicious and jealous, and it is probably just as well that it should end now. So, as a preliminary to the long journey home, he takes the walk on the sea-wall.

As Sedley Lathrop sits on the rampart, idly digging little stones out of the wall, and tossing them into the yawning mouth of a cannon near him, he suddenly hears a low laugh, and coming round the projection—behind which he lounges at full length—is Ethel Estey with Mr. Wilton. Mr. Lathrop is on his feet in an instant, and uncovering his head, returns Miss Estey's haughty recognition with a low, grave bow. They pass without comment, and Sedley, picking up his stick, starts toward his hotel with, if possible, even more bitter feelings in his heart than when he left it; all his good resolutions to apologize for his quick temper, and in the future to overlook Ethel's caprices, being completely knocked in the head by the late encounter. As he again steps upon the sea-wall, he fully realizes the force of the wind; it is now pounding against his back, and it rushes him along. He has not as much time to be angry as he would like to have, for it requires all his mental and physical powers to watch his steps and keep his hat on his head. He is seriously thinking of taking it to the safer width of the road, and leaving the narrow ledge of the wall; the thought causes him to look at the former, and he falls about ten feet; fortunately the tide is rapidly falling, and the muddy water is only about two feet in depth. Sedley Lathrop is on his knees, with his hands buried to his wrists in the mud. There is a sharp pain—a cross between a red-hot knife slowly cutting and an electric shock—somewhere in his right side, but he is too dazed and bewildered to locate it. Drawing his hands out of the ooze, he attempts to stand, but his right foot will not support him, and he sinks with a sharp exclamation and a very white face. His hat and stick floating off together in pleasant companionship. What is he to do? In front of him rises ten feet of green, slimy barnacle covered wall; behind him lies the river, sparkling in the sunlight; there is not a boat in sight, and he is sitting in the water, chilled through and through, and unable to move.

"Will nobody come?" he thinks with despair. He knows the exact location of the tremendous pain now; it is in his ankle, and is growing so intense that he feels ill and dizzy. "What if I should faint?" he says, looking at the water about him, and measuring the depth with his hand. "It is deep enough to suffocate me."

At this juncture there are steps on the wall, stepping toward him, and he hears a sweet, musical voice, the accents of which sends a rush of crimson to his face. He is mortified to think that she will see him in this humiliating predicament. He decides not to call; he will wait for some one else to help him; but it is growing toward dusk, and he cannot endure the pain much longer. Involuntarily he groans. The footsteps stop.

"I heard a groan, Mr. Wilton; what can it mean? It seemed to be right here."

Then there is a horrified cry as Miss Estey discovers Mr. Lathrop sitting close to the wall, submerged in the water, all splashed with mud, looking frightfully demoralized, and with an agonized expression in his eyes as he meets hers.

"Why, Mr. Lathrop—Sedley—what has happened? Oh, are you hurt?" getting down upon her knees and leaning over the wall to look at him.

He smiles rather faintly at her, and without a word falls over, and the water quite covers his head.

Without an instant's hesitation Mr. Wilton lowers himself over the wall and then drops into the water. Resting on one knee, regardless of the wetting, he holds Lathrop's head, and brushes the water from his face with his handkerchief. Poor Miss Estey is quite beside herself with horror and terror, and calls out,—

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Just stop the first person you see, please, and ask for a boat. I will stay here."

In about half an hour a boat is rowed as near to the wall as possible, and two men wading to Sedley Lathrop carry him to the boat. There is quite an excited crowd of spectators on the wall, and a great many conjectures and opinions as to how it happened are volunteered.

**** **** **** ****

Toward the end of the month of April, St. Augustine begins to look deserted. The great rush of the Northern travel is over, and the few remaining tourists are generally people who, for various reasons, cannot get away. On the road that leads to the fort, on a deliciously perfect day of that month, stroll two of the above mentioned tourists—a young woman and man; the latter leans rather heavily upon a stout walking-stick and has an almost decided limp. They reach the fort; and seat themselves.

"Well, this is the first time I have been here since that day," from the young man, looking archly at his companion.

"Oh, please do not speak of that, Sedley; the memory of my horror when I saw you in the water is too unutterably terrible;" and Ethel Estey shuddered at the recollection.

"Well, I do not know that it was such a bad thing after all, Ethel," taking her hand and looking deep into her eyes. "I am truly grateful to that wind; it blew me from the wall, but it also blew me back to you!"—Waverly Magazine.

Courtesy to Young Ladies.

Marion Harland, writing in the Congregationalist, says: "Familiarity of speech leads as naturally to freedom of touch as books to rivers, or neglect of small sweet courtesies to overt boorishness. I do not exaggerate in asserting that the feminine portion of Young America that affects picnics, singing-schools, straw rides, church sociables and surprise parties needs as much to be ticketed 'Hands off!' as the valuables in an art exhibition. When the finger of a man who is not my husband or kinsman is pressed upon my shoulder to point a story or attract attention; when a forward youth fillips my arm with his folded glove at an evening party with, 'I say!' I may be and am offended, but in a quiet, matronly way. When I see a thoughtless school girl sit hand in hand on a steamboat or car with a man whom I know to be a mere acquaintance, or the opera cloak pressed long and closely about the pretty young thing, whom her escort wraps up officiously before leading her to her carriage; when girls are hauled and pushed and buffeted in romping games, and in dances that are nothing better, as the herd might jostle one another, my blood heats with more indignant fire. No true man will needlessly, much less wantonly, put a woman on the defensive. The best that can be said of him who claps the lady guest on the back as he might her husband, or the coxcomb who, without her permission, dares to omit the 'Miss' in accosting his girl friend, is that he 'knows no better.' If they guessed how often the plea is urged in extenuation of their bovine gambols by charitable friends with juster ideas of the decencies and amenities of society, the shock to self-conceit might be a wholesome lesson."

The simple precept, Seek the truth, respect the truth, speak the truth, and believe the truth, is one without which no character can be perfect; and it is one which will make a character for a man, though he never read a line of theology, never listened to a single sermon, never entered the portals of a church.

Carried Six Bullets.

It is rare luck for a person who is very nearly the victim of a practical joke to have another take his place just in the nick of time.

"As I sat on the hotel steps at Dalton, Ga.," says Mr. Burdette, of the Hawkeye, "talking with a drummer from Cincinnati, the landlord came out and asked us if we wanted to see a man who was carrying six bullets about him.

"Of course we wanted to see him, and were walked down to the other end of the verandah and introduced to Col. Beach. I was going to approach him slowly and gracefully, but the drummer rushed forward, after the enterprising manner of his tribe, and said:

"'So you are carrying six bullets with you, eh?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Do they pain you much?'

"'Oh no.'

"'Really! but I don't see how you lived through it. How many battles were you in?'

"'Eighteen.'

"'Did you get all these bullets at once?'

"'Yes' all at once.'

"'That's remarkable! Well, I never heard the likes of it! Colonel, I don't want to be impudent, but'—

"'You want to know where they are located?'

"'Exactly—exactly.'

"'I'm carrying 'em in this pocket to-day,' was the quiet reply as he fished down and brought up six old bullets picked up off the battle-field.

"It was a put-up job on me, but the drummer got in ahead, and he was so angry about it that he wouldn't eat any supper."

When to Stop Advertising.

When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year.

When younger, fresher and spunkier concerns in your line case starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise.

When population ceases to multiply, and the generations that crowd on after you stop coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can ever get any place outside of your store.

When you perceive it to be a rule that men who never do, and never did, advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight, solely by a discreet use of this mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When you would rather have your own way and fail, than take advice and win.

Keeping Her Cool.

All on account of Guiteau: "My dear," said Job Shuttle to his wife, "don't get excited, don't get excited. Keep cool, keep cool."

"I am keeping cool, I'm not excited; I tell you I don't care. I'm not. So there."

"It's only your brain. You'll soon get over it."

"Oh, Job Shuttle, you are enough to drive a woman crazy. I shall die—"

"And I predict that your brain will show pracentral and retrocentral fisures on each side, well defined and unconnected with other fissures, the inter-parietal fissure, in the transverse occipital, separated only by a slight bridge. The parieto-occipital will be marked on the right side. The transverse occipital fissure on the right side ill-defined—"

"Job Shuttle! Job Shuttle!"

"There, there. Go right and lie down on the lounge and calm yourself. There, there!" and Job skipped off down town, chuckling to think he had secured a day to go fishing with the boys. She was so mad that she wouldn't go a step with him, you know.—[New Haven Register.

In Business Again.

D. J. Malarkey & Co., who were burned out at the late fire in Portland have resumed business again at No. 44 Front street. There is no commission house in Portland that has the confidence of the farmers of Oregon and Washington more than D. J. Malarkey & Co., and all friends of the house will be glad that they have decided to continue in business in spite of their disastrous loss by the fire. The same square dealing that has built up their large business will enable them to hold all of their trade and enlarge it as opportunity offers.

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.

When you desire really good photographs then take a trip to Portland and call on Frank G. Abell, the Gold Medal Photographer, and you will be sure of being satisfied, as he turns out only the best work.

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

Send $1.00 to W. D. Palmer, Portland, for one year's subscription to the Pacific Overseer, the great semi-monthly A. O. U. W. paper.

Zoe Bentham in her great specialty, "The Poetry of Motion" is one of the great attractions of the Elite theater in Portland. Hosts of talent arriving every week.

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY
—AND—
SANITARIUM, OR HOME FOR THE SICK.
Macadam Road bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.

Dr. Pilkington, late Professor of Eye & Ear Diseases in the Medical Department of Willamette University has erected a fine building, on a beautiful elevation in the south part of the city and is prepared to accomodate patients suffering from all diseases of the EYE, EAR or THROAT. Also will pay special attention to persons laboring under Chronic Nervous affections, and to diseases peculiar to women, and recieve a limited number of cases expecting confinement.
The intention is to provide a Home for such cases with all the best hygienic agencies, combined with the best 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. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med dep't. Willamette University.
For any amount of references and circular, address
DR. J. B. PILKINGTON,
Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

$1,000 REWARD
FOR ANYONE WHO WILL LEARN Kellogg & Jillson's System of Dress and Cloak Cutting, and, with a corret measure and perfect cutting, produce a bad fitting garment. Several improvements have just been made. Agents to sell and teach wanted in every town. Good agents can make from $10 to $25 per day. KELLOGG & JILLSON, Cheney, Spokane Co., W. T

Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh'
LIQUID OR DRY, PRICE $1.00; "ATMOSPHERIC Insufflators," price 50c. Dry Cure and Insufflators mailed on receipt of price, with full direction for use, etc. S. G. SKIDMORE & Co., Druggists 151 First street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast. mar29tf

Explained at foot of this column.

Portland Business Directory!

SHOW CASE FACTORY.

DIXON, BERNSTEIN & CO.—Cor. Front and Stark, Portland, manufacturers of all kinds of show cases. Send for catalogue.

MUSICAL.

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.

SURVEYORS.

W. B. MAYRE.—Civil Engineer, Contractor and surveyors. Office—29 Stark street, Union Block, Portland, Or., with Ferry & White, Real Estate Agents. Surveying done in any part of Oregon or Washington

BAKERIES.

EMPIRE BAKERY.—42 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.

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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.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. KENNEDY,—Attorney and Counselor at Law Room 5 Dekum's building. Legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for inventions, before the Patent Office, or in the Courts, a specialty.

MAGIC BALM!

The Great Australian Remedy for
RHEUMATISM,
Toothache, Neuralgia, Back Ache, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains and Swellings, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains,
Bruises, Headache, Frosted Feet, and Ears, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Ear Ache, Corns and Bunions, and all Bodily Pains.

This renowned Australian Remedy is made exclusively of Australian herbs grown by the Germans of the rosewood scrub district, Queensland, Australia, who make herb culture a specialty. It does not contain any poisonous ingredients whatever, and is the
BEST PREPARATION
In the world for the above complaints.
A Perfect Cure Guaranteed in every Case
It costs but 50 cents per bottle, and it is simply foolishness for those who are suffering pain not to use it.
Full directions accompany each bottle.
Sold by all Drugists and Patent Medicine Dealers
PROF. M. A. SCOTT, & CO.,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.
BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA, and SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA.
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1850. 32 Years Practical Experience, 1882.

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Fine Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Sponges, Soaps, & Rubber Goods.
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Special attention paid to orders by mail when accompanied with the cash.

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PORTLAND, OR., COR. FIRST and MORRISON
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IN THE
Highest Style of Art.
Children's Pictures a Specialty.
This gallery leads all others on the Northwest Coast, having better facilities, more accessories and a larger corps of trained artists than any gallery north of San Francisco.
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WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON PRODUCING a more effectual remedy than
Dr. Keck's Sure Cure for Catarrh,
Which has stood the test for fourteen years. Physicians, Druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it specific for the cure of that loathsome disease. Try it. Your druggist has it, price $1.
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. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. CONSULTATION FREE. Inclose a three-cent stamp for list and address DR. JAMES KECK, No. 135 First street, Portland. Or.

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Save Half. Buy of Manufacturers
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The genuine made only by the STANDARD SOAP COMPANY, who also manufacture the largest assortment of LAUNDRY and TOILET SOAP in the world. Office—204 Sacramento st reet, San Francisco, Ca

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apl5 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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We cordially invite all wanting anything in our line to come and see us, and if you cannot come, send for our Price List and Catalogue.
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GUNS, PISTOLS AND AMMUNITION

Fishing Tackle of Every Description.

BLACK FOREST Schwarz Wald DIME For Wounds or Sores SALVE.
For Cuts, Burns, Sores, Boils, piles Caked Breasts, Corns, etc., it has no equal.
Sold by Druggists and country stores at 10 cents per box.

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Continuous Gum Work-Porcelain	$75 to $100
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OFFICE—105 First street, over Prentice's music store.
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Boys and girls, anyone who wants light, pleasant employment in which from $3 to $10 per day can be made will send their name and postoffice address to us immediately, and receive our descriptive circulars. Address, D. H. Getchell & Co., No. 187 Front street Portland, Oregon.

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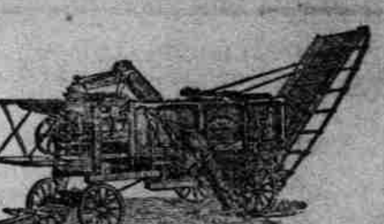

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