IN THE MINING TOWN.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"'Tis the last time, darling," he gently said,
As he kissed her lips like the cherries red,
While his fond look shone in his eyes of brown
"My own is the prettiest girl in town;
To morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blest, on his royal throne,
As I shall be when I claim my own?'

'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-by,
But she watched him go with a troubled sign,
So, into the basket that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprung,
And the joy of her heart seemed turned to woe,
As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage bell,
High up in the tower, rung a mournful knell,
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone.
A sorrowful peal on their wedding day,
For the breaking heart and the heart of clay,
And the face that looked from her tresses brown
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled on its weary way,
Until fifty years with their shadows gray,
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow,
Oh! never a kiss from a husband's lips,
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging away,
They discovered a face, so young, so fair,
From the smiling lip to the bright, brown hair,
Untouched by the finger of time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered 'round
To gaze at the man thus strangely found.

Then a woman came from among the crowd,
With her long white hair, and her slight form bowed,
She silently knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray,
Then the sad old face with its snowy hair
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last, his waiting bride,
And the people buried them side by side.

THE GOVERNOR'S STORY.

"We were very poor," said the Governor, "my mother and I. We lived in a little cabin on General Linton's farm, and saw a hard time. My father had died when I was sixteen years old, leaving us nothing but an honest reputation, and, although I was stout and healthy, my wages were very low, and I had to toil late and early to provide the necessaries of life. But I suppose I would have been contented and happy enough; that is, as much as we unsatisfied mortals usually are, if it hadn't been for a woman. I don't know why it was that Helen Linton made such an impression on me, for she had by no means those great and noble qualities by which men as a general thing are attracted toward the opposite sex. On the contrary, she was proud, arrogant and overbearing, and I was confident if she thought of me at all, it was with feelings of contempt and disdain alone.

Not on account of my personal appearance, it is true, for though I was rough and uncultivated, and my hands were hard with excessive toil, and my face browned with exposure to the sun, still I had wonderful strength and great agility, and my hair and eyes were as dark as midnight, and many said that I was handsome. But I was poor and she was wealthy. I was General Linton's hired hand and she was General Linton's daughter, and it was the old, old story. It must have been her bewildering beauty that drew me more and more toward her, for she was a queenly-looking girl, with flashing eyes and magnificent dark-brown hair, and a form tall and majestic and stately. But whatever it might have been, I am certain of one thing, and that is, that I learned to love her with a maddening, painful, consuming passion that seemed to devour my whole being. I tried very hard to smother it and to drive her image from my heart. I knew I might as well think of plucking down the moon or the stars as to have dared to aspire to her hand,

But it was all no avail; the more I struggled the more I became entangled. In the morning, noon and night there was but one face that I saw, and but one voice that I heard, and that was the face and the voice of Helen Linton. What was worst of all, to me, in some way she discovered my secret. How, I can hardly tell. They say murder will out, and the same can most assuredly be said about love. I had never spoken about it to any one, not even to my mother, and as to Helen, I had scarcely ever spoken to her on any subject. It is true that sometimes she would give me instructions in regard to the flower garden, which General Linton had selected me to manage, having, as he said, more opinion of my taste in such matters than any of the best of his workmen, but she never condescended further. I worshiped her like a star from afar off, and knew the distance between us to be as wide and as impassable.

One day she came into the garden when I was at work there, and, impelled by some unknown power, as it were, I gathered and presented to her a choice bouquet of flowers, and whether it was from my guilty looks that she then discovered all, and determined to check me in the beginning, or whether she had already probed to the depths of my heart and thought I was presumptuous, I know not; but certain it is she never spoke to me after that. She had been in the habit of giving me a nod of recognition whenever she met me before this, but after this she passed me without even a glance; disdain within her haughty eye, and contempt upon her scornful lip. You may know that my life was as wretched as it could well be. I used to sit down by the fire in our little cabin, after my hard day's work was done, and curse my wretched fate, and call God unjust in what I considered the distinctions he made in the human race, but I little knew then what the sequel would be.

Crowds of company, gay ladies and gentlemen, came every summer from the city to spend the season at Linton Hall, and it so happened that one summer came among the rest a young gentleman named Arthur St. John. He was reported to be wealthy, and handsome he he certainly was, and it was not very long before he commenced paying devoted attention to General Linton's daughter; and it was easy enough to see that she was as infatuated as he was. They used to ride by our little cottage on the bright summer evenings, on the Foster road, as it was called, on their prancing horses, he bending fondly above her, whispering words of love and tenderness, and she listening to them with a flush on her cheek and a smile upon her lip. I remember one evening I stood watching them as they rode down from the Wild Glen, bathed in the golden halo that the gorgeous fires of sunset threw upon the scene, while the summer zephyr, loaded with perfume of wild flowers, blew back her massive hair from her queenly brow, until the scene seemed to me celestial, and she an inhabitant of celestial regions. Just then she caught sight of me, as I looked at her almost entranced, and spoke something in a low tone to her companion. What it was I never knew, but they both looked at me an instant, and then I heard him say something about presumption and impudence, and I guessed what it was. It was hard to be thus tortured simply for no other reason than because I had a heart and could not control its impulses, and when I look back on that time it seems to me like some terrible dream.

Misfortunes, they say, never come singly, and they always come, too, when we least expect them. My mother suddenly sickened and died, and I was thus left alone a wretched outcast on the earth. As I stood over her grave it seemed to me that I had buried every hope. I determined to leave that spot where I had seen so much misery, I cared very little where I went. Anywhere far away from there. General Linton paid me what little he owed me, and I struck out for the far West. Railroads and steamboats were not half so numerous then as they are now, and even if they had been I was too poor to avail myself of their advantages. I walked, therefore many a weary mile, until after several days of travel I found myself at the outskirts of a growing city. Here I stopped because I thought I had gone far enough, and for the best of all reasons because my money had given out. I had to do something. A large mansion with beautiful grounds stood before me. I applied to the owner for labor. He said he was very much in need of a gardener, but did not like to employ me without references.

After hesitating for a while, however, he concluded to engage me for a month, and if he liked me he would then engage me permanently, he said. I found out in a short time that he was a lawyer of extensive practice, immensely wealthy, and lived at his ease. I followed out the rule I had adopted through life to be honest and industrious under all circumstances, and at the end of the month my employer, whose name was Parker, sent for me, he said, to pay me my month's wages. He then surprised me by asking me if I could read and write. I told him I could, thanks to the indefatigable energy and perseverance at the little cabin on General Linton's farm, during the long winter evenings when the labors of the day were over. I had acquired the rudiments of a first-rate English education. My employer then told me that during the past month he had observed me closely, and that he beleived me to be an honest man. "I will tell you something more," said he, "that I have discovered. You are a young man of extraordinary intelligence. Gardening is not your proper avocation. I am doing an extensive practice of the law, and I need some one to stay in my office. I know of no one who is better suited than you. With your application and industry, within one year from now you may be admitted to the bar. You must consent to become my student."

I didn't know exactly how it was, but suddenly Judge Parker and the table seemed to become inverted, and the room went whirling around and around, and then we all seemed flying off through the air like Aladin's castle, and the next thing I knew I was sobbing, with my head upon the table.

He didn't say anything until I had regained my composure, and then I told him all. What a hard time I had had through life, and how this had been the only light that had ever shone on my dark pathway. Tears sprang into the old man's eyes as I told him, but he said I must never despair, and he was certain I would come out victorious.

I went into Judge Parker's office, and I studied hard, and at the end of the year, as he predicted, I obtained my license to practice law. He then asked me what I intended doing. I told him that I intended to go off to some rising place and grow up with it, "and if I ever do anything," said I, "remember that you are the man that made me."

He said that I should do no such thing. He was getting old, he said. and was unable to attend properly to a great deal of his business, and he wanted me to stay and assist him. "You must be my partner," said he, "with a share of the profits.

Again the room seemed turning around and around, but this time I managed to retain my feelings, and only said:

"May heaven thank you, for I can't."

Well, it wasn't long before the people seemed to take an interest in me, and they elected me to the State Legislature and then, after a while, to Congress, and I always continued the same honest, industrious course until they had made me their Governor.

I had heard but very little in all that time from Linton Hall. I heard that Gen. Linton had died, and Arthur St. John and Helen had married, and that the old place had been sold and that was all.

As for my part, I was still a bachelor. Many a time, amid the thunders of applause that had surrounded me, fair hands had thrown me beautiful flowers, and ruby lips had smiled, and bright eyes had glistened when I was near; but I thought of cold, cruel, haughty Ellen Linton, and had judged them all alike and had turned away.

One winter evening, shortly after I had been elected Governor, when the wind was howling outside, and I was enjoying the comforts of my room within, and wondering if any houseless wretch were out in the storm, to my great astonishment the servant ushered in a lady. It was something unusual; but I spoke to her as politely as I could, and offered her a seat, when the light fell upon her features, and notwithstanding the sunken eye and hollow cheeks, to my consternation I recognized the face of Helen Linton.

To my relief, however, I found that she had failed to recognize me. No, she would as soon have looked for a form from the tomb as have looked for me at that place.

She had come, she said, on painful business. Her father had been a very wealthy man, and had left her a large property, but her husband had been very dissipated, and having run through with it all, and finding the family in want, in an unlucky moment, had committed a forgery, for which he had been tried and found guilty, and she had come to me to plead for his pardon. She told me all this amid sobs and tears, and finally concluded by prostrating herself at my feet.

Great God! This woman, who once thought me not good enough to wipe her shoes upon, kneeling and groveling at my feet.

I begged her to rise and be seated, and then inquired her father's name. She said it was John Linton. I then asked her if she remembered the old widow and her son, that once lived in the cabin on the Forest Road, near Linton Hall.

She replied, with some surprise, that she did.

Then I stood up.

"That boy," said I, "wretched, homeless, outcast that he once was, now stands before you."

She turned ashen white, arose and staggered toward the door. I told her to stop, I had something to say to her.

"Let me go," said she; "I showed no mercy to you, and I expect none."

Then my heart was touched.

"Mrs. St. John," I said, "I will pardon your husband, but on one condition only."

She eagerly asked me to name it.

"It is this," said I, "that you will teach your children the folly and the evil consequences of pride; that you will guard them against its wicked and nefarious influences through life, and that your husband will likewise reclaim and lead a different life."

She readily assented to my requirements, and in a few moments more she was on her way home, bearing the joyful tidings to her little children

The lesson that I taught her I hope may be a benefit to them through life.

She and her husband moved to a distant city, where he reformed, and became a useful and respectable citizen, and often speaks of me, I understand, with profound gratitude.

I am a bachelor yet, and there is but one woman to whose memory I ever drop a tear.

And that is to the memory of my mother.

Humor of Animals.

Who that has kept dogs can deny that they possess a keen sense of humor? Nor are they the only animals who enjoy a joke. The parrot who has succeeded in gripping a careless scientific person by the nose or whiskers will often laugh at the top of his lungs for the next half hour, and show his enjoyment of his innocent joke by standing head downward on his perch, and writhing in the most fantastic attitudes. That cats laugh is evident from the familiar proverb in regard to Cheshire cats, which must have had origin in something. There was a public cat—or, in other words, a cat without any private owner—living in a suburban town a few years ago who was full of grim sarcastic humor. She had frequently been chased in a rude and alarming manner by a local dog, and naturally had no love for her persecutor. One day the latter was chained up as a punishment for misconduct in connection with a clergyman's leg, and the cat, finding that he could not break his chain, came and sat on the ground just beyond his reach with a broad grin on her face, which must have been to the last degree exasperating to the canine mind. Not content with this, the cat went in search of a large and tempting bone, which she deposited within two inches of the dog, and then sprang up and down, balancing herself alternately on her hind and fore legs, with a display of hilarity which drove the dog frantic. There can be no possible doubt that the cat was playing a practical joke on her enemy, and that she enjoyed it to the utmost possible extent. A dog laughs audibly. He opens his mouth as widely as possible, and, with his tongue hanging out, utters a sound somewhat resembling both a whine and a bark, but differing essentially from either. The expression of his face meanwhile shows that he is enjoying himself, and bears not the slightest resemblance to the look of pathetic melancholy which always accompanies a genuine whine. But enough has been said to prove that animals have a keen sense of humor.

Nervous Twitching.

Many school-children are afflicted with a frequent spasmodic action of some muscle of the face or body which causes a twitching of the eye-lid, drawing of the mouth one way or the other, twisting of the head, elevation of one shoulder, etc. There is a large variety of such movements which tend to make the subject an object of curiosity and laughter. It is well called a chorea habit, because it is something of the nature of St. Vitus' dance (chorea), and occasionally in nervous organizations, and when because of general ill-health the nervous system becomes debilitated and proportionately irritable. There is no cure for this except the will power of the suffering individual, who must constantly check the movement. In this the friends and relatives can be of service in frequently reminding him to be on his guard and control himself the longer the habit is permitted to go on the more difficulty there will be in overcoming it, especially in children. When it is evident that the movements can be controlled by the exercise of the will, it is important to urge them to check themselves early, and if there is any reason to believe that the general health is impaired, this should also receive due attention.

Dust mixed with air is found to be under certain conditions, a dangerous explosive. Thus, if a large log of wood were ignited, it might be a week before it would be entirely consumed; split up into cord wood and piled up loosely, it would perhaps burn in less than an hour; cut into shavings and allow a strong wind to blow them into the air, or in any way keep the chips well separated from each other—and the log would perhaps be consumed in two or three minutes; but if ground into fine dust or powder and blown in such a manner that each particle is surrounded by air, it would burn in less than a second.

"Why will you make a fool of yourself?" said Fenderson to his eldest son. "All owing to my bringing up, dad," replied the young scapegrace. "I believe you," said Fenderson, "that's just it; but thank fortune, I had a father who knew something. He wasn't such a ninny as yours, young man." And Fenderson went off with the air of one who has said something that cannot be refuted.

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.

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Billy Matthews, the great song and dance artist; Mollie Archer, Ida Chester, Irene Baker, and Flora Franks are delighting the audiences at the Elite theater in Portland nightly. Go and see the popular flow of amusement.

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Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

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Frank Abell, the Portland photographer, has lately added the most magnificent show of pictures ever seen in the city. His Imperial panels as seen on the Front street entrance to the gallery are genuine works of art and will bear the closest inspection.

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.

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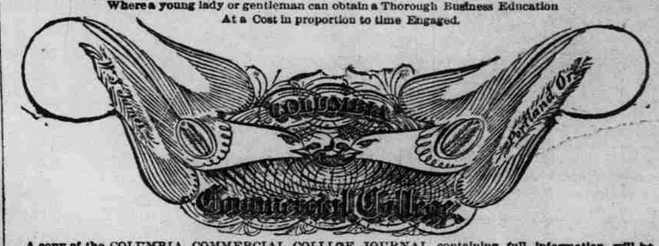

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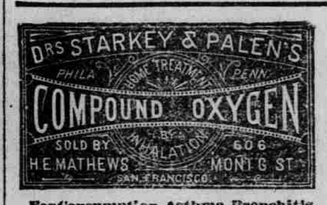

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