ONLY A WOMAN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Only a woman shriveled and old;
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her,
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone
Icily cold, on an ice cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her;
Somebody kissed her;
Somebody crowned her with praise,
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother, or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door!

WIFE DISCIPLINE.

There had been orange-blossoms, and white satin, and a wedding ring; turkey, champagne, and emotion, and the newly breveted Mrs. Arthur Boabdil, nee Thompson, was stepping into the carriage in a traveling suit (the loveliest thing, ashes of roses,, even to her boots, as she said), when Aunt Baker, one of your women with fearfully commonsense views, and a natural ability to make other people's preserves, and nurse their children, stepped up to her.

"Good-bye, Amina. When the honeymoon is over I will come and see you."

We will give the new-made matron's answer in her own words, taking them from a letter of twenty pages, written to her bosom friend, Lizzie Waylie:

"Imagine my feelings, darling! I couldn't offend Aunt Baker, you know, because what with mamma's nerves, and our wretched seamstress, if it hadn't been for her I don't know how my wardrobe ever would have been finished; for of course I could do nothing—but I looked my indignation, and answered in the words of that dear, delightful Mr. Rochester, in 'Jane Eyre:' 'Then you will never come at all, Aunt Baker, for it will shine over our graves.' Would you believe it, Lizzie, darling! Aunt Baker smiled, that dreadful smile of hers, as much as to say; 'Go on, poor butterfly, till you scorch your wings.' Just as if I was a child, instead of a married woman, and wasn't positively sure that Arthur and I couldn't love each other more than we do, and that there wasn't any possibility of a change. I would far rather she had boxed my ears; but, of course, you know, I couldn't do anything, only say: 'Good-bye, Aunt Baker,' as sweetly as I could, and drive away. I wish she hadn't smiled, though, she has such an uncomfortable way of being always in the right. Her words have been perfect Mordecais in the gate of my palace of pleasures. They have spoiled all my enjoyments, and, Lizzie, dear, I know it's all nonsense, but do you think our honeymoon will ever wane?"

Miss Lizzie Waylie received this letter while Mrs. Boabdil was on her bridal tour. In the course of time, Mr. and Mrs. Boabdil settled themselves in a cottage a short distance up the Hudson, but no more treble-stamped envelopes reached Miss Lizzie, though three months had elapsed, when Mr. Boabdil pushed back his coffee cup, and looked severely at poor little Mrs. Boabdil, shaking behind the urn, at the other end of the table.

"Amina," he said, with emphasis, "this cannot last. I have pointed out to you the fact that our whole future happiness is at stake. I have represented to you that trifles are the bridges from one phase of happiness to another. I have devoted my time and energies to the arduous task of forming your character. We now have been married three months, and I still find you untractable, unconvinced, obstinate; and I say again, this cannot last."

Mrs. Boabdil dropped her bread and butter, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Boabdil, who was watching her, pushed back his chair and took his stand on the hearthrug, with his back to the mantel and his hands in his pockets."

"If I only knew how to suit you," sniffed Mrs. Boabdil.

"Is there anything easier?" he demanded, severely. "I ask you simply for rare steak and well made coffee. It is brought on actually brown, and I find there are four tablepoonfuls of coffee used instead of three, as I ordered. Four, Mrs. Boabdil and heaped up at that."

"But this urn, that you will use is of no value."

"And why not, madam? Am I not master of my own house? If I choose to use it, is not that quite sufficient? Things are getting down to a very fine point, I think."

"I do not mean that. I only wish to say—"

"Oh! quarreling are you? Very well, madam. You know my mind on that point perfectly. I have always said that if discussions must arise between my wife and myself, the sooner we part the better. You will order Mary to get out my trunk and see that it is packed by three o'clock this afternoon. I must have peace, at whatever cost it is obtained."

As since the first week of their return, the said trunk had been brought down regularly from its resting place in the attic, three times a week, bureau drawers revolutionized, pantaloons and cravats stowed away with an emphasis, and John ordered to be in readiness to carry it to the depot at three o'clock, apparently for the sole purpose of keeping Mrs. Boabdil in hysterics, and her pocket-handkerchief in the wash; as Mr. Boabdil had never yet spent a night from home, it might have been imagined that she would receive the announcement with tolerable composure; but whatever energy of purpose or force of character were destined to develop themselves in Mrs. Amina Boabdail, nee Thompson, she was at present only a little dove-eyed, peach-checked, cotton-wool-and-wax sort of woman, with a strong tendency to tears and cambric handkerchiefs—of which latter resources she immediately availed herself.

"Another of your pernicious habits, madam," commented Mr. Boabdil, secretly hugging himself with delight at the effect of his determined measures. "When will you ever have any firmness? How often shall I be obliged to remind you that the days of your babyhood are passed, and that you are, or ought to be, a woman?"

"I thought you said I was so obstinate," whined Amina.

"So you are," he returned, reddening and spluttering. "Obstinate as a mule, and—why, how are you, Mrs. Baker? I am very glad to see you."

And undoubtedly he was, for he was sorely puzzled.

Aunt Baker looked at the breakfast table, the sobbing Amina, and the spluttering Boabdil, in evident astonishment. Poor little Mrs. Boabdil, hastily wiped her eyes, and came forward, trying to smile.

"Dear Aunt Baker, I am so glad to see you. I have such a shocking headache, and I am such a silly, nervous creature, I was crying about it."

"Amina," exclaimed her husband in his deepest bass! "When will you ever be truthful? My wife has no headache at all, Mrs. Baker. The plain truth of the matter is, I am forming her character, and she takes it very hard, and resents my efforts as actual injuries. It is in vain for me to say to her, 'Amina, you are a perfect child, you know you are. You have always been petted and spoiled, and need the guidance of a strong will and great common sense to make a woman of you.' She is deaf to all my arguments, and treats me to this sort of scene every time I open my mouth; so that were not my duty superior to all other considerations with me, I should give up in despair."

"And you are sure you are pursuing the best method?" asked Aunt Baker, quietly.

"Sure? Positive ma'am. Only way in the world—only way in the world, ma'am. Be a perfect child all her life, if I don't. Good morning, ma'am. Amina, be sure that the trunk is ready precisely at three."

Amina sank down on a footstool and buried herself again in the depths of her handkerchief. Aunt Baker waited till, from the window, she had seen Mr. Boabdil quite out of the gate. Then she seated herself beside her niece and drew the pretty little auburn head down in her lap.

"Now, you little goose, what is it all about, and what has become of the honeymoon that was to shine over your graves?"

"Oh! don't, please don't, Aunt Baker," sniffed Amina. "There is no honeymoon at all, and it's perfectly dreadful, and it gets worse all the time. He will go away this time; I know he will. I never have seen him so dreadfully in earnest before, and I shall die if he does!"

"No you won't," returned Aunt Baker; "you are worth twenty dead women yet. But why is Mr. Boabdil going away?"

"Oh! everything goes wrong; and I'm such a silly, foolish thing, I can't help it; and he likes his steak just so; and the cook says there must some of it be done; and he hates weak coffee, and three tablespoonfuls isn't enough for that dreadful urn, and he won't allow four. And then you see, Aunt Baker this is a dear little place, with a lawn in front, and creepers, and vines, and things, but the rooms are so small you can't turn round in them; and though the kitchen is as romantic as can be, and looks out in an arbor on the top of rocks, the cook isn't satisfied and is all the time giving warning; and Arthur isn't half as kind and attentive as he used to be. You know how he used to be at parties—why, he never ate a thing himself, he was so busy helping me; and only two days after we were married, there was a plate of chicken salad right in front of him, and I had to ask him for it three times before he helped me, though he knows that is my weakness. But I bore it in silence, and wasn't going to tell it, even to Lizzie, because I know it is a woman's duty to suffer, and there are some griefs that are sacred. But wasn't it hard?"

"Dreadful," returned Aunt Baker, gravely.

And then went on Amina, warming:

"He wouldn't even let me write to Lizzie, but took away my pens and paper, and he says a married woman oughtn't to have friendships; and that the less you have to do with anybody that you ever knew or liked before marriage the better; because, he says, 'a woman must leave father and mother, and cleave to her husband.' Is it so in your Bible, Aunt Baker? I can't find it in mine."

"We will look for it by-and-by," said Aunt Baker, with difficulty preserving her gravity. "But is this all?"

"All? oh! dear, no! I was so silly I cried when he scolded; and then he said I was a child and didn't manage the house rightly; and he goes into all the closets and finds such dreadful things; and he says I am so extravagant I am ruining him; and that he has made up his mind not to live with a woman who can't make him happy; and he has had his trunk packed, oh, so many times; and I have had to cry and go down on my knees to keep him. But I never saw him so determined as he is now; and I'm sure he will go this time—and oh, Aunt Baker, what shall I do?"

"Burn all your handkerchiefs, or make a vow not to use them for the next six months," returned Aunt Baker, with sudden energy. "Be blind, dumb, deaf; do anything but cry. Your husband wished you to be a woman; prove that you are one by listening to his ridiculous and unjust accusations in unmoved silence."

"Aunt Baker!"

"Yes, I say ridiculous and unjust, Mrs. Boabdil. This man comes and takes a silly little thing, just out of school, with neither sense nor experience, and expects her at once to assume the responsibilities of a woman—to have more tact, discretion and patience than himself, to forget without an effort all the ties of her girl-life, and to bear with his whims with the equanimity of a woman who had learned to despise them. Because you can't do all this he storms and packs up his trunk, and you—dear little fool that you are—cry! I declare, I lose all patience when I think of it, and would like to take you both and whip you soundly."

But, Aunt Baker, what in the world can I do?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Why, of course I do."

"And will you try it if I tell you a method to cure your husband of packing his trunk three times a week?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, pack it for him."

"Aunt Baker!"

"Go up stairs and pack it for him. Put in the coat and pantaloons first. Don't leave out so much as a cravat belonging to him. Strap it up and have it ready for him by three o'clock," said Aunt Baker, deliberately.

"But he will go."

"No, he won't. He ain't such a goose as you are."

Amina looked doubtfully into Aunt Baker's eyes for a few moments.

"I will go and do it now," she exclaimed, starting up suddenly.

Aunt Baker nodded and followed her up stairs. There stood the trunk. Amina seized on a coat and pitched it in.

"Bravo!" said Aunt Baker.

Half a dozen pairs of pantaloons followed. Then Amina was seized with relentings.

"Aunt Baker, if he should go I should never forgive myself."

"You little simpleton, go on, I tell you. You won't lose your precious treasure."

In went the rest of the things, and with a sigh Amina strapped and locked the trunk. Then commenced Aunt Baker's troubles. Twenty times the soft-hearted Mrs. Boabdil started to unpack it, and as often Aunt Baker held her back.

Three o'clock came at length, and with it Mr. Boabdil, to her intense relief and the secret consternation of Amina, who quaked inwardly as she sat on the sofa in a peach-blossom dress, with her hair neatly arranged, and embroidering as diligently as though the chief end of her life was to finish the tip of St. Anthony's nose before supper-time.

"Is that trunk ready?" demanded Mr. Boabdil, with a quick, amazed glance.

"Yes; here is the key and John is waiting at the door with the wagon," said Amina, with a tolerable affectation of indifference.

"Oh! ah! hum! Did you put in my gray suit?"

"I packed everything that belonged to you. Will you have lunch before you go?"

"I, ah—no, thank you."

"He is going!" she exclaimed, hysterically, starting up as he left the room.

"Yes, to send off John," laughed Aunt Baker. "Sit down and keep cool."

Tea time came. The two ladies seated themselves at table. When it was half over, in walked Mr. Boabdill.

"Why, aren't you gone?" inquired his wife, who began to enter into the joke. "Mary, set a plate for Mr. Boabdil. I thought you were off by this time."

"I—I? It was so late, I concluded not to go," stammered Mr. Boabdil.

Amina looked over at Aunt Baker. She was as grave as judges are, or ought to be. After supper she stole up to her room. The clothes were carefully replaced in the drawers, and the trunk was in the attic, where it has rested ever since—undisturbed even by a mention of its name.

Soldiers Return from the War.

The prompt and decisive manner in which the war between England and Egypt was terminated, excited the wonder and admiration of the whole world. Next follows the happy return of the victorious forces. Upon the arrival at Portsmouth and Gosport of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, such a welcome was extended as is hitherto unknown in English history. We make a brief quotation from the voluminous reports as published in part, because Mr. Mumby, who figured so conspicuously in this connection, was the friend, and for many years the perceptor and employer of our fellow citizen, Mr. Fabian Byerly, of the drug firm of Plummer & Byerly. As Col. LeGrand came forward at the head of his men, volley after volley of cheers assailed him, and his gallant following. At the entrance to the triumphal arch the white-helmeted warriors were formed into a hollow square, bayonets were fixed, and the officers having complied with the ordor to the front, Mr. C. Mumby, the chairman of the Alverstoke Local Board, followed by the members of that body, stepped into the center of the space. Col. Worthy Bennett thereupon said:—"Mr. Mumby, and members of the Averstoke Local Board, I have much pleasure in introducing Col. Le Grand to you on his return from Egypt." When the cheering which ensued had subsided, Mr. Mumby, amid reiterated shouts of enthusiasm, said:

We, the members of the Alverstoke Local Board, representing the town of Gosport, hasten to welcome your coming home to this ancient town on your return from the War in Egypt, and to offer you our heartiest congratulations upon the important and successful part you have taken in the engagements of that war. In this marvellously brief and decisive campaign the skill of the British officers and the progress of the British soldiers have been conspicuously displayed. Under the most trying circumstances, both as to climate and country, you have carried out the operations of the war with a courage and endurance never surpassed in the history of the British Army. We, the inhabitants of this town and parish, notice with the greatest pride and satisfaction that the highest military authorities and the principle organs of public opinion declare that in this war, in which all arms of the Service have exerted themselves to the best of their ability, if any of the forces deserves special mention, you, the Royal Marines, deserve that special praise. Although not belonging to the Regular Army, you have fought side by side with our soldiers with the highest distinction. Your special training enables you to serve your country "per mare, per terram," and whether on the sea or on the land you have always done your duty nobly, and now your achievements at Alexandria, Kassassin, and especially at the storming of Tel-el-Kebir, will add new laurels to your already illustrious history.

We cannot forbear to mingle a note of sorrow with our words of congratulation. We deeply mourn the loss you have sustained in officers, non-commissioned officers and men, and we would specially refer to our common loss of a soldier and a citizen in the death of Major Strong, who fell while gallantly leading his men to victory into the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir. Our consolation is, and we are sure it is yours also, that both he and the brave men who fell with him died in the noblest service, the service of their country.

And now, on your return from the hardships and perils of war, we hope you will enjoy the comforts and blessings of peace, and we are quite sure you will receive, as you so richly deserve, the lasting gratitude of your country.

In reply, Colonel LeGrand said: I thank you most heartily, not only on behalf of the Forton division, but on behalf of the whole corps, for the very handsome reception you have given us. I can assure you that we never dreamt even in your wildest flights of imagination that our reception would be such as it has been to-day. The first thought we always had was to do our duty. and I am glad you have recognized that; but there has been another thought that was concurrent with the former, and that was the thought. "What will they say in England?" You have heard now, lads, what they say in England, and I feel only too proud to be your spokesman on this occasion. I would that some who are not here to-day could see the honor that is showered upon us. I feel I cannot be equal to the occasion in thanking you, as I do one and all. We have been now your fellow citizens for nearly forty years, and during that time I hope each year has been a credit to us, and that each year has increased our regard for the good town of Gosport, and this day will be deeply engraven on our memories. I wish we could all have come back. But there are the chances of war and we cannot help them. I wish I could say more, but we have, you know, other claims upon us. We wish to get back to our wives, and—those of us who have them—to our families; while those who have neither have others they wish to see. I again, therefore, thank you most heartily in the name of the Forton Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry for the reception you have given us. Now, lads, I want you to give three hearty cheers for the lock, stock and barrel of Gosport. and one for—I need not say who. Now one for the ladies." The cheers were given with a will and the speech was greeted with frequent outbursts of applause.

One-Thousand-Mile Tickets.

The New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, familiarly known to the public as the Erie, has put on sale at its principal ticket offices one-thousand-mile tickets, at the rate of two cents a mile—a large reduction from the regular rates. Under the railroad laws of the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the company is authorized to charge from three to three and a half cents a mile for carrying passengers. In deference, however, to a frequently expressed desire on the part of its local patrons for a lower rate of fare for those whose business or inclination takes them frequently over the road, these new tickets have been issued. Ordinarily, these tickets are available only for use by the person to whom issued, and whose name appears on the face of the ticket; but, when the head of a family buys a mileage book, the book may also be used by the members of the family, so that, if the wife or daughter want to go shopping of visiting, they can use the book as a family pass, the conductors detaching coupons corresponding with the number of persons traveling together and the distance travelled. In the same way, if a mileage book is bought by any business firm. It can be used by any member of firm—not more than one at a time. They are recommended as likely to be useful to lawyers going to court, to physicians, contractors and Summer travelers. A very liberal time allowance is made in which the mileage books may be used. They are good for a year from the date of purchase. The one-thousand-mile ticket of the Erie road seems to be the embediment of all the praiseworthy features of cheap travel; and the members of every household and business establishment, from end to end of the road, will now be able to travel more and for less money, than ever before.—[N. Y. Times.

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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Explained at foot of this column.

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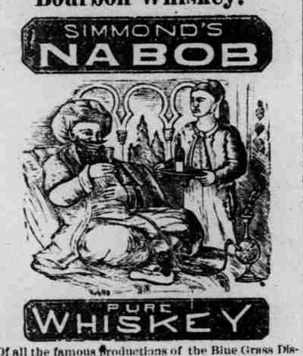

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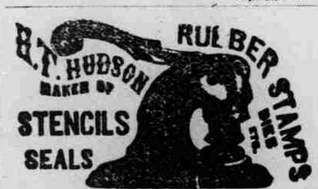

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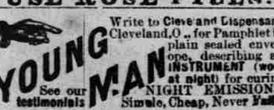

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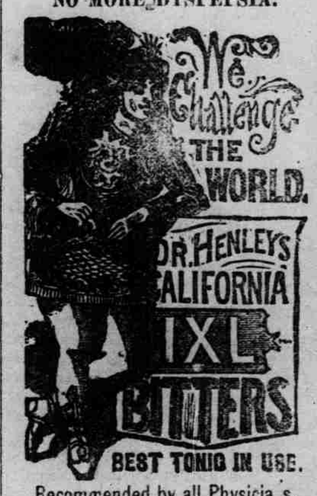

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