SEVEN EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MME RATASSI.

There is no heroine without a hero;
Take him away, her courage drops to zero.

What wondrous inconsistencies
A woman's acts disclose:
She bites the hand that would caress,
And kisses gives for blows.

Love that from pity is not exempt,
After marriage oft turns to contempt.

There are many widows who've found
Their first experiment cursed;
So married a second husband
To revenge themselves on the first.

Wearied of life in society;
In wedlock I sought for distraction;
I found, I confess it, satiety,
But somehow found not—satisfaction.

When a wife has a secret to tell, sure as fate
It is that her husband possesses her hate.

The effect of their marriage is queer
With some men—quite turning the head—
Making all women lovely appear,
Excepting the one they have wed.

DR. LANE'S DILEMMA.

Dr. Lane, of Bruton street, was one day requested to call at a mansion in one of the neighboring squares which had been let for the season to a Mr. Overton, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. This gentleman, who was a widower with an only daughter, explained to the doctor then that, having had occasion to speak sharply to the young lady, she had barricaded herself in her room, and he had seen nothing of her for two days. Her conduct caused him some little uneasiness, as he was haunted with the idea that she might be ill, and he had therefore sent for a doctor in order to ascertain whether there was anything the matter with her. He was careful to add that he had not the slightest desire for a reconciliation, unless his daughter chose to apologize for certain ebullitions of temper which she had exhibited.

Dr. Lane was rather amused by this recital, which revealed that a trial of temper and obstinacy was in progress between father and daughter, in which the latter seemed likely to come off victorious. He paid a visit to the rebel in her stronghold, and was by no means favorably impressed by her. She seemed a very common-place young lady, with awkward manners and afflicted with painful shyness. She answered his questions as briefly as possible, in a decidedly sulky tone, and showed so plainly that she regarded his visit as an intrusion that he bowed himself out with as little delay as possible.

"You need not be alarmed about your daughter," he said, when he rejoined Mr. Overton down stairs; "there appears to be nothing the matter with her."

"All temper, I suppose, then!" said her father, evidently relieved in his mind.

"Not much else, as far as I can judge," said the doctor, feeling a little spiteful toward the young lady. "There are symptoms of nervous excitement, but she will no doubt be all right in a day or two."

"She can take her own time and keep to her room as long as she likes, for all I care," said Mr. Overton, with the air of a Brutus.

Dr. Lane did not feel called upon to reply to this observation, and at once took his departure. Being a busy man not given to think much of other people's affairs, he soon dismissed the Overtons from his mind, and neither saw nor heard anything more of them for some time. But toward the close of the season he happened to have looked in for an hour at a crowded reception, when his attention was directed by a lady with whom he was talking to a remarkably pretty girl, who had just entered.

"Is she not charming?" said his companion. "She is a Miss Overton. Her father is a millionaire, they say, and she, being his only child, will therefore be enormously rich."

When the doctor heard the name, he naturally looked at the young lady with interest, the more especially as her appearance was rather striking. He easily recognized her as her father's child from the likeness, but after a brief scrutiny he said to his neighbor:

"She has a sister, surely?"

"I believe not; in fact I may say I am certain," was the reply. "What makes you think so?"

The doctor returned a cautious answer and gazed at Miss Overton with increased attention, striving in vain to identify her with his dim recollection of the sulky young lady who had given him so cool a reception. He was in the habit of seeing so many different faces day after day that there was nothing singular in his failing to recognize a new patient; yet there were certain unmistakable signs of character in Miss Overton's features—a resolute chin, a firm mouth, and a defiant expression in the large dark eyes—which he could not understand having overlooked at their first meeting. Later in the evening the young lady who appeared to recognize him as little as he did her, happened to take a seat quite near to him, and he could not resist going up to her.

"You do not recollect me, Miss Overton," he said, making his best bow.

"I am afraid not," replied she, looking up at him without the least embarrassment.

Her voice and manner seemed entirely unfamiliar, and for a moment the doctor felt a little disconcerted. "I fear I must have mistaken you for your sister," hazarded he.

"I have no sister," she answered, raising her pretty eyebrows.

"My name is Dr. Lane," he said, getting desperate.

Whereupon Miss Overton gave a palpable start, while a crimson flush suffused her face and neck. She cast a frighted glance at him, and seemed speechless with confusion. To her evident relief her partner for the next dance came up at that moment, and with a slight bow to the doctor she rose at once from her seat and disappeared in the crowd.

Dr. Lane felt a little offended at this treatment, but the young lady's behavior set his mind at rest concerning her identity. She evidently remembered him the instant he mentioned his name, and her agitation was no doubt due to the sudden recollection of the circumstances attending their last interview. Having satisfied his curiosity, the doctor became conscious that it was getting late, and went home to bed, but he could not help marveling at his own dullness at not having recognized so pretty a patient.

A day or two afterward he was considerably surprised at receiving a visit from Miss Overton, who called at his home one morning while he was at breakfast. She looked pale and agitated and returned his greeting with visible embarrassment.

"I must apologize, Dr. Lane," she began, nervously, "for my rudeness to you at Lady Swansdowne's the other night. The truth is that I really did not recognize you, and when you mentioned your name I—I—"

"No apology is needed, my dear young lady," interrupted the doctor good-naturedly. "Pray don't distress yourself on that account. I hope you did not think it necessary to call about such a trifling matter."

"I certainly considered that I owed you an apology, Dr. Lane," returned Miss Overton, avoiding his gaze. "However, that is not the chief object of my visit, I called because I wish to ask your friendly assistance about a very unpleasant circumstance."

"I am at your service, Miss Overton," said Dr. Lane, considerably surprised.

"I am aware that our slight acquaintance hardly justifies me in asking a favor of you," said the young lady hurriedly. "But it happens that you can do me a great service, and I am sure that you are too good-natured to refuse. Would you mind reading this, please?"

The young lady then handed him a letter written on a dirty crumpled piece of paper. Dr. Lane, more surprised than ever, took the document and with some difficulty deciphered the crabbed and illiterate handwriting as follows:

"THE RED COW," FERRY WALK, LIVERPOOL. RESPECTED MISS:—I am surprised you did not answer my last. I am a desperit man owing to severe misfortunes and illness and unless I receive (addressed as above) the twenty pound (£20) I mentioned in my last I shall tell your father everything.

So you should not make any mistake about what I know, I may remind you I am aware you came to Liverpool on the 15th of April and stayed the night at Mrs. Banton's and the next morning you saw Mr. M. off on board the steamer unknown to your father. A pretty story to get about of a young lady, which you know is quite true. Yours respectfully,
JOHN DOWNS.

To Miss Overton.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the doctor; "what is the meaning of this? Who is the man who writes this letter?"

"He is a butler my father discharged for drunkenness—at least, I suppose that is the man. I know nobody else of the name. But, Dr. Lane, please observe the dates he mentions," said Miss Overton eagerly. "He says I went to Liverpool on the 15th of April, and was there on the morning of the 16th. Now you will remember that it was on the morning of the 16th of April that you paid me a visit in my room,"

"No doubt you are right," said the doctor, turning over the leaves of his diary. "Yes, here is the entry, Thursday, the 16th of April, at 11 A. M. This fact alone, of course, proves the accusation to be groundless. It is evident the man was mistaken."

"I ignored his first letter altogether," resumed Miss Overton, apparently relieved by Dr. Lane's ready testimony. "However, as he has written again, I wish to take precautions to prevent him worrying papa. I would send the man the money directly, to secure papa from annoyance, only I know that would be a weak thing to do."

"It would be fatal—it is not to be thought of," said Dr. Lane, decidedly.

"I know, but I must do something," said Miss Overton, with an air of desperation. "Papa has so much to worry him that I must save him this annoyance at all hazards. I thought, perhaps, you would not mind writing to the man to say you saw me in London on the 16th and thus put an end to the whole matter."

"I am afraid I must decline doing that," said Dr. Lane, after a pause. "Not," he hastened to add, "from any unwillingness to oblige you, Miss Overton, but because this man must not be let off so easily. This is an impudent attempt to extort money, and my advice to you is to hand the letter to your father and leave him to deal with the man."

"Oh, that is out of the question!" exclaimed Miss Overton, with sudden energy. "You don't know, Dr. Lane, how my father lets things worry him. Such an unpleasant matter would make him seriously ill."

"Nonsense, my dear young lady. In fact," said the doctor, rising from his seat and speaking with decision, "unless you promise me to hand your father the letter immediately, I shall feel it my duty to speak to him."

Miss Overton looked disconcerted, and seemed to meditate making an attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. But apparently, upon second thoughts, she changed her intentions, for, after a moment's reflection, she said, rather coldly:

"You need not trouble to do that, Dr. Lane. I—I feel your advice is right, and unwilling as I am to cause my father annoyance, I will hand the letter over to him. In that case you need not mention to him that I consulted you about the matter first."

"Certainly not; but mind, you promise?" said Dr. Lane, playfully, as the young lady took leave of him.

The fact was that the doctor's chivalrous feelings were thoroughly aroused by the discovery that an unscrupulous scoundrel was seeking to impose upon and intimidate a young and innocent girl. The intelligence filled him with honest indignation, the more especially as Miss Overton seemed disposed to yield to the man's demand. Her eagerness to conceal the matter from her father evidently arose from mingled sensitiveness and reluctance to make a scene, coupled with filial solicitude. But Dr. Lane was strongly of the opinion that Mr. Overton ought not to be kept in ignorance of the attempted extortion, and he resolved to take an early opportunity of calling upon him to ascertain if the young lady had faithfully kept her promise.

A week passed before he could find time to carry out his intention, when one evening he received a pressing note from Mr. Overton, asking him as a particular favor to step around to his home immediately. He did so, and was conducted by the footman across the hall to the library. Just as he reached the library door a maid servant came out of the room looking so white and scared that she at once attracted his attention.

"Who are you?" he cried almost involuntarily struck by a sudden recollection of her face.

"I am Miss Overton's maid," she said in a low tone of voice, as she hurried past him.

Dr. Lane started after her with a puzzled expression, but before he had time to compose his thoughts he was ushered into the library, where he found Mr. Overton engaged in an animated and rather angry discussion with a grave, elderly gentleman, who was presently introduced to him as Mr. Brooks, a solicitor.

"I don't say the servant girl is speaking the truth," the lawyer was saying when he entered. "Her nervousness and agitation may be quite natural. But it would never do to rely upon her evidence."

"Well, here is Dr. Lane," said Mr. Overton, hastily performing the ceremony of introduction. "You will now hear what he says. You may recollect, Dr. Lane, when you called and saw my daughter a month or two back, I mentioned to you that we had a disagreement."

"Perfectly," said the doctor, wondering what was coming.

"It was about a foreign scamp of a singing master, whom she fancied herself in love with, and who has since turned out to be a married man with a family," said Mr. Overton, who was evidently laboring under strong excitement. "He accepted a bribe to leave the country and go to America. I brought my daughter to town this season to get her out of the way till he had started, and the poor girl is now accused of having gone to Liverpool to see the rascal off."

"The question under discussion is," interposed the lawyer, whose cool matter-of-fact tone contrasted strangely with his client's excitement, "whether it would be expedient to prosecute a man named Downs for attempting to extort money from Miss Overton by threatening to disclose to her father the alleged fact that the young lady was at Liverpool on the day the singing-master sailed for America."

"Certainly he shall be prosecuted and punished with the utmost rigor of the law!" cried Mr. Overton, starting from his seat and striding about the room.

"As I said before, my dear sir," said Mr. Brooks testily, "we must first consider what evidence we have to disprove the man's story. It would be most unwise to prosecute him and create a scandal unless we can show conclusively that there is no foundation for his allegations. You could get a conviction no doubt, but that is a very small matter, compared with your daughter's reputation. The maid servant's evidence would be worse than useless."

"Well, Dr. Lane, you can settle that point, at all events," said Mrs. Overton, anxiously. "You can swear to having seen my daughter in her own room upstairs, on the morning of the 16th of April!"

Dr. Lane did not answer immediately, for it suddenly occurred to him that he was placed in a most awkward dilemma. A few moments ago he could have given an affirmative reply in perfect good faith, but the appearance, tone and manner of the servant-maid whom he had met outside the door had so vividly recalled to his mind his first impression of Miss Overton that his suspicions were aroused. In fact, during the foregoing conversation, the conviction had gradually grown upon him that the lady's maid had personated her young mistress when he was called in, and when he recollected Miss Overton's embarrassment upon his addressing her at Lady Swansdowne's, and her conduct at their subsequent interview, it was impossible for him to doubt that she was not guilty of the escapade of which she was accused.

The good doctor was a very truthful, conscientious man, and his natural impulse was to give expression to his real convictions. But he was generous and kind-hearted almost to the point of weakness, and shrank from causing pain to a devoted father and from exposing a young and impetuous girl to the grave consequences of a thoughtless indiscretion.

"I certainly saw Miss Overton in her room that day," he replied with hesitation.

"Are you certain of her identity?" suggested the lawyer suspiciously.

"I renewed my acquaintance with the young lady a few nights ago at Lady Swansdowne's," he replied evasively, turning to Miss Overton.

"To be sure. She told me she met you," exclaimed her father, looking triumphantly at the lawyer. "What do you say now, Mr. Brooks?"

"Dr. Lane's evidence would be most valuable—conclusive, in fact," said the lawyer, dryly. "At the same time, I would not advise a prosecution. I've seen the man and he is thoroughly frightened. He will consent to signing a written statement that he was mistaken, and apologizing for what he has done. To avoid publicity and annoyance to your daughter, I think you had better leave me to settle the matter on that basis,"

"I think Mr. Brooks is right, if he will excuse my saying so," interposed the doctor eagerly. "A public trial would be a most painful ordeal for the young lady, notwithstanding her innocence."

Dr. Lane glanced defiantly at the lawyer as he uttered the last words, though he was conscious of a tell-tale flush upon his cheeks. Mr. Brooks gave him a quick look of intelligence and approbation, while Mr. Overton, whose wrath was evidently mollified by the doctor's convincing testimony, said innocently:

"Very well. Perhaps you are both right. I don't want to be hard on the man, and therefore, Mr. Brooks, I authorize you to settle the matter as you suggest."

The industrial status of women at Boston is the subject of some notes by the Herald. Where once scarcely a woman was to be seen in the stores and shops, hundreds are now at work, and their services are highly valued and sometimes well paid. One firm employs 360 woman against 5, 13 years ago, another hires 400 against 50, six years ago, and still another gives work to between 1200 and 1300. There is a bright side to the work and-live question for women there. Some employers are constantly trying to make them comfortable and contented, granting them privileges which were once thought to be inconsistent with "business principles." In a number of the largest houses lunch rooms are furnished for them, and the proprietors give them substantial aid in saving money and pay men and women equal wages for similar work. On the other hand, there are employers who leave their work-girls only the alternative of beggary or disgrace. There are girls in the city stores, says the Herald, who live out of town and are expected to dress well, pay railroad fares, $3 a week for table-board, and a $1.50 for room rent out of a $4 salary. The arithmetic of this is puzzling; but it no mystery when it is known that many employers encourage them to prostitution. One who has a store on Tremont street, for instance, offered an applicant for work a salary of $5 per week; and to the answer, "But that will only pay for my board and room," asked, "Haven't you some gentleman friend who will pay for your clothes?" Another person reprimanded a saleswoman for repelling the insults of rich snobs on a tour of inspection, because it would "injure trade." There are other girls who make $2 a week and even less. What are they to do when they have no friends to depend upon?

The question: "What will be the cheapest food this winter for cows producing milk?" was answered in the Elmira, N. Y., Farmers Club recently by the recommendation of clover hay and sowed corn, although barley meal, shorts, corn meal, bran, etc., were commended.

A little Augusta three-year-old girl rebuked her mother for alluding to a black cat. She said it was a "colored cat."

Kleptomaniacs.

The Cincinnati Enquirer in a recent issue says: The rain yesterday kept the "flys" about the office most of the time, and they amused themselves and an Enquirer reporter telling stories and reminiscences. Little Charley Wappenstein, as usual, was bragging about his wonderful marksmanship, but when Steve Mead offered to stand up and let him shoot an apple from his head, Wappy wilted. The talk turned on kleptomaniacs, and Wappenstein related the history of a well-to-do married lady, living at present not a hundred miles from headquarters, who, a few years ago, became possessed of a mania for shop-lifting, and was arrested many times, but always released, as her husband came to the front and settled for the things taken. It wouldn't be fair to give the woman's name, now that she has been cured of the mania. But for convenience let us call her Mrs. C. The first time Mrs. C was apprehended was in a prominent Fourth street store, where she didn't happen to know, and in spite of her protestations an officer took her to the Central Police Station and she was searched, registered and locked up in the fly cell. She was a large, fine-looking woman of about 43, with iron gray hair that gave her a very aristocratic look. Still there was something about her that would lead some to take her for a professional shop-lifter. Entering the Fourth street store she asked to be shown some ostrich feathers. The young lady clerk set a large box of valuable plumes on the counter, and in a few minutes noticed Mrs. C. conceal one under her cloak. Another plume disappeared in a similar manner, Mrs. C. remarking that she guessed she would make no purchase then, started to leave. The clerk called the attention of one of the proprietors, who confronted the lady and caught her by the arm, saying, "You have stolen some feathers." The lady became very indignant, asserting who she was and declaring that the shopkeeper was mistaken. The proprietor, to be sure, called upon the clerk and asked if she was sure the lady had taken the feathers and the reply was in the affirmative. At the same time the clerk ran her hand up under Mrs. C.'s cloak and pulled out the missing articles. At this discovery the lady appeared greatly astonished, and accused the clerk of placing the plumes on her person. A policeman was called in, and Mrs. C. went to the police station. It happened that a gentleman well acquainted with the C. family saw the arresting party passing the corner of Seventh and Plum streets, and accompanied them to the station, offering to go bail for the lady, but the lieutenant in charge said bail could not be accepted until the door-keeper appeared and preferred a charge. The gentleman then informed Mr. C., who was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he actually fainted, and when he came to he was completely out of his mind. It was some time before he fully recovered himself, but he could not be made to believe that his wife was locked up for theft. What would she steal for? She had everything she wanted, and certainly she must have become suddenly demented. Calling his carriage Mr. C. proceeded to the station-house, where he found the Fourth street merchant, and, after a private talk, the lady was released, and her name erased from the slate.

To her husband she reiterated that she had not taken the feathers, but that the clerk had slipped them under her cloak. The affair blew over for the time being, but in scarcely a month Mrs. C. was again detected while leaving another Fourth street store with a large bolt of silk under her cloak. She was known by the proprietor, who detained her until her husband could be summoned. The same scene was rehearsed, the lady declaring a clerk had given her the silk. It then dawned upon the mind of Mr. C. and his friends that his wife was a kleptomaniac, and for several weeks she was closely watched and never permitted to leave her house unaccompanied by a relative or servant. But it was impossible for her to keep from stealing, and in a short time she was again apprehended. She managed to conceal some goods in her clothing while in a store accompained by her sister-in-law, and the discovery was not made until they arrived home and she showed the articles herself. On several other occasions did she do the same thing, until finally her husband took her away from the city and remained a long time and she came home cured.

As Wappy had finished, attention was called to a middle-aged man carrying a gold-headed walking cane, who entered the office and said to the clerk:

"Is the Chief in?"

"No, sir."

"Will he be in?"

"Yes, sir, at 2 o'clock."

"Will he be in at 3 o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him at 4 o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, sir. I think I will call around in the morning. Good afternoon."

"Good-by, sir."

As the man with the gold-headed cane vanished the clerk raised his pale face from his ledger, and, turning to his office boy, said:

"Shut that door, and shoot the first man who comes in here and inquires for the Chief."

Bracing himself against the chief's desk, Steve Meade told about a case of kleptomania which, although it was never published, was one of the most interesting ever known in this city. The lady, who was the wife of a very prominent and wealthy citizen became so bad that it was considered best to place her in a private asylum. Her husband would go out to see her every evening. When she was thought to be improved she was allowed to go out among the people living in the neighborhood of the asylum. It was soon discovered that while making these little visits she would pilfer little articles and books. The things would be taken from her on her return to the asylum and returned to the owners. It was now growing late, and a telephone message coming in that an overcoat had been stolen in the West End, the whole gang went out to work up the case.

WHO CARES FOR EXPENSES.—The cent finds no abiding place in the South, where it is shunned as though breeding pestilence. Rather than use the despised cent persons gladly pay for most articles trifling in value fifty or one hundred per cent more than they cost elsewhere. Where the cent is employed an apple may be bought for a cent or two cents. But, unwilling to use the cent, we pay five cents for two apples worth a cent each, although not desiring the additional apple, and purchase three two cent apples for ten cents. This is our economy, and we boast of it and turn up our noses at the North, where persons do not consider it a virtue to pay two or three times as much for an article as it is worth.—[Arkansas State Gazette.

You Don't Phase Us.

The other day we happened in at a swell furnishing goods store, and seeing in the show-case some underwear that looked pretty good we asked the price of it. The clerk, with an air that said "I'll make you gasp," replied:

"That's silk, sir. It costs seventy-five dollars a set."

We simply said: "Let us see it."

He took it out and we examined it, tossed it back contemptuously, and asked:

"Haven't you something better?"

The clerk was the one to look aghast. He said he didn't think anything better was made.

"Well," we growled, "we don't like that," and we sailed out, leaving that clerk almost a worshipper of ours, and it hadn't cost us a cent.—[Boston Post.

AN ENGLISH BEAUTY.—Of Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Langtry's chief rival as a "professional beauty," in the Prince of Wales' set, a correspondent writes: "Until I was told which she was, I supposed it was some opera-bouffe actress, who had got into the place by mistake, she was so painted and powdered over cheeks, arms and neck; her eyes were so picked out with belladonna. her corsage was so docollete; her voice was so loud and boisterous, and her poses and her gestures had such a smack of the heroines of Offenback and Lecocq."

NEW LIQUOR HOUSE.

Branch of the Old House of Wilmerding & Co., Established Here.

So great has been the growth of this trade in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho in the past two years, that Wilmerding & Co., of New York and San Francisco, decided last season to establish a branch in this city. They secured suitable quarters in the old O. S. N. Co. block, No. 41 Front street, near Ash. The establishment is in charge of Charles and N. Kohn, two young men well known to the trade, under the firm name of Charles Kohn & Co. The elder brother has been connected with the firm of Wilmerding & Co. for years, while "Tally," as he is familiarly known, has for seven years represented Rosenthal, Feder & Co. on the northwest coast. Both brothers have the necessary energy, judgment and knowledge of trade to make the new enterprise a success.

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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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ap15 HILL & BARR.

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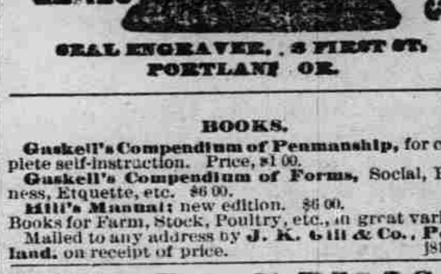

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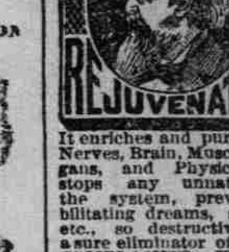

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