

WE ARE NOT MISSED.  
If you or I  
To-day should die,  
The birds would sing the same to-morrow,  
The vernal Spring  
The flowers would bring,  
And few would think of us with sorrow.  
Yes, he is dead,  
Would then be said,  
The corn would show the grass yield hay,  
The cattle low,  
And Summer go,  
And few would heed us pass away.  
How soon we pass  
How few alas  
Remember those who turn to mould;  
Whom fate has laid  
With Autumn's shade  
Beneath the sodden churchyard cold!  
Yes, it is so—  
We come and go!  
They hail our mirth, they mourn our deal;  
A day or more,  
The Winter of our life,  
Another takes our place instead.

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

In the cosy little private office appearing to be his business house at Halliday and son. Halliday was a bluff, heavy old fellow of 50 or thereabouts, with a pair of keen, bright eyes, which twinkled incessantly, and was seated in his chair with his feet on a stool of blue flannel, and was reading a corner of the desk looking down upon his father.  
"Who is the object of your all-devouring passion, eh, Dick, my boy?" the old gentleman asked, "Some chit of a school girl?"  
"Her name is Wilkins," replied the young man. "She is a widow—a married widow I will say for she has been double twice, and is—come don't let your chin drop to such an alarming extent, for outside of all she is worth \$50,000, although that, in my case, is a feather's weight in the scales. She is actually 36, but looks ten years younger, and is as pretty as a picture. She has one child, a daughter, who is at school at Paris, but she is heirless to a cool \$100,000, she is not an incubance by any means."  
"Dick Halliday, you're a fool!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "The man is almost old enough to be your mother."  
"Not quite as bad as that."  
"I say sir she's almost old enough to be your mother! Have you committed yourself—has she ensnared you?"  
"Don't you remember our old agreement, father, that when I thought of marrying I would consult with you before taking the step? I will therefore introduce you to Mrs. Wilkins, let you study her character, and then abide by your decision; for I have no doubt as to what it will be."  
"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "that's better. That's decidedly better. You may introduce me, Dick, and I promise you my unbiased opinion of the bewitching creature."  
"All right. When will you go?"  
"To-night, to-morrow, any time you please; but see here, Dick, to change the subject, how about this London business? It's going to ruin."  
"Well, suppose we will have to send a man to look after it."  
"Send!" cried the old man, "that would do at all one or the other of us must go. We're trusted entirely too much of late, and honest interests are almost as bad as our foreign. Now, Dick, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go to London and straighten things up, I'll give you my entire property, your share of the moment you return. I've been over so often that the very thought of going makes me sick. Come, what do you say, Dick?"  
"If you desire it, father, I'll go, certainly."  
"Then that's settled. Where are you off to now?"  
"I was going to the Astor, but I'll wait until evening and then you can accompany me."  
"All right, Dick, all right; only don't count yourself. Beware of widows, you know."  
That evening Halliday and son repaired to the Astor house and were conducted to one of the private parlors. In a few minutes Mrs. Wilkins entered, and it was plain to be seen that the old gentleman was amazed. He did not wonder at his son's infatuation, and afterward acknowledged her to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. When at length they took their departure after spending a delightful evening, the son said:  
"What do you say, father?"  
"Give me time, my boy, give me time," was the reply.  
The next day but one Dick started for London. The weather was fair, the passage a prosperous one, and he reached his destination safe and sound. He found the business in a terrible state, and had his hands and mind fully occupied and a week slipped by. One morning he received a letter from his father, a portion of which ran as follows:  
"Concerning the widow, I am well pleased with your choice. She is a good woman—as good as beautiful. A trifle too old for you is my only objection."  
Another week went by and another letter came, in which, speaking of the widow the old man said:  
"I am astonished at your extraordinary good judgment in such a matter. The more I see the lady the better I am pleased. She is a most excellent lady in every respect. A trifle too old for you is my only objection."  
"Good!" said Dick to himself. "I guess I will stay a week on my own account, now that the business is cleared up, and do London. The old gentleman seems to be well pleased, and guess by the time I get home his only objection will have been overcome. Not that I care a straw for his opinion one way or the other, but peace is preferable to war from his pocket, he embraced it most affectionately.  
So Dick remained another week, and did London thoroughly. On the day before he was to have sailed for home he received another letter from his father, saying:  
"My Dear Boy: I never was more pleased with a woman in all my life. She is an angel. I don't wonder at your loving her. She is pure, honest, everything you imagine her to be, but she can never marry you. It is impossible. I don't like to be severe, but it can never be. The truth is, Dick, she has become my wife. Don't be a fool now, but come home at once. A trifle too old was my only objection."  
"Your affectionate father,  
"RICHARD HALLIDAY."

To say that Dick was enraged would but faintly describe his feelings; he fairly boiled. He wrote immediately to his father, telling him:  
"In the future your foreign business may go to the d—l, and your home interests, too."  
Then, after drawing a good sum of money, he started for the continent. For two years he wandered from place

to place and at the end of that time found himself in Paris. Here he fortuitously fell in with an acquaintance he had made while in London, and who had since married and was then doing business in Paris.  
At his friend's house one evening, he was introduced to an American young lady of whom he became enamored at first sight.  
The young lady, Miss Julia Kenridge by name, was to start for New York in a few days, and on hearing this, Dick engaged passage on the steamer. The voyage was a pleasant one, and before they arrived at Sandy Hook, Miss Julia had promised that, with her mother's consent she would become Dick's wife. When they reached the city she found a carriage in waiting for her, and Dick having determined not to enter his father's house, for the present at least, was directed to an obscure hotel.  
The next day he mounted the steps of the Madison avenue mansion and rang the bell. A servant ushered him into the parlor, and shortly afterward entered Miss Kenridge.  
When they had greeted each other after the usual manner of lovers, Julia said:  
"If you will excuse me for a moment, Richard, I will go and inform my mother that you have come."  
Dick was seated under a window, looking out, and did not notice her return till she came back.  
"Mr. Halliday, allow me to—"  
"Dick had turned at the sound of her voice, ready to appear at his best, but he staggered back fairly thunderstruck, for there behind him stood the late widow—his father's wife!  
"I really—I staid, 'I—that is, I did not—"  
"Of course you did not," said the lady, helping him up. "How could you? But here is your father."  
"Yes, here I am, Dick, my boy," cried the old gentleman, rushing in. "How are you, lad, how are you?"  
They shook hands cordially, and the old man said:  
"Dick, my lad, you're trapped—you're ensnared. My wife and I were in Paris to bring Julia home, and when she told us of her meeting with you, we just put our heads together to make a match of it. We came over with you on the same steamer."  
"Really, though," said Dick, addressing his step-mother, "when I heard you speak of your daughter being at school, I imagined her to be a little girl, not a young lady!"  
"Oh no! I was married to Mr. Kenridge when quite young, and Julia is now 19."  
"I have no objection this time, lad, none at all. A trifle too old was my objection before, you know, ha! ha!" and he went off in a fit of laughter that nearly choked him.  
After dinner the old gentleman said:  
"Well, Dick, our foreign business is going to the bad, sure enough, and I think the best thing you can do is to marry at once and take your bride abroad and look after it. I did not sell the old house when I bought this one, and upon your return I will have it ready for you to occupy."  
And thus it was arranged.  
The house of Halliday & Son still flourishes, and the children, grandchildren, and what-not bearing that name, for the relationship is rather mixed, are numerous.

The Blizzard.  
I came out to Minnesota three years ago last summer, bought a quarter section, sent to St. Paul for lumber and worked all summer putting up a house and barn. In the fall I bought three horses and a bullock plough and began farming up the black prairie soil. Before the ground froze I had about thirty acres ready to sow with wheat in the spring. Then I went East to see Mabel, and after the holidays brought her back with me. In the middle of January we had got the furniture put to rights and were settled down to enjoy married life. A few things were wanted for the house, however, and one bright, sunny morning I hitched two of the horses to a bob sleigh, and Mabel and I drove to the village, due north from my house, six miles. There was snow enough to make excellent sleighing, and the air was warm and balmy. It seemed as if spring was near at hand, but a worse delusion never existed.  
The village has but one street, being merely a row of twenty or thirty wooden buildings parallel to and about ten rods from the railroad track. They are mainly used for stores, and when we drove up there were three or four bob sleds or pungs in front of each store.  
Half the farming community of the town had gathered in the village, and at one o'clock, while we were in a dry goods store the merchant, who had stepped out a moment before, said to us: "I don't like to drive away my customers, but a blizzard is coming from the west, and I have just received a telegram announcing that it has reached Morris. That is forty miles from here, but it is coming at the rate of forty miles per hour, so you have got no time to spare if you are going home to-day."  
He rolled up our purchases as he spoke, and appeared in a hurry to get rid of us. When we got outside the store the first thing that attracted my attention was the fact that all the teams in the street when we arrived, not one excepting mine remained. Everybody had scudded for home. Even the sleds and sledges were still being unhooked brightly, with not the faintest suggestion of a storm apparent anywhere. Before we had got a mile from town I had forgotten all about the coming storm, and the horses were joggling at their will.  
We were still two miles from home when suddenly the sky was obscured and the air grew cold and chill in a moment. A darkness as of smoke swept over everything. Then I remembered why we were going home and I gave the horses the whip in earnest, lashing them into a run. Away off to the west there appeared a leaden wall of gloom, tinged with red, and a heavy rain of snow fell toward us. There was a hum in the air. A light breeze sprang up, grew stronger, and in one minute became a gale. The wall came down with railroad speed, the roar of its approach every instant growing louder. From the top of a roll in the prairie the snow began to fall, and it came pretty near being our last glimpse of it. No words will ever convey an intelligent idea of a blizzard—of the frightful roar with which it rolls down upon you, the howling and hissing of the wind. If you try to speak the wind dashes the syllables from your lips so quickly that you do not hear your own words. In thirty seconds from the time the first snowflake fell I could not see my horses. The atmosphere appeared to be all snow, and every flake of snow falling from the sky somewhere before the rest could get there. I use the word flake, but that is wrong. No flake could be distinguished. The whole atmosphere was filled with one big flake that huddled us in on all sides. Although Mabel's head was not over a foot from the hood of the sleigh, and she could see her own features, and not could only dimly see her form. I tried to peer downward beside the sleigh and see the track, but I might as well have tried to see the earth beneath a snowbank. I could feel a motion to the sleigh, so I knew the sleigh was moving, but I could not see it. I tried to ask my wife if she was suffering, but I could not hear my own words. During the two or three minutes that intervened between the time that I saw the storm approaching and the moment that it struck us the horses had run at the top of their speed, so we were not much over a mile from home. It did not seem possible for the horses to keep the track. No one could live an hour in that storm. The only hope lay in the horses being able to keep to a track that was being buried deeper and deeper every instant. It isn't pleasant to sit still and freeze to death. In ten minutes I was chilled through, and I felt I was freezing. The horses were still moving, and although I could not see them, they were still being driven by instinct, but my neighbors think I was sheer accident, and declare that it wouldn't happen again in a thousand years. Although we had reached the barn, we were not in the house yet. From the barn to the house was about twenty yards, but as far as well was concerned, the house might as well have been in the moon. The little woman helped me unharness the horses and put them in their stalls. Then I told her to remain where she was, and I made a break for the house. It is difficult for any one to believe that in a blizzard storm he cannot go twenty yards in a line sufficiently straight to find a house, but try it sometime! Do you see that pump? I stumbled over it. It is twenty feet to the right of the path from the barn to the house. If it hadn't been there for that pump I would have again found either the house or the barn. I knew that the handle of that pump pointed directly toward the house, and that it was not over ten yards away. I raised the handle and felt for my bearings. I let go of the pump-handle and

plunged toward the house.  
When I tell you that I ran smack against it you will understand that seeing was out of the question. After I got to the house I took a ball of twine and tied one end to the door knob, and succeeded in getting back to the barn, and by following the string, we reached the house again. For three days and nights thereafter neither of us even opened the outer door. When the storm ceased we could not see the barn, for the snow had piled in between the house and barn so deep that it covered the windows on that side of the house. On the east side of the house, however, there was very little snow. The shovel happened to be in the house, and the little woman and I succeeded in tunneling through the barn, but we had to carry every shovelful of the snow taken out of the tunnel through

the house and throw it out on the east side.  
"Were the horses all right when you got to them?"  
"You can safely bet they were glad to see me. They were about half buried in the snow, and had even eaten the bedding from their stalls. It took me nearly all the rest of the winter to shovel the snow out of the barn."  
"Do people out in the prairies ever get lost in these storms?"  
"To be caught out on the prairie by a blizzard means death and nothing can avert it. After a settler has observed one winter, it's a silly old blizzard that catches him. Not so the new-comers. They cannot imagine that there is danger at all times. Three people were lost that day in this vicinity, one of them a woman who had been over across the prairie about a mile to see a sick neighbor. When she saw that a storm was imminent she started for home on foot. She never got half way there."  
"When was her body found?"  
"In the spring, when the snow melted."  
Errors of Etiquette.  
The Cincinnati Saturday Night has the following:  
The lady who tries to keep pace with the fashion must needs be extremely careful as to every particular in her costume, as to cut and quality of each garment, and as to when, how and where to wear them.  
There are ten thousand laws as inexorable as those of the Medes and Persians, which govern the observance of the multitudinous details that go toward the make-up of the fashionable woman.  
For example, a late member of a well-known fashionable journal says: "Annie of Austria collarlets are suitable only for matinee jackets. Turkish fez caps are worn only as breakfast caps."  
Apropos of these edicts of fashion, an incident:  
Seated near a couple of ladies at the table on the other night, we overheard a portion of their conversation.  
Said one: "You notice that I have an Annie of Austria collarlet."  
"Yes," responded the other, "what could you have been thinking about, my dear?"  
"Of course I do, and I felt so mortified. I don't see how I came to make such an awful blunder. What in the world will people think? But I am always doing something dreadful; the other day I went down to dinner with my feet on. Just think of it wearing a breakfast cap to dinner! Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous in your life?"  
And the other lady vowed that she never had.  
A brutal fellow next to us had been listening to the conversation turned to us, and in a voice distinctly audible to the ladies, said:  
"Queer what funny mistakes a man will make about his toilet. You wouldn't believe it now, but it's a fact that I've come here to-night with my suspenders on wrong side on."  
"Great Caesar! is that so?" we ejaculated.  
"Yes," said he, "and I never felt so ashamed in my life. But I've done worse things than that."  
"Impossible!" we cried.  
"Yes, sir; only last Sunday I went to church with my opera hat on, and the next night I took in a variety show in my Sunday boots," and then the horrid thing went out to get a drink.

Whalebone.  
The principal application of whalebone is in the making of whips and corsets. Steel has mostly displaced whalebone in umbrellas and parasols. Some of the most beautiful whips made in France are of excellent imitation whalebone (not distinguishable, indeed, till fractured); but it is no longer heard of. Genuine whalebone is often made white and used with garments of muslin or the like, not being seen through these costly fabrics. The newest application of whalebone is that to hats; it is cut into fine strips and interlaced with straw. Such hats are very dear. Another novelty is "whalebone ribbon." This white whalebone is generally used in the making of hats, and the shaving is so thin that it is often colored blue, red or green, and used by saddlers in making rosettes. Walking sticks of whalebone are also in good demand. The exceptionally thick strips for this purpose are rounded by being passed through a series of plates. Billed pads of whalebone must be very smooth and cut of a certain exact thickness. Fishing rods are made of two carefully worked strips of whalebone with thick silk thread wound round them. This use by no means exhausts the uses of whalebone, which is continually being applied in new ways.—London Times.

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 S. N. Co. block, No. 41 Front Street, near Astor. The establishment is in charge of Charles and N. Robinson, two young men well known to the trade, and who have several years' experience in the liquor business. Several improvements have been made. Agents to sell and teach whisky to every town in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and California. KELLIGO & JILLSON, Wholesale Liquor Dealers, 41 Front Street, Portland, Ore.

SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERT.  
Walter S. Moss has inaugurated a series of social concert at New Market theater, Portland, the first of which was given on Jan. 27th, and which proved eminently successful as the theater was filled from pit to gallery. The best musical talent in Portland was invited to give, and the concert was a grand success. It is Mr. Moss' intention to continue the concert, and a stranger visiting Portland will be sure of having a pleasant time in attending the same, by visiting New Market theater and listening to the talent that the management will provide.  
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 tins, price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. Holger, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

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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. sept-1m

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Slave's California Fruit Salt.  
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By over indulgence in eating or drinking hot, rich or nervous food, or by over exertion, with feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by all means use  
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