WHERE THE WRINKLES COME FROM.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
And the joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?
Why, first, dear, I suppose,
The heart lets in a sorrow,
And then the wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide
Then hasten naughty envy
And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly;
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart."

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace;
"And the lovely, youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face."

"Watch the gate of the heart, darling,
For the heart is the dwelling place
Of the musical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in thy face."

A LADY HELP.

Her father, Commander Dundonald Poppinger, had the gunboat Iris when his wife presented him with a little black browed, dark-eyed daughter. So, against the dictates of her own taste, which would have led her to give some more appropriate name to the olive-skinned, dark-eyed stranger, Mrs. Poppinger acceded to her husband's request, and had the baby baptized 'Iris,' and as Iris she grew up. At this time her father died, and her mother was left to glory in his memory and—a pension of seventy pounds a year. Things that were appalling to the girl were said to and of her then by rich relatives, who assumed the right to criticise and direct her life, but who never gave her a shilling to help to make that life a respectable one. Iris went as unpaid drudge to her mother's rich cousin's wife. Every one who knew little about her, and heard her speak of herself, said this lady was a most estimable woman, quite a model British matron.

"This is an experiment merely, remember, about Iris Poppinger," she explained to her circle when it was settled that Iris should come to stay at the Witheringtons' house in Connaught Place, as lady help to the wealthy city merchant's wife. "This is an experiment merely. I don't feel myself bound to keep Miss Poppinger if she proves useless to me; if she has a well-regulated mind, she will be so thankful for the blessing of a much more comfortable home than she has ever known, that she will strive to be humble and useful."

"Come, come, now," her husband said, half jocularly, but with feeling nevertheless; "Iris isn't coming here to be a drudge, you know, my dear; you must remember the girl has been well brought up, and you—well; you must be considerate and make allowances for her."

Mrs. Witherington had the reputation of being a Tartar in her household. Therefore her husband thought it well to pour a little oil upon the troubled waters, on which poor Iris would shortly sail.

"I shall do my duty by your cousin's daughter, Mr. Witherington; have no fear of that," she said, with an air of overtazed patience. "I do not bring any one from my side of the house into our Eden; I do not wish the introduction of a serpent into Paradise."

"Why, bless my soul! Iris is but a girl, with no more of the serpent about her than—than you have, my dear," Mr. Witherington said warmly. And Mrs. Witherington smiled coolly, and said, "We shall see."

Iris was received very kindly in her new home. That is, the Witheringtons were going out to dinner when she arrived, cold and hungry, at 7 o'clock in the evening, at her new home; but Mrs. Witherington's own maid (who looked upon Iris as a rival) gave her some tea and toast. Her bedroom was large, healthy, and airily furnished.

"If I could get by a fire," the poor girl said pleadingly to Bond, the maid.

"Well, I don't know what their wishes are about your going down stairs yet," the maid said, circumspectly; "but Mrs. Witherington wouldn't hear of a fire in your room, that I know. When you've taken off your things you might come into Mrs. Witherington's dressing-room with me."

"I think—I am too tired," Iris said, choking back all semblance of feeling hurt as well as she could. But the task was a little hard for her. Was she to be the waiting woman's companion?

"I'll be that, I'll be anything; I'll put my neck under the yoke to any extent to help mother, to make things easier for mother!" the poor child said to herself that night after her prayers had been said, and she had crept dispiritedly into bed. And the next morning it seemed as though she were to be immediately rewarded for her brave resolve, for Mrs. Witherington came to her quite early and kindly said:

"Iris, I hope you slept well, and I hope you have remembered all you owe Mr. Witherington? We do not ask for any earthly reward for the good we do, but still I would not have you ungrateful or careless about the benefits you receive. You are to stay in bed and have your breakfast comfortably this morning. I never expected too much of anyone, and your journey may have fatigued you. When you are dressed come to me in my dressing room, and I'll appoint you some of your duties:"

"I'd rather get up now," Iris cried: I'm not fatigued. I hate breakfast in bed. I'm ready for my duties."

Mrs. Witherington lifted up a conscientiously kept plump hand, and shook it warmly.

"You must subdue that unruly temper and tongue, Iris; you must learn to be grateful and humble in your demeanor toward those who befriend you at the cost of much trouble and anxiety to themselves; I am afraid you have not been taught to keep yourself in subjection. You will have your breakfast in your own room this morning, and after it, in two hours' time, you will come to me."

She sailed out of the room as she said this, leaving behind her a general impression of fatness and floridness, and of feline cautiousness. Had she waited a minute longer, Iris would have asked to be allowed to go out and take a little walk in the fresh air in the park. The thought of breakfast was repugnant to her. But Mrs. Witherington did not grant her this minute for action.

The fact was, Mrs. Witherington had planned her arrangements rather too closely. Bond, her maid, was an expensive luxury; therefore, when Mrs. Witherington agreed to take Iris into her house as lady-help she determined at the same time to get rid of Bond, and make Iris assume Bond's duties. But she did not wish Iris to be alarmed by Bond's report either of these duties or of the one who exacted them. Therefore, she had settled that Bond should leave the house in the afternoon of the day on which Iris was to arrive in the evening. But Bond had fathomed Mrs. Witherington's motive, and had malignantly defeated it.

However, Iris had given the maid no opportunity of talking of her wrongs and her mistress's meanness on the previous night; and, having ascertained this, Mrs. Witherington was resolved that she could not have the chance of doing so this morning. Accordingly she kept Iris a prisoner in her room until Bond could be gently expelled from the house. This done, Mrs. Witherington felt that she had it in her to induct Iris into Bond's place so cleverly and cautiously that the girl would not realize that she was only a lady's maid. Bond, who was taking away a very much better character than she deserved by reason of her mistress's ardent desire to get rid of her peaceably, was very perverse about being sped on her way. She lingered longer than usual over the thankless task of adorning her mistress's ill-favored head with morning lace. Her "hands trembled so," she asserted, pulling Mrs. Witherington's locks sharply as she spoke, "that she really couldn't get on; the thought of how that inexperienced young person would fail to set off Mrs. Witherington to the best advantage, upset her horful."

To this Mrs. Witherington suavely replied that she "thanked Heaven she had not personal vanity, and that if it were not for pleasing Mr. Witherington, and helping to keep up their exalted position, she would by preference wear the unassuming print instead of the sumptuous satin or rich piled velvet."

"If I could see the young person for half an hour I could put her in the way?" Bond suggested, but at length Bond was evicted, and Mrs. Witherington prepared to install Iris in the vacant place.

Humility and gratitude—these were the virtues that Mrs. Witherington prized most highly in those around her; and she made them her theme during her first hour's intercourse with Iris. At the end of her harangue she suddenly assumed a pleasantly bustling air, which was at least a relief to Iris after the portentous demeanor of the last hour.

"I like my house to be like a hive—full of busy bees," she commenced briskly. "Now, Iris—by-the-way, haven't you another name? Iris is too absurd."

"It is my only name; therefore, absurd as you may think it, you will have to call me by it, Iris said quietly."

"I think I shall call you Poppinger."

"I think you will not," the girl said so decidedly that Mrs. Witherington thought she would surrender that point.

"Well, now, Iris, you begin to be one of my busy bees at once. I have been very careful in having the duties of a lady-help laid down for my guidance. You will assist me at my toilette, keep my wardrobe in perfect order, and wash all my laces and fine things. When you consider what a home you will have here, when you remember what boundless gratitude you owe to Mr. Witherington for maintaining you, your heart will throb gladly, and you will own that little enough is expected of you in return."

"What wages am I to have?" Iris asked, looking Mrs. Witherington in the face.

"Wages!"

"Yes, wages! Servants always have them, and I shall be a servant while I live here."

"No, Iris, no," Mrs. Witherington interrupted plausibly, "you will have nothing of the kind; you will be a "lady-help"—mark the word lady-help. You will not be required to associate with the other domestics—I mean with the servants."

"Say the 'other servants'" Iris put in bluntly.

"No, I will not; you are my lady-help, and you're going to be a nice, good, little, industrious girl, and relieve your poor dear mother of a dreadful burden," Mrs. Witherington said quite encouragingly.

"My poor dear mother would break her heart if she knew all this," Iris said, meditatively, "but she won't know, Mrs. Witherington. Where are your laces?" the girl continued, jumping up from her low chair as she spoke. "I shall tear them to tatters; still I had better begin washing them at once."

The girl had a high spirit and a loving heart. The former would have driven her into rebellion against Mrs. Witherington. The latter made her bear hard things for her mother's sake. She fell into the way of doing all that Mrs. Witherington required of her, and that lady nourished the fond delusion that she had secured a treasure for life at a cheap rate. But all the while Iris was biding her time patiently, in order that her first struggle might be an effectual and last one.

Soon Bond could not have competed with her in the deft handling of Mrs. Witherington's hair, laces or renovated costumes. Adroit, light-handed, gifted with taste to a rare degree, she "made the best" of her task-mistress' personal appearance in a way that caused a spark of gratitude to ignite at last in that self-adoring lady's heart. When she had done this, Iris made a first move.

"Mrs. Witherington," she began one night, when her mistress was sitting exultant before the glass, studying the good effect of recently plated "old point" and diamonds on her head, "am I a good lady's-maid now?"

"There can't be better," Mrs. Witherington said enthusiastically.

"I am glad, for you will give me a character that will get me what I want."

"What?"

"A character. I am going to get into some place where I can make money to pay for something I must have."

"And what is that?"

"Lessons for the stage."

Then Mrs. Witherington scolded, stormed, expostulated, pleaded. But Iris had learned her own value during this time of iron servitude, and she stood out now either for good wages or a good character.

"Mr. Witherington will sink under the disgrace of a relation of his going on the stage, 'his wife urged; but Iris only laughed.

"I shall not proclam the relationship. I shall be too much ashamed to acknowledge how a 'relation' has tried to disgrace and keep me down, if I ever do get among ladies and gentlemen on the stage."

"What has put the idea into your head?"

"Seeing that Miss Tremayne is advertising for a year and offering £40 a year wages. Miss Tremayne wouldn't be the great actress she is if she hadn't the heart to feel for such a poor football of fortune as I have been."

"Your wicked ambition will bring you to ruin," Mrs. Witherington said spitefully, tears of vexation coming into her eyes at the prospect of losing her "cheap treasure." "I wash my hands of you, but the world shall know that you preferred a life of wicked excitement and temptation to a safe and happy home with your own relatives."

"Your world and mine will never be the same—luckily for me," Iris said coolly, and Mrs. Witherington could have slapped her for being so independent though penniless.

Iris went to the beautiful, popular, clever Miss Tremayne as maid, and remained with her in that capacity one hour. At the end of that hour the warm-hearted woman who was at the top of the tree had learned the story of the poor little aspirant at the foot of it.

"You shall stay with me as my friend and pupil, Iris," she said, with all that gracious grace that had made her such a sovereign lady on the stage, "and as it will be impossible for you really to study while your mind is half absent with your mother and her troubles, those troubles must be relieved at once. I am alone in the world; they shall be my mother and brothers."

For fifteen months Mr. and Mrs. Witherington told all their friends "in confidence" that they washed their hands of Iris, whose conduct and career had crushed out all sympathy and interest for her out of their expansive hearts. At the end of that time Iris made a successful debut. Then for another year she studied harder than ever, always helped by Miss Tremayne. Then she "ground" for six months in small parts in the provinces. Then Miss Tremayne brought her out at her (Miss Tremanye's) own theater without any preliminary puff, and Iris touched the people's heart and taste at once.

The second night of her performance the Witheringtons were there, letting every one near them know that the young actress was their cousin. The next, Mrs. Poppinger received an offer from her cousin at a moderate income for life, and at the time he reminded her that had it not been for his excellent wife's admirable training of Iris, Iris would never have been able to approach Miss Tremayne with a proffer of services. "In fact," he said, "I hope our dear girl will never forget that this most gratifying result is entirely due to the circumstance of her having given Iris a home and taught her to be useful. This is a most pleasing reflection to us, and I trust you will always keep this truth before our dear girl."

So, Iris soared higher and higher, the Witheringtons eulogized themselves more and more to their own circle, as the benefactors and guardian angels of their "little pet cousin Iris."

A Linen Bag and Eighteen Seals.

Of all forms of Russian postoffice circumlocution, the palm, for tediousness, incongruity, loss of time and money, is carried off by the formulas and processes invoked during the dispatch of a registered letter to the United Kingdom. You may send bank notes and even coin in ordinary envelopes to other continental countries. Your registered letter to France, Germany or Italy may be dispatched without any preliminary "schrieberei"—sealing only with five official seals, each about the size of a two-shilling piece. But for money sent to her Bratanic Majesty's dominions special precaution must be taken. In the first place three printed forms must be filled up. In one place you furnish a general statement as to your intentions with especial reference to your address and that of the party to whom the money is sent. In each of the other two are twelve columns to be filled up. This task accomplished, you hand the papers to the clerk, insert your bank notes in a linen envelope, and having addressed the latter present it for registration. Alas! you have reckoned without the postoffice authorities. The envelopes you are told must be discarded for something more substantial. A bell is rung, a "chinovnik" comes, disappears, but finally returns, bringing with him a stout linen bag and two rough pieces of board. The clerk takes your bank notes, places them between the board and squeezes the board into the linen bag. Thus prepared for him, the package is handed to the chinovnik, who spends exactly a quarter of an hour in stitching it up. The bell then rings again, and a second chinovnik appears. He carries an official seal in one hand and a stick of sealing wax in the other. Sealing wax is the divinity of the Russian postoffice. You will have to pay for it, and there is consequently no reason why it should be stinted. It is not stinted. With slow and cautious movements, manipulating the stick in the gas flame as deftly as a Manchester glass-blower making a vacuum tube, the chinovnik deposits one after another, all over the back, partly on the front, at the corners and at the sides of the package, eighteen preposterous seals. There is just room enough for the address, and when you have written that with a careful hand (for ink spreads rapidly on linen) you think your troubles are at an end. Not quite! You first pay for the sealing wax. Then the clerk, having made some mysterious marks on the package with red chalk, weighs it and informs you there is 2s. 6c. to pay. You hand the money over the counter and immediately rush from the office, glad to escape after a detention of between two and three hours over a process which, absurdly formal as it was, need not have occupied more than twenty minutes. But you are pursued, and it is only after you have paid the chinovnik 5d. more for the linen bag and the strong boards that you are allowed to depart.—Manchester Examiner.

Barnum's White Elephants.

Some months back we noticed that Mr. Gaylord, Barnum's agent, had after immense trouble succeeded in obtaining one of the sacred elephants from Siam, and that he intended to explore Siamese territory to acquire some other specimens of this noble animal. After a long and painful journey through Siam and Burmah he managed to bring down to Moulmein two splendid elephants, both of the white variety so highly valued by the Siamese. One was nearly as high as Jumbo; and the expense of purchasing him, protecting "this adorable elephant" (so he was styled in a Siamese document), and defeating the intention of some royal emissaries to recover him, came to over 40,000 rubles. He died shortly after leaving Penang for Singapore. The other animal, which stood a trifle over nine feet in height, was chocolate and cream color, with the forehead and neck white, Mr. Gaylord brought safely to Singapore, per steamship Chanda, and on Monday the natives were astonished to see this splendid creature pass through the streets on the way to a prepared abode nigh to the Lock Hospital. We inspected the animal on Monday night, and he was then restive; he had snapped a chain almost as strong as a cable and broken some cocoanut and other trees quite as thick as a big ship's mast. He then was removed from the place fixed up for his abode for reasons of safety, and he made straight for a large pond, wallowed therein, and then rushed out crashing through fences into the open space back of the race course. The monster then lay down, and gave a few convulsive kicks, and, to the great astonishment of the natives, died with an ease and celerity that ill became such a mass of flesh and strength. The moment Dr. Gaylord saw the restive state in which the elephant was he pronounced him a "gone coon," though the native keepers declared that he was only irritated by the presence of the tigers which were in a cage hard by. The elephant cost 40,000 rupees, not taking into account the sums spent in bribing the priests to allow of his removal, and the trouble connected with transporting him from the borders of Siam. The keepers, two Burmese boys who are novitiates of some Buddhist order, are inconsolable at the loss of the creature which is the first sacred elephant that ever died abroad and amid such surroundings. Barnum, one would imagine, ought to be the person who should feel most afflicted over the loss; but it appears that he and his partners are by no means cast down, for they intend buying in another sacred animal, if it costs them half a million of dollars. Mr. Gaylord has the tusks and trunk of this elephant and the other one, and that is the only solid result he possesses for an expenditure of over 90,000 rupees.—Strait's Intelligencer, May 10th.

Blaine's Great Memory.

Of Mr. Blaine's distingnished talents and gifts there is none greater than his wonderful memory. As illustrative of this I cannot do better than relate a story told an acquaintance of mine by ex-Senator Thurman: "In 1876," said Judge Thurman, "Blaine came to my town during his canvass of Ohio for the Republican ticket for president and made a speech. Of course his audience was immense and was composed of Democrats as well as Republicans. I went to hear him and after the speaking invited him to my house. While I was talking with him at the place where he had spoken, I saw in the crowd an old farmer of wealth and consequence, a client of mine, who is a stanch Republican. He was regarding with much interest the great republican leader, of whom he had heard so much but never before seen. I beckoned to him to come up and said to Mr. Blaine, 'Here is a prominent man in this section and I want you to know him.' By this time my man had come up and I said, 'Mr. Blaine, I want to present to you Squire Brown.' Blaine was very cordial and in his magnetic way soon had my old friend perfectly delighted. Squire Brown was a noted breeder of fine stock, especially horses, and that day had driven into town behind a very pretty pair of four-year-olds. Blaine took a look at the horse and said, "Squire, have you ever trained that near colt? He would make good time if properly hanniled, I think.' With a few other words he went away with me and saw no more of Brown. In 1880 Blaine came to Ohio and spoke again in my town. I was on hand. When he had closed his speech the people came up to speak to him. Suddenly looking up he saw Squire Brown at a little distance. The old man was wondering if Blaine would remember him. Leaving the crowd about him, Blaine walked straight to Brown, and calling him by name shook hands with him cordially, and after talking a few minutes said, 'Squire Brown, did you train that near colt you were driving four years ago when I met you? I have often thought of that colt believe, that he would have made a great trotter if properly trained.' Now," said Judge Thurman, "it had been four years since that circumstance occurred. Blaine had had an immense number of things to think of in that time, and yet he recalled the man and remembered precisely what had happened so long ago. To my mind it was one of the most wonderful feats of memory I have ever known. No wonder Blaine has such power as a politician." Mr. Clay is said to have had a faculty of memory almost equal to this, but I doubt if it was as wonderful as that related by Judge Thurman.—Washington Herald.

A Notable Meeting.

An official in the Washington postoffice is responsible for the following true story:

Before the war there lived in Pennsylvania a large and influential family by the name of Hurlburt. Several years before the war, the parents having died, the family became scattered, an elder brother, Charles, having last been heard from in Florida.

When the war broke out Albert Hurlburt joined the union army, and when the terrible strife was ended he returned to his home, and subsequently emigrated to Virginia, where he resided seven years, and finally drifted to Washington, where he obtained a position in one of the departments. He now holds a position in the postoffice department, where he is honored and respected by all who know or come in contact with him. It was thirty years or more since the two brothers met.

Monday morning, Charles, who has been living in the land of orange fields in Florida, walked into the stamp division of the postoffice department and there sat his brother Albert.

As Charles entered the room the eyes of the brothers met.

After grasping hands and looking at each other for some time Albert broke the silence by saying: "There is something about your face that looks familiar, but I cannot place you."

The elder brother replied: "Don't you remember Charlie?"

"Charlie who?" said Albert.

"Charlie Hurlburt, your brother," returned the elder.

The younger was completely unnerved for an instant, while, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips, he turned to his fellow clerks and said: "This is my brother whom I have so often spoke to you about, whom I have not seen for thirty-one years, and supposed was dead." The eyes of the elder brother were suffused with tears, and arm in arm they left the office together. It was a touching incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Charles is now a successful orange grower in Florida, owning large tracts of valuable land and in comfortable circumstances.

A singular torpedo accident occurred at Portsmouth, England, on the 6th of last month. Some dummy torpedo practice was taking place on the Hecla, and one of the projectiles was put under a pressure for a run of 150 yards. On being discharged from the ship it, with the eccentricity which characterizes these weapons, swerved from its intended course and struck the yacht Gussery, moored in the harbor about half a mile from the Hecla. The crew were below at the time and on feeling the shock they rushed on deck and saw a Whitehead torpedo, with its tail in the air boring a hole through the planking of the yacht about two feet below the water line. The yacht was promptly listed to the other side and placed on the mud, where the hole was temporarily plugged. The torpedo struck near one of the frames, otherwise it would have penetrated the planking. The yacht will be repaired at the expense of the government.

WONDERS IN MUSIC.

A late visit to the warerooms of Messrs. Gardner Bros. 165 First street, Portland, Oregon, has filled us with wonder at the immense display of pianos and organs of all kinds. Prominent among all these is Steck's Little Giant Piano, small and elegant in case, yet wonderfully powerful and sweet of tone. The Taber organ surpasses any instrument we have yet heard Visit this house when in Portland and enjoy a musical treat. jy5-1m

A curious mark of changed relations in the matter of learning languages is found in Ohio, where, out of 650,000 scholars, 448 study Greek, still fewer, 418, French, while more than 40,000 learn German.

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Messrs. Raymond & Wilshire, of San Francisco, have opened a branch house at No. 95 Front St., Portland, where they will carry a large stock of safes, scales and stove trucks. Prices furnished on application.

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ATTORNEYS.

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

JUST RECEIVED AT GARRISON'S SEWING Machine store, 167 Third street, Portland, Oregon, 150 cases of Household Sewing Machines. During two and one half years' use in Oregon the Household has forced its way to the front. Its superior merits are now well known to the public. Agents wanted to sell in every town in Oregon.

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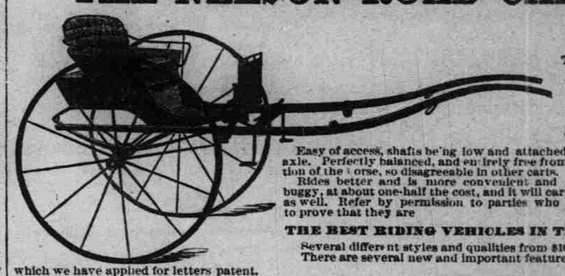

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