Before thou diest I shall die,
But faithful still shall be,
For seated at the gate of death,
My soul will wait for thee.

Day after day, year after year, Until thy life be past, And at that portal thou shall knock Where all must knock at last!

Then, when the earth is lying soft On thee—thy lips and eyes, When plunged in death's baptismal stream Washed pure, thou shalt rise. ls heard and and seen no more— Gene, like the wind that raised the wave, The spent wave on the shore.

There, where to live is not to die, To love is not to fear— We shall know all; for we shall speak All that we spake not here! -Richard Henry Stoddard, in The Manhattan.

HOW THE KING CAME.

"Baby, the king is coming." Over and over again the mother whispers the words to the atom of humanity lying upon her breast; joyfully, gladly, with lips that have grown fixed, and drawn, years, they had known smiles, and gay, girlish laughter, but it is truly said, "We count time by heart throbs;" and the path between that time and now has been a steep and thorny one.

Hers was a peculiarly happy girlhood. She was an only child, with every wish gratified, and an adoring circle of friends to whom her word was law. What wonder that having reigned queen of hearts so long, the love and home

not by arbitrary rule that women "queen" it over their little social circles. here in republican America. As Judge Allen's daughter, the position was already won; and it was held by winsome grace, womanly tact, and supreme selfpoise.

I know that according to all time honored precedents the wedding should be the grand climax after trials, tribulations, and misunderstandings innumerable. I sometimes wonder how the average short-story writer dares reveal to us the depth, length and breadth of fostered ill-temper and angularities of disposition; alternating from the slough of despond to the seventh heaven of bliss, with a celerity fearful to contemplate; and then leaving us wide-eyed and in credulous at the church door, with the questionable assurance that from hence forth they "lived in peace, and died in Greece," as we used to end the dear old fairy tales when we were children. Fairy tales came into my life some time before my geographical era, and to my childish imagination this was represented as a large kettle somewhat resembling the one in which my mother fried the delectable doughnuts into which all good and happy fairies went when they

With all due respect for the importance and necessity of the engaged period the step out from its hlyllic dream-life leads over the threshold into a country vastly differing from the luxurious land of Greece. Beyond the portal lies a wider sphere of action, beset with many a snare, and often leading directly into that kettle of boiling "grease" my child-ish thought depicted. If my story seems to be commenced at the wrong end, have patience, kind reader. I may be able to show you only the broken, tangled ends of the threads, but somewhere from the beginning, they all lie straight in God's

I believe most young people enter upon this broader field of duties feeling it to be, not the simple "joining of commercial interests," as I heard one young man say, but with a true sense of its sanctity and obligations.

These two of whom I write went out from under her father's roof, in faith believing that their strong resolves and exaltation of spirit would endure through many a year of weal and woe. As she was queen, so he in very truth was king. not alone in the attributes of his nature, but also by the name his mother gave him-her own maiden name dropping the last syllable.

Proud was the wife of the commanding presence of her "liege," and in mutual love and admiration the first few months passed quickly. Into this Eden crept by slow degrees the serpent of discord. Trifles light as sir—some small neglect-a careless word-the flash of overcharged domestic atmosphere. These were followed by reproaches, and the keen resentment of royalty against aught but unquestioned obedience. What need to rehearse too minutely the drama we see enacted about us every day? It is a sad old story, common but never so common as to lose its tragical pathos for those who watched the gladsome launching of the ship, as it sailed out of the harbor home, to meet with storm and shipwreck on the rocks of pride and that high spirit which will heaven-is reached by lowliest pathos of humility and self-sacrifice.

Scarcely three years have gone. The first was flooded with sunshine, but later on, stormy passions had so shut away the blessed sun that it was no strange or new thing for him to leave her in anger.

There were occasional rifts, but nothing propagates like grievances, and there was no solid foundation of mutual forbear-ance to rest upon. Each was tearing away by petty aggravations the sheet-anchor of affection that once—and truly

tral figure. Marriage without it is a blooming, and the fountains of our -embarrassing to the other passengers of life-how to be uru'y happy. desert waste—worse, a howling wilder-ness, sure death to all our noblest powers and purposes. "Bear and forbear," are two lions that must guard the gateway. Firm Christian principles and (altough a woman says it) the power so few of us possess, of silence. Not the sullen silence that refuses speech, while fullness of joy is whispered to the baby. in the wash room gorging himself with diffusing displeasure and "Yankee spunk" from every pore. Not the silence of the wife beaten and abused by a brutal husband. God only knows the myriads of these in wretched homes, where the fiend of intemperance rides rampant, who never speak, and who go down to silent graves in voiceless misery. I do not speak to these, but to those who, with the average man—(our brothers, born too of woman, with the same impulsive natures as our own) -would keep the love and early freshness of their homes unsullied. Dear girls, in your hands are the homes of the future. Remember that to bear is better than to repent, but if the quick, impatient word be uttered. "Let not the sun go down upon your

wrath."

in one way. The loss of self-respect, attendant upon the knowledge of growing prophecies. Serene and sweet are they irritability, became unendurable. His lit by no gloam of wonder at the coming business trips became more frequent and | in of royalty. Long ago in orient lands of longer duration. One bright autumn | knelt kings to worship day comes the news that he has gone abroad. Every one goes in these days. It passes without comment. This is no ordinary case of ill-treatment and deserthe house, and a liberal annual allow- dawning infant soul God sends us. ance, are left at her disposal, and closing with the cruel words: "Past events, of gel-land, there shines the first glad look

Europe at an early date. Not one short syllable of regret or comfort can she find as in her stunned, halfcrazed condition she reads it again and again. She has told him often that she was miserable, and wished herself back gether. in her father's house.

In a blind fit of rage she wished that they had never met, and his cold, sarand white with a surcease of joyous speech. Not long ago, as men count ground, madam," had only lashed the waves to greater fury. But in her wildest, most passionate moment she had never dreamed of this -these hideous thing she wished for in her face.

"A gauntlet with a gift in't." The ample provision was an added bitterness. Rather would she leave all, and seek her father's house, or beg her bread from door to door, than take a penny of it, but for one thing. The thing he did that Kingsley Hapgood offered her came but as added loyalty and territory?

She did not think or mean it so. It is thrust it back, and now into the shame and misery of a divided house was coming the new life, that should have

crowned and blessed the whole. Her first wild, woman's impulse was to follow him, and at his feet pour out the whole, and beg him to come back. chance is a misnomer. In attempting to Only time and separation can make storm the battlements of an upper berth tolerable." There was no love in the it is a grave chance if you ever succeed words. He would not come, and if he in forcing an entrance. Upper berths did, each word and act would be a lordly | are very good openings for gynasts and concession. That she could not endure, sailors. They afford rare opportunities and it would be but a repetition of the for them to show off. It is a moving

forced quiet that followed, there came a side of the car and crawl inside with little clear vision of opportunities wronged or no difficulty. The commanding offiand neglected. The love that had been crowded out and trampled upon came back in tidal waves, beating down the barriers, "caushing the serpent's head," in those days of pain and weakness after | train boy for a cigar. Meanwhile the fat the baby came. Then one little message went across the sea. "King, dear, forgive; we want you, Baby and I."

His was a slow, white anger that burns long and deep; but he, too, had found much time and food for reflection. Mentally comparing many a famous foreign beauty with his queenly wife, he found none fairer than the woman he had left so cruelly. Scenes grow clearer viewed from a distance. Oil paintings and our lives have that in common. But she had accepted the situation without a word, no doubt glad of the release, and he was not the man to retract. So he quieted his conscience in its moments of uneasy-

There was something lacking in the beautiful places he visited, however. Recollections of expeditions glayly planned in those first haleyon days, when there was not quite money enough to go, but it was "so nice to talk about." would intrude upon his pleasure trips in a manner quite unforseen when he had sailed away. The hard crust of pride and anger became worn a little by the constant recurrence of such painful thoughts.

"King, dear, forgive; we want you, baby and I." Not long or learned, but nice with the

wisdom love teaches. "Forgive!" what was there to forgive? Had not the wrong been his-all his? A father! and all these weary months he who had vowed to cherish and protect her had left her there in doubt, and pain, loneliness, to bear alone! People gazed. thinking the man insane who dashed past them in the streets, as his thoughts,

like winged arrows, urged him on. Childish, fitful April has just glided over the threshold to maiden May, and the baby life, coming with the early breath of spring freshness, seems like some shrinking anemone, across which the breeze from a belated snowbank blows, with death in its chill touch. There is a strange, haunting look in her and he boils over with malicious dark eyes, mirroring dark despairing thoughts for the bankruptcy of the rialmoods of the mother's, to those who

read between the lines. Some babies come into the world to stay. Dear little red, screaming mites. doubling up their tiny fists, they assert frail for mortal touch, and the mother watches over her darling's slumbers, half fearing that the angels who must miss her so have borne their sister home and

left her desolate. Who, after a winter of doubt and disanchor of affection that once—and truly days, now show us new faces, and we covered riding on the brake on the greater portion of the bilines of my income, I find within our grasp, mayhap, the very rear platform. When rescued and higher faculties and have my family of the higher fac Should some young ardent soul, just plumed for flight into this new world of union, chance to read these words, do not mistake me. Love is indeed the central figure. Marriage without it is a blooming, and the fountains of our plumed for flight into this new world of the wintry storms, and knew it not till the same world of the wintry storms, and knew it not till the same. Nothing is too good for any of us. If I live is me. Nothing key for which we sighed so long through | back to his mother he yells again.

hearts unsealed. alone are sorrowful and heavy laden.

quiet room across the ocean. Dearer a and he has made disinterested attempts has no canvassing agents. Pictures unisned in any desired style,—India ink, water colors, oil thousand times its words than ever had to entertain you by showing you his or crayon, been word or thought before, and the bruised thumb, and you have seen him "Baby, baby, sweet, the king is coming! ice water and tormenting the porter with YOU WANT THE BEST. SEE THAT With June will come all summer bloom. Hark! hear the soft, low whispers of the next station, and you have seen him in wind, with hints of summer's sultry | the smoking compartment imparting fambreath in their soft touch. The trees | ily secrets to a drummer. Certainly are whispering of the coming glory—old, you have seen him and you have heard old as creation, yet ever to be wrought him, and you have felt him when he anew. A thousand ships sail out on climbed over your feet and dropped sunny seas, and one will bear the king. some of his greasy lunch on your trous-Baby, the king, our king is coming!'

He comes at last, and with clasped at the end of it, haven't you? hands they stand together by the cradle. Gently the mother lifts her in her arms | cushioned seats of the caboose of a and softly cries "Baby our king has freight train is many points ahead of the come." Mystic and deep with unfath- best upper berth ever invented for a pal-

ture like King Hapgood's, could end but | white lids are uplifted, and in their

"One who in a manger lay, Yet migatiest was of all." And to each babe is given some living spark of that divine ruling power to lead tion for the divorce courts. None but us all, king, court and vassal, to pure the wife knows of the letter stating that worship of Christ childness in every which it is useless to speak further, have of earth-life. Gaze long and deep, for convinced me that our marriage was a now the lids are slowly, slowly falling. mistake, which only time and separation | Angels are beckoning, and with one low can make tolerable. There seems to be sigh the soul has gone to meet that higher no occasion for estensibly breaking the king and universal Father who hath truno occasion for ostensibly breaking the ly said, "A little child shall lead them." lives near the Holier and purer than love of any liv- Pennsylvania. tie that binds us in name alone. It will be virtually broken by my departure for ing child is this fond memory that binds their hearts the closer. I see, years hence, around their hearthstone clustered sons and daughters. Trial and loss £80,000 sterling a year, was accompanied have touched and chastened them to-

Bad pascions allowed and fostered are not easily curbed or eradicated, but between them, these two, can come no breach wider than that little grave. The little child, whose mission was so great, will ever live, as Christ himself has lived crucified by sin, yet living still in souls purified and uplifted; in ministry words that mocked her, thrusting the to Him, in sacrifice and abnegation, which alone can bring us out of troubled seas to His safe harbor—peace and rest beyond.—Boston Woman's Journal.

In a Sleeper.

One of the most difficult things in this world, next to swimming the whirlpool of Niagara, is to get into the upper berth of a sleeping car, says the traveling man of Texas Siftings. It is a dangerous feat, as well as embarrassing. The upper berth of a sleeping car is as unpopular as a green watermelon. The timeld grievances.

No echo of her sorrow reached him. habitually dignified head of a family She did not call him back. Lethean laboriously acquire possession of an upbalm sought in the whirpool of social per berth. The trouble usually begins gayety would have developed the hard, by the old gentleman expostulating with defiant side of her nature, capable of the conductor for putting him so high much for good or evil. God did not up, and he begs that gilt-edged official mean it so. His arms were round about | to try and make a trade with some smallher, and in those lonely hours of en- sized man who can easily climb up the cer of the quarter deck says he will see what he can do about it, and then he wanders off into the blue regions of the smoking car and shakes dice with the man waits and perspires and fumes and curses all the officials of the road, from

the president down to the section bosses. When the conductor saunters leisurely back, he tells the fat man that nothing can be done; no one, he says, will exchange a lower birth for an upper-no, not even if the fat man will give something to not.

That is just the way in this world, as soon as anybody wants anything it immediately becomes valuable. Then the dignified fat man glares at the other pas-

There are several different ways of forcing an entrance into an upper berth. give you a leg up, but this method is liable to attract attention and excite ungenerous and sarcastic remarks. The dignified fat man has a regular circus. First, swinging himself by the curtain can't let go the rail without tumbling back again into the aisle. The porter helps him out of this fix, and the fat man tries a new deal. This time he steps on nose and abuse monopolies and the accommodations of the traveling hotel.

Then he gets the porter to bring a camp-stool; he gets upon it, catches not all perfected. There is plenty of hold of the brass rod above, and is about room for talent yet. to spring for the berth, when the campstool doubles up, and in his efforts to save himself from coming down with a "dull thud" he wildly grabs the bell cord, and stops the train, and the conductor comes in and uses language to him, and the passengers all wake up and use more language, and the dignified passenger even wishes he were dead or that he had more clothes on. Finally he manages to crawl into the upper berth; and he boils over with malicious the state of the st road company. It is a full hour before some way from the catch, and spring up ning into the city.

The boy in the sleeping car usually travels with his mother, a pale, care-

earts unsealed.

"Spring poets" revel, and the editors eled you have met this boy, havn't you? and he has asked you what various arti- more pictures than any other photographer in A soiled foreign letter reaches the cles of your wearing apparel cost you, the state. Send orders direct to him as he arried recommendation that the cles of your wearing apparel cost you, has no canvassing agents. Pictures finished in questions regarding the distance to the ers, and you have wished that he was And then the mother-heart is wrung) your boy for just three minutes, that with apprehension lest the deep, sad eyes | you might teach him manners; and you shall close forever before the king can have thought you would like to do it with a shawl strap with a large buckle

A good stretch on the longitudinal These frequent domestic quarrels jar- omable mystery are the eyes that open ace sleeping car, and we don't care who ing with increasing force against a na- thus to greet the father. Slowly the knows it.

FEMININE ITEMS.

Miss Winslow, the new American beauty in London, is from Cleveland as well as her rival. Miss Chamberlain. Miss Susan E. Dickinson, a sister of Anna Dickinson, is one of the best jour-

nalistic contributors of the day. Louisa B. Stephens is the first woman to become president of a bank. She succeeds oer husband in the first national bank of Marion, Iowa.

Rose Bonheur, although she dresses in male attire while at work, does not advise others of her sex to do so. "It doesn't pay to be eccentric," she says.

Mrs. Lydia Smith, who for twenty years was housekeeper for Thaddeus Stevens, is still hale and hearty, and lives near the old house in Lancacter,

Lady Gay Paget, who was married re-cently to Lord Windsor, a young nobleman with the comfortable income of on her bridal tour by a white cat. On the occasion of the marriage of Miss Knight, the daughter of the lord

mayor of London, to Mr. Aitkens, the

other day, the eight bridesmaids wore dresses of white brocaded silks adorned with wreaths of Virginia creeper. Large wedding receptions are going out of fashion, and small family gatherings with a breakfast will be the correct thing to a large extent during the coming

season, When the bridal couple come back from their honeymoon, then they hold their reception. Susan Anthony says there are one thousand women practicing medicine in England, and that, so far as she has been able to learn, "they kill as large a proportion of their patients, and receive

as exorbitant fees for so doing, as male

practitioners." The infant born to the Chinese minister in Washington during the summer, being a girl, has not been allowed to leave the house but once since its birth. It is carried into the yard acjoining tle legation, but gets no fresh air in any other way. Her little feet are already being bandaged to keep them small.

Safe Washing of Windows.

Every lady will welcome the new patent window-washer, which Mrs. James of Philadelphia has invented and is now perfecting, and which promises to be the desired invention for cleaning the outer sashes of windows without sitting out on the sill, at imminent risk of falling backward into the street. It consists of a long, slender handle of wood and metal, hollow, which is so curved as to bring a square of rubber directly against an outer pane of glass. A sponge is fastened by a rubber band to this square. The curved handle and the readily attached sponge, which, with the firm corners of the rubber are to do the cleansing, constitute the real merit of the invention, as they really are only like the bent and lengthened arm of the window washer herself. An attachment is made to the upper section of the holder of a rubber sryinge tube, an end of which is to be dipped into a bucket or basin, and by a touch will supply to the sponge all the water that is needed for the window cleaning, so that it need not be drawn in again to the room until the work is complete. The inventor is, we understand, about having the entire imsengers and waits until they have all re-tired before he tries to get up into his tube as well as into a wash basin. In her first completed model the handle was of ash, a hard wood being necessary You can hire the porter for two bits to to make the tubing required; and for window washers who like a stout implement this does very well. Every ounce that is taken off a brush handle, however, is of importance to some people, so that in either form window washing ought to bar, he tries to go in feet first, but he be safely and quickly accomplished by this means. A chamois cloth or any polisher can be fastened upon the rub ber back in the same way as the sponge is. The Household takes especial satisthe ear of a sleeping beauty in the lower faction in noting this invention, as the berth, and the sleeping beauty knocks inventor says it was a hint in its col-the pins out from under him and the fat umns that first directed her to plan the man retires to the wash room to bathe his article. Mrs. James, at least, has given an answer to the question, "Why do not women invent?" The contrivances for saving trouble in household work are

THE PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE

coast.

The attendance is large, and is steadily increashe relapses into slumber and then the horrible suspicion flashes across him that the berth may become loosened in the horrible suspicion flashes across him the entire egihty consists of persons of mature years, among them being several married men and women. women.
The branches taught are such as are needed to

pride and that high spirit which will never confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. It forgets, as we do sometimes, that the true height—nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. This is not one of these. She seems too the fact that the true height—nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. It forgets, as we do sometimes, that the true height—nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. It forgets, as we do something the true height and the true height —nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. It forgets, as we do something the true height —nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. The beautiful the true height —nearest to the confess a fault, or admit an error of judgment. The sleeps no more till daylight and then he has to jump out the school speak of it in almost extravagant and dress hurriedly, for the train is run. commend it to the favorable consideration of any one desirous of obtaining a business education.

> Mr. E's Reason. worn woman who is going somewhere to meet her husband. He keeps his mother in a condition of mental distress all the cannot see the difference whether you leave your

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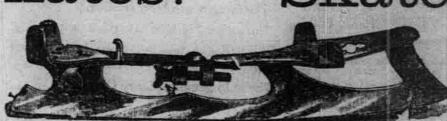
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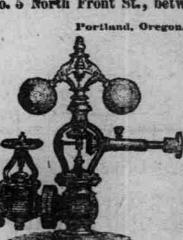
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