

THE REVIEW

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SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY. Address, HACHENY & BENO, PORTLAND, OREGON.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885. NO. 44.

LITERARY BUDGET, WITCHCRAFT, A. D. 1922. See, Mistress Anne, faire neighbour myne, How fides a while, when night-winds blowe?

It is in nature he should be... A child, to lounge upon your gown! He shall not give the prize— You Master fighty shall take his own.

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had been more dead than alive, mourning over her grief and the she said, looked quite cheerful, though she murmured, plaintively: "We have a roof to cover us, to be sure, but what shall we do to clothe ourselves? Dear me! what a pity that my boys were all girls!"

"See here!" cried Ruth, throwing back her magnificent chest and holding out an arm, which, although as beautiful as rose-tinted marble, was as round and strong as H-bee. "See here! I am as strong and well as the average young man, thank you. I'm going to be the man of the family! There is that patch of ground back of the house—it will be just the place for a nice garden, and when you find the table supplied with fresh vegetables, I rather guess you'll think I'm worth something!"

Agnes observed, smoothing down her apron, "If I had my way, I would see to the household affairs. I will apply for the school down in the village." "Oh, Agnes!" and mamma's small, white hands made a gesture of horror and protestation. "Agnes! the beauty of the family—a slender, graceful girl, with face like a flower; all soft curves and delicate tints, lighted by a pair of lustrous eyes, purple as pansies! She seemed born to command—not, however, in a haughty, imperious way, but with a gentle, persuasive, and charmingly soft, because it was so unassuming. She was the only one of us girls who had a romance. I was too homely, Ruth, too void of sentiment and Janie too young. But ever since the early age of eight, Agnes had had her devoted lover—Guy Hunt, only child of one of the richest men in town. The infant affection of these two had been something interesting to witness.

"X"—A CHRISTMAS STORY, How We Captured a Burglar, and What Came of It.

When my sisters saw me write down the title of this story, they shrugged their shoulders and said that it was not a good one at all. "It isn't thrilling enough," cried Ruth. "And not a bit sentimental," said Jennie. "One can't make head or tail out of it" was Aunt Betsy's scathing comment; while mamma p'd out from her pillows, "It really seems to me, Edith, that you ought to make it more striking. In my day titles were very important. 'A Midnight Mystery,' 'now would be the very thing!'"

And as Agnes was the person most concerned in the story, I was willing to go by her opinion. I don't believe I would have changed my title, anyhow, for I resemble the Barclay side of the house, and mamma has always said that they are obstinate. The Barclays are papa's relatives, of course—who ever heard of a woman, no matter how much she loved her husband, praising his folks? But both the Barclays and the Mandells can trace their lineage ever so far back. We have in our possession a tenpot and an old chair back, said to have been brought over in the "Mayflower."

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clear and free! Now, I remember, it was just five years ago that Mr. Grumbleton was at our house. You girls were away at boarding-school. Your papa needed a little ready money, and thought he would get it off this out-of-the-way property. So he asked me to sign away my third, and I did. I never did know much about business you see, and I'm sure I never supposed that putting my name to that bit of paper would make any difference. Mr. Grumbleton dined with us. I remember him very well. A tall, bony man, with thin lips and a nose like a hawk's. Very ill-breathed with his knife. A miserly fellow, I should judge, and not the kind of a man to be a bit yielding in money matters. But, my dears, what shall we do?"

And so the summer wore away in hard work and self-denial, for counting the bills and coins in the old gray stocking, we found that we had at last the requisite sum. And in three days the mortgage would be due, and on the morning of the day Ruth was going down to the city to pay off the dreadful burden. But how we did worry over that money! For fear it would get stolen, you know! We were very foolish, for everybody knew we were poor, and not to give her consent, we would not let our alarm be mainly due to the fact that there had been of late several daring robberies committed in the neighborhood.

And so the winter wore away in hard work and self-denial, for counting the bills and coins in the old gray stocking, we found that we had at last the requisite sum. And in three days the mortgage would be due, and on the morning of the day Ruth was going down to the city to pay off the dreadful burden. But how we did worry over that money! For fear it would get stolen, you know! We were very foolish, for everybody knew we were poor, and not to give her consent, we would not let our alarm be mainly due to the fact that there had been of late several daring robberies committed in the neighborhood.

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HAS THE FINEST JOB OFFICE IN DOUGLAS COUNTY. CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS, AND OTHER PRINTING, INCLUDING LARGE AND HEAVY POSTERS AND SHOWY HEAD-PIECES. Neatly and expeditiously executed AT PORTLAND PRICES.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH. A London professor teaches the art of memory. —Thus far the Methodist Church South has raised \$367,158 in centenary donations. —There are 810 Young Men's Christian associations with 108,137 members, owning \$3,956,673 worth of real estate.

—Hawaii, with about 67,000 population, reports 201 schools, with about 8,000 pupils. Three-fourths of these attended public schools. More than half the children of the nation were receiving instruction in the English language. —Said Mr. Moody at Tremont Temple: "I'm tired of hearing people say that they haven't the ability to engage in Christian service, or the time, or the tact, or some other excuse. Why don't they be honest, and say they haven't the heart?" —Boston Journal.

—"One of the surest proofs of a genuine Christian church," says the eminent *disciple*, "is devotion to its minister, and if he be worthy of love and sympathy, it is scarcely possible for this devotion to be excessive either in view of the preacher himself or of his people." —Dr. Gelle, of Paris, has found that twenty to twenty-five per cent. of children hear only within a limited range.

—A rosewood tree near Santa Rosa, Cal., furnished all the lumber for the Baptist Church at that place. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. After the lumber for the church was taken 60,000 shingles were made from what remained of the tree. —Chicago Inter Ocean. —A window in St. Mary's Church at Lambeth, Eng., has a picture of a peddler with his dog, and tradition says that a peddler left the church an acre of ground, conditioned only that this picture should be thus preserved. The building dates from the thirteenth century, and all records are lost, but a bit of ground owned by the church is always called peddler's acre, and it now yields over £1,000 a year.

—The Oxford Press is about to effect a revolution in the Book of Common Prayer. It proposes to issue a Sunday Service Book of the Church of England, the object of which is "not to change a sentence, or even syllable, of any of the services; it will add nothing, but perspicuity of form, it will subtract nothing, but confusion of order; and further, it is anticipated "it will tend to popularize and utilize the Book of Common Prayer among the masses." —Ohio during the past year instructed 483,232 children in her public schools. There are 31,021 in private schools, and there are 1,081,321 children of school age in the State. The average monthly pay of the 11,086 male teachers in the public schools is \$39 each; that of the 13,949 female teachers is \$32—a curious discrepancy. The school expenses of the State during the past year amounted to \$8,829,915. —Cleveland Leader.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS. —Uaclo Sam's farm at Mare Island, Cal., produced 4,000 bushels of wheat last summer. —The most juvenile divorce case yet reported occurs in Philadelphia of a fourteen-year-old girl and a twenty-one-year-old man. She claims to be married to him by saying that he lived in a brick house, whereas he was a brick-layer's apprentice. —Philadelphia Times. —"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "you'd be happier in a convent." —Chicago Tribune. —"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "you'd be happier in a convent." —Chicago Tribune.

—Mrs. De Sparks—"O, have you heard the news?" "What news?" "Mrs. Postle's daughter has eloped with the coachman." "Nothing unusual about that. She did just as all other women do." "What all other women do? What do you mean?" "She took a husband for wheel and axle." —Philadelphia Times. —A young man once went to Vicksburg, Miss., and announced that he was going to publish a "lively, spicy paper, devoted to local affairs." Next day several one-armed, one-legged, and one-eyed gentlemen called on him and advised him not to do it, because they had tried it and it didn't seem to suit the people of those parts. Some people have no idea of true humor. —Baltimore American. —"I see you advertise goods to be sold for a mere song," said he, as he stepped into a furniture store on Washington Street. "Yes, sir," answered the gentlemanly proprietor. "Well, now, let me see; I like that red plush sofa there, and will sing you 'When the Robins Nest Again' for it. At last accounts we were able to sit up in bed, and he continues to improve he will probably be out in a week." —Boston Post. —A Little Rock man sold his cooking stove to get money enough to take his family to the circus. When one of his friends remonstrated with him he said: "We had no use for the stove. Had nothing to cook." "But why didn't you buy something to eat with the money you got for the stove?" "Then we would have nothing to cook it on." —Arkansas Traveler. —A traveling man who was not keeping up very well in his business came home one day with his valise in his hand, and his bright little daughter met him at the gate. "O, papa," she cried, "where did you find it?" "Find what, Bossie?" "Four gripsocks of course." "It wasn't lost, dear?" "It was. For I heard Mrs. Jones tell Mrs. Brown you had lost your grip, and she was real sorry." —Merchant Traveler. —"My dear," said Mr. Snigginbottom to his wife one day at the table, as he valiantly struggled to carve a piess of meat, "why do the butchers put these miserable wooden pins into the roasts? Every time I try to carve off a slice I strike one of them." "I do not know, dear, unless the meat is so skewer that way," responded Mrs. Snigginbottom. "Maria, I think you had better see a physician at once. I am afraid overwork is affecting your mind." —Texas Siftings.

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