

**TOIL.**  
Alas, for the young hearts aching,  
To the hopes and the sin and the breaking  
And the prodigal tears  
Of the burdensome years  
That glow bright in the future with promise!  
Alas, that the dreams which we cherish  
In the fires of passion should perish;  
That it darkens the sun  
When the real is won  
And we banish the ideal from us!

The story is ever repeated  
Of youth's aspirations defeated.  
We battle and dream—  
Of achievement supreme:  
But, ah! the deceitful to-morrow  
Is forever its promise betraying,  
And the tear-drops forever are drying  
On hope's fallen leaves  
Where humanity grieves,  
Clad about with the mantle of sorrow.

The goal where we thought that the burden  
Would fall, and the coveted gerdion  
Of rest would be found,  
Is the desolate bound  
Where a demon of restless endeavor  
Rises up in the bosom to taunt us  
With tasks that still lure and daunt us,  
Till we turn once again  
To the battle with pain  
In the glare of the pitiless Never.

Aye; but labor is manfully human,  
Toil, toil is the test of the true man;  
Though success yield him light,  
Though he reel in the fight,  
Through his pathway be sunless and dreary,  
Still he feels for his burdened brothers,  
And shrinks from the goddess that smother  
The feeble divine  
Of the heart-throb benign  
That would hold up the hands of the weary.  
—W. T. Talbot, in Chicago Current.

**LIFE IN A FLAT.**  
BY EMMA A. OPPER.  
When the Harrisons decided to move from their pretty, suburban-looking cottage in the upper part of the city into a flat downtown, because it would be nearer to Mr. Harrison's business, several reasons why they should not have decided were immediately discovered.

Mrs. Harrison was certain that there were no ministers downtown who could compare with Doctor Barron, and that she shouldn't enjoy them if there were. Ollie, the elder daughter, was afraid that Charley Matson, who lived around the corner, could not continue to call five evenings in a week, as was his present habit; and her father was fearful that the rather small parlor of their new abode would not take the place of their pleasant little porch for smoking and ruminating on warm spring evenings.

But Jessie, who was barely out of school, was eagerly enthusiastic concerning the flat. She was positive that of all the charming places to live, a flat must be the most charming; and she could hardly wait to get into one.

Had it not been for Jessie's contagious good spirits, the Harrisons would have been inclined, at the end of their first week of flat-life, to move back up town without further ado.

They had begun to despair of ever becoming accustomed to a flat. Mr. Harrison, being forgetful, was freshly startled every evening when the door opened by apparent magic in response to his ring. But Jessie, by repeated explanations, convinced him that, so far from being a spiritual manifestation, it was the direct result of a small brass handle attached to the kitchen wall.

Ollie, whose hour of rising was not of the earliest, was disturbed every morning by the whistle of the janitor up the dumb water shaft, and the consequent sending down of ashes on the part of the girl. But Jessie grew eloquent over the extreme desirability of this arrangement.

Mrs. Harrison, whose tastes were quiet, was annoyed at meeting people in the hall, and hearing them on the stairs. But Jessie defended these sights and sounds as being remarkably pleasant and sociable.

She herself, however, had one cause of disturbance. She drew Ollie close to the hall door, one morning, with her finger raised.

"There—listen!" she whispered. "It's the gentleman on the floor above. It's just the same every morning."

A quick step was coming down stairs. At their foot it paused, while a feminine voice called down sweetly:

"Good-by, Willy. Be home early—be sure."

And a manly voice responded cheerfully:

"I'll be on hand. Good-by!" and the hall door closed upon the speaker.

"They go through with all that every day," said Jessie disgustedly. "And once or twice I've heard him call her 'dear'—yes, actually! If there's anything I abhor, it's the public demonstration of young married couples!" she concluded with a shudder.

She stepped to the window hastily, closed the blinds, and peeped through the shutters.

"Yes, he doesn't look more than twenty-four," she announced. "They probably haven't been married long. But that's no excuse—not the slightest. 'Willy' for that immense thing!" she added, scornfully, as she watched the tall figure to the corner.

That afternoon Jessie went up town to call on several of "the girls," and returned at 4, having had the best kind of a time.

She had gone first to Mamie Duke's, and Mamie had gone over to Cora Bradley's with her, and they had all gone on to Myra Selwin's, where Jessie had entertained them with a vivid description of the flat, and amused them with a slightly exaggerated account of the doings of the amorous couple on the second floor.

She had in fact represented Mr. Sanderson—Sanderson was the name in the slit over the letter box—as being in the habit of shouting "By-by, Tootsy, Wootsey" up the stairs as he departed, and receiving the mystic response of "Niecey piecey—oozy boozey goozey."

But the statement had not been fully credited.

She was smiling over the recollection of her afternoon's jollity as she stood in the vestibule waiting the response to her ring.

Whether the gentleman on the second floor, who ascended the steps at the moment, regarded her musing half smile as intended in some degree for himself, or whether he was charmed out of all self-restraint by Jessie's fresh, young face and her pretty, fall costume, was not clear; but he lifted his hat hesitatingly.

The motion was very slight and most respectful, but Jessie raised her chin

and regarded the young man with chilling haughtiness.

What business had he to bow to her? He was extremely presumptuous; he was impertinent. If that was the habit of people in flats nothing could be horrid.

Had she not been determined regarding one tan-colored kid, where it rested on the door knob, she would have seen that Mr. Sanderson's frank face had shown a quick distress and confusion, as he noted the effect of his impulsive act; but she did not look up.

Some three minutes had passed by this time since she had pulled the bell and she jerked it again, impatiently.

A silence of three minutes more, during which Jessie's frown deepened.

Then Mr. Sanderson, with rather a timid "I beg your pardon!" reached across her to his own bell and pulled it.

Another pause.

The door did not open; there was not even a demand through the speaking tube of "Who is it?" There was profound silence.

The situation was somewhat embarrassing. Jessie bit her lip, and looked down at the tip of her shoe.

Then she raised her eyes to find Mr. Sanderson's fixed upon her. There was no help for it; they smiled, and rather broadly.

"I have not my latch-key with me," said Mr. Sanderson, apologetically. "It is most unfortunate. I usually carry it."

"I can't imagine what is the matter with Nora!" said Jessie, indignantly. "She must have heard the bell!"

She gave a third emphatic jerk to the handle.

"If I could attract my sister's attention," said the young man, stepping out and looking up at the second-story window.

His sister! Jessie's eyes opened wide. The idea gave a new and not unpleasant aspect to the case.

Perhaps, though, his sister was living with them. But, no; in that case, would he not have wished to attract his wife's attention rather than his sister's?

Two pennies and a lead pencil thrown against the window brought no response, however.

Mr. Sanderson came back into the vestibule, hopelessly.

"It's rather a peculiar situation," he said. "We're aliens and outcasts at our own door."

Jessie laughed.

"I suppose we shall have to wait till somebody comes in with a key," she said. "How dreadful!"

She went out to the top step, and looked up and down the street anxiously.

Mr. Sanderson followed her.

"Oh, we've a last hope!" he said, with a sudden inspiration. "We can ring up the janitor."

He pulled the janitor's bell vigorously.

"What a delightful idea!" cried Jessie, and Mr. Sanderson looked fully rewarded.

The janitor was a good five minutes in getting to the door.

He grinned slightly as he opened it, appearing to take in the situation.

"That bell wire's broke," he observed, indicating the row of handles.

"How long you been ringing at 'em?"

"Oh, not long," said Mr. Sanderson, evasively, and joined in Jessie's laugh.

He raised his hat again as he left her at the door, and ran on upstairs; but she did not appear to resent it—she even smiled in return.

"He is not married, after all," she said to her sister, as she took off her "things" in the room.

"Who?" said Ollie.

"Mr. Sanderson—the gentleman on the second floor," said Jessie, emphatically. "It is his sister who lives with him; and he is quite pleasant."

"Jessie Harrison," said her sister, sternly, "what have you been doing?"

She was not entirely satisfied when Jessie had explained.

"Did you ask him to call?" she said, suspiciously. "Yes, I see it in your eye—you did, you dreadful girl!"

"I didn't," said Jessie, laughing; "but it's quite probable that I shall yet!"

The Harrisons grew reconciled to their flat as time went on.

Mr. Harrison grew accustomed to the door, and Mrs. Harrison was no longer disturbed by her occasional encounters with the families upstairs, and Ollie was speedily reassured as to Charley Matson by that young gentleman's faithful appearance five times a week, via the horse cars.

It was some three weeks after this removal that Mrs. Harrison's cook, following a faithful custom of cooks, suddenly deserted her.

Ollie was on a two days' visit to friends just out of town. Mrs. Harrison was not as well as usual, and the household burden fell on Jessie.

That young lady was capable of carrying it.

She was rather pleased with the novelty of having everything in her own hands, for she would not allow her mother to assist her in the remotest degree.

She made out a bill of fare for the day, and her mother having smilingly approved it, started out to market immediately.

On her return, she put on her oldest dress and took down the cook book.

Lobster salad was the programme for lunch, and a lobster salad of exceptional merits was presently produced.

It was rather annoying, to be sure, stopping every two or three minutes to answer the dumb-water bell and call "All right!" down to grocery, meat market, fish store and bakery boys, but that was a necessary result of her rather extensive marketing.

She was looking over the plentiful supply of eatables before her and wondering whether to have peaches for lunch and grapes and pears for dinner, or grapes and pears for lunch and peaches for dinner, when the dumb-water bell jingled again. She opened the door impatiently and looked down.

A red faced man stood below, staring up with some aggressiveness.

"Throw down the key of your cellar, and I'll put your wood in," he said not too gently.

"Wood?" Jessie repeated with a frown for his gruffness. "I don't want any wood."

"A lady ordered it in the street just

now," said the man, raising his voice. "One barrel of kindling wood, for twenty five cents, and cheap, too. First flat, she said. Throw down your key."

"It couldn't have been the first flat," said Jessie, preparing to shut the door. "No lady has ordered wood for the first flat."

"I know what I'm talking about," the man retorted, loudly. "And I don't propose to be cheated out of an order. You can throw down that key as soon as you've a mind to, and the money, too."

Jessie returned his fierce gaze doubtfully. She was not frightened, but she was somewhat at a loss. How should she get rid of him? Where was the janitor?

"I'm awaiting for that key," said the man threateningly.

The door above opened at that moment, and Jessie, looking up, saw two heads appear in succession—a pleasant Irish face surmounted by a dark cap; and that of the second floor gentleman, in hat and overcoat.

"Is there anything the matter?" said Mr. Sanderson, meeting Jessie's upturned gaze, with much concern.

"Oh, dear, yes!" Jessie responded, with a smile of gratitude. "This man is behaving very disagreeably. He says somebody ordered wood for our floor, and I am sure nobody did."

"Take your self off, then," said the young man sharply.

"I ain't going out of this cellar till I've put in that wood," was the fierce response.

"I'll settle with him," said Mr. Sanderson, looking down at Jessie reassuringly.

Before she had realized his intentions, she had heard a rapid descent of the two flights of stairs, and quick steps in the cellar, and saw the man below turn angrily.

She hurried to the head of the cellar stairs and listened with startled intentness. There was a slight scuffle, and then a hasty retreat toward the basement door, with an accompaniment of sullen mutterings.

Jessie ran downstairs. Mr. Sanderson was standing near the dumb waiter. His hat was lying on the ground and he was holding one hand to his face.

"He has hurt you!" cried Jessie, distressedly.

"He tried to," said the young man, picking up his hat hastily. "It's nothing."

"I am so sorry!" said Jessie, earnestly. "It was all on my account."

"There couldn't have been a better incentive," said Mr. Sanderson, gallantly.

"It was so kind in you!" murmured Jessie.

"I was only too glad to be of service to you," Mr. Sanderson insisted.

They had reached the top of the stairs. A pretty young lady in hat and jacket stood there.

"Dear me, Willy!" she cried; "you aren't hurt? I just came in, and Maggy has been telling me about it. I ordered wood of that horrid man, and I said the second flat as plain as anything. You are hurt. Come right upstairs and get some arnica."

And, with a friendly nod and a smile at Jessie, she dragged the second floor gentleman away.

It was not surprising, after this occurrence, that the second flat should have called on the first flat only two evenings later, that the first flat should have returned the call, and that the acquaintance should have grown into an intimacy.

The astonishing part was that only six months later Miss Sanderson fulfilled an engagement of long standing, and that Jessie, trying her best to seem matronly, and failing ignominiously, as eighteen-year-old brides generally do, became the mistress of the second flat.

Certainly it was most natural that she should occasionally have thrown her young husband a kiss from the top of the stairs as he took a reluctant departure; and certainly it was most unkind in Ollie, who witnessed the harmless act one morning, to observe, audibly:

"If there's anything I hate it's the public demonstrations of young married couples!"


**A Woman's Charm.**  
Take the novel, the interest of the novel—the real story, not the social science tract—is in love-making. And the interest in the love-making in the novel lies in the uncertainty and individuality of the female mind; that is to say, every case is positively a new one. Not only is it impossible to lay down a rule of action for this mind, a rule evolved from the study of innumerable cases in fiction and in real life, but it is next to impossible to predict what will be its action from a study of its own tendency. Hence the insatiable interest of the comedy or tragedy, as it may be, and the infinite resources of the student of love-making and the adjustment of the relation of man to woman, which is the great business of life. The interest in the novel, if it is a story of love, is inexhaustible, not only because every woman is different from every other, but because every real woman has an infinite variety of impulse and action in herself. If the lover in the novel were sure to find his beloved every day just the same, the public would not care to read about one interview. Fiction would perish of monotony. If the female mind had a law of uniformity, and the novelist were to discover it, he would simply kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of literature. He would dissipate all the mystery and charm of his art. But there is no danger. The novel in this is a reflection of real life. The great interests of the world lie in the uncertainty attending love-making, and in the variety, the incalculable mood and action, of woman in all circumstances. Take an appeal to experience. It is true, there are women who are comparatively stolid, reduced to rule and uniformity. But they are uninteresting. Who is it that forever excites, charms, attracts, and makes life lively and varied and worth living? It is the fluctuating female, the woman who does and says the unexpected, who—to make the case extreme—has tears one minute and smiles the next, who can pass easily from gay to grave, and keep expectation on tip-toe for her delightful variations. Life would be intolerably stupid if she were otherwise. —Harper's Magazine.

**HERE AND THERE.**  
Ship-building on the Clyde is improving.  
A Virginia curiosity is a woodchuck with a bare lip.  
A scheme has been unearthed to rob Vanderbilt's tomb.  
It pays to quit politics: Roscoe Conkling now wears sapphires.  
Pond lilies and roses are the favorite flowers of Miss Cleveland.  
Work on the Panama canal is being vigorously pushed forward.  
Portland, Oregon, expended last year \$9,000,000 in improvements.  
Last year Cincinnati produced \$6,000,000 worth of boots and shoes.  
There is just now quite a favorable activity in the raw silk market.  
Mrs. Garfield denies that she is preparing a biography of her husband.  
The rich editor, Joseph Pulitzer, has invested \$100,000 in government bonds.  
At their own request New York street-car drivers pay an annual tax of \$1.  
From Castleton, Vt., there are shipped every month about 18,000,000 slate pencils.  
A cousin of Edgar A. Poe is keeping a public school at Glenwood Springs, Colorado.  
Implicit belief in the faith cure has knocked a wart from the nose of a Kentucky woman.  
An ex-farm-laborer, Joseph Arch, has been elected to parliament over Lord Henry Bentinck.  
The widow of the late President Barrios is in New Orleans. She has a fortune of \$8,000,000.  
The Pope is said to be fond of snaring wild larks. Has he tried to inveigle James Gordon Bennett?  
Matthew Arnold says that Nathaniel Hawthorne was the finest writer ever produced by this country.  
Cyrus Field wants the United States government to purchase all the telegraph lines in the country.  
It is claimed the convict Ferd Ward instigated the late slanderous newspaper articles about Gen. Grant.  
Alphonse Daudet is not so dandy as when he was a slim, elegant youth with swan's down on his top lip.  
Writing to a Chicago friend Mrs. Scott Siddons declares that she has no desire to return to this country.  
The signs plus and minus were first used by Christopher Rudolph. The sign — was first employed by Robert Recorde in 1557.  
By Leopold von Ranke, now more than 90, the anomaly is presented, of a man who has never taken any exercise, and yet is in perfect physical health.  
The ladies at Oberlin recently debated the question: "Resolved, That the extreme development of an intellect chills and destroys the affections."  
A Sacramento grand jury declares evidence was laid before it that there are a number of Chinese female children in that city being forced to undergo the barbarous torture of having their feet compressed. This torture, it is said, continues from infancy to 10 or 12 years of age, and is a process sickening in its details.  
A hob-bled which will be used for coasting in Albany, N. Y., weighs 1,600 pounds, and it is estimated that when under full speed on the Madison avenue hill it will course along at sixty miles a hour. Another sled has a platform thirty-six feet long; the plank having been brought from Maine. It will accommodate thirty riders.  
An Arizona editor thus begins a leader: "We really don't want the postoffice, but we understand a few influential friends are working for us. We have only to say that our conception of our duty to our country will not allow us to decline any office, especially a postoffice. Now, let the skunk who runs the opposition put that paper in his pipe and smoke it!"  
A Maryland fisherman tells an expansive story of his experience with a sturgeon he hooked in the Pocomoke. He called upon a friend to assist him in getting the fish into the boat, but the friend being afraid of it left him to manage as best he could. Being afraid of losing his prize he sprang upon the back of the fish, caught it by the gills to keep its head out of the water, and with kicks and yells rode it ashore.  
An electric boy has been on exhibition in Edinburgh, and a gentleman who writes to the Electrician says he has made such a thorough examination of the case as to satisfy him that there was no deception. He was a colored boy. The writer says: "I had the boy stripped naked. While thus naked he walked in my presence, and also sat on a wooden seat with his feet off the ground. In every position in which I tried him I found electricity proceeded from his body when I touched it with one finger. The electricity came with the greatest freedom from the upper half of his body, and especially from his tongue."  
Prof. Harkness, of Brown university, in a late address, speaking of his visit last year to Rugby, Eton, and Harrow, said: "The higher culture of England, is determined largely by those great schools. I sat in the class-rooms of Rugby. There is an air of earnestness there, as though they felt they were doing a work equal in honor and influence to any work. It is a great privilege for a young man to be a member of a school that has a history. Both professors and students do better work in an atmosphere that holds inspiring memories, in halls in which is an abiding presence lingering for good."  
A London firm one hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining how wide a circulation their advertisements had. They published an advertisement in which half a dozen historical facts were purposely misstated. In less than a week they received three hundred to four hundred letters from all parts of the country from people wishing to know why on earth they kept such a consummate fool, who knew so little about English history. The letters kept pouring in for three or four weeks. They were written by school-boys, professors, clergymen, school-teachers, and in one or two instances from persons of world-wide reputation. It was one of the best-paying advertisements they ever had.

**THE**  
**Union Milling Co.'s**  
**FULL ROLLER FLOUR**  
**TAKES THE LEAD**  
Wherever it has been tried.  
For Sale by all the Leading Dealers Everywhere.  
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**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
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**UNION, : : : OREGON.**  
Does a General Banking Business. Buys and sells exchange, and discounts commercial paper.  
Collections carefully attended to, and promptly reported.  
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JOHN S. ELLIOTT, PROPRIETOR.  
Having furnished this old and popular hostelry with ample room, plenty of feed, good hostlers and new buggies, is better prepared than ever to accommodate customers. My terms are reasonable.  
**COVE TANNERY.**  
ADAM CROSSMAN, PROPRIETOR.  
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Paid for Hides and Pelts.  
**WALLA WALLA**  
**BEER DEPOT.**  
Corner Main and A Streets, Union.  
E. MILLER, Proprietor.  
Keeps always on hand the finest brands of WINES, LIQUORS, and CIGARS.  
The very best Lager and Bock Beer in the market, at 25 cents a quart. Beer and lunch 25 cents.  
A fine billiard table for the accommodation of customers. Drop in and be sociable.  
—RAILROAD—  
**FEED AND LIVERY STABLE**  
Near the Court House.  
A. F. BENSON, Proprietor.  
Union, Oregon.  
Fine turnouts and first-class rigs for the accommodation of the public generally. Conveyances for commercial men a specialty.  
The accommodations for feed cannot be excelled in the valley. Terms reasonable.  
—NORTH POWDER—  
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PONY STEVENS, PROP.  
The traveling public will please take notice that, in addition to my saloon in North Powder, I have opened a first-class RESTAURANT, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. The tables will always be supplied with the  
BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS,  
and no pains will be spared to make my patrons comfortable.  
Call on me, eat, drink and be happy.  
**Tonsorial Rooms**  
Two doors south of Jones Bros.' store, Union, Oregon.  
J. M. JOHNSON, Proprietor.  
Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done neatly and in the best style.  
**CITY MEAT MARKET**  
Main Street, Union, Oregon.  
ROMMS & BENSON, Proprietors.  
Keep constantly on hand  
BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, SAUSAGE, HAMS, LARD, ETC.  
**CENTENNIAL HOTEL**  
Union, Oregon.  
DAN. F. MOORE, Proprietor.  
A well stocked bar in connection with the house, and none but the best brands of liquors and cigars kept.  
LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

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**Upholstering Done in the Best Style**  
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All kinds of photographic work done in a superior manner, and according to the latest and most approved methods.  
Views of residences taken on application.  
All work warranted to give satisfaction.  
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Unexcelled  
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Best Havana Filled  
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SMOKE THE  
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Stationary, School Books, Periodicals, Novels, etc., of every description.  
ALL KINDS OF FRESH FRUITS  
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