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NOTICE.—Simple announcements of births marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge. Obituary notices charged for according to length.

CHURCH NOTICE.

"Let us go into the house of the Lord,"
PSALMS 122: 1.

Divine service at the First Baptist Church of Weston, Oregon, on the First and Third Sundays in each month, morning and evening. Sunday school at 3 p. m. every Sunday. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services.
W. H. PRUETT, Pastor.

FRIENDLY DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern disappointment! you're my friend,
Although you're hard to bear!
I asked for joy, and in its stead
You've brought me near despair.
I sought for pearls of priceless worth,
And, from your cruel store,
You've given me granite from the rock
And pebbles from the shore.

But, heavy as your touch has been,
I've learned to bear its weight.
And, drawing good from something ill,
I've struggled with my fate.
And when the agony had passed
Behold, with glad surprise,
That pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Were angels in disguise.

I've learned that granite from the rock,
And pebbles from the tide,
May be employed for useful ends,
When pearls have been denied.
So, disappointments! do your worst!
And, scorning to complain,
I'll stand unconquered and confess
You've not been sent in vain.

MISS PIPER'S PUPIL.

Miss Pandora Piper, teacher of music, who had hard work to keep soul and body together, but was not unhappy, because, as she said, she was never left without a new bonnet for Easter Sunday, and one black silk, somehow, always managed to last until she could get a new one, received a very singular note which had been handed in at the door, the landlady's "girl" said, by an "elderly gentleman."

The epistle was enveloped in the costliest and most richly decorated envelope that could be procured for love or money anywhere. The paper, nearly as thick as cardboard, was to match. A coat of arms was in the corner, and the words below were as follows:

Miss Piper:—A Person of neglected edercashun is wishful to be undertuck. Will kall at 3. MASTER SLIGER.

"My, gracious!" ejaculated Miss Pandora; "he must have been neglected, that's certain. I never saw anything like that before in all my life! Fatally forgotten, I should say! Well, I wonder what he can be like. He must be rich I suppose. Poor people can't afford such stationery as this. And a coat of arms, too! Shoddy, I suppose; but so that he's respectful, why should I care for that? He will probably pay well, and I've lost Anna Eliza Griggs, by marriage, just as she was beginning to take variations."

"Nora, I shall be in if a new pupil—a gentleman calls at three o'clock."

Nora, who liked Miss Piper, who often gave her little presents, and who kept on an upper shelf of her closet some balsam which she was always ready to apply to the poor girl's awkward fingers, which were always being cut, or burnt, pinched, gave an amiable grin, and offered to polish up the grate when she had a minute, "Seeing that a stranger was coming."

The morning wore away. Two little girls had gone through their exercises, and a heavy lady, who took lessons in vocal music, had nearly burst a blood vessel in endeavoring to gain a certain high note, which was the object of her ambition.

Miss Piper had been around the corner to give a lesson there, and over the way to see another pupil's practicing.

She came home in a hurry, arranged her hair, saw that her little parlor was neat, and awaited her guest with feverish anxiety.

At last he came.

Nora showed some one up stairs, and there entered at the door an elderly gentleman, of benign appearance, dressed in the latest fashion, but not without regard to his age, who, bowing low, remarked.

"I hope I am not late mum. I know your time must be very valuable."

"I am sure I only wish everybody was as punctual," said Miss Piper. "It is exactly three o'clock."

"You're very kind, mum," said the gentleman, seating himself, as Miss Piper motioned him to a chair. "I'm an oldish pupil I suppose you think; but I'll explain. I think I've explained in my note, but I'll explain again. I've been neglected, not from any unkindness—for my poor mother did the best she could for me—but we were very poor. I don't wish to mention the humble position I've always occupied until a year ago, when somebody from England came and hunted me out. Mother was dead, poor dear! But this was how it was: Father was very rich and up in the world; mother was a housemaid. He married her, and his mother was furious, and mother couldn't stand it. She ran away; she came here, and lived an honest, hard-working life. It was only when she died that she told me my name was not Noggings, but Sliger, and that she had written to my father, or got some lawyer to write, and he was dead, too, and I came into the property and left the humble position I won't allude to, and—well, I'm rich, but I don't know anything, and before I go to England I want to be educated. You understand?"

"It's a very laudable ambition, I'm sure," said Miss Piper. "I usually teach music, but of course I can undertake the English branches."

"Yes, mum," replied the gentleman, hastily. "I want to begin with music—the pyanner. I have never known any one in high life who could not play upon the pyanner. Begin with that and go on to spelling, which I am conscious I sadly need."

Is was not the usual course, but there was a seriousness and dignified manner about this "neglected" person, that made it impossible for Miss Piper to say so. She mentioned her terms, and set the hours for the lessons, and so skillfully emphasized the name of the instrument, that Mr. Sliger, before his departure, had begun to call it the "peearno" instead of the "pyanner."

At the door, however, he give her a dreadful shock.

"I wish, mum," he remarked, "to begin with tunes."

Miss Piper was a conscientious little teacher, but she felt that there were people in this world who must have their own way; and Mr. Sliger's first lesson consisted of the "White Cockade."

He had a very good ear, and was anxious to learn. From the "White Cockade" he went on to, "Life Let Us Cherish," and poor, guilty Miss Piper, who felt that the notes had very little to do with his performance, beat time and counted.

Meanwhile she found, that, leaving education out of the question, the man was very sensible—that he was kindly and amiable. Once corrected on the pronunciation of a word, he never became a backslider on that word. However, it was he who arranged everything, not his teacher.

As other lessons were added, the neglected person set the hours for them; finally he had six hours a day. All the pupils were dismissed but one. The spelling lesson, the lesson in geography, the lesson in history, followed each other. All the week days were his.

Poor Miss Piper had no power to say him nay He paid well, he treated her with actual reverence; but the last pupil went when he elected to copy some very flat "flower pieces" which Miss Piper had executed in early youth, and call this a lesson in printing. He had all her week days at last. He certainly had improved in pronunciation, but Miss Piper felt herself to be a humbug

What they really did was to spend the day together exactly as he chose. Playing with educational books, thumping the piano, daubing Bristol board with impossible flowers, scrambling through the lesson in French of which Miss Piper had a quarter from a Swiss gentleman.

For a long time she was alone on Sunday, and usually went to the Methodist church, to which she belonged; but Mr. Sliger soon altered that. He began by asking her whether they had "these vespers" of hers at the Cathedral on Sunday morning. And when she instructed him that "vespers" were in the latter part of the day, he said he would call for her.

Accordingly she went to vespers at the Cathedral in the afternoon, and after that, regularly three times a day to different churches.

It was then that the landlady thought it her duty to call.

She appeared in Miss Pandora Piper's apartment at the awful hour of ten o'clock at night, majestic in her crimping pins, and with a very serious countenance, but she was welcomed in with a smile by the little music teacher.

"Good evening Miss Grimm," said she, "haven't had a call from you for a long while."

"No, Miss Piper you haven't," said Mrs. Grimm, with much emphasis. "But you could not expect me to call after such carrying on."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Grimm?" ejaculated Miss Piper.

"Can you ask, Pandora Piper?" answered the landlady in her deepest chest-note. "The whole neighborhood is talking about you!"

"About me!" screamed Miss Piper.

"You and that man," answered the landlady.

"My pupil, Mr. Sliger," sobbed Miss Piper fairly in tears.

"Your pupil? Don't tell me!" said Mrs. Grimm. "Miss Pandora Piper, I shall be obliged to put up a bill for my second floor. "You've got to go!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Pandora. "Can you think any harm of me? Why you could come in at any moment. Nora is in and out every now and then. Such a respectable elderly gentleman, and such a correct person as I am!"

"It isn't me, Pandora," said Mrs. Grimm, quite melted, "it's the neighborhood. The church-going (if it is church) finished 'em. You're of age this long while, my dear; but I can't countenance this. I shall put up the bill. Oh, oh, Pandora! that it should come to this!"

Poor Miss Pandora!

As her friend and landlady walked out of the door with her handkerchief to her eyes, she stood motionless, as though turned to a pillar of salt.

She saw just how this repair of neglected education must appear to her small circle of discarded pupils, and felt a strong desire to drown herself or jump out of the window, or turn on the gas, or take a box of matches in her tea, and she might actually, it seemed to her afterwards, have died of mortification, but that the gong of the front door, pulled violently at this moment startled her, and Nora, running up, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, for she had been making preparations to go to bed, announced:

"Mr. Sliger!"

"He can't come up," said Pandora, "at this hour of the night."

"No, miss; he asks for you to come down," said Nora.

Pandora went down.

Mr. Sliger was at the door.

"There's a telescope at the corner," he said; "something going on in some star or other, I believe. Get a bonnet and a shawl and come and have a peep. It will be a lesson in astronomy for me. You can explain it, you know—same terms as other lessons."

Pandora obeyed without a word.

The door closed after Pandora, leaving Mrs. Grimm staring at Nora.

"That's the capsheaf!" said Mrs. Grimm.

"Now," said Mrs. Grimm, "I will."

Meanwhile Miss Piper and Mr. Sliger peered through the telescope and saw the rings of Saturn, which Mr Sliger supposed to be phenomenal and temporary, and which were explained by Miss Pandora to be fixtures, and then adjourned to an ice cream saloon of much elegance.

"This indeed is desperate dissipation, Miss Pandora said to herself, as she sat before the cut-glass goblets on the damask cloth, and saw the water splash from the little fountain in the centre into the aquarium, and over the glossy plants, all reflected in the long mirrors. However, what did it matter? She was already "talked about," turned out of her lodgings as a person who had gone wrong. She should keep this merry moment to remember when she had put an end to all this, by saying to the neglected pupil that she could no longer impart instructions to him.

He was ordering every indigestible luxury on the bill of fare, the diamond on his little finger flashed like a small sun, obsequious waiters bobbing about behind him. He looked kindly at her and asked her if she liked this or that. He was simple as an old baby; as kind as an old lady; and he was a pleasant-looking man.

"All over! All over!" she said to herself. "I might have known what a wicked world this is, and how ill it thinks of innocent things. Why might I not go on teaching him forever without harm?"

People were coming in from concerts, from the theatres; tables were filling, but theirs, between two columns, beyond the fountain, was very quiet.

The waiters were gone to execute Mr. Sliger's behests. Suddenly he turned to her and took a letter from his pocket.

"Miss Piper," he said, "read that."

Miss Pandora opened the missive and perused it.

It was from a firm of lawyers, speaking in plain terms of Mr. St. Leger as a gentleman and a man of honor and fortune.

"I got 'em to give it to me," he said, "to show to you."

"I did not need it, indeed," said Miss Pandora, sadly. "And this is the way your name is really spelt? St. Leger; it's a beautiful name."

"It sounds a little curious to me," he said. "Mother wrote it Sliger. I never knew. But you see I'm all right. They never took me without a character when I went for a place in the poor times, and I couldn't expect you to take me without a character, either. I—I don't know whether you despise me for my ignorance or not, but if you don't, why, I want you to take me for your pupil for life—to marry me, you know, Pandora. Will you?"

It was a dreadful thing to do in such a public place, but Pandora Piper felt that she was going to faint—the room grew dark.

She held out her hand for a glass of water. Most of it was spilt on the front breadth of her new black silk, but that which passed her lips relieved her. Then a sweet soft sense that there was no more trouble for her in this world, crept into her heart, and she smiled up at him.

"It was in my mind the first day I came," he said. "I had seen you often through the window when you gave lessons to the little girl at Bell's. I felt sure you were just the woman for me, and every lesson you gave me proved it. I shall learn everything from you—goodness as well as spelling. Oh, say 'yes.'"

She said "yes."

Mrs. Grimm was sitting up for her, pale with wrath, when she returned; but Pandora took her by both hands and said:

"You won't turn me out until after my wedding day, will you? You'll let me be married here? It's to be next week. Mr. St. Leger won't wait. You see we will have to go to England and live on the estate. And, after all, a poor little music teacher needs no great preparation."

"Servants and diamonds, and a country house and a city house, and everything heart can wish," Mrs. Grimm says now. "It's like a romance."

And Pandora, happy with her good, simple husband, in her new surroundings, often thinks so herself.

Recent decisions and orders by the Interior Department seriously interfere with the incomes of notaries public, and add to the burdens of the claimant under the land laws. As the laws are now interpreted the only affidavit or proof that can be taken before a notary public for use in the land office, are those pertaining to the application for a tract under the law for the sale of timber lands. Homestead, preemption, timber culture and other proofs taken before a notary are not good. All notaries and all others having business with the land office should take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

The Man in the Iron Mask is supposed to have been a commercial traveler.

General Appropriations.

The general appropriation bill came before the House at Tuesday night's session. from the Ways and Means Committee. Its provisions are as follows: Workshop and penitentiary, $10,000; additions and repairs to the asylum, $30,350; agricultural college, $5,000; night watchman at the State capitol, $1,800; expenses of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, $1,850; purchasing of Governors' portraits, $1,750; books for the State library, $2,500; payment of the State officers, $20,800; land for the asylum, $10,000; blind school, $11,000; mute school, $12,000; incidental expenses of the State departments, $18,000; conveying convicts to the penitentiary, $13,000; conveying insane to the asylum, $14,000; printing and binding, $18,000; salaries of judicial officers, $65,000; care and treatment of the insane, $134,800; support of the penitentiary, $503,000; orphan's home at Salem, $3,000; expenses of the legislative assembly, $35,000; orphan's home at Portland, $3,000; arrest of fugitives, $3,000; management of State lands, $13,000; pilot commissioners, $2,400; health officers, $1,200; support of State paupers, $1,000; janitor and assistants, $2,800; return of purchase money, $2,750.

The following are deficiencies for which no provisions have been made: Contingent expenses library and advertising $800; incidental expenses, $636; pilot commissioners and clerk, $1,000; rewards for mail robbers, $800; expenses of blind school, $1,559; expenses of asylum, $41,000; conveyance of insane, $4,420; conveyance of convicts, $4,800; pay to executive and administrative officers, $3,300; pay to judicial officers, $11,000; pay of California wireworks, $7,060; heating apparatus for asylum, $2,995; expenses of penitentiary, $20,135; cells at penitentiary, $16,844; water supply at asylum, $3,150; expenses of mute school, $2,879; pay of Captain Mullan, State agent at Washington, D. C., $2,500; repairs and additions to capitol building, $3,045; pay of agents selecting swamp lands, $11,659; miscellaneous claims, $2,857; back pay Gov. Chadwick, $1,174.

Contract Labor East.

There was a debate in the Senate of the United States last week on what may be called a phase of the Chinese question. It sprung up on the bill prohibiting the importation of laborers under contracts made in foreign countries. The courts had for a long time refused to allow such contracts, for they were entered in places beyond the jurisdiction of the United States and under conditions which produced an unfair competition in the labor market here. But in the height of the war there was a scarcity of labor which it was very difficult to meet. The wage workers had gone in immense masses to the front and there were not enough left behind to produce the articles needed, not only for the army, but the country at large. A bill was then passed to allow contracts for labor to be made abroad. Under it large numbers of men were imported for workshops and mines. But the practice is now continued, notwithstanding that there is no scarcity of labor; on the contrary, there are said to be 300,000 wage workers idle.

Laberers, especially from South-eastern Europe, where the pay is not much higher than it is in China, are being imported in large numbers. These people gladly bind themselves to work for long terms at fifty cents per day and less. The effect on Pennsylvania, especially, has been disastrous in the extreme. The laboring classes there have been reduced by this competition, in some cases, to a far more pinched condition than the corresponding classes in England, France or Germany They are not able to clothe or feed themselves and their families out of what they get. The bill now before the Senate is intended to stop a practice which should have been brought to an end when the war closed. The report of the debate transmitted by the telegraph is necessarily brief and imperfect. But so far as it goes, it certainly is evident that neither the wisdom nor the statesmanship of the Senate has yet been brought out on the subject. John Sherman somewhat unexpectedly announced that he was in favor of the bill, though he declared that he opposed the Chinese Restriction bill. But then, it is Mr. Sherman's ox that is getting gored this time, and that makes, evidently, a considerable difference with him.

The Pope has written the Catholic Bishops of England to publish the instructions of the propaganda against the education of Catholics in English universities. The pope intends to proclaim the canonization of the English martyrs, Sir Thomas Moore and Admiral Fisher.

Pat Sheedy said last week that he had just concluded arrangements with Richard K. Fox by which Fox had agreed to offer $2,500 and the *Police Gazette* diamond champion belt, valued at $2,500, for a fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, to take place at New Orleans.