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OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F.,

meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of, W. M. N. G.

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Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest. Nov. 1, 1875-4f

MILLER, CHURCH & CO.

PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT.

At all times, at the

My Wife.

She is not beautiful, I know,

Her cheeks have lost their rich glow,

The face that once was fresh and fair,

Is faded now with grief and care.

Her eyes are not of "deepest blue,"

But, ah, a heart more pure and true,

A soul that's whiter than her own.

The broad, bright earth has never known.

And as I watch her here, to-night,

Moving among the beauties bright,

Fairest to me, she seems, of all,

That through the richly gilded hall.

What though her hands are rough and warm,

From many a breast they've plucked the thorn,

And many a stone removed that lay

Within a weak, worn brother's way.

And if those hands are not so white,

They lead me toward the realms of light.

Yes, doubly bright, the treasures given;

What gave me her, gave also heaven.

COXA B. BARTON.

Under the Mosses.

Under the mosses, cold and white;

Under the mosses, pale and still,

We laid her away when the dew lay thick,

Faded away from vale and hill.

Oh, she was fair as angels are,

Sparkles of light in her silken hair,

Sparkles of gold the seraphs hold.

To crown the chosen of their fold.

Under the mosses the little feet—

Wander and weary nevermore—

Stories are told of a stony street,

And a Jasper sea, and a pearly shore,

And a city of light with never a night,

And a ransomed band in garments white,

Whom she had led to the light of the fold,

And His precious peace forever lies.

So I seek the way to endless day,

By the stair that can never lead astray—

For the power of prayer is the shining stair,

Winding away where the angels are.

Mrs. P. C. DOLE.

Sue's Mother-in-law.

Oh, mammy, if he only was an orphan,

I would say yes to-morrow; but I hate—

I hate the idea of a mother-in-law.

"You might poison her, my dear,"

replied Mrs. Schuyler, who, with her

old lady, with snow white hair, and an

amount of Mecklin lace about her throat

and wrists over her soft black silk dress.

"But really, you dreadful old dear, you

know it will be awful," sighed Sue, pass-

ing her hand through the dark

fringes above her forehead.

"My dear," said Mrs. De Groot, "you

are speaking in a very ill-bred way; but

let that rest. I have no idea you will

ever be troubled with Mr. Grey's mother.

You will not marry him. A girl who is

daunted by a mother-in-law does not love

the son enough to marry him.

Sue's pretty face flushed. Poor little

sue, she had never yet known what love

was; but she liked Mr. Grey well enough.

He was a rich, kindly, pleasant man

who had always known, and when he

asked her to marry him, she did not

know why she should refuse. She hated

to hurt his feelings; and suddenly she re-

membered his mother, a disagreeable old

lady, who ruled and reigned over all her

family, and only did not tyrannize over

her, and she lives with him, and she had

a bachelor in the city and boarded at a

hotel.

But here was a reason for Sue, and her

mother's words sank deeply into her con-

science.

She gathered courage to say no,

and a year after found herself ab-

thwart your plans and purposes. Now

begin to see if you are really a lady or

only a pretense."

"You think I ought to bear every

thing, do you, mammy, and never peep or

mutter?"

"No; but I want you to treat your

mother-in-law as one lady should another.

Don't reprimand her for talking to you, for

that is vulgar—ill-bred in the extreme.

Don't give up your just position, either

with your husband or in the family. Re-

spect yourself, Sue, and you force re-

spect on others."

"Oh, dear! I wish there weren't any

mother-in-laws in the world!" peevishly

ejaculated the girl.

"Then I should be exterminated with

the rest," smiled her mother.

"But you are so different, mammy."

"I had an awful lesson, Sue, when I

was young. You know your Uncle Tom

married Popsy Schuyler when she was

very young man, and she only seven

years—just my own age. You remember

her picture in the library at the Hills?"

"Oh yes, that lovely, delicate little

creature with hair like spun gold, and

great dark eyes, and such a head of

gold, half smiling like a pleased baby's."

"That is her very counterpart. She was

the loveliest creature I ever saw. Her

father died before she was born, and her

mother only lived for the baby, and from

the hour she came, just worshipped her.

She was named Euphrosyne, after her

father's mother, but she always called her-

self Popsy, and grew up with that name at-

tached to her. I never saw such affection

as Mrs. Schuyler's for that child; it

amounted to passion. She never trusted

her from her sight; she woke in the night

to look at her; she was frantic with ter-

ror if illness threatened her, and her

artistic nature, but its sole exercise was

inventing dresses and ornaments for

Popsy. I remember being at the Hills as

a child, and going into Popsy's room—

a large, airy room, with two great win-

dows looking southward; the walls were

white, with a deep cornice of every spring

flower, painted to the life by an Italian

painter; the white carpet was strewn

with roses and violets, the white-wood

furniture decorated with honeysuckles

and clematis, painted by Mrs. Schuyler

herself in clinging wreaths and tendrils,

with clusters of rose and ivory bloom,

and wide blue blossoms looking just fit

to pick; there were curtains of white, soft

woolen stuff, looped up in creamy folds

by the mantel; the floor was of a light

oak, and everything else carried out in the

same soft fashion, even to the lily of

pear shell which held her rings on the

toilette table; but more curious than all

was the child's wardrobe, which she dis-

played and I admired after the frank

casualty of ten-year-old girls. There was a

rose dress, the softest cashmere, with

scalloped bands overlaying each other on

the skirt in deepening tints to the waist,

and the sleeves were just edged with deep

green velvet, which also bound the throat

and waist. It was like a fairy's ball

costume; but Popsy was like a fairy, and the

exquisite tints did not look fanciful on

her unreal beauty. Then there was a pansy

dress, purple velvet, with a gold buckle

at its belt, and the skirt falling in rich

pleats that seemed to form a falling

time below like the edge of a flower.

There was a thunbergia costume, the skirt

and sleeves of the delicate buff which that

dark flower monopolizes, and a bodice of

pink velvet like the blossom's throat."

"What folly!" exclaimed Popsy.

"Yes; but I'm very pretty folly. And I

have not told you the hat she wore—a

lily dress, of China crepe; a violet of

purple silk, soft and glossless; and actually

a cardinal flower, of vivid scarlet cloth,

that I thought then too splendid to be

borne; but it was only for a skating dress,

Popsy said.

"She grew up very delicate, exquisite

and fragile, but more and more lovely.

And then Tom saw her and fell in love.

It was strange to see Mrs. Schuyler.

She took Tom's state of mind with great

calm, as if it were only natural and to be

expected. Popsy had never been in society;

she was very young yet; but Mrs. Schuy-

ler would have expected, if not deman-

ded, the same homage from every one who

saw her child. But when she discovered

that Popsy loved Tom and wanted to marry

him, she was heart-smitten. She could

not sustain the idea. She carried Popsy

away directly for a round of summer

travel; but the girl pined so visibly, grew

so sad, pale, languid, that her mother

was terrified, and brought her back to the

Hills directly, and sent for us to make a

visit there. So that affair was concluded,

and Mrs. Schuyler gave her treasure into

other hands to save it, grudging all the

while a day's absence, an hour's preoccupa-

tion, devoted with jealous pangs, yet

trying to stifle them that Popsy might be

utterly happy. But when they really

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