A SCOUT'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FRANK PARKER.

Lo! by a lodge door a mockless Venus,
Unblushing bronze, she shrinks not, having seen us,
Though there is nought but tall rye grass between us.

She hath no polonaise, no Dolly Varden,
Yet she looks not afraid nor axeth pardon;
Fact is, she doesn't care a copper 'farden,'

All unabashed, unhaberdashed, unheeding,
No Medicean charmingly receding,
But quite unconscious of improper breeding.

Ah! yet her age her reputation spareth,
At three years old pert Venus little careth.
She puts her hand upon her hip and stareth,

Was ever seen so dark, so bright an irris,
Where sweep of light and phantom play of fire is,
And not a *soupcon* of a wild desire is.

Could boundaries be neater, posture meeker?
Could bronze antique or terra cotta beat her?
Saw ever artiste anything completer?

A shade protruberant beyond contesting,
Where this day's cammas is just now digesting.
But otherwise all over interesting.

'Tis well; it speaks of Eden ere came sin in,
Or any ray of consciousness or linen,
Or anything else one could stick a pin in.

Oh, swarthy statuette, hast thou no notion
That life is fire and war and wild commotion—
A burning bush, a chafed and raging ocean?

Hast thou no notion of what is before thee,
Of who shall envy and who shall adore thee?
Or who the dirty siwash ruling o'er thee?

Die young for mercy's sake! If thou grow older
Thou shalt get lean of calf, sharp of shoulder,
And daily greedier and daily bolder.

Just such an another as the dam that bore thee!
That haggard Sycorax now bending o'er thee;
Oh, die of something fatal, I implore thee!

Who knows but in Time's whimsical gradations—
Say in a score or two of generations—
We two may swap respective hues and stations?

Methinks I see thee suddenly grow bigger,
White in the face and statelier in figure,
And I am a miserable little "Digger."

Should this be thus! But come! no moralizing,
Approach thou not my humpy poetizing,
Spare thine Iambics and apostrophizing.

Let subtle Nature, if it suits her rack me,
Big "Diggers" whack me and misfortune hack me,
And anguish hoist me to her highest acme.

Withhold from me thine incidental curses.
Nor spare the smallest of thy scanty mercies,
But put me not, oh, put me not in verses!

She grins, she heedeth not advice or warning,
Alike philosophy and triplets scorning.
Adieu then, ta ta, fare thee well, good morning.

WAS HE IN EARNEST?

"And so you think this Miss What's-her-name would be just as fast to marry you if you were a poor man, with no expectations whatever, instead of being my nephew and supposed heir?"

There was a hurt indignant look upon the frank young face that confronted the speaker.

"The young lady's name is Ashton, and I never said she was fast to marry me."

"I beg your and the young lady's pardon. You think Miss Ashton would be just as willing to marry you if she knew you to be a poor man."

"I do. I would stake my life on the sincerity and disinterestedness of her love."

Leaning back in his chair, Mr. Poppleton, senior, surveyed his nephew with a smile of superior wisdom, which had in it something of contemptuous pity.

"Ha! that's what all you young fellows say when you're in love; we old fellows don't lose our heads so easily. And it's well for you we don't. Why don't I make a fool of myself about some woman, I'd like to know?"

"I've wondered, uncle, why you haven't married."

"When I was at your age, I was poor, and had something else to think of; and now that I'm old, I've got more sense, I hope. There's Peter Comstock, whose head is as gray as mine, he's married a girl young enough to be his daughter, and a pretty life she leads him. When Josiah Poppleton makes such a fool of himself you may shave his head, clap a straight jacket on him, and put him into a lunatic asylum."

The young man smiled, and then looked grave.

"You object to Miss Ashton because she is poor and a dressmaker?"

"Nothing of the sort, Fred. I object to her because she is mercenary."

"You have no right to say that, uncle, when you have never even seen her."

"I couldn't be surer of it if I had known her all my life," said the old gentleman, stoutly. "All such people are. You don't believe it, of course; but let her think you a poor man, or let a rich one make her an offer, and you would soon see."

Here Mr. Poppleton, senior, glanced at his watch.

"You'll have to be lively, young man, if you want to catch the next train. You will find the bills for collection on my desk. We'll talk the matter over when you get back."

Mr. Poppleton waited until he heard the whistle of the train that took his nephew out of town, and then putting on his hat, and buttoning up his coat with a resolute air, went out.

He walked very swiftly, passing through several streets and around various corners, until he came to the house he was looking for—a most unpretending story and-a-half affair, on the faded green door of which was these words:

"MISS ASHTON—DRESSMAKER."

Mr. Poppleton regarded it with a look of stern disapproval, and then settling his hat on his head with a still more resolute air, marched up the steps and rang the bell.

After waiting some little time, the door opened, revealing to his bewildered gaze the loveliest creature he had ever beheld, whose rosy lips and violet eyes smiled out upon him as though he was an old and expected friend.

He stared at her for a moment, and then said:

"I am Josiah Poppleton, and I wish to see Miss Ashton."

The rosy lips dimpled into a still brighter smile.

"That is my name sir. Won't you walk in?"

Mr. Poppleton found himself in one of the cosiest, cheeriest little sitting rooms in the world.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was his own photograph, cabinet size, in a little rustic frame on the mantel. He remembered giving it to his nephew. And he remembered too with considerable satisfaction that it was a remarkably fine likeness.

"The little baggage knew me," he thought, as he took a seat, "and that was what made her smile so."

He felt his courage oozing from the ends of his fingers. Somehow, it didn't seem such an easy thing as he had fancied it would be to carry out the programme he laid down for himself, and he began to wish he was most anywhere else. But here he was, and he must go through with it.

"Miss Ashton—ahem! I suppose you know that I am Frederick Poppleton's uncle, and so can guess why I am here?"

Rose glanced up shyly at the speaker from beneath her long brown lashes.

"I suppose it is because he asked you to come."

"Nothing of the kind. He didn't know a word about it."

"Oh!"

Mr. Poppleton felt that he was not getting on very well; but as he considered it highly important that he should get on, he summoned all his resolution, and commenced again:

"No, ma'am, I came entirely on my own responsibility. I consider it a matter of duty to let you know that I strongly disapprove of your engagement. And, furthermore, it is my invincible determination, if he persists in running counter to my wishes, to have nothing more to do with him!"

This was evidently something that Rose did not expect to hear. The dimpling smiles left the mouth, and the violet eyes opened widely.

Looking resolutely away, Mr. Poppleton continued:

"If you think my nephew has property in his own right, you were never more mistaken. He is entirely dependent on me; and if he commits the folly he contemplates, I won't give him a penny—not a penny!"

Here Mr. Poppleton turned his eyes upon the face opposite him, as if to see what effect his words were producing. All its bloom and brightness had vanished, but he went pitilessly on:

"Of course, you can marry him if you choose; this is a free country, and people can make themselves as miserable as they like, I suppose. Only, I feel it my duty to warn you what the inevitable consequences will be. Fred can hardly take care of himself. You'll have a large family—poor people always do have large families—and the result will be poverty, misery, and no end of trouble."

This was not a very encouraging prospect to look forward to and Rose did not look as if she considered it as such. She made no reply, however, and Mr. Poppleton continued:

"On the other hand, if you will act as sensible and discreetly in the matter, as I think you will, on reflection; you will never be sorry for it. You may count on my protection and friendship—the friendship and protection of Josiah Poppleton!"

Rose now spoke.

"I love Frederick—"

"Don't answer me now," interrupted Mr. Poppleton, rising and turning to the door; "take time to think the matter over. I'll be here to-morrow at the same hour to get your decision. Only remember, if you really do love my nephew, that you will not take a course that will ruin his prospects for life"

"No wonder the young rascal is bewitched," thought the old gentleman, as he took his way homeward, "she is certainly the most bewitching creature I ever saw!"

Mr. Poppleton expected his nephew back on the following day, and was therefore, all the more anxious that the matter should be satisfactorily settled. Promptly at the hour he had named to Rose, he was on hand to receive her decision.

"Mr. Poppleton, I cannot feel it would be right for me to break my engagement with your nephew; if he chooses to give me up, that is another thing. The thought of making trouble between you two gives me more pain than I can tell you. What possible objection can you have to me?"

Here poor Rose burst into tears.

"No objection to you, whatever, my dear," said Mr. Poppleton, taking one of the soft, white hands in both of his. "On the contrary, I think you the most charming creature I ever saw!"

"Why, then are you so unwilling that I should marry your nephew?"

"Because I want to marry you myself."

Rose started to her feet.

"Are you in earnest, sir?"

"I was never more so in my life. I love you to distraction, and shall consider myself the happiest of men if you will become Mrs. Josiah Poppleton."

Rose turned her flashing eyes upon the speaker with a look that he never forgot.

"If you were not Frederick's uncle I should express in very plain terms my opinion to you. As it is, I have only to say that there is the door, and to ask you to go."

Mr. Poppleton did not wait a second invitation.

On reaching the corner he looked back, just in time to catch a glimpse of his nephew going in.

Feeling very much like one that had been raised to a great hight and set down very suddenly, Mr. Poppleton went home.

Half an hour later he heard his nephew's well known step on the walk. Rushing to the head of the stairs, he bawled out to his servant:

"John, say I'm sick, that I'm out, that I can't see anybody!"

But he was too late. Fred was in the hall and half way up the stairs.

"Ah, uncle!" cried the young man, with a merry laugh, "that was a cunningly contrived plot of yours; the best joke I've heard yet! The cream of it is that Rose thought you were in earnest. You acted your part so naturally that it was some time before I could make her understand that you were only testing her love for me. But she sees it all now. You found Rose as true as steel, eh, uncle! and you will make us both happy by giving your consent to our marriage?

Mr. Poppleton not only gave this, but presented Rose on her wedding day, with a house completely furnished.

He seemed a little shy of her at first, but this soon wore away, or rather developed into the paternal affection growing out of his mutual relation, and the winning and lovable qualities of his nephew's wife.

This little episode in his life had the good effect of making him more distrustful of himself, more tolerant of the follies and weaknesses of others And sometimes as Rose looked back upon it, this question arose in her mind, which she never even suggested to her husband:

"Was he in earnest?"

Bismarck and His Cigar.

During the great war between France and Germany, Prince Bismark, "the man of blood and iron," was the actor in an incident of a most suggestive and gentle nature. The Prince is said to be a smoker ardently attached to the "weed." He is reported to have said: "The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of your getting another." Most devotees of tobacco in any form seem to delight in their bondage to it, and to be miserable if deprived of it. It is said that Bismark had cherished his last cigar all through a battle, in glad anticipation of the luxury in store for him, when he suddenly and gladly deprived himself of the smoke giving solace. In his own words, "I painted in glowing colors in my own mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated the chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found that I had only gold and that would be of no use to him. But, stay; I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke.

What he was Afraid of.

A tramp walked into one of our banks yesterday, and, stepping up to the counter, said: "May I ask you a question sir?" "Yes, but be quick about it," replied the clerk. "I want to know if all the greenbacks have been retired from circulation," said the tramp with a very anxious air. "Oh, no," replied the clerk, "there are about 450,000,000 of them yet." "Thanks, thanks," said the man, with a visible emotion. "You take a load off my mind. It is so long since I have seen one that I was afraid they had all been retired," and then he slowly retired himself.

Fire alms—The gift of a load of wood.

To sleep in your clothes spoils the nap.

Does a fertile brain require a fur-tile covering?

A cigar lighter—the box from which you took one.

The place to knock spots out of things—the dye house.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

We may not possess a castle in Spain, but we have a Cochin China.

Mr. Nettle was recently married to a Miss Thorn. That's what you might call "a prickly pair."

Artist—"She is one of our greatest female painters." The Brute—"Yes. I saw it in her face."

"Beauty and booty" was the cry of the young man who kissed the girl and was kicked by her father.

Good advice is like brown bread; it is very nourishing, but not always the most welcome kind of food.

The world still needs two or three new kinds of patent medicines before death can be perfectly abolished.

Personal.

W. H. Cone, formerly with C. Hirstel & Co. of Portland, has formed a partnership with Dan. McKercher, Esq., well known in Eastern Oregon, and together they have gone into the wholesale and retail Stationery Business, and opened a very extensive stock of Books and Stationery at No. 49 First street, Portland. It does us good to bespeak for the new firm of Cone & McKercher the patronage of dealers throughout Oregon and Washington.

CALABAR GRAINS—Nature's own remedy for nervousness and nausea, never fail to relieve the most delicate illness. Ladies suffering from "morning sickness" should try them. Sent post-paid to any address for 50 cents per package. Liberal discount to the trade.
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All the serious defects existing in other Automatic Binders, are entirely overcome in the construction of the Crane Binder. It has been thoroughly tested during the past two seasons, and is no experiment—we invite a careful comparison with any and all other Self Binders, and feel confident that for strength and durability, ease of management, lightness of draft and adaptability to all kinds and conditions of grain, the Marsh Harvester with the Crane Binder will be found far superior to any other in the market.

The **Crane Binder** is so simple that any intelligent farmer can readily understand the principles of its construction and easily learn to operate it.

The inquiry for self binders has brought into market several new machines, which as yet are **untried**, and we **caution** farmers before giving them orders for a Harvester and self Binder to look well into the merits of the machine. Be sure to see the **Harvester King** with **Crane Self Binder Attachment** before you purchase. We have **the best** in the market, and one that has stood the tests of **two harvest seasons.**

We are constantly asked by intelligent farmers the following questions, and for convenience to all interested, we give both questions and answers:

FIRST QUESTION—Has automatic binding so far advanced as to be a certain success, and have your Binders been thoroughly tested in the field?

ANSWER—Yes, our binder has now been tried several years. Last year a large number were sold and gave good satisfaction. Gammon & Deering will make several thousand for this year's trade, which they would not do was there a doubt on this point.

SECOND—What are the advantages automatic binders have over hand binding or the use of self rake reapers?

ANS—It requires two binders and a driver to operate a Harvester, and five or six men to work the Self Rake Reapers. Our Binder requires but one person—the driver—and that, any one old enough to drive the team. It binds every straw without loss or waste; a saving we believe fully sufficient to pay the expense of the wire. It enables the farmer to do his harvest work with as little help as any other farm work; saves the extra time, and the annoyance of introducing strange help to his household and table.

THIRD—How much wire does it take per acre, and are there any practical difficulties in threshing, or feeding to cattle straw that has been bound with wire?

ANS—The amount of wire varies with the condition of the grain and the size of the bundles, but averages about two and a half to three pounds to the acre with No. 20 wire. It takes less of No. 21, which is sometimes used. No difficulty has ever occurred in threshing or feeding in the use of wire, and this prejudice has been entirely removed by the experience of the last few years. Threshers soon prefer the bundles bound with wire, and the bundles are larger and less liable to be injured by damp and moisture than straw bound bundles.

FOURTH—Is your Binder simple in construction, strong and durable; and is it easily understood and operated?

ANS—To all of which we say, yes. Any farmer can learn to use it with less trouble than he learned to use a reaper. All the parts of our Binder are exposed to view, and being less complicated than most Binders, is easily understood.

FIFTH—How many acres per day will a five foot, and and how many will a six foot machine cut.

ANS—The Marsh will cut in an ordinary day's work in average grain ten acres, and the Harvester twelve acres. They have often been made to cut fifteen and eighteen acres a day.

SIXTH—Can the Binder be easily attached and detached from the Harvester?

ANS—In a minute's time, by simply lifting on or off.

SEVENTH—Have you as good a Binder as is made, and what are its special advantages?

ANS—We have the best Binder made. Some of its peculiar advantages over others are as follows:

1. It is the simplest and most efficient Binder in use, and is for a Binder what the Marsh is for a harvester, the best made.
2. It has greater adjustability of the band to the sheaf, adapting it to very short or very long grain.
3. The operating parts are so adapted to each other that they can in no way get out of time.
4. The wire cutting parts are so made that they can be sharpened on an ordinary grindstone in a few moments, should they ever require it.
5. The device for holding and twisting the wire is but one piece, hence extremely simple.
6. It has but three inches of slack wire, hence require no complicated take-up.
7. The principle of twisting is such that no trouble ever arises from straw being carried into its mechanism.
8. The wire is held by the twister in such a manner that though the needle descends with no grain to form the bundle, it never loses the wire.
9. Having two sizes of Sprocket Wheels, the Binder can be so adjusted as to run 14 to 18 feet between sheafs automatically, and with a little attention on the part of the driver the size of every bundle can be regulated.
10. Our little twister hook does away with the complicated mechanism necessary to twist and cut the wire in other Binders—which is the part most likely to get out of order and to bother any one not a practical mechanic. Compare and see the difference. This feature alone insures the superiority of our Binder over all others.
11. The Binder may be allowed to revolve regardless of the absence or presence of grain in the receiver without breaking the wire or endangering any part of the machinery, an advantage no other machine has, and a point no farmer can afford to overlook. It uses but one spool of wire, and is so arranged the driver can instantly control and adjust it to all kinds of grain. The Harvester itself can be raised or lowered at will of operator. The reel can also be instantly adjusted up and down, back or forward, independent of the machine, and while in motion, and this is done by a device so simple that it can be done by any boy old enough to guide a team.
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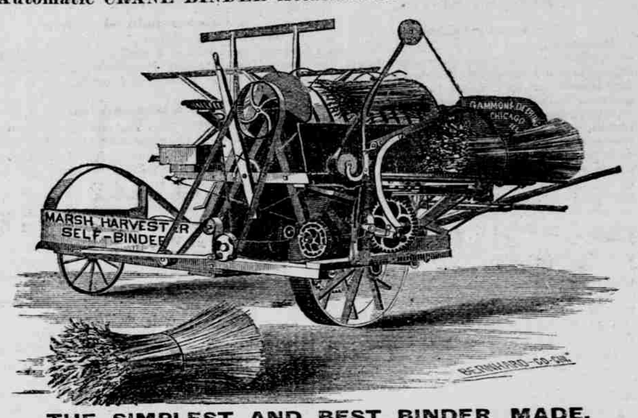

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Than any other house in Portland, and never growl because a person does not buy, and we are always willing to show our goods. Our Store on

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Is filled from floor to ceiling with a class of goods second to none in the city, comprising everything usually found in first-class clothing establishments. We keep all grades of goods, from the Finest Cassimeres and Broad cloths to the linsey woolsey and overalls worn by the honest Farmer Mechanic and laboring man in his daily avocations. We already feel the necessity of increased facilities and are happy to inform our patrons that we have succeeded in obtaining more commodious quarters, and when our building is completed we shall comply with the almost hourly request of our lady patrons to open a stock of dry goods in every way worthy of a generous public. We have but ONE PRICE for goods, and there will be no deviation.

Catalogues free, postage paid, on application.

Farmers' and Mechanics' Store,
First Street, near Yamhill,
Address P. O. Box 175, Portland, Ogn. ap9 1

ABELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
No. 127 and 129 First Street,
Portland, Oregon.
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FISHEL & ROBERTS,
Wholesale and Retail Clothiers
—AND—
MERCHANT TAILORS.
Corner First and Alder Streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
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JOHN CRAN & Co.,
Constantly receive the latest Novelties in
DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS
Orders by Mail will Receive Our Special Attention.
SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.
First Street, bet. Washington and Alder.
Portland, Oregon.
Write your Post Office and County plainly.
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THOMAS FREEMAN & CO.,
CARRIAGE FACTORY,
Third St., bet. Alder and Morrison, Portland.
A fine assortment of Buggies, Phætons, Carriages, Express Wagons, etc., constantly on hand and made to order
Top Buggies and Extension Top Carriages a specialty.
Making a specialty in this line and manufacturing a large quantity, we can offer better inducements than any house in Oregon.
Top buggies from $250 to $400; Open buggies from $125 to $250.
Call and see our $125 Open Buggy.
Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled New tops furnished to order by sending seat.
ap1 3 THOS. FREEMAN & CO.

DR. WARNER'S LATE IMPROVED HEALTH Corset. Get up a club of six subscribers. I will send by mail, postpaid, to one address, six satteen corsets for $7 50, six Misses $5 to, six child's waist, with two pair shoe supporters, $6 30, six Duplex supporters $4 80; silver, currency or gold, by express or registered letter.
An entirely new Plaiting, Fluting and Ruffling Machine, will do 10 yards of plaiting to one of any other machine. The best Needles for all sewing machines 50 cents per dozen. Orders by mail will have prompt attention. MRS. M. A. WARNER, Portland, Ogn.

THE AURORA RESTAURANT,
A Square Meal for 25 Cents,
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S. A. NEPPACH,
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DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY
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IMMENSE REDUCTIONS!
GREAT SLAUGHTER IN PRICES!
On Account of having made Enormous Purchases at the late
BANKRUPT SALES
In San Francisco, of Stocks aggregating
$500,000,
I find myself CROWDED for Room and have determined to close out the
EXTREME BARGAINS
at a very small advance over cost. The Stock consists of
DRY GOOS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, ETC.,
We shall offer for the next 30 days:
1,000 pcs Best American Prints at 6 cents.
300 pcs Genuine Lonsdale and White Rock at 10 cts,
300 pcs 4x4 American Prints at 10 cts.
An Immense Line of Dress Goods at 20 and 25 cts.
And a Fine Assortment of Foreign and Domestic Dress Goods, Latest Styles, at Greatly Reduced Rates
Heavy Black Silks Reduced to 90 cts.
Gros Grain Silks Reduced to $1 25.
Superior Quality Black Silk, worth $2 50, reduced to $1 75.
CLOTHING:
500 Men's Union Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $7 50.
200 Men's Summer Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $7 50.
300 Men's Extra Heavy Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $10.
250 Men's Best Heavy Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $12 and $15.
100 Men's English Worsted Suits, Reduced to $10 and $15.
100 Men's Fine English Worsted Suits, Reduced to $20.
200 Boys' Garibaldi Suits, Reduced to $3 50.
100 Boys' Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $4 and $6.
100 Youth's Cassimere Suits, Reduced to $8.
SPECIAL:
200 doz. Large Linen Towels, slightly damaged, reduced from $3 to $2.
50 pcs Linen Table Damask, 75 cts., reduced to 50 cts.
1,000 pcs Linen Embroidery at 12½ cts.
50 doz. Ladies' Kid Foxed Shoes at $1 25.
For Further Particulars call on or send for Price List to
P. SELLING,
Corner First and Yamhill Streets, Portland.

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