LOVE AND LAW.

In the twilight's gloaming
Stood a maiden young and fair,
Watching anxiously for some one. Who was certainly not there.

Long she peered into the darkness While her mind was fraught with fears, And her heavy, hanging cyclids Showed the marks of recent lears.

Oh, the woe that woman suffers ! Oh, the heartaches and the pangs I raly partially atoned for By her bangles and her langs.

Faithfess man, come to the maiden. Who is waiting there for you; Clasp her gently to your bosom-Tell her she is life to you.

Then be sure to get your letters (On this point depends your fale,) For in case you shake the maiden. She may choose to litigate.

Never let a heartless jury See these notelets where you say That the girl's your "tootsey-pootsey;" For it gives you dead away.

THE PURPLE SCAR

"The next time Gus Rybolt is brought before me for some of his numerous misdemeaners I will sentence him heavily. And Judge Johnson stirred his ten vigorously, while a deep wrinkle grew between his fine iron-gray brows, under which glowed his keen, earnest eyes,

His little daughter Janie lingered to pour his second cup of tea. She was very fond of waiting ou papa, for Janie, though only twelve years old, was the old judge's housekeeper, her mother having died two years previously. "Who pays his fines-for you often

speak of his arrests, papa?" 'His brother Warren, who is as fine a young man as the town contains. I cannot understand Gus; he is handsome, bright and might be most anything he chose. He'll end at the gallows yet.' "Oh papa!"

But reckless, wild Gus Rybolt was soon forgotten when the parlor was reached, and Janie sat down to her piano. A servant entered an hour later and handed the judge a telegram.
"Uncle Rube is dying and has sent for

"Dying! Uncle Bube!"

"Yes; are you afraid to remain with the servants and Mrs. Smith? I feel uneasy owing to that money. I ought to have put it in the bank, but have been overcrowded with work and business Two bad!" muttered the judge a trifle anxiously, glancing at his little daughter dubiously.

"Oh no, papa, I am not afraid. Poor Uncle Rube! you had better start at once. Don't worry about me; Mrs. Smith sleeps in the next room, you remember.

But the judge did worry and fret, not only over the danger of his daughter and his money, but blamed himself severely for his carelessness.

Even among his graver fears for his brother, the thought of theives and burglars haunted him.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself to leave that amount of money in the bouse even for a day, for the place is so isolated, the servants such arrant cowards, and cousin Sallie such a weak help. Only Janie's brave little heart to be depended Heaven bless the child. Now what can be the matter with Rube I cannot imagine; he was well enough last

Mrs. Sallie Smith, a forty-second consin of the judge's, and a confirmed invalid, occupied the room on the right father's, gad in it the iron safe that contrined the money referred to.

had no idea you would be so accommo-dating. Don't seream on your life." And the bold fellow actually laughed

as he seized her wrist. Janie did not cry out. She gave him strong teeth in the exposed wrist of the

hand that held her captive.
"You little tiger-cat," he cried, in a I will kill you.

But while the sharp pain had unmanthe roll of money in the safe and sprung the lock. "Now," she said, triumphant, "get it

if you can, but-oh, Gus Rybolt, I know

"You-no you don't-ah, well, you will tell your precious father before another day closes. Come hand over the cash; I want to have some chance of getting away."

"No, you cannot have the money. Ob, Gus Rybolt, remember your sainted mother, your good brother; what will they think now? How can you be so wicked?"

"I have no time for nonesense. Hand over the cash, or I'll-" and the click of a revelver hammer sounded.

Janie's eyes flashed in scorn. "You harm a helpless little girl! You, who always boasted of bravery! For shame, Gus Rybolt; you are a coward!"
But in a gentler tone—"If you will make
me a premise I will also make you one,
and keep mine as long as you do yours. If you will leave me now and become a better boy-an honest, honorable one-I

will never tell." The temptation to persist in his undertaking was great, but down in wicked dare devil Gus Rybolt's heart there was a tender spot, which beautiful Janie Johnson had held ever since she was a child, and he had taken care of her at

school. Harm her? He wouldn't have harmed hair of her head to have saved his own

life, and she knew it. You cannot have the money, but won't you accept the promise-won't you make the compact?"

"Yes," he said at last, in a husky, strained voice. "Heaven bless you, Janie Johnson, and may Heaven help me!" and he was gone.

And Janie, with eyes full of tears, lipped into bed, and after a long time

he came home?

"An abominable practical joke," he fumed. "There was Rube well as I am, and very much surprised to see me.

only wish I knew who did it."
"Why, papa," laughed Janie, "you ought to be so thankful that Uncle Rube is well and not dying, as you thought. How can you feel provoked or angry? I am so glad it was not true." The next morning Gus Rybolt had

disappeared. Ten years later Janie Johnson was lovely, stately woman. The radiant promise of early girlhood was more than fulfilled, while the brave, tender heart

was unchanged. The wife of the governor was receiving, and her rooms were filled with dis-tinguished guests. The last comer was a young man of thirty, of commanding presence, whose grave and noble face made him seem somewhat older. After paying his respects to the hostess he made his way slowly forward and was met by many smiles and greetings.

was evidently a great favorite in society. "Oh! there is General Rybolt, who has refused the Austrian mission, papa says, because he has another and better misamong the poor of New York, You know him by reputation, dear; but very few know the balf of the great and good things he is doing with his wealth and talents." The speaker was the gov ernor's daughter.

Janie Johnson turned her lovely hazel eyes carelessly toward the person pointed out-looked one instant cooly upon him and her face underwent a sudden strange change

'It is-yes, it must be Gus Rybolt! How marvelous are thy ways, O God," she breathed. Slowly yet steadily he found his way

toward her. Her face was no longer pale but flushed and her upraised eyes showed pleased

recognition. His first words were: "I have kept my promise; have you kept yours?"
"Yes, oh yes," she breathed, then added "Thank Heaven!" to which he gave

a low "Amen!" To say the old judge was astonished is putting it mildly. To find in the eminent editor and reformer his old-as he supposed incorrigible Gas Rybolt, utterly nonplussed him. To an old friend he

said confidentially: "Yes, the boy has turned out a trump, and the wonder of it is Janie thinks so too," and he laughed.

And Janie never told of her robber vet she kisses sometimes a purple scar on her husband's wrist.

"It was the beginning of the new life," she says, "the beautiful new life of an honest man."

A Reroine of 1812 Passes Away.

A heroine of the war of 1812 passed away at Scituate, Mass., on Wednesday last at the ripe age of 88-Miss Rebecca Bates, who with her sister Abigall, beat off a British frigate. Her father, Captain Simeon Bates, was light-keeper at Scituate, where he had lit the lamp of the new light; house for the first time in occasion a frigate sent in her launches to destroy by fire some vessels at the wharves and cut out two others, threatening to burn the town if any resistance were offered. After this event a home guard was formed, detachments of which were stationed on Cedar and Crow points, and in front of the place, with a brass piece, the members being allowed of Janie's, while that on the left was her to return to their farms when no vessel was in sight. Nothing to alarm them occurred again until the following Sep-"I am afraid I am a bit nervous," | tember, when Rebecca, then a girl of mused Janie, looking around her cham-ber with a shudder. "The servants are junior, were sitting one afternoon with ber with a shudder. "The servants are junior, were sitting one afternoon with quite a way off, and Cousin Sallie takes their mother, sewing, the captain and all so much laudanum she would never the men-folk of the village being absent waken. I wonder if I would feel safer at their farms. Mrs. Bates told her with the money under my pillow.' with the money under my pillow.'

And foolish little Janie, having the combination of the safe, went to it, the first time perceived an English manopened it and took out the roll of bills. of war close at hand and about "Oh, ho," said a soft voice behind to lower her boats. "I knew her. "That is exactly what I want; I the ship at a glance," said the bright and genial old lady of eighty-four, when telling her story some years ago "it was the La Hogue, 'Oh, Lord! says I to my sister, 'the La Hogue is off here again! What shall we do? here are one sudden, startled, indignant look, and their barges coming again and they'll bending her head, buried her white burn up our vessels just as they did You see, there were two vessels at the wharf, loaded with flour, and we couldn't afford to lose that in those rage and intense suffering. "Let go, or times, when the embargo made it so hard to live we had to bile pumpkins all day to get sweetening for sugar. ned him, with the other hand she thrust | There were the muskets of the guards. I was a good mind to take those out beyoud the light-house and fire them at the barges; I might have killed one or two, but it would have done no good, for they would have turned round and fired the village. 'I'll tell you what we'll do, said I to my sister; 'look here,' says I 'you take the drum, I'll take the fife. was fond of military music and could play four tunes on the fife. 'Yankee Doodle' was my masterpiece. learned on the fife which the soldiers had at the light-house. They had a drum there, too; so I said to her: 'You take the drum and I'll take the fife.' 'What good will that do?' says she. 'Scare them,' says I. 'All you've got to do is to beat the roll. I'll scream the fife, and we

> resting on their oars and listening. When I looked again I saw a flag flying from the masthead of the ship. My sister began to make a speech, and I said: 'Don't make a noise; you make me laugh, and I can't pucker my mouth. When I looked again I saw that they had seen the flag, and they turned about so quick a man fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck and hauled him in. When they went off I played 'Yankee Doodle.' Miss Rebecca Bates's sister, the other heroine of the day, survives her, as do four other brothers and sisters, whose ages range from seventy-five to eighty-nine. The Bateses of Scituate, it may be said, were a long-lived race, as their mother died at eighty-seven and their father at nearly

must keep out of sight; if they see us they'll laugh us to scorn. I showed her

how to handle the sticks, and we ran be-

hind the cedar wood. So we put in, as the boys say, and pretty soon I looked,

and I could see the men in the barges

nearly 101. "Do you think you'll be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle fell fast asleep.

But wasn't the old judge furious when of the thread. "Eye guess so," was the

curt response.

the same age, while his father lived to be

Perique Tobacco.

The greater part of the perique now produced is raised on a comparatively little clearing, a small settlement called Grande Point, in the parish of St. James. The whole tract hardly equals in extent a moderate sized Western farm. The inhabitants are poor as a class, and hardly realize that they live in a republic, for the internal revenue seems to them an instrument of oppression to extort money from them. The average of acreage to each producer is about three to ten acres and he is classed under the present internal revenue law as a manufacturer, required to give bond, pay a special tax, make monthly reports, furnish an an-nual inventory and is thus subject to all the pains and penaltics of a regular manufacturer, and yet not one-twentieth, if that much, of the tobacco produced ever finds its way on the market in the condition in which it is produced.

Unlike other tobacco it is taken down from the poles, on which it has been hung, before it gets dry, and while the stems are yet green. It is then stemmed and twisted into plugs, called torquettes, placed into wooden boxes about fifteen inches square and pressed in a most primitive manner by means of lever and weights. For the first ten or twenty days that it remains in the press it is frequently examined and the pings urned so as to allow the whole to become saturated with the juice of tobseco, literally preserved in its own juice. It is allowed to remain in this condition for about two months, or as long as it is deemed advisable. Perique has the peculiar property, in common with violins, wine and Limburg cheese, of improving with age, and that is the reason why finecut tobacco and cigarette manufacturers always buy old crops in preference to new. After the last named process, the tobacco is put up in what is called carrots which are made by selecting the choicest leaves as an envelope, in which the tobacco is placed, and the whole rolled up in a cloth and tightly corded with a three-eighths inch rope, and left in that condition for about six months, when it is ready to be placed on the

The origin of the name Perique is accounted for in this way: Pierre Chenet was the first producer of the tobacco, and lived in St. James parish. He had been a sort of castabout, and at one time lived with a lot of poor fishermen. He, however, left a numerous progeny, from whom some of our best families are de scended. He was familiarly known as Perique, which is the diminutive or nickname for Pierre, or Peter, and thus supposed to have given the name to the tobacco.- New Orleans Times-Demo-

A Romantic Story About Miss Thursby.

Figaro tells a queer story about Miss Emma Thursby. At Stockholm one night after a concert, as she was waiting for a carriage in the rain, a footman in elegant livery came up and said that his master had ordered him to place his April, 1811. In the spring of the fol-lowing year English cruisers were fre-quently seen off the harbor and on one his name, but to insist upon your making use of his carriage." In short, Miss Thursby, with one of the persons who accompanied her, entered the carriage and were driven to her hotel. During her visit to Stockholm, and in every town in Sweden and Norway where she went, Miss Thursby found the carriage with the white horses and the two ser vants at the door whenever she needed it, but the owner failed to make himself known. Finally, three days before Miss Thursby left Scandinavia for Paris, Mr. was announced. It was he! Miss Thursby had expressed her thanks, and Mr. X. had explained his conduct, he said, "Miss, will you do me honor of becoming my wife?, To which Miss Thursby replied, "You know who I am, but you do not know the engage-ments that I contracted toward my family when I left America. I will tell you what they are, in order that you may see that this marriage is impossible." "Impossible!" "Listen. Whea I left my parents they made me promise two things-firstly, that I would never sing on the stage, and secondly, that I would marry no one but an American." "If I were to be an American?" said Mr. X.
"Then I should be free to dispose of my heart as I pleased." Two days afterward Mr. X. returned. "I shall leave for the Unnited States to-morrow. I hope, with the credit I have, to get promptly naturalized an American citizen. Paris, for it is there I shall come to ask you to realize your promise; for you promise me, do you not, to be my wife?" "I promise you," replied Miss Thursby. Mr. X., adds Figaro, is now in America. - From the Parisian.

A LETTER.

DR. HENLEY—Dear Sir: Having suffered for years with rheumstism, and especially during last winter and until July—enduring great pain most of the time, I wish to certify that I me you at the state fair, and for a few days took your Rheumatic Neatralizer, which you were kind enough to give me on trial, and after three days I quit taking it, and have had no suffering from that cause since. Though I only took half of the bottle full four months ago, I have less sunoyance from that cause than for any time for years, and have treds heretofore many remodies that were unavailing.

S. A. Clarker,
Ed. Willenste Farmer.

edies that were unavailing.

Ed. Willensetz Furmer.

The above letter is but one among the numerous testimonials given to Dr. Henley unsolicited. Hundreds are in his possession from his own townsmen, living right here among us, testifying to the wonderful curative powers of his Rheumatic Nestralizer. Dr. Henley refers only to the testimonials given by well known parties in our midst and never relies on far off and unknown individuals as supporting what be claims to betrue of his Rheumatic Neutralizer, 6.c.: It will cure any case of rheumatism in existence. The doctor long since discovered the folly of applying external remedies for a disease that has its seat in the despect channels of the blood, and therefore set to work to discover a remody for rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice that in his Rheumatic Neutralizer we have an effective and never-failing care. Farties who are afflicted with rheumatism would be benefited by conversing with S. F. Matthews, of the Esmond holei, who has used the doctor's remedy. Office and depot: 203 Third street, between Taylor and Salmon.

To the coar 1858, the young Constable

In the year 1858, the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V., on his exaltation to the Papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, cauld not help saying, "And well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a goat and not a gentleman.

Health is the bed plate on which the whole mental machinery must rest and work. If this be cracked or displaced, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed, and made in-

A person walking hurriedly down First Street with his whole mind intent on business, would hadly sotice the many brilliant displays made on either side, but with plenty of leisure upon one's hands how great the variety, how much to see and admire, especially is this the case at the entrance to left and 169. One cannot but stop and admire, especially is this the case at the entrance to left and 169. One cannot but stop and admire the beaufiful specimens of graphic art that fill the cases on either side of file hell, consisting of Cards, Cabinets, Panels Boudiors, Imperials, Views, Crayona, otto Having partially satisfied your mind, curiosity will impel you to go further, and mounting the stairs you stand before the door with the modest sign, Frank G. Abell, Phot grapher, and two little words which please you more, for they are brim full of hospitality and good nature—Walk for Taking advantage of the invitation, generously retended to all, you open the door when a perfect anniburat of beauty breaks open the vision. Massive frames in gold, chony, marquasire, carved and gill, filled with beautiful specimens of the "art preservative" line the walls from floor to ceiling. Look and admire to your heart's content and if perchance you wish to make a sitting the amiable wife of the proprietor will show and explain to you the different styles. Make your selection, then stop linto the dressing room (a listed bounder, the printer and forseling room is ladder. No it is not dene, you cannot get your picture for a week or ten days to come. Your negative must go through the hands of the reloucher, the printer and follows, and any yot many additions have been made to the working force of the stabilishment. Still the work accumulates, and you will have to wait a few days on this account for the finished work. Never mind; time files weiffly; it is now done, and as you view the finely finished and artistic work, you will be but one of thousands made happy by visiting the photographic parfors of Fran to.

THE GOLD MEDAL GALLERY.

OREGON TO MASSACILUSETTS. Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this ity, read in a Massachusetts paper that Honbarles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted

city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon.
Charles B. Ladd, andifor of that state, was afflicted
with an incurable kidney disease, and had been
obliged to give up work and return to his hone.
They immediately sent him a but of their colourated
Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him
other boxes. A few days ago they received from
him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Anditor's Dep't, Rieston, Nov. 11, 1981.
Messrs, Hodge, Davis & Co.; Dear Sirs—I have no
hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited
by the use of the Oregon Ridney Tea as a remedy for
a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or
eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those
who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable
remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have
great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of
the kidneys. Hospectfully yours.

CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling
on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon,
and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any
druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price
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Also Dr. J. M. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med dept. Williamette University.

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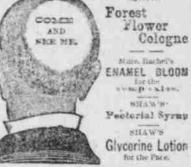
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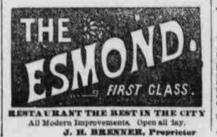
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