MCMINSVILLE. OREGON

A PAIR OF OLD SHOES. BY MARGARET M. SANGSTER. When the curtains are drawn, and the baby's

asleep.

And the older boy dreams on his couch up the stair.
While the clouds and the moon-beams are playing bo-peep.
Then a truce to the day's weary struggle

blues, comforter, welcome, dear, easy old

Though too, ye are one, O! most matchless And oft, thrust in satchel, have traveled afar, When, condemned to do penance for earlier

sins, The poor feet have sched in the rich palace cart: How blissful the moment when, reckless to

The pilgrism in torture drew forth the old

Ye were new long ago, and in dignified

trig,
No mortal had ventured to pressage your
fate,
Loose-jointed, and jolly, and hopelessly
big,
Yet never till now a blithe theme for the
muse.

• beautiful, lovable pair of old shoes. Though business may vex with its ups and its Though ships may delay, and though bills

be postponed, Still, man, let his home be in fields or in Finds often a wearisome trouble con-

When, easy chair waiting, life's rose-tinted with the advent of homely old

Some wife drop the mending, and sit by my Spain,
For our love grows the stronger, whatever betide,

And we are together for sunshine or rain, mehow the glamour 'twer ruin to lose
Comes back when I reach for these easy old

-[Good CHEER.

-SONG-

Stay, sweet day, for theu art fair, Fair, and full, and calm; Fair, and full, and calm; Crowned, through all thy golden hours, With love's brightest, richest flowers, Strong in faith's unshaken powers, Blest in hope's pure balm.

As you glide away; Now is all so glad and bright; Now we breathe in sure delight; Now we laugh in fate's despite; Stay with us, sweet day.

Ah, she can not, may not stop; All things must doeay:
Then with heart, and head, and will,
Fake the joy that liegers still,
Prize the pause in wrong and ill,
Prize the passing day.

Hall. The large lawns in front of the mansion are still well kept, and tion and decay. the house still shows traces of its ar-

rest for the weary. sombre mourning, is Myra.

at the Hall a large number of gay young men and beautiful young girls. We were schoolmates and friends, and were there to witness the wedechoed with happy footfalls, and the sound of merry laughter rang out upon the warm spring morning air, and here and there we assembled to discuss the coming event. Out on the front veranda sat the father and mother, both sad and silent, so loth were they to part with their only

shild; she had ruled both parents, as by her winning smile and pleading yard told of their silent homes. So, in this affair, she had overruled their objections, while they, smile in approbation.

large numbers from every tree. The sided in a different State, and report said he was the only son of a wealthy lawyer. He was noble looking, tall, manly, and of fine physique, with black eyes and hair. No clouded thoughts filled our minds, for their future seemed happy and bright. Strange rumors were afloat, now and then, that the son was reckless and morrow they were free—the last day, that dissipation kept him banished from home; but to all these whispers deaf ear.

"For marriage is all a lottery, girls, more. and I am willing to trust Leslie Forbes, for I love him."

The wedding festivities were continued several days, and the young bride left her parents, home, and young friends, to go among strangers, to share the fortunes of her chosen we all returned to one how. the rumors.

Myra. No childish steps sounded struck a stone, and he lay insensible through the halls, and no merry and bleeding. laughter sounded from lawn or ter Myra forge and Mrs. Moreton, but our visits the bleeding head and gazed into seemed only to remind them more of the face of Leslie Forbes, her hustheir loneliness, and we, ceasing our | band. visits almost entirely, saw very little life about the hall. Only to Miss

talk of our loneliness. Miss Linda was an old maid; that

with sare;
And welcome, tried friend, sturdy foe to the all used to fear Miss Linda, but when those beautiful eyes; while behind rigidly out from under her cap. she was our physician and comforter. When we reminded her of our absent friend she would turn aside with quivering lips, and we at length

desisted. Then, after almost a year, we saw All glossy and spotless, close-fitting and Mr. Moreton had breathed his last, in grief for the loss of her father.

haggard expression that seemed volvers, and they look as if they strangely at variance with her once would prove ugly customers in a row. happy countenance; and our companion, a few weeks after, would no words to tell me that happiness had fled from her heart.

The autumn leaves scattered here bowie-knives; happily married; that there was some all to keep cool and fire to kill. truth in former rumors; and we reside, Let us build us a castle, my sweet one, in called the sad expression of the The windows are down and the pasbeautiful eyes as proof.

The once happy home was again to be shrouded in grief, and the mother, ere the snows fell, joined the father, leaving Myra an orphan.

The coach has just freached the top of a hill, when every horse is suddenly pulled up.

"If it's a b'ar we'll have some fun," reached out in sympathy as I thought his head out of the window. over the intense grief of Myra. "If it's a robber, gin me the fust Heart-broken, and made an orphan wap at him," whispered one of the in so short a time, we tendered her desperadoes. our sympathy and love; but there

seemed no resignation on her part. and as she bade us "good-by," she with a cocked revolver in either hand told us her heart was "sorely grieved, and said: but there was still more trouble and dered over her words, and waited for ing. Please leave your shooters and time to explain them. One after an climb down here, one at a time." other our schoolmates and friends In the suburbs of C—, in the State of Missouri, stands Moreton in high and tangled masses, and window. It was a trap. The rats

istocratic grandenr. There is an air til four long years had passed. As I "and I want to see the procession of quiet beauty about the place, that sat, one October evening, I saw begin to move. suggests to the passers-by a home for the homeless as well as a haven of grounds of Moreton Hall, and I us, and we were to be cool, and fire learned there was to be a new occu- to kill. But the captain was growing This home is now owned by, and pant there. The house was thrown white around the mouth, and nobody the residence of Myra Moreton. The open, and everything around soon had a weapon in hand. The rats marble slabs in the churchyard near resumed its accustomed aspect. The were not going to fight. One of the members but one of the large, aristo-cratic family. The small figure that is seen passing to and fro, dressed in show the resting-places of all the grounds were tended, the house re miners opened the door and descendand, to my surprise, saw and recog-Five years ago, there was assembled nized Miss Linda, my old friend. Strange thoughts filled my mind, and stranger fancies still, when, in a few weapons from the coach, and then days, a carriage stopped at the Hall, and left there a small lady, dressed and were there to withess the wed-ding of our friend Myra. The halls achoed with happy footfalls, and the Myra Forbes, and she was alone. his head, and whatever plunder was Could she have returned widowed? Surely death had spared her one into William's hat. Four gold watch tures "father," facetionsly. among her loved lones.

Busy hands were outstretched to welcome her, and render the Hall \$1,200 in cash changed hands in ten once more homelike. Tender words minutes. Not a man had a word to greeted her coming, and loving kind-ness was shown by Miss Linda. The leave his seat, and was not interfered Myra had always been a wilful Hall was home once more for the with. When the last man had been wanderer, but the loved ones were plundered, the genteel Dick Turpin she had her teachers and classmates, gone. Marble slabs in the church kindly observed:

grew sadder in mind and weaker weren't so darned hard, I'd make with saddened hearts, were forced to physically. Change—there must be each of you a present of ten dollars. change, or death our physicians said, as they looked upon the pale, wan and the coach will go on."

each of you a present of ten dollars.

Now, then, climb back to your places, "Last year," said the driver of a The evening came. We were all as they looked upon the pale, wan and the coach will go on. face of Myra. Miss Linda's eager

The crowd "clumb," and mansion was brilliantly lighted, and the grounds were brightly lighted by the Chinese lantern that hung in grave ere long. So, after weeks of persuasion a bary of small children parfors were thrown open, and soon filled with guests. We never looked upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace, if not happiness, would upon a lovelier bride. The groom that peace is not start to the lovel that the lovel that peace is not start to the lovel that peace is not start to the lovel that the lovel th

and summer until October came again.

Glorious October, with its mellow No one could, and the silence was sunlight and bronze leaves? The schoolhouse showed its accustomed number of girls and boys, but ttowith its entertainment at Moreton Hall. The school-mistress had regained health and strength, and the Myra and her schoolmates turned a beautiful black eyes sparkled once

The morrow came. The banners waved from the Hall, and the That was the reason we turned our grounds were alive with children. heads aside, and would not listen to Loud were the voices that called "Miss Myra" among them, and en-

Myra forget her queenly station We occasionally visited Mr. and crown, and, with a cry, raised

They were both restored to health. Linda, who had served the family for and strength, and the fallen man years, alternately as nurse and house- vowed to be a man once more—a man keeper and governess, did we ever freed from the coils of intemper-

ance. As I sit in my doorway, I see husis, she wore spectacles, and her hair band and wife standing side by side fell in corkscrew curls that peeped He looks down upon her tenderly, We and the old light has come again to any accident happened to us at school them, with her spectacles and snowy

A TRAP FOR SEVEN.

Catch a rat in a trap and he will found the subject painful to her and fight. Trap a man and—well. you can't rely on him. It is according to We passed and repassed Moreton the trap. In the heavy stage coach, Hall, and still silence reigned about as we roll out of Leadville, were seven men. One is an army officer physicians going to and fro, and at who has half a dozen scars to prove last we heard that Mr. Moreton was his bravery. Cut off from his comill, and Myra had been summoned mand on the plains last summer by a Ere the news reached her, score of Indians, he intrenched him self and fought the band off until and again we met our friend, buried help arrived. Two of the others are desperadoes, who have killed their There were lines of care plainly men. Three of the others are stalvisible on the young face, and a worn wart miners, each armed with two re-

The seventh man might do some shooting on a pinch, but he hopes meet us with a sad smile that needed there will be no pinch. In the crowd are ten revolvers, two derringers, three repeating rifles, and four or five and there is perfect and there over the new mound in the good feeling as the stage rolls along. churchyard. The wife returned to It is tacitly understood that the army her husband, and rumors came back to C—— that Myra Forbes was not the coach is attacked, and they are

> It is ten o'clock in the morning. sengers are smoking and talking, and

> growled one of the miners, as he put

No one could say what the trouble was, when a wiry little chap about The Hall was now closed. There five feet six inches tall, with black was no one left of the family but eyes and hair, clean face and thin Stay, what chance and change may waite Myra; even Miss Linda left our town lips, appeared at the left hand door

> "Gents, I am sorry to disturb you, grief for Moreton Hall." We pon- but I've get to make a raise this morn-

> It was sudden. It was so sudden had left us, and there only remained that it took ten seconds to underlimited number. We passed the stand the drift of his remarks. Then Hall and would shudder as we every eye turned to the right hand every surrounding showed us deser- were caught, and would they fight?"

The months passed into years, un patient," continued the first robber,

held his shooter on the line, he cool ly observed to his partner:

"Now William, you remove the arch these gentlemen."

As William obeyed, every victim taken from his pockets was dropped es, two diamond pins, a telescope. a diamond ring, a gold badge,

"You are the most decent set of Miss Linda found that her charge men I ever robbed, and if times

persuasion, a bevy of small children cleaned out by two, and not a shot thronged at Moreton Hall to their spittin' like a cat, thronged at Moreton Hall to their fired or a wound given. Mile after

renewed.- Tit Bits. ...

with the unmistakable preference like a big burr. They had to kill the shown by American girls for English thing to get it off. The lady fainted husbands, American men should give right off hand, being on the piazzy no indication of being able to take all the time, and the laughin' and to themselves wives from among the hollerin' was enough to kill. daughters of Albien. Indeed, no dog didn't fool with woodchucks rumor has ever floated over the sea of agin, I tell you."- [New York Sun. a passing sentiment or firtation between Young America and the belies or beauties of a London season. Evidently the magnetism which draws she is serenaded by a party of gendently the magnetism which draws the two nationalties together is nega | tlemen at a late hour.

We all returned to our homes her and crowned her with tinted ried her brother's wife's father. By

IN '50 OR '56.

Wound up and Must Go--How Mrs. Wobble told an Excructatingly Funny Stery Her Bad Memory,

"Oh! that puts me in mind of a curious thing I heard when I was in

New York." Everybody becomes quiet to hear Mrs. Wobble's story.

She continues-"No, 'twasn't in New York, either-yes, it was-nobut it must have been; it was the time I bought my black grenadine. father," turning to her lord and master.

"It was in Philadelphy you bought your granydine, Maria's

"Oh, la! yes; where was I? Oh! as I was saying, when I was in Phila-delphia—but it does seem as though was in New York-when I was in Philadelphia in-in-strange. I can't remember when it was! ther what year was it we were in com- Philadelphia?"

"Somewhat in the '50s, Maria; '56, I believe."

"Are you sure it was '56, father? Seem 's though it wasn't so long ago as that. Dear me sus! how time does fly! However, it doesn't make any difference when it was. Let's call it '56, though I still think it wasn't so far back 's that. Well. as I was saying, when we were in Philadelphia -- if it was Philadelphia—in 1856—can it be possible!— I heard a very curious story. It was about a Mr. Whatshisname—I never could remember names, but you know him, father. That man with the red face and gray beard -no, 'twasn'nt him; the man with the red face and gray beard was man we met at Hulda's. Why. Couldn't have been him.

Twas that man who lived down on-dear me! what is the name of that street? "Never mind the man's name,

father, you ought to remember.

mother; give us the story. "Of course it's nothing to do with the story; but it makes me so mad that I can't remember nothing. Now there's your sister Sarah, father; what a memory that woman has! she always has the day and date right at her tongue's end and you once give her a person's name, and she never'll forget it to her dying day. But me! It puts me all out of patience. When to to tell anything, I can't remem ber the first thing."

"But the story, mother?"

"Oh, yes! It was about this manercy sakes! why can't I think what is name is? However, its no use Well, a very funny thing happened to him in India, I believe—no, 'twas China-oh, yes-no, it was in Italy ecause it had something to do with the bandits. But it couldn't have been in Italy, either; for you remember: father, that it had something about tigers in it, and there ain't no tigers in Italy -leastwise, I never ard of any there. So it couldn't have been in Italy. But, where was it, father? You ought to remember.

Father" is unable to throw any light on the matter.

other, and of course he couldn't have said something to somebody if somebody hadn't been there to hear it. And yet he must have been alone. At all events he was traveling-oh I have it now! no-I wish I could that wasn't it."

"Perhaps it was Shadbard," ven

"What do you want to flustrate me with your nonsense, for, father? I declare you've put me all out, and I can,t remember for the life of me in a rain storm, or had it smashed what it was that happened to him, but I know it was something awfully funny

"Father" has no doubt of it, but breathes a prayer of thankfulness to know that Maria has run down at last.-Boston Transcript.

stage in the White Mountains, "I The crowd "clumb," and the vehicle took a lady over to one o' these 'ere once more come to the heiress of plaintively suggested:

Moreton Hall.

Cam't some of you gentlemen came a terrible whoop up the road.

The folks rushed to the prazzy, and The seasons passed, and spring think of a few remarks which would there was somethin' white a-comin' down the road, and the boys in the rear whoopin' and yellin'. It was a short heat, and in a moment that 'ere dog rushed down the grade with a A Point.-It is rather curious that woodchuck a-hangin' on to his hair

and duties, and the days passed as they had for months, save that we were less one companion, one friend.

The old home seemed lonely without the days passed as they had for months, save that we man had stumbled and fell; his head of two.

The old home seemed lonely without the days passed as leaves and scarlet berries.

But ere they were aware, something had happened. A drunken man had stumbled and fell; his head of two.

The old home seemed lonely without the days passed as leaves and scarlet berries.

But ere they were aware, something had happened. A drunken man had stumbled and fell; his head of two.

SUNKEN CITIES.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ire land, some of which are of a most ro mantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin, is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but, a populous and flourishing city; but, sumption. Reader, if the child for some dreadful and unabsolved bors, take this comforting words crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark beneath the deep waters. The "dark day whom the physicians pronoun spirit" of its King still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his medicines in curing this disease. white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake; a perform ance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed, and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The pea-santry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland." "In Ulster is a lake 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked vicious people who lived in this place; and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth that whenever a well s believed by the inhabitants that one's mouth that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldam coming to fetch water heard her child cry; upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it the land was so ing back to do it the land was so overran that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all speak a good werd for it, and thus, win the territory were drowned, which

caused this pool that remains to this day." Giraldus Cambrensis too notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes: "On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fiskerman

strays
When the clear cold eve's declining.
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."
—[Chambers's Journal.

THE OLDEST PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE TWO AMERICAS.

A few miles below Murry Bay, Province of Quebec, stands to-day the oldest place of worship in the two Americas. Here at the month of druggists. two Americas. Here at the mouth of two Americas. Here at the month of the river of death first landed the French, September, 1534; about fifty night?"

All over London, after the dynamite: "Meaning the second of the land years only after Columbus discovered the new world! The river is wide like a sea, although we are 400 miles from the open ocean. The scene is much like the Bay of Naples. The air is certainly vastly superior in purity and sweetness. The soil is tawny sand, dotted with plateaus of birch, and pine, and cedar, which seem to have fled up the rugged rocks that rise gradually and gracefully back from the water. Here these trees hover in the steepest and most inaccessible places, as if to escape the ax. For, ah, it is cold here for half the year or more, and the "habitant" must have his roaring wood fire.

"How vexations it is, to be sure, that I can't remember such a little thing as that. Well, wherever it was, the thing I am going to tell you the mighty North. Trade, and strife, and progress, and battle have gone disbets, retention or inability to retain in and progress, and all the diseases and all th Still, how secure this spot is with the thing I am going to ten you happened. One day, when he was traveling alone—no, there must have been somebody with him, because he been somebody with him, because he wooden church, with the weight of wooden church, with the weight of "Bachy". "Bachy" "Bachy" ders, stands there in the grass alone looking out forever on the great bay, peace in its heart, promise of rest like this on its holy altar. | Joaquin Miller.

remember his name! Sounds something like 'Hickory,' but of course a man in a perfectly blood-curdling, nephew's curse sort of a way he expresses the wish that God may make him wear a "plug" hat. The Egyptian mind is not altogether benighted, after all, as you at once perceive if you have ever worn one of the things down over your ears as you were getting into a back.

CANADIAN BAZAAR.

Mr. John Osborne, Musical Baznar, Toron Canada, writes that his wife was cured rheumatism by the great pain-banisher, S Jacob's Oil; that he has found it an invalual remedy for many ailments.

The Massachusetts Legislature had to be prorogued. It is better now.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caus-tic local treat ment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of Iadies employed the "Favorite Prescrip-tion" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

... This country ought to be too poor to import rags from Europe.

ANT In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cents than in any 15 or 25-cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

plazzy
i' and
That
That
That
Rats." 15c.

The game of croquet is wicket enough for The game of clergymen to play. "You claim too much for Samaritan Nervice," says a skeptic. Its patrons say just the opposite.

the two nationalties together is negative on the side of feminine English aristocracy.

A young woman in Erie has married her brother's wife's father. By this arrangement she becomes her brother's mother-in-law, and thus the young man has only one boss instead of two.

Illument at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.

Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.

"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your heart, man, cabbages, of course. A good, plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

"Investigator" wants to know what is good to the head, constant fatigue, no appetite, pains in the breast after eating, night sweats, alternate chills and fevers, etc., etc.,

Printers on morning papers the nights of labor.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying dying win druggists.

Cutting a telegraph wire is not breaking ews gently.

"Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine ne of epilepsy." Jacob Sutes, St. Joseph W

Dr. W. B. Cummings, Sparta, Texx., a 'I am strongly convinced of the effects from it from Bitters and heartily recommend. " MOTHER SWAN'S WORM STRUP," for few

ishness, restlessness, tasteless. 25c.

The wake of a ship is always in the on

THE DIFFERENCE.

We often hear it said, "You can sell as not only continue to purchase it when need of a remedy for colds and cough a large sale.

appetizer.

"ROUGH ON RAYS." Clears out rats, wie, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chip munks. 15c.

All game is out of season just now except the game of kenc.

"It is not necessary to enter into particular in referring to the complicated organical functional difficulties to which the more del tunctional difficulties to which the later cate classes of American women are subjet but we take pleasure in saying that Mrs. Lyb. E. Pinkham's Great Remedy for all the troubles has an unbounded popularity.

VITAL QUESTIONS.

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritations the nerves and curing all corms of nerves complaints, giving natural, childlike refresh ing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhositatingly "Some form of Hops!

CHAPTER I.
Ask any or all of the most eminent physical What is the best and only remedy that on



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Moadache, Teethache, Nore Throat, Swedings, Sprains, Bruisek Burns, Sewids, Frost Biles, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACRES.

THE CHARLES A. VOUELER CO.

SYMPTOMS OF A ORPID LIVER.

dache generally over the saleganess, with fitful dream red Urine, and CONSTIPATION. TUIT'S PILLS are especially adaption ones, one dose affects such a c of feeling as to aste They Engrance the body to Take on E pourlahed, and by the