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A New Year's Dream.

An old man sat musing one evening,
In his arm chair ere going to bed;
The fire on the hearth was still burning,
And the embers were glowing and red.

The storm with great fury was howling,
And shaking the windows and doors;
Not a star in the heavens was smiling,
It was dark as the Plutonian shores.

And the clock in the corner went ticking
Tick—tick—tick—tick,
And with its monotonous ticking
The minutes went tick—tick—tick.

But the embers on the hearthstone were
mocking
His body decrepit and old;
And the storm in its fury was jeering
His heart that was wicked and cold.

And the clock like a demon of terror,
Recounted to his conscience the shame
Of a life full of sin and error,
Till guilt and remorse shook his frame

His semblance of youth he saw dancing
With a skeleton, in its hideous embrace;
Then towards him slowly advancing
The skeleton threw the mask in his face.

And the tears from his eyes came stream-
ing,

And he cried and prayed for reprove:
"O the past, that is past redeeming,
O my youth that I fain would retrieve."

When suddenly—list'ning, list'ning,
He heard ringing of bells from the tower,
And looking on high he saw glist'ning
The stars from their heavenly bower.

And quickly his youth came returning,
And his breast heaved of relief—
For he, a young man, had been dreaming,
Only dreaming on New Year's Eve.

McMinnville, Dec. 31, '86.

Tommy Loves a Lord.

Oregonian.

Gen. Badeau's story of Grant's treatment by the English aristocracy from the Queen down is a striking revelation of the difference between the ruling sentiment in England and America. We have dudes, snobs and fools in America, who imitate the infirmities of English society without any excuse, but this is merely a local disorder; it never has become and never will become a national epidemic. In one of Gen. Badeau's recent articles he tells of a dinner given by the queen to Gen. and Mrs. Grant, where Grant's son, Jessie, was not allowed to sit at the queen's table. The boy objected to this distinction and said he would sit at the queen's table with his parents or dine elsewhere. Gen. Badeau's story of the treatment of Grant at the hands of the Prince of Wales illustrates forcibly the difference between the social sentiment of America and England. The emperor and empress of Brazil were the chief guests of the day, and Grant and his wife were invited at the last

minute and treated as if they were of small consequence. They were obliged to stand in a waiting room about half an hour. The Prince of Wales went to dinner with the empress of Brazil on his arm while the emperor of Brazil escorted the princess. Gen. Grant was given to Mrs. Pierrepont, the wife of the American minister, while Mrs. Grant was handed over to the Brazilian minister, whom the emperor looked upon as his lackey. At the table Grant and his wife were seated below the nobles. When the ladies rose the Empress of Brazil and the Princess of Wales passed out together, leaving Mrs. Grant to take care of herself, and in the dancing room no courtesies were offered Grant and his wife, the blood royal keeping by itself. And yet this apparent rudeness was only court etiquette which demanded that the royalty and nobility should precede Grant. And yet how absurd all this action must have seemed even to sensible Englishmen. Grant had commanded a million of men in war. He had for eight years ruled 60,000,000 of people; he had risen to the level of the world's nobility of genius in war and government; and yet he was subjected to the etiquette of court and snubbed to the point of insult by a man who was his inferior in intellect, morals and manners. The royal code of manners in England would give the king of the Sandwich islands a seat above Grant at a state dinner, because the olive-sided king bird of the Pacific had royal blood in his veins. The English aristocracy is a conglomerate jackass; it is as much out of place in the harmony of our modern civilization as the mediæval theology is in the modern pulpit. The absurdity of English manners, which would seat a man who had commanded a million of men in war and aply ruled 60,000,000 of people in peace, below a royal mediocrity, needs no explanation. It is as indefensible as injustice; as absurd as insanity.

A fifty dollar dress for a dollar is an elegant gift. At Mrs. M. Shadden's.

The Horse Remembers Kindness.

Wallace's Monthly.

A very remarkable incident in the history of the original Bush Messenger illustrates that though abuse may seem to, it does not wholly destroy the better nature, and that one touch of kindness calls into life all the old virtues. Years after he was sold Mr. Bush determined to see his old favorite, whom he found in a pasture surrounded by a fence ten feet high, through a hole in which the food and water were passed to Messenger as if he were "a dangerous convict." Mr. Bush was warned not to enter the enclosure for his very life, but he went in and, unobserved, concealed himself behind a tree and whistled. The horse raced around the pasture, and when at the height of his run Mr. Bush exposed himself and whistled again, Messenger wheeled and made directly for him, while the onlookers trembled in terror. But instead of seeking to kill, the horse came up gently and laid his head over his old master's shoulder to receive the customary caress. When Mr. Bush's time for departure had come, he had proceeded out a few yards from the enclosure when there was a crash and out Messenger came, bounding through the strong bars. He followed his former owner to the stable gently, where he was secured by strong ropes and for a long, long distance upon the road homeward Mr. Bush could hear the noble animal neighing, lashing the stall and struggling to be free and follow. It is a good thing for a man to be master of his horse, but to be master of his affections is an absolutely noble thing.

The impression grows daily stronger that English society is badly in need of a disinfectant.

Who says it? The Telegram is responsible for this assertion: "Yanhill county, through its representatives, will again petition the legislature to permit the voters of the county to say whether the county seat may not be removed from Lafayette to McMinnville. Citizens of the latter place claim that all they want is a chance to yank the capital to a more eligible place and leave Lafayette to the bats and owls."