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A HEAVENLY BIRTHDAY.

Dost thou keep count and say in thy far place,
"To-day is birthday is the first since that dark hour
When on my breast was laid Love's funeral flower?"
Thou hast won all in the immortal race—
Conqueror of life and death and time and space—
And I, a lagging, beaten runner, cower,
While round me mocking memories jeer and lower;
And from thy far world comes no helpful grace:
Thou dost not whisper that those heights are cold
Where I walk not beside thee, and the night
Of death is long. Nay, I am overbold.
Thou sittest comforted and healed with light,
And young and glad, and I who wait am old.
Yet will I find thee, even in Death's despite?
—Louise C. Moulton in Harper's Magazine.

STORY OF A WALTZ.

[Jacques Offenbach, the author of the following story, is the well known composer of light opera:]

My mother and sisters used to lull me to sleep by singing to me a sweet, slow waltz. I had never heard all of it. The first eight bars were the only parts of it that I knew. Perhaps those loved ones themselves were ignorant of the rest. These eight bars haunted me—fixed themselves on my brain with all the greater force because my charmed heart opened wide all the doors to them. Did not each note bring to me a thousand tender recollections? When they flitted through my mind I saw our old home—my father's home. I heard the voices of all those from whom I had long been separated, whom I had loved and who had loved me most warmly.

I was in Paris all alone, earning my daily bread by playing the violoncello in the orchestra of the Opera Comique. I was then at an age when most children are still at school, with many years of school days still before them. Although I was quietly jogging on toward the future, I regretted the past. Solitude was sometimes very oppressive to me.

This waltz, though nothing very wonderful, had at last come to assume proportions in my mind. It had ceased to be a mere waltz. It had become almost a prayer, which I hummed from morning to night, not as a supplication to heaven, but because it seemed to me that when I repeated it my family heard me, and when it echoed in my memory I could have sworn it was my loved ones at home who responded to me. I cannot express how eagerly I desired to hear the whole of that waltz. I could not deceive myself. My continuations seemed charming to me when I extemporized them, but when I repeated them they spoke to me only of myself, and nothing of my loved ones at home, nor of the departed days of childhood.

Years came and went, but those eight bars did not fade away from my memory; on the contrary, they seemed deeper graven on it with each succeeding year.

One day, feeling that I could stand it no longer, I set out for home to hunt for the waltz. As there appeared to be no special cause for my journey, my father and the rest of the family covered me with caresses. They attributed my return to an increase of affection for them. They were mistaken, for I loved them so dearly that I could not, for the life of me, have loved them more than I did.

I dared not breathe to them one word about the waltz, lest I should destroy their illusions. It seemed to me I should wound their feelings were I to refer to it. Those who know what it is to love will understand what I mean.

One evening my father, who was fond of hearing me play, asked for some music. He was a learned and severe judge, and I always felt a little nervous at being asked to play before him. That evening, however, I did not wait to be pressed, and without any prelude to make my fingers agile I played the famous bars of the waltz which persecuted me.

"Is it possible?" said my father. "Do you still remember Zimmer's waltz?"

"Zimmer!" I exclaimed. "Is that waltz by Zimmer? Are you sure of that? Who was Zimmer?"

"Zimmer was a young composer who in times past had some vogue," replied my father. "He began unusually well and was becoming popular when he disappeared, and nobody knows what became of him."

"Do you know the waltz from beginning to end?"

"No, I do not."

"How could you, with your prodigious memory, have forgotten it?"

"For the excellent reason that I never knew it. Your poor, dear mother sang it to put you to sleep, and I dare say she never knew more of it than those eight bars."

The next day I visited every music shop in Cologne.

I asked the dealers for Zimmer's waltz. I did not know its title, so I said, "It begins in this way," and I sang the first eight bars. They looked at me smilingly, but everywhere I met with a negative reply. I returned quite vexed to Paris.

For years after this experience and during all my travels I never entered a music shop without asking for Zimmer's waltz. But all my efforts to unearth it were in vain. At last I gave up all hope of ever finding the rest of it and contented myself with the eight bars which invariably haunted my memory.

One morning while I was settling an account with Brandus, the music publisher in Paris, he said to me:

"I have just heard of a poor fellow who really has some talent."

"Are you going to publish his music?"

"I would like to do so, but he is old and has no reputation."

"He will acquire reputation."

"He pretends he had reputation once."

"What is his name?"

"Zimmer."

"Zimmer? Did you say Zimmer? Where does he live? Give me his address! Quick! Quick!"

"I don't know his address. He is to come here tomorrow to take back his manuscript."

"Brandus, my dear friend, do me a favor—a very great favor. Publish that manuscript, pay him ten times what it is worth and charge the money to me, but send the excellent fellow to see me. I would give anything to see him."

Brandus promised to grant both requests. I waited impatiently all the next day to see Zimmer. He did not come. I waited the second day—months—years. Zimmer never put in an appearance.

I was vexed at first, but afterward I became resigned to my disappointment. I said to myself that after all a wise man ought to content himself with a little; that these eight bars had occupied a sufficient share of my life, and that I ought not to give further thought to the rest; that, after all, it could not amount to much since it had passed into oblivion, and, thank heaven, the day had gone by when there were unknown masterpieces.

In 1871 I went to Vienna to attend the rehearsals of "Les Brigands." Vienna is fond of me and delights to spoil me. I am very proud of this, and I never lose an opportunity to confess it. Whenever I visit the Austrian capital, my friends, who are a legion, give me a most hospitable reception, and I am forced to enjoy all the pleasures of that city, which is the city of pleasure par excellence.

One night, while we were returning from Die Neue Welt, which is one of the most curious establishments in the world, our carriages were brought to a standstill by a mob which had assembled in front of a fifth rate ballroom, frequented by soldiers and suburban workmen.

We thought at first the crowd had been attracted by a battle between drunkards or a conflict between lovers, for a man was lying on the ground. Dr. Falkner, who was one of the party, leaped from the carriage and went to see what was the matter. He was told that the ticket taker of the ball had died suddenly. Dr. Falkner examined the man on the ground, and presently said:

"He is not dead, but is dying of starvation!"

Everybody tried to do something for the poor ticket taker. He was given a glass of wine, and a collection was taken up for him. We contributed liberally. The doctor promised to call on the poor fellow in the morning, and asked his address. A woman gave him a visiting card, and going up to the carriage lamp the doctor read aloud, "Rodolphe Zimmer, professor of music, Sterngasse, 268."

"Zimmer!" I exclaimed. "I know him! Put him in the carriage. Quick! I will take charge of him!"

We drove to the address on the card. Zimmer's room was on the fifth floor. The door was opened, and our hearts ached when we saw, not in the room, but the hole in which the poor fellow lived. Four naked, solid walls, a little straw in one corner, an earthenware jug, an earthenware porringer, a bit of soap—nothing else. Luckily we were in what was called a "furnished lodging house," and the rooms on the first floor were almost decent. We had poor Zimmer placed in the best of them. Dr. Falkner promised me that he should be well taken care of.

A week or ten days afterward a servant announced to me, "Mr. Rodolphe Zimmer." At last I had got possession of my waltz! A tall, old man with a noble face entered my room. Misfortune had cruelly scratched his wrinkled cheeks with her claws. His eyes were gentle and resigned. Long white locks fell on his black coat, which was almost threadbare; but very neatly brushed. In fact, everything about him excited sympathy.

"Sir," said he, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to me."

"It is not worth mentioning," I answered. "I did nothing but follow the example of your friends."

"I have no friends. I have not long enough to live to talk to you of gratitude; I have come merely to say, 'Thank you.'"

"I repeat again, you owe me nothing. Do you know who I am?" I replied quite testily, for to tell the truth I thought his 'Thank you' rather a poor return for all I had done.

"Jacques Offenbach."

"Yes; that is my name. Now, you can understand that between brethren of the same profession the very least thing that can be done is to help each other."

"Brethren!" murmured Zimmer in a bitter tone. "You say that out of politeness. Alas! I am nothing but a poor professor with absolutely nothing."

"I beg your pardon, but you have had your share of popularity. You have had talents."

"I am obliged for your courtesy."

"It is not courtesy. It is my sincere opinion."

"You may perhaps have heard that and you repeat it to me to lessen the bitterness of alms. You do not, you cannot know anything about me."

"You are mistaken and I am going to prove it to you."

I went to the piano, and I played slowly the eight bars I knew so well. The old man lifted his head at the first notes. Stupefaction was followed by infinite delight. The artist in him straightened himself up, and a beam of joy shone through the tears which flowed down his hollow cheeks. His emotion affected me so that I had the utmost difficulty to get through the eight bars. As I arose from the piano he ran toward me and took my hands, exclaiming:

"Ah, maestro, dear maestro! May God reward you! You have done a good deed. You have prevented me from dying—that was nothing. You give me strength to live—that is everything. So there is indeed somebody on earth who still knows me, and that somebody is you. Ah, how can I show my gratitude for this delight, which is so great, so unexpected!"

"In a very simple manner," I replied. "You have but to play for me the rest of the waltz."

"The rest—the rest of the waltz?"

"Yes. It is the greatest favor you could do for me. When I have told you why, you will see that all is not settled between us and that I am still your debtor."

Zimmer sat down at the piano and played, as I had just done, the eight bars. Then he stopped. I was all attention. He seemed to be trying to recall it. His face changed from astonishment to pain. Suddenly he clasped his brow in his hands and exclaimed in terror: "I cannot recollect it! I cannot recollect it! Good heavens! I am going crazy! Perhaps it is the excitement—you are listening to me—and yet this very morning I played it. That waltz is my life, myself—a very mournful life. Let me go home and I will bring the waltz to you. I will not be gone long."

"Be still more generous," I replied. "Come and breakfast with me tomorrow, and then you will play the waltz to me and tell me your history."

That very evening a telegram summoned me to Paris. A month later I returned to Vienna. I then found that Zimmer had died in the interim, leaving a parcel for me.

I confess it was with emotion that I opened the packet. It contained the waltz, a small ring set with sapphires, an envelope yellowed by time, and these lines traced by a trembling hand:

MAESTRO—I owe to you the sole pleasure I have enjoyed in forty years. Allow me, while dying, to bequeath to you the three objects which have recalled to me my past happiness. I promised to tell you my history—here it is: At the age of twenty-five I had been betrothed for three years. I adored my love with all my heart and soul. I worked day and night to become celebrated, that she might be proud of me and be happy. I believe there are still people living who knew her. Were they asked they assuredly would say that there never appeared on earth a woman more perfect than she was.

One evening her mother said to me, "She is twenty years old—you may marry her."

I kissed both hands of my darling's mother. My betrothed looked at me in silence. There was such happiness visible in her whole expression that I felt too much to be able to speak. I left them to go to Prague, in order that I might bring my father to our wedding. When I returned with him a fortnight afterward, and buoyant with happiness I brought him to her house to meet her, a neighbor met me at her door and said: "Do not knock so loudly. She is dead!"

It was true. She was dead. I entered the house and found her old mother there weeping all alone. She was dead. There are young girls who die of consumption. Death's advances are followed day by day, and in six months the love of a lifetime is given them, but my betrothed died without an hour's illness, all suddenly, without any warning, with no time for last words, with no time for farewells. My father sobbed. He led me away, saying: "Do not despair!" He had never seen her.

Since that day I have vegetated, hopeless, disheartened, grieving and obscured. The inclosed envelope contains her hair. Seeing death approach I have wished to burn it, but then I reasoned, "If you do not die you will never console yourself for its loss." I beseech you to burn it without unsealing the envelope. The ring I gave her on the day of our betrothal. It cost me a hundred florins. I have been starving for many a day as I gazed on it; still it leaves me only with life. I bequeath it to you that it may remain unsoiled. Once more I thank you. May God keep all those you love!

* * * * * *

I burned the envelope containing her hair without opening it. The ring shall not be sold. I have published the waltz.—Translated from the French for Romance by Ralph Edmunds.

A Long Word.

Mr. Whymper in a paper upon Greenland in The Alpine Journal characterizes the Eskimo language as "sententious." A single word, he says, is made to convey an idea which in English would require a full sentence. Of such words he offers one example—a word meaning "You must try much to get a good knife." Here it is, Savecenearreatoresooaratlaromaronatetok. Mr. Whymper does not indicate how this precious polysyllable is to be pronounced, and we must leave our readers to exercise their own discretion upon that point.

Washington's Lumber.

In 1890 the cut from the state of Washington amounted to 1,200,000,000 feet, valued at $18,000,000. Of this quantity of the manufactured product there were exported 112,255,358 feet of large lumber and timber and 12,153,000 feet of pickets, shingles and laths, making a total exportation of 124,374,358 feet. The United Kingdom, China, Australia and Hawaii received the greater portion of this supply.—Port Crescent Leader.

A Bachelor's Invention.

In the United States patent records for the year 1853 a curious error exists. A child's cradle was patented in that year and placed in the records under the head of "agricultural implements." Evidently the examiner was not a married man and supposed that a cradle could only be used for harvesting grain.—New York News.

Bremen has spent 20,000,000 marks, or about $7,500,000, in making the Weser navigable. Big steamships can now go up to the city instead of being obliged to discharge cargo and land passengers at Bremerhaven.

A Stitch of Pain.

A stitch is a sharp, spasmodic pain in the muscles of the side like the piercing of a needle, and is very apt to be produced if exercise is taken immediately after a hearty meal. This arises because the nervous energy necessary for the proper working of the muscles in exercise is engaged in another direction—namely, in assisting the digestion of the food. Anything that interferes with the proper supply of nervous energy required for exercise, whether it be debility or the process of digestion or exhaustion arising from over exertion, is apt to cause this spasmodic pain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Condor.

According to Humboldt, the massive pinions of the bird enable it to soar over all the summits of the Andes, to circle for hours in those regions of low pressure, and thence on a sudden to descend to the seashore, thus passing rapidly through all gradations of climate.—Edinburgh Review.

Quite Citified.

First Country Boy—Your sister is pickin up lots o' city manners from them summer boarders of yours.

Second Country Boy—Yes, indeed. She's got to sayin "Not in it" and "See?" and las' night she let a feller kiss her in th' hammock.—Good News.

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which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost $400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Pansies," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations, subject matter, that will empower everyone, posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, cut in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2, and you will only get over $50 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 16th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the system, send 10 cents for a sample copy.

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Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given, that George G. Bingham executor of the estate of R. B. Chubb, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Marion county, Oregon, has set the 5th day of December 1892 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. for the hearing thereof. All persons having objections to said account will present them to said court at said time. GEO. G. BINGHAM, Executor.
11-4-5dw*

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