

The East Oregonian.

POETRY. I saw them last night leaning over the gate— Striped pants and bagged hair side by side— You might know by the little round cap on his pate.

NEITHER WISELY NOR WELL.

BY ETHEL HAY.

From the Portland Evening Telegram. "No," said Clifford Fernwood, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, and dreamily watched the blue wreaths of smoke curling above his handsome head.

"Good heavens! Hampton, who is that beautiful woman? There—the one with the bronze hair, standing under the chandelier?"

"What?" said Clifford, looking at his friend in surprise, "is it possible that you care for Ruby?"

"Blushes," echoed a clear, merry voice just behind them. "Who—why, Clifford, what do you know about blushing?"

"Why, Ruby," cried Clifford, catching both her hands and drawing her to his side, with a little flush on his own face, "where did you come from? Little eavesdropper, we might have been talking about you—what then?"

"Ah!" she answered, archly, "you would not have said anything that you would have cared for me to hear—would he, Mr. Randolph?"

"Of course, sweet," said Clifford, with an unconscious tenderness in his voice. "You walk on and wait for me, and I will join you as soon as I finish my cigar."

"The black mustache swept across the soft hands, and then he released her, and with a radiant happiness lighting her whole face, Ruby sprang down the steps and hastened away in the twilight towards the wave-washed rocks. That hour was perhaps the happiest of her life; yet, "who knows what a day may bring forth?"

"Clifford Fernwood?" exclaimed Guy, turning fiercely. "You are a villain! If it were anyone else I should curse you! Do you call yourself a man? Do you with such a black sin on your conscience—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my good fellow, give us a rest!" interrupted Clifford indolently, though his face grew a trifle white. "I declare I am feeling rather bad about this, myself—I don't exactly see how to get out of it, you know. She—the fact is, old fellow, she expects a declaration, and to tell the truth, I have gone a little further with Ruby than I ever went with anyone else. But confound it; Randolph, she is actually the sweetest little thing I ever knew, and sometimes I fancied I was in earnest."

"I was not frightened, Cliff, only—I have been thinking—"

"That I should die if you ceased to care for me. Oh, Cliff, if you—"

"Darling," he began, tenderly smoothing the waving brown tresses, "I must tell you something that grieves me expressively. I am going away; I am going to—leave you! I am poor—I can't marry for many years—perhaps, never! I will not bind you with any promise, for you can do better! Nay, sweet; it cannot be—such bliss is denied me! To-night, we must part forever. Will you try, darling, to think of me, once in a while? O, Ruby, I wish I could keep you forever! Beloved, I must go! Will you kiss me once—for the last time?"

"Crushed and stunned as she was by the cruel and unexpected termination of her happiness, poor Ruby had not the strength to refuse him. Mutely, like one in a horrible dream, she put her arms around his neck, and pressed her cold lips to his—once—twice—and then, shrinking away, whispered hoarsely, "Now, for God's sake, go." And with last caress, Clifford released her and strode away in the darkness; and she was left alone with her anguish, and the ceaseless dashing of the waves.

"It is all over, Randolph," he was saying complacently, "I let her down as gently as possible; and now, confound it, if I don't let 'summer flirtations' alone, hereafter, I'll smother a thing every possible. I should say I had been a little bit burnt, myself; but—"

"Clifford," said Guy, rising haughtily, "you are an unprincipled villain, and we can be friends no longer; I have done with you!"

"It is nothing," said Clifford, with a strong effort at self-control. "The name started me for a moment. I should like to be presented."

"And the two young men made their way to the hall, beautiful halcyon at a fashionable resort—the time five years after the night we last saw Clifford."

"What?" exclaimed his companion, laughing, "is it possible you don't know her? But I forgot—you have just arrived. Why, my dear fellow, that is Ruby West—or, at least, it used to be, but she was married about six months ago to Guy Randolph. She don't care anything for him, though—married him for his money, you know. Shall I introduce—why, good heavens! Fernwood, what is the matter? You are as white as a sheet!"

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The Duchesne Lake Serpent.

Additional proof of the presence of a large serpent in Duchesne lake, as previously reported, comes to hand, and there is little doubt but, the day is not far distant when the marine monster will be caught "dead or alive," as warrants sometimes read.

Andrew Moore is a farmer living in Laidley township, nearly opposite the Quio, which is not a great distance from the Chats falls. In his employ is a boy named McNeil, whose parents live on the Ontario or south side of the river. On Tuesday evening of last week the boy started to paddle across the river, which is about half a mile wide at that point, in a canoe. He had got a little more than halfway across the river when Mr. Moore, who had taken a stroll down the shore, saw something in the water making after the canoe. It was the serpent; so he yelled with all his might to the boy, whose attention was at once attracted. The lad knew that something was wrong, for he saw Mr. Moore gesticulating wildly on the shore, while his shouts were plainly heard. The boy quickly caught sight of a dark object in the water, making toward him, but still some fifty yards away. He did not wait to have an interview with the marine monster, but started for dear life. Mr. Moore stood on the shore breathlessly watching the result. The boy made the canoe speed in Laidley township, nearly opposite the Quio, which is not a great distance from the Chats falls.

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Nervous Depression.

The chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Change exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic—all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self.

Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance, and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must be urged to do so by denunciation.

No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that, after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she once said to herself: "Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer." And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. She stayed away, and in time overcame her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. "Talking things coolly" should be at least covered by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So, too, are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an unsuspected, but often very powerful contributing cause.

Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to resist as to denounce. Often strains the nerves and brain too heavily. A good hobby is often a wonderful relief to the overtaxed mind. Too little exercise and too much tea ruin the nerves of many a woman. Men often try their by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men, and above all, growing lads are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigor of youth cannot require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sap the seeds of nervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And over-driving and harassing young ladies and girls, whether at books or work, all tend in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements of pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when, through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give heed to the foregoing hints, and take for his motto, "Hope on, hope ever."

THE FROG TRADE IN ILLINOIS.—A citizen of Elgin, in this State, is in his third year of frog farming, and his first crop is now being marketed. He has an acre and a quarter devoted to the frog industry. The kind grown is the "Green frog," much larger than the common sort. He intends to furnish Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati with frogs, and is confident of success in his business.

MR. WARRNER'S CURE.—Among the very many remarkable cures effected by Warner's Safe Kidney and Bladder Pills, we mention that of a man, P. J. McGee, of Cook County, who was by his use relieved of a severe case of kidney trouble, after he had tried the remedies of some of the most eminent physicians of France, England and America without success. It is a truly wonderful cure, and a number of the same kind are mentioned in the testimonials of those who have been cured.

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Solid Facts.

Alarming prevalence of that insidious, loathsome, dangerous, and often fatal disease.

CATARRH.

Nine-tenths of the people of the North West are suffering more or less from this baneful malady. Being of serf-olous origin, hence constitutional, its manifestations are as varied in form as the rainbow is in color. CATARRH is a serf-olous affection of the mucous membrane which lines not only the throat and nasal passages but also all the interior cavities—brain, eyes, ears, stomach, liver, lungs, intestines, kidneys, bladder, and the entire cuticle of the body, and in its different stages is known as HUMID, DRY or CANCEROUS CATARRH. At first it usually affects the throat and nostrils, the impurities of which are swallowed into the stomach or inhaled into the lungs, thus poisoning the digestive, respiratory and genito-urinary organs, and causing Deafness, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Bronchitis, Leucorrhoea and Consumption, which latter is very often only CATARRH of the LUNGS. Hence it is evident that any remedy to be effectual in permanently curing this disease must possess the alternative properties necessary to eliminate from the blood the serf-olous virus which is the primary cause of the malady, as well as to cleanse and heal the affected membrane.

DR. JAMES KECK'S Sure Cure for Catarrh

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NOTICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

The first 27 June as you please called on the Pacific coast will occur in Three Hills, Portland, Oregon, on October 18th, 1891, at 12 noon, and will be held for the Championship of Oregon and Cash Prizes as follows: First man \$100, second \$50, third \$25. The winner of the first prize will be entitled to admission to the match for the Andrew Bell, by depositing \$100 with the stakeholder on or before May 1st, 1891. There will also be a special prize of \$200 open to all on a system of entrance fee of \$200 first prize, \$100, second \$50. Entries may be made with D. R. McNeill, Turner Hall, Portland, Oregon.

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