

FOR THE WEST SHORE.

## BOBBY.

BY MEM LINTON.

Out in the suburbs where the air is fresh and dewy from the fields, where no unclean breath of the city drops its malaria of unrest, stands a neat, little cottage, snow-white with green shutters and a trellised porch, covered with honeysuckle. Any pleasant afternoon, should you pass that way, you will see, perched on top of the gate-post, a little, round-faced, curly-headed boy, brown and rosy and dimpled, with wien, wide Irish eyes full of intense fire. If you do not notice him, he will surely stop you with the most outlandish abbreviations, that ever a child invented—"Mornin' man, 'amily yell?"

Being thus accosted, you face about; you see the smallest atom of humanity, regarding you with a look as brave and fearless as a veteran soldier. He repeats this time quite peremptorily—"amily yell!"

You comprehend now and smile. Your hearty appreciation of his interest in your family, which puts Bobby in a wonderful good humor.

"Very well, my little man! how is yours?" "Dooder'n it was." The answer comes straight as an arrow.

Should you continue the conversation, he will tell you in his own peculiar dialect, that his name is "Yobert Y. 'Allister, Yun'ior" and that he will be "tree ears old next gas," which are Bobbyisms for Robert McAllister, Jr., and three years old next grass.

Having no faculty for dates, he keeps track of his birthdays by the coming of the summer grasses.

He will also tell you that "at 'ouse" is his and that he has "a 'oss" and "a 'dorg" and "ots o' tickens. If you are riding he will suddenly end his list of possessions with "man, I 'nos 'oo"—which is another Bobbyism for "man, may I ride."

If mamma is not watching, and he has your consent, the chubby, little feet will carry him off the gate post in a twinkling and he will climb up on the pommel in front of you in the rarest Irish humor imaginable. But should mamma enter her veto, the hot Irish blood, which brooks no restraint, will flash in his eyes,—the chubby, little feet will stamp in a protest of rage—the sweet mouth, that can dimple with such rare smiles, will fling out defiantly, "I yill go, mamma Y 'Allister! I no no oo."

Then when the birch twig, that is kept in reserve, is displayed—up will go the tiny, clenched hand and up will go the chubby right foot. "I yip 'oo, mamma—I tick 'oo. This is the last climatic point his fury reaches. To-wit, to-wit, to-wit goes the birch twig across the rebellious hand and foot. It stings but he bears it bravely. To-wit, to-wit, to-wat, and this time the foot is dropped—the hand undoubles itself—large tears trickle down the dimpled cheek—the red lips, that were tightly compressed, relax into a quiver and the deep, broad, Irish nature breaks up in a great heart-sob,—"I de no oo, mamma; I are dooder'n I was." Bobby is conquered *only* till he can recruit his forces.

He is eminently ingenious in a mechanical sense; that is he invents innumerable, unthought means of amusement. He wrings the heads off of all the chickens he can catch to play "inyun";—gathers the eggs and cracks them for nuts; shells the peas to "pay yambles"; rides the dog for a pony; holds kitty in a tub of water till she strangles to make her "yim"; carries off all the spoils from the work-basket to make "yagons"; gets into the pantry and pinches great holes in the pies; in short keeps everything turned topsy-turvy generally.

(Tramp! tramp! tramp! Here he comes now down the garden-walk, up to his thighs in his father's great boots, and his father's broad brimmed garden hat falling half way to his shoulders.)

"Where have you been, Bobby?"

"Yeedin' dardin, mamma"—triumphantly holding up a young onion.

Mamma is in despair and every day prays that her little boy may grow up to be an honor to himself and to the world. And I think he will; the untiring energy, that now drives the restless, little feet in so many ways of mischief, will, I trust, as he grows to man's estate, centre upon some great truth and develop it for the sake of humanity and for the glory of God.

## SHE WANTED IT IN RED TYPE.

Soon after noon, the other day a very fat woman, "going on fifty years old," toiled up the four pair of stairs, rested her breath awhile, and then wanted to see the "head reporter."

"I am all alone in this world," she commenced, as she sat down and pulled out her handkerchief.

"A widow, eh?" queried the head reporter.

"Yes, a poor striving widder, whose husband has been dead these fourteen years."

"Death is a sad thing, madam. It crushes hopes, severs ties, and breaks hearts."

"He was such a good man!" she sobbed, covering her face with her handkerchief, "and such a good provider. We allers had meat, and taters, and wood, and preserves; and do you know, he never gave me an unkind word?"

"He must have been an excellent man."

"He was—he was. He'd git up nights and cover up the children, and shake down the stove, and if his meals wasn't ready, or he found buttons off his shirt, he'd never open his head."

"And your grief is yet strong—your sorrow just as deep?"

"Just the same as the day he lay dyin' and took my hand, and whispered, 'Cortilda, don't take on so.' Yes, I'm grieving just the same, or I wouldn't care what folks said. That's what brought me up here—folks are ta king about me."

"They are, eh?"

"Yes, they are. They've said that I was after a widower; that I fell in love with one of the boarders; that I was keeping up correspondence with an undertaker, and that I was dead in love with a dozen men."

"And is it not true?"

"True, young man! Look at me! Great heavens! do I look like one who wanted to get married?"

"Well, n-o."

"How could I marry again?" she exclaimed. "How could I forget that dear form beneath the sod and smile on another man? Marry! Great stars, young man! but how could they start such stories?"

"And you want them denied?"

"That's it. Here's ten cents, and I want you to come out to-morrow in a piece so long, and say that I'll prosecute these slanderers if these stories don't cease. Put it in red type, mister—in red type and big letters at that; a Detroit widder can't escape the vile slanders, no matter how well she behaves. I marry again! I think of it, young man!"

"But widows often do remarry."

"Alars! they do, young man. Somehow it seems lonesome to be a widder, and have no one defend you, and be all alone, but—but I couldn't think of taking another husband—not unless he was rich!"

And she wiped her eyes again, and felt her way down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IMPARTING AN ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR TO FRUIT.—The French are in the habit of imparting an artificial flavor and fragrance to apples and pears by the following process: The fruit is plucked before being quite ripe, and is pricked all over with a fine needle; after which it is placed in a vessel, with essence of any kind desired. The exhalations of the latter are absorbed in a few seconds by the fruit, and the operation is repeated several times, until the fruit is ripe, when it will be found to have acquired the desired taste.

## ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

Among the many benevolent institutions to which Portland may point with pride, there are none more useful than the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, an illustration of which we furnish in the present number.

This institution of charity owes its origin to the St. Vincent de Paul Society which was established in this city October 10th, 1869, by a number of Catholic gentlemen for the purpose of assisting the sick and poor. The Society, however, soon learned from experience that but little good could be accomplished unless an institution could be erected wherein the sick would receive suitable attention—accordingly, in 1870, the society decided to set apart a portion of their funds for the purpose of purchasing a block of ground whereon to erect a building; annual fairs were given for three years, from which was realized sufficient funds to purchase the ground and erect the basement story of the present edifice. The site of the Hospital is one of the most eligible that could be selected, remote from the noise and bustle of commerce, on a beautiful plateau that commands a magnificent view of the Willamette river, the rural scenery on the Eastern shore, with a superb view of Mount Hood and the Cascade range of mountains in the distance. Thus, on every side, St. Vincent's Hospital presents a cheering prospect so grateful to the eyes of the sick.

In the erection of the Hospital no expense has been spared to have it constructed upon the most scientific principles with all modern improvements, no less than twenty thousand dollars having already been expended for the grounds and buildings. A portion of this amount only has been paid, but through the liberality of the people of the Northwest it is hoped that in a few years the Hospital will be entirely free from debt. THE SISTERS OF CHARITY have entire control of the Hospital. Ten Sisters, together with a number of female, auxiliaries are constantly employed nursing the sick and extending to the multifarious duties which such an extensive institution requires. These Sisters also visit the sick—irrespective of creed or country—in every portion of the city, thus extending charity in its broadest sense and comforting many through its holy and consoling influence.

The building will accommodate one hundred patients, and is so arranged that all who desire may have suits of private rooms. Already nearly three hundred patients have been received within its portals since the day of its dedication, July 19th, 1875. At present there are about thirty patients in the Institution, this being about the monthly average.

Besides the suites of private rooms there are six wards, each twenty feet wide by thirty-two feet in length. Five of these wards are for male patients and the other for females, whose Department is entirely secluded from the other wards.

The grounds surrounding the building have been laid off into walks for the use of patients and planted with shade and fruit trees, shrubbery, and flowers, so that the building and its surroundings appear more like a private mansion than a public building. Along the ends of the Hospital spacious verandas have been erected where patients can promenade during fine weather, when able to leave the building.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT is under the charge of Dr. Alfred Kinney, a Surgeon who has already won for this Institution a splendid reputation through his professional skill. Dr. Kinney is assisted by Dr. W. B. Cardwell, but patients are permitted to have the services of any physician they desire.

In the reception of patients no distinction is made in creed or country; all are treated alike, the good Sisters never wearying of waiting on all who appeal to them for aid in their hour of sickness.

## PAPER BARRELS.

Among the numerous novel uses to which paper is now-a-days put, is the manufacture of barrels for the carriage of such materials as flour, sugar, etc. These barrels are made of successive layers of paper board cemented together, and subjected to enormous pressure, the result of which is a compact substance with great resisting power. The paper is made of straw, thus fitting and converting into a merchantable article, what, in most sections of the country, is regarded as refuse. The barrels are perfectly cylindrical in form, which gives them an advantage of twenty-five per cent. in storage over wooden barrels. Their weight is about half that of a wooden barrel, so that in a car load a saving of nearly one thousand pounds in freight is made. It is calculated that they will stand four times the pressure that a wooden barrel will. The invention was patented a few months ago, and two factories are now engaged in the manufacture—one at Winona, Wis., and one at Decorah, Iowa. At the latter factory 1,600 barrels per day are turned out, with a consumption of five tons of paper. It is claimed for them that they can be made twenty per cent. cheaper than wooden barrels. They may be rendered absolutely air-tight, and it is claimed that they will resist moisture longer than they are likely ever to be exposed to. They are made in quarter, half, and full sizes. The inventor is sanguine that they are destined entirely to supersede the wooden barrel.

## NEWSPAPER WITS.

Newspaper wit is quite a feature of the press. There are a great number of wags who are employed to make fun and manufacture light and airy things. Some of their wit is excellent; but some is as dull as ditch water. The man who, whether sick or well, in good spirits or bad spirits, vivacious or dull, has to make a column of bright and sparkling paragraphs every day, is not to be envied. He oftentimes is so out of trim that, witty and fruitful as he may generally be, he finds himself without an idea. His mind is stagnant, and he has to cudgel it to make it work. A man thus situated is an object of pity, and yet he has to coin things that will move to laughter. The process resembles that of striking fire with mud. This thing has to be done every day. There are many papers—the great majority, and especially many of those that claim to be the leading papers—that do not employ these wits. The wild, rollicking, half-civilized journals of the West, and of some of the small towns and country neighborhoods of New England and the Middle States, have their wits just as the kings of mediæval times had their "fools"; and these fools (another name for wits) had not infrequently more wisdom than the kings who laughed at their jokes and fed them.

To write witty and sparkling things every day, whether in the mood or not, and when there is no material out of which to coin them—and a whole column at that—is one of the greatest labors that can be undertaken.

Why should not the press give the public light as well as heavy reading? Everybody likes it. In these days comedy pleases many more people than tragedy. A good laugh every day is good for the health.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man has been amusing himself with a dictionary which he won at a spelling match, and finds that the syllable "con" is the beginning of 1,253 words, all of which have 1,699 different significations. No other three letters can be found that begin so many words as the syllable "con."

Immigrants in search of lands will find it to their advantage to call on C. W. Shaw & Co., Real Estate & Money Brokers at Salem. They have superior facilities for the purchase of lands of all kinds.