

pulverizing salt for the table, and in this I ground up my logwood extract, and turned upon it hot water from the faucet of the toilet-stand. I confess to some rueful misgivings as I saw the various tints which my mess assumed at various stages of the mixture—passing cloudily from pale pink, through deep crimson, to a dull and muddy brown; but I went on and leaving my dye-pot to settle, rubbed my pipe colorless again, and applied the murky fluid. The result was that the precious utensil looked as if it had been dipped by some mischievous boy into weak molasses-and-water. I was again disgusted and surprised. But it flashed upon me what was needed—the coppers. My drug-selling friend had told me that coppers was used to fix and deepen the color of various dyes, and particularly of logwood; and so I popped a lump of coppers into the pot of my misfortunes, and went at it with the pestle to grind it up and make it dissolve the easier. Again I rubbed my pipe down to its natural hue, and again I stained it. The result was still far from satisfactory: it was too pale and gray.

I had thus far got on without soiling my fingers; but as I was giving my dye another stir before applying it again, there came a sharp hasty knock at the door. I started a little, the pestle slipped, and dashed half the mixture over me—face, hands, shirt, waistcoat, and trousers all shared in the aspersions. I laid down my implements hastily, and with eyes and mouth smarting, caught up a towel and alternately wiped and spluttered, to relieve myself externally and internally from the disgusting bath. I seized the water-bottle and rinsed my mouth and gargled my throat, and amidst my bewilderment, mingling with the singing in my ears, the rush of water in my throat, and the stinging pulsation in my eyes, I heard the knock again, sharper and quicker than before, and a voice I recognized as Jenny's saying in an excited undertone,

"Mr. Robinson! Mr. Robinson! do come to the door!"

I would not have even Jenny see my clothes in such a plight; and throwing on my dressing-gown, which covered me from head to foot, I opened the door. Jenny started back a moment, in seeming fright, and then tittering, as only a saucy woman can titter at a man, said,

"Mr. Robinson, Miss Johnstone sends her compliments, and she has waited ten minutes; and she bid me particularly to say was she to have the honor of your company?"

And then the pretty, silly, good-natured hussy looked at my face with a quizzical expression and tittered out again. I heard from down stairs faintly, but distinctly, the impatient sh-wack! sh-wack! of a riding whip upon a riding-skirt, and the click, click, of two little boot-heels as they were brought together. I knew the wearer rose upon her toes, and came down firmly with her heels together as she did it. Could it be that my hour had all slipped away and more? I flew to my toilet table, and there my watch confirmed the ominous announcement. When I thought I had been removing the contents of the mortar from my face, I had only been smearing the drops, and spreading them wide upon my cheeks and nose and forehead. The color had deepened quickly as it dried, and my whole face was as striped as a zebra's! I had looked at my hands; they were as black as a journeyman-hatter's over his dye-pot. Here was a predicament for a gentleman to be in who had a thirty-thousand-dollar woman waiting for him to keep his appointment to ride with her!

But I could wash my face and hands and dress in less than ten minutes; and so I rushed back to Jenny, and said,

"Tell Miss Johnstone that I will be with her in five minutes, and make my apology for my delay."

"Yes, Sir—te-he, te-he-be-he; but please, Mr. Robinson, do give me the mortar and pestle. James have been a lookin' after them this half hour for Mrs. Maddox, and she'll come presently and ask me about it."

I hurriedly emptied the contents of the mortar into my wash-bowl and handed it to Jenny, who looked agast at its blackened condition. "Clean it for me, Jenny, there's a good girl; I've spilled some ink into it." I shut the door in her face, turned the key, and plunged into my own purification. But horrors! on going to my bowl it seemed as if a huge ladleful of the River Styx had been splashed into it. I

jerked out the plug, and turned on hot and cold water; but though the water ran in, it would not run out; and mid the cloudy shapings of the fluid, varying from pitchy black to smoky brown, I discerned a jet-black, gummy glairy substance, one end of which was fixed in the vent-hole, while the other swayed about in the brimming bowl. It looked as if I had murdered a cuttle-fish, and was endeavoring to conceal his mangled remains by sending them out through the waste-pipe. Had it been a black baby instead of a black polypus, I could not have been in greater dread of detection. I seized hold of the viscid mass, and tried to pull it out of the vent; but it was very tender, and parted just at the rim, and I only grimed my hand and wrist. I thrust the loathsome jelly down through the vent with my fingers, and had the satisfaction of seeing its inky heart's-blood follow it. But now my bowl was stained all the colors of the rainbow, besides one or two not seen in that bright bridge of hope. It looked like a polyphemic eye that had been blackened by a Titan Heenan. I rubbed a moment at its variegated sides; but quickly stayed my vain endeavors, to turn them to my own face and hands, on which I found the inky color even more unremovable. I applied soap; and again, O horrors! the tint deepened and settled but the more firmly. I flew backward and forward between my mirror and my wash-stand with constantly-increasing apprehension. In vain; the color would have immovably answered even Mrs. Siddon's query whether it would wash. I got my pumice stone, and scraped away at myself in a frenzy, abrading and excoriating my hapless face and hands, and doing little else, and in my excitement not knowing that I did so; until, having heard of the efficacy of lemon juice in removing stains, I seized one which lay upon my mantle and cutting it in two, applied the halves to my face, which now looked not unlike that of a pied negro. Then I discovered with a jump, that I had nearly flayed my cheeks, my nose, my forehead, and my knuckles. In the midst of my despair, while my mottled face and hands were smarting, and my eyes running water, I heard Jenny's rap on the door.

"What the devil do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Miss Johnstone's compliments, and it's ten minutes; and she won't trouble you for the honor of your company this afternoon. Mr. Axletree has sent for a horse, and he'll ride with her."

Cursing my fate and folly, I sat down hopelessly, upon my bedside, and as I ruefully contemplated the condition of my room and person, and saw how hopeless it was for me to attempt to make the latter presentable for days, I gave up the effort for the present, and fell into a gloomy reverie, which was soon broken by hearing two horses start off at a smart canter.

I confined myself to my room, on pretense of illness, for a day; and communicating by post with the pharmaceutical friend who was an innocent link in the chain of my despair, I received from him the means of cleansing the filthy witness of my folly from my hands and face, and also an ointment very soothing in its lubrications. My face was not so deeply scraped as I thought at first; and in the course of forty-eight hours I was restored to something like my natural condition. I again presented myself before Miss Johnstone, who received me and my apologies and explanations, with extreme politeness, but with—or else I fancied it—the slightest possible curl downward of the deep-cut corners of her mouth. I endeavored to resume my former undefined position toward her, but in vain. Without being in the least degree a jilt, she had been trembling, unconsciously almost, between two men, as many a woman does, with such a slight and delicate poise that the merest accident determines into whose arms she shall fall. And that afternoon had settled the question irrevocably against me and in favor of Axletree.

When I came to look into the affair I found it rather an expensive one for me. My pipe was ruined, except, indeed, for the purpose of smoking. The clothes I had on during my fatuous attempt were also destroyed. Mrs. Maddox demanded a new marble top for the wash-stand, and a new Wedgewood mortar. I don't believe the others were entirely spoiled; but I

was obliged to satisfy the woman's demands quietly to keep her from making any mishap—the nature of which she had wormed out of Jenny—the talk of the house; which, by the way, I left as quietly as possible after I saw that my fate was decided. I lost Miss Johnstone and her fortune. So that my mere cash account in that affair stood exactly thus:

JOHN ROBINSON, Esq., in Account with FOLLY.	
One briar-wood pipe, meerschaum lined,	\$3 00
One marble topped wash stand and bowl	17 00
One Wedgewood mortar	4 00
One Gray cassimere vest	5 00
One pair gray cassimere pants	3 00
One shirt	1 00
One third of Miss Johnstone's fortune	10,000 00
Total,	10,032 00
Less value of damaged briar-wood pipe,	3 00
Balance in favor of Folly	10,029 00

My experiment was a costly one; but it taught me two lessons worth expenditure:

To let well alone;  
Not to be diverted from a greater matter by a less—especially if the greater be the attempt to win a handsome, spirited, independent woman.

#### THE HAMMER AND THE PEN.

We read that the pen is mightier than the sword; reasoning metaphorically, the statement is true. But the hammer is more powerful than either, by the argument that deeds are more cogent than words. The pen inspires mankind to great efforts by the glowing words proceeding from it. The sword hacks and carves a brilliant name for him who wields it; but, before its advance the nations of the world shrink back in dread, and the women and children cower in fear. By the light of the bursting shell, or the glare of dwellings in flames, it stands out and gleams, balefully against the sky, and only over human anguish and agony does it stride to triumph and renown.

Who ever feared the hammer or its deeds? Those who rush along the iron roads of the lands—those who plow the waters of the river or the ocean—these experience the triumph of the hammer, know well its power and how indispensable it is. The pen may stimulate and incite to greatness, but it cannot achieve it; the sword bends all things to its will, but it burns like a consuming fire, and mankind writhes in agony before it. Only the hammer is all powerful and peaceful. By it thousands live and grow rich. With it men amass wealth and build up the bulwarks of the nation; hunger is kept at bay, and famine is put to flight; peace exalts her head, and hard-fisted toil finds no time, leisure or inclination to wreath the bow of Mars.

The pen bows to the hammer and does it homage. A man may live in physical comfort without a book in the house, but he cannot exist without being indebted to the hammer or its equivalent. The pen sings the praises of the hammer and indites eulogiums upon its numerous achievements; few are the monuments the hammer deigns to raise in honor of literature. The pen is mightier than the sword, because it achieves its object through reason and not force, and also in that it is infinitely more civilized and humane in its effects upon the world; but the hammer conquers even more territory than the pen, and is, in this way invincible. No country is too remote or wild, too savage to resist its weight; nor any metal, wood or vegetable powerful enough to defy it. Without the hammer—a symbol of toil, as the pen is of thought and the sword of violence—the world could not exist in comfort and refinement.

#### A MODEL FARMER.

The *East Oregonian*, of a late date, has the following:

"Leaving Hegner we made it a point to remain one night with that old settler, model farmer, expert horticulturist and dairyman, J. C. Franklin. Five years ago last April he settled on Butter creek. To the stranger, his farm, his house, his corrals, etc., would indicate a settlement of at least ten instead of five years. The grounds immediately surrounding his house are covered with a profusion of flowers and shrubbery astonishing to behold—the equal of which may exist this side of Portland, but we believe not. There is not a flower, shrub or fruit which will grow in this climate and are convenient to procure, but that can be found on his premises. He has peach trees but three years old from the seed which have peaches on them, not in abundance, but enough to prove the adaptability of the

soil and climate to the rapid production of this delicious fruit. Upon questions of ornament, as well as those of utility, Mr. Franklin has a full partner in his every home enterprise—his wife. It was a matter of regret with us that we could not stay longer with Mr. F. and learn the modus operandi by which he has accomplished so much in five short years, and that too with his own hands, without assistance. He erected his own house, buildings, fences, etc., all within himself and has only hired assistance when it was only a physical impossibility that the work to be done could be done by one person. To young men, who may contemplate or have already commenced the business of life by settling upon a ranche, we would advise them earnestly and candidly to visit Mr. Franklin, and see what he has done (an old man too), and receive from him hints and instructions which will be of far more benefit to them than, perhaps, years of experience without advice."

#### HOW A BABY WAKES.

Did you ever watch a dear little baby waking from its morning nap? It is one of the prettiest sights in the world. There is the crib with its small proportions and snow-white drapery that covers something, outlined, round and plump. There is nothing to reveal what it is; not the slightest movement of the pillow whiteness that is visible—no sound to indicate keenest actual life, until the hour hand of the clock that stands sentinel, like yourself, has twice made its circuit. Then there is a slight pulsing in the white drapery, a small, pink, tremulous hand, fair as a rosebud, is thrust out, and from the nest thus broken into appears a round diminutive face, with wide open eyes that have not speculation in them yet. Soon, however, they cease to stare, and become questioning, serious, as if wondering what kind of a world they open upon; and the head lifts itself up just a little, and two snow-white feet stand up spasmodically, and with a simultaneous movement, each one of which has an attendant dimple. But the head is too heavy—it falls back on the pillow with its own sweet weight, the hair all damp and golden—the cheeks peachy—the mouth pouted, as if angels kissed it in dreams. The first lingering go-o-o comes from its rosy depths, sweeter than any bird's song, for it has a spirit tone and yet retains a thrill of its native skies. The chubby hands are lifted imploringly, persuasively—the baby, awake, ceases to be an angel.

AN OLD TIME GIRL.—We saw her on Fourth street yesterday. She wore a neatly-fitting, plainly cut and modestly trimmed calico dress. Her modest face beamed with youth and beauty beneath the graceful folds of a gauzy green veil, and her rosy cheeks shone through it like a pair of large cherries. She didn't carry one half of her dress in her hands high up to gratify the vulgar gaze of blackguards or to draw forth ludicrous and ungentlemanly remarks of corner loafers. Nor was she pinned back so tight she couldn't step, and her heels didn't kick her tiller as high as the broad of her back. She didn't walk like a mule with a loose set of harness on and flies bad. No; she wasn't dressed in a style calculated to attract the attention of any but true gentlemen, and of these commanded the utmost respect, and it was paid her by all who, in meeting, admired her.

WORTH KNOWING.—A correspondent says: "It is not, unfortunately, generally known that in case of fire in buildings containing horses, if the harness be merely put on (however roughly) the horses will quit their stables without difficulty. A knowledge of this fact may be the means of saving many a valuable animal from a horrible death."

Little Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair betakes himself to a big book lying on the side table.

Mother says to him: "What is darling doing with the book?"

"Its the dictionary; papa looks in the dictionary for things, and I am looking to see if I can find my shoes."

A man must feel very cheap when he is knocked down for nothing in an auction room.