

The Old Pocket-book.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

It was New Year's Eve. Every store was open, from the grand palace emporiums to the narrow stalls where pennies were treasures.

Out of the busy throng who wended their way through the noisy street there was one with whom my reader is asked to take a brisk stroll upon the New Year's Eve in question. He is a tall man, past fifty, with curling iron gray hair, kindly blue eyes, and a face that, having a gravity resting upon it habitually, can light to sunniest brightness when kindness or humor stir the radiant smiles.

Everywhere he met the most prompt and deferential attention. Smiling clerks moved with alacrity to fill his orders, and courteous cashiers gracefully accepted his handsome checks. For his face was well known as that of a prosperous merchant, and his name was good for over a million dollars. His pretty winsome wife was a belle in the most aristocratic circles, and his children had never had a wish ungratified. His house in Fifth avenue was well known for its lavish hospitality and the beauty of every appointment, and no handsomer equipages or more costly horses were found than those that carried Mrs. Haughton from her home and back again.

Charles Haughton had nearly completed his purchases, and was hurrying from the front of one of the toy stores he patronized, when his foot struck something upon the pavement and looking down he saw a small pocket book. He lifted it and looked around him for an owner; but there was no one who seemed to miss such an article. There was no time to examine it, so he thrust it into his breast pocket and hurried on.

Having completed his arrangements for the morrow, he went to his library for a quiet smoke before retiring. He was puffing slowly, when he recalled the pocket book he had picked up in the street. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he brought it to the light.

It was a very shabby affair, the leather worn at the corners, the inside dilapidated, and the fastening a piece of twine.

Some poor soul who could ill afford it, has lost this, the merchant thought, pityingly; and on New Year's Eve, too. It is too bad. Let me see if there is any clue to the owner.

He took out two folded papers, each containing a small sum of money, and each eloquent of the poverty of the owner. At the sight of the first Charles Haughton started and sank into a reverie, painful and sweet at the same time. The paper was a grocer's bill for four dollars and eighty three cents, made out to Mrs. Edward Hill, and inside was a five dollar note.

The thought of the man who looked at it ran something in this wise: Mrs. Edward Hill! Can that be Mattie Hunter—pretty, dark-eyed Mattie, who ran away with Ned Hill because her father would not give his only child to a man who found too much comfort in a whisky bottle. Pretty Mattie! How angry she was with me when I tried to make her see that Ned was not the angel or hero she imagined him. She said I was jealous. Well, perhaps I was.

And the prosperous city merchant went back in imagination to the days when he was a country boy, desperately in love with the minister's daughter, Mattie Hunter. He recalled his bitter jealousy of the gay city boy, Edward Hill, who came to the little village and fascinated Mattie by his fine dress, his smooth courtesy and airs of superiority. He thought of the father's oppression his grief and his death, when holding Charles Haughton's hand in his own, he left his forgiveness for the willful child, should she ever return. She left a void in the honest loving heart that was not filled for many years. Restless and lonely, Charles had gladly accepted an offer from an uncle in New York to enter his counting house, and rising rapidly, he had finally, at his uncle's death inherited his fortune and business, and when past forty had married a belle of society, whose love was his great happiness, and whose children were the idols of their father's heart.

And now, twenty long years after he had last seen her face, Mattie's name stirred all these old recollections in his heart. It may not be the same, he thought it is a common name.

Then he unfolded the second paper, and here a penciled slip, folded over a two-dollar note, explained the errand on New Year's Eve that had resulted in the loss of the pocket book. For the pitiful memorandum ran:

Ball for Eddy, 10 cents; grapes for Mattie 25 cents; bushel of coal, 40 cents; toy for Minnie, 10 cents; candies, 15 cents; dinner, etc., \$1.00.

Eddy! Mattie! Charles Haughton thought. It is Mattie Hill! Ah me! She must be very poor when she calculates so closely. Let me look at the grocer's bill. Bread, milk, brown sugar, cheap tea—everything of the meanness kind and in the smallest quantities. Poor Mattie! Little children, too! Oh I must find out about her, and—let me see, I owe her father many a kindness, and I am a rich man. I'll begin a new year with a payment of Mr. Hunter's goodness to me, if I find it is his child.

He opened his pocket-book, and taking a crisp bank-note, folded it in a paper, upon which he wrote Mattie Hill, from an old friend, and put it in the shabby pocket book.

Then he glanced at his watch, and whispered:

Only a little after 10. Everything will be open late to night, and I can find this grocery store and make some inquiries.

Before he left the house he hovered a few minutes over the collection of toys in the nursery, selecting a few and then he hurried on his errand, to find the grocer just putting up his shutters.

Can you tell me, he asked anything about a Mrs. Hill, who deals with you?

The man put down the shutter and motioned the questioner into the store. His round, good natured face wore a troubled look, as he asked:

What do you want to know for? She's in sore trouble, every way, and if it's bad news—

It is not, was the emphatic reply, I want to do her a kindness.

Poor soul she needs it. She is very poor, with a consumptive daughter dying by inches, and two little ones. Five she's buried, sir.

Where is her husband?

Dead, sir, the Lord be thanked! He of three years ago in delirium tremens.

How does she live?

From hand to mouth, sewing by hand for a tailor's store, and that is poor pay, now machines are so plenty. She did better while Miss Mattie could work too, but now she has her to nurse and feed. To night poor soul, she was to get ten dollars for work, and she came in here an hour or more ago to tell me that she had lost her pocket-book and the money. Her hands were chilled and it slipped out.

Charles Haughton looked around the little store and his eyes brightened as a kindly idea came to his mind. You could fill a large order? Oh yes, sir.

Fill this one for me, and send it to Mrs. Hill's address in the morning. What is the bill.

Never, probably, had so large a sum for one order passed over the little counter, as the grocer consented, in happy excitement.

I'll send them in, sir, he said, taking the money, and I promise you they shall be the best I can buy.

Will you give me Mrs. Hill's address?

Three doors above, sir, on the third floor. You go in at the open door next the clothing store.

Good night.

Good night, sir, and God bless you for a kind-hearted gentleman.

It was a very narrow door that Charles Haughton entered, and a narrow flight of stairs that led him to the third floor. Quiet reigned in the miserable house, and he could hear quite distinctly the voices of women conversing in the room he sought. One was broken by sobs; the other weak and often interrupted by a hard dry cough. The latter voice was saying:

Don't cry so, mother; some honest person may find the money and return it.

I can't advertise it, Mattie—I can't even buy a paper to see if it is found. And I promised the children a piece of meat and some candy and toys for New Year's, because we could give them no Christmas gifts.

Was Mr. Hart angry about his bill? No he was very kind. But there is Mr. Lee coming day after tomorrow for the rent, and not a cent to meet it, even if we are not all dead with hunger and cold.

Charles Haughton drew from his pocket the shabby pocket book, and knotting it fast to the string of the package of toys and candies he carried, put it before the door of the room.

Mattie's weak voice greeted him as he stopped, saying:

God will provide, mother!

A rap at the door startled both women, but the widow, candle in hand, opened it at once. Nobody greeted her, for Charles Haughton was hidden behind a curve in the wall, but her foot struck the bundle and she looked down.

With a cry of joy that thrilled the heart of the hidden listener, she lifted it, saying: Mattie! Mattie! it is here!

Your money, mother?

My pocket-book—tied to a bundle! In the excitement she left the door open, and from his hidden place her old lover could see and recognize her. She was very thin and pale, and her hair was thickly strewn with gray, but it was the shadow of the face he had loved twenty years before. The open door showed him the wretched room, the two children asleep upon a mattress upon the floor, and the pallid woman upon the bed.

With trembling fingers the mother and daughter untied the pocket-book. It is all here, Mattie, the mother cried and a folded paper—Mattie Hill, from an old friend, an inside! am I awake! Mattie! it can't be true.

A hundred dollar bill.

Mother!

It is here—look! Now, Mattie, you shall have a fire at night, a blanket, and some nourishing food. You will get well, Mattie!

And here happy sobs came too fast for words. Mattie drew her mother into a close embrace.

Come, you forget your bundle, she said gently. Oh, only look, Eddy's ball, and such a beauty! A doll for Minnie, and a lovely one, too; a top and a tea set! And pounds of candy!

Then a violent fit of coughing reminded the mother of the open door and Charles Haughton, shut out in the dark, crept softly down the stairs, full of kindly resolutions. Before he had reached home, several

stores had had a call from him, with orders for the morrow, and he bent over his own sleeping darlings with a heart happier for the evening's work.

It was long after midnight when Mrs. Hill, still wondering who her old friend could be, lay down to sleep, only to rise at dawn half afraid her happiness was all a dream.

Before the breakfast was over while Minnie watched her doll, and Eddy held his ball fast in his hand, the neighbors wondered if the Hills had come into a fortune.

For, first of all, a ton of coal was dumped into the widow's coal box, with a load of wood for company. Mr. Hart, sent in a supply of groceries that seemed inexhaustible. A dry goods wagon brought a pair of warm blankets, rolls of cotton and flannel, shawls and a great square of thick, warm carpet. A market basket was left with an enormous goose, oysters, celery, oranges, grapes, jellies and other good things too numerous to mention. And last of all, a wagon brought a sewing machine, marked like the note, from an old friend.

No need to touch the note, which Mattie put aside carefully for a rainy day. Mattie, comforted and cheered by this sudden influx of plenty, rallied little by little, gaining strength in the well warmed room, with good food and an ease of mind long a stranger to her.

Nobody knew the story of the old pocket-book, and Mattie did not guess who sent her such noble New Year's gifts; but the rich merchant finds no happier thought in his record of the year than the generous act that opened it, and the memory of Mattie's happy face and voice as he last saw them from the dark entry of her dwelling house.

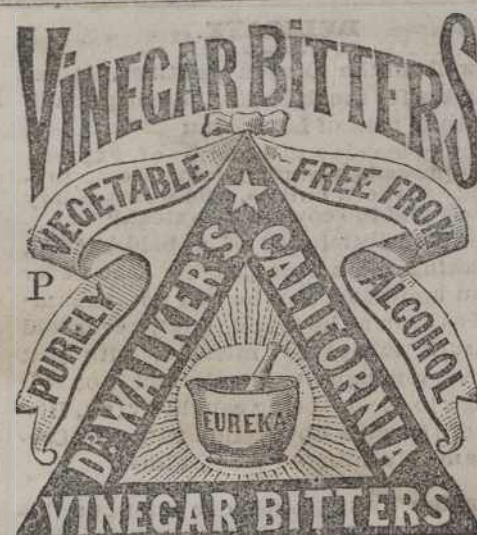
Weakness of the Republican Party.

The New York News says: "Another striking indication of the dying condition of the Republican party is the inability of its managing men to enforce the decrees of its caucuses in the several Legislatures which have had Senators to elect this Winter. In several important contests there have been formidable bolts from the caucuses, and the bolters have refused to support the regular candidates of their party, and have united with the Democrats in electing other men. Such was the case in Michigan, where Chandler, the recognized leader of the Republican party in Michigan for fifteen years, was defeated, and Judge Christianity a gentleman acceptable to the Democrats, was chosen instead. Such was the case in Nebraska, where the Democrats, united with a Republican faction, and defeated General Tanager, the favorite of the Administration. Such also was the case in Wisconsin, where Carpenter, the caucus nominee, was beaten. A party which has so lost its power over its members that it cannot elect its regular nominees, must be very weak, and failing rapidly. What a contrast does this present to the action of the Democrats in the Legislatures over which they have control! We heard of lively contests for the Senatorships of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, and Virginia, but when the Democratic members of the Legislatures of those States met in council and made the regular party nominations for Senators, all opposition from that moment ceased. Messrs Kernan, Wallace, Randolph, McDonald, Cockrell, and Withers were not the unanimous choice of the Democrats of their respective States, but no Democrat dreamed of attempting to compass their defeat after they had once been regularly and fairly nominated. Herein is the great difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, as parties now stand. The one is strong, compact and sanguine, and is, therefore, able to command the enthusiastic support of its followers; the other is demoralized and broken with internal dissension, and is, therefore, too weak to enforce the mandates of its leaders. The result of any collision which takes place between these bodies is not problematical. The feeble must go under. The sooner the Radicals will recognize this fact and quietly abandon the unequal fight, the earlier the country will be restored to peace."

William Butler is a negro Justice of the Peace in Nashville, Tenn. In a case recently tried before him, Fanny Taylor got a verdict of six dollars for a washing bill. Justice Butler took the money from the defendant, and refused to give it to the plaintiff. His judicial opinion is reported to have been: "Fanny, dis money jes squares de 'count dat you owed me. I'll freeze to it honey." Fanny entered an exception to his honor's ruling, on the ground that he was "an old thief," and then he knooked out her front teeth and then kicked her into the street.

"What I Know, I Know," said the great surgeon Magendie. "Give me stubborn facts; I care not for theories." This is sound doctrine. Possibly a medical martinet might be able, in a plausible way, to show why Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters ought not to cure Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Liver Complaint, Muscular Diseases, and Miasmatic Fevers; but as they do in every instance effect that object, his fine theory would be a waste of words. As Magendie said, the world demands facts, not speculative opinions.

A pretty girl is employed to take up the collections in a Springfield, Mass., church, and the receipts are very heavy. If a strange gentleman hesitates about contributing, she smiles, nods, and winks in such a queer way that the victim first blushes up to the roots of his hair and then makes a dive for his pocketbook, anxious to close the interview as soon as possible. All the young fellows who know her think it worth 50 cents a week to catch her beautiful brown eye, and the woman, all pay because if they don't she says "meanly" with her lips, while a look of intense disgust overspreads her face.

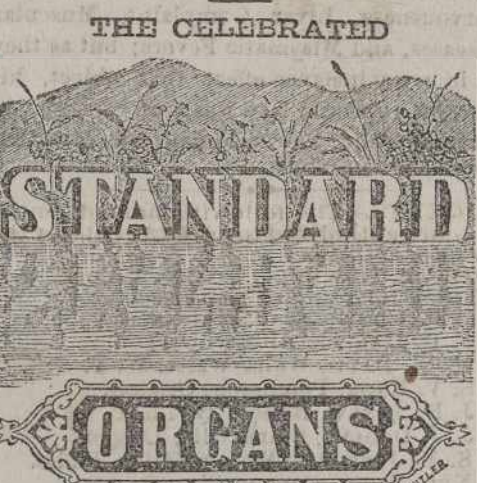


Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious. **DR. H. McDONALD & CO.,** Druggists & Chemists, San Francisco, California, & Cor. of Washington & Charlton Sts., N.Y. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. August 19, 1874, n15lv



These Superb Instruments have achieved a success unparalleled in the history of Piano-forte Manufacture. They are remarkable for Great Volume, Purity and Sweetness of Tone, and Durability.



The Most Desirable Instruments in the market for church and parlor. Over 28,000 now in use. **SHERMAN & HYDE,** GENERAL AGENTS, SAN FRANCISCO.



PACIFIC BANK. Capital (Paid up in Gold) \$800,000 Surplus Fund (in Gold) 206,110. Transacts every kind of legitimate Banking business. Buys and Sells EXCHANGE on principal Cities of the United States and Europe. ISSUES CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT available at all commercial and financial points. Buys and Sells National, State, City and County Bonds. INVESTMENTS MADE ON ORDERS. GOLD & SILVER BULLION and LEGAL TENDERS bought and sold. DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS kept in Gold, Silver and Currency, and subject to check at pleasure. INTEREST PAID ON Time Deposits. COLLECTIONS MADE IN San Francisco and vicinity without charge, and at all other points at cost, and proceeds remitted at current rates of Exchange. **O. H. BOGART, PETER H. BURNETT,** Cashier, President.

Notice to All Persons.

You are Hereby Notified that all Lands purchased of J. M. Boyd, or other persons, in the Southeast Quarter of Section Seventeen, in Township Nine South, and Forty East, commonly known as Baker City, and Boyd's Addition, and which is situated in Baker county, Oregon, (if said Boyd, or other person, has not first secured the title of the undersigned to the same), is voidable, and will be taken from you without any pay or reward for improvements, and you are further notified that there has been no final decision, even in the Land Office, against me, on merit, as to my title to said lands. All that decision went to, to the point that my Attorneys did not make the appeal in proper season, as ordered by me. Suit will be instituted in proper time to recover all of said land and improvements held. Beware! **ROYAL A. PIERCE,** Rockbridge, Wis., Jan. 24, 1874. n34tf

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all those who are in arrears with the Academy Company for tuition, to call on Mr. W. F. McCrory, at the Post Office, and settle their accounts, and save COST. Baker City, April 9, 1874. **A. H. BROWN,** President. n49n4

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.
no matter how violent or exhausting the pain the RHEUMATISM, ATIC, Bed-ridden, Influenza, Croup, Neuralgia, or protracted with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, ACUTE CHILLS, TYPHOID FEVER, Cholera, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
The application of the **READY RELIEF** to the parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease in a moment.
Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CHAMPIER, SPASMS, SORE STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE, cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers caused by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
STRONG AND PURE BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION—CLEAR TO ALL.

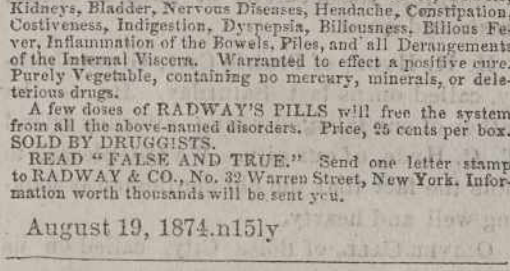
Dr. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES: SO QUICK, SO RAPID, AND THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT
Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Every drop of the **SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT** communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the waste of the body, and new matter is constantly being made from healthy blood—and this the **SARSAPARILLIAN** does and does so.

Not only does the **SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT** cure all known venereal diseases in the cure of Chorea, Scrofula, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for
KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS, Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Sterility of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Hematuria, and in all cases where there is a brilliant deposit, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with mucus, or the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid odor, and a burning and itching sensation in the urethra, and when there is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins. Price, \$1.00.

WORMS.
The only known and sure Remedy for WORMS—PIN, TAPE, &c.
Tumor of 12 Years' Growth
Cured by **Radway's Resolvent.**

Dr. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative Pills,
perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. **Radway's Pills** for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System, Rheumatism, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilelessness, Biliousness, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal System. **Radway's Pills** are a purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
A few doses of **RADWAY'S PILLS** will cure the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 5 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., 33 Warren Street, New York.** Information worth thousands will be sent you.

August 19, 1874. n15ly
SHERMAN & HYDE
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SAN FRANCISCO,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SHEET MUSIC,
Musical Instruments,
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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
Orders from the Interior promptly filled.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE



SHERMAN & HYDE
Pianos
Acknowledged by Musicians to be the Best Low Priced Instruments ever offered for sale on this Coast.



Settle Up.
Respectfully give notice to all those indebted to them, that they must call and settle their accounts immediately. We want and must have money, and if we do not get it without, we will be compelled to make COST. Call and settle.
BOHNA & McCOY
Baker City, Nov. 2, 1874. n29tf

THE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully give notice to all those indebted to them, that they must call and settle their accounts immediately. We want and must have money, and if we do not get it without, we will be compelled to make COST. Call and settle.
BOHNA & McCOY
Baker City, Nov. 2, 1874. n29tf



HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.
Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation, which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY or FADED Hair to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR-DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye.

FOR THE WHISKERS.
As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in one preparation, which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents. Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the system, such as Indigestion, Liver, Stomach, and Bowels. They are a mild, pleasant, and an excellent purgative. They contain no mercury or mineral, and are perfectly safe. They are sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines. For the relief and cure of all derangements in the system, such as Indigestion, Liver, Stomach, and Bowels. They are a mild, pleasant, and an excellent purgative. They contain no mercury or mineral, and are perfectly safe. They are sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines.

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