

BEDROCK DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY
J. M. SHEPHERD, H. C. SHEPHERD,
J. M. SHEPHERD & SON.
OFFICE IN THE
BEDROCK DEMOCRAT BUILDING.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One year, \$4.00
Six months, \$2.50

Bedrock Democrat.

VOL. 6.

BAKER CITY, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 23, 1875.

NO. 7.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square or less, one insertion, \$2.50
Each additional insertion, 1.00
One square three months, 6.00
Business Advertisements by the month, 5.00
Quarter column, 10.00
Half column, 15.00
One column, 20.00
Ten per cent. additional on advertisements to which a special position is guaranteed.
The space of one inch, up and down the column, constitutes a square.
N. B.—All debts due this office are payable in coin, unless otherwise expressly agreed.

CORRESPONDENCE from all portions of Eastern Oregon is solicited for the DEMOCRAT. All communications, to receive attention, must be accompanied by a responsible name. Personal communications will be charged as special advertisements.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for the BEDROCK DEMOCRAT, in the above cities, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates. n34f

JOB WORK.
We are now prepared to do all kinds of JOB WORK on short notice and at reasonable rates.
N. B.—All Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
L. O. STERN, T. C. HYDE,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Sterns & Hyde,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
L. O. STERN will attend the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District, and of Idaho and Washington Territories.
Water Rights and Mining Litigation a SPECIALTY.
Collections promptly attended to.
June 15, 1875. n6y

ANDREW J. LAWRENCE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS of the State.
Baker City, Sept. 1, 1873. n17y.

J. M. SHEPHERD,
Attorney-at-Law,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
S. V. KNOX,
Attorney at Law,
(And Notary Public.)
WESTON, OREGON.
Will practice in the Courts of this State and Washington Territory.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO LAND Business, and Collections. n13tf

JOSEPH H. SHINN,
Notary Public
AND
Conveyancer,
Will attend to Conveyancing and making ABSTRACTS OF TITLE.
Baker City, Sept. 11, 1872. n18tf

E. W. REYNOLDS,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL.
Office with John Brattain, Three Doors South of BEDROCK DEMOCRAT office, on side of the Street.
Baker City, Sept. 3, 1873. n17m4

A. J. THIBODO, M. A. M. D.
M. A. Queen's University, Canada, M. D. Trinity University, 1854.
Physician, Surgeon, &c.
Office and Residence, at A. H. Brown's former residence, nearly opposite the Bedrock Democrat Office.
Baker City, Oregon, Nov. 10, 1874-y

J. P. Atwood, M. D.
(Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons New York and of the Medical Department of the Willamette University.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Terms cash, or no patronage solicited.
Office one door north of City Drug Store, [23] BAKER CITY, OREGON. [1tf]

Railroad House,
FLETCHER & STEVENSON, Prop's,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
WE WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the Public that we have purchased the Baker City Hotel, and refitted and furnished it in a style equal to that of any house in EASTERN OREGON.
Guests will find our accommodations to be of the highest order, and we will spare no pains to suit all who may give us a call.
FLETCHER & STEVENSON.
Baker City, May 25, 1875. n34f

CORNER SALOON.
ROSS & FLETCHER, Proprietors.
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
WHERE the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are kept. This Saloon has been entirely refitted and is now one of the neatest and most pleasant places of resort in the City. This Saloon is on the corner opposite to

VIRUE'S BANK.
May 18th, 1875. n24f.

Chord & Manning,
Carpenters and Joiners,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
Designs and Specifications Furnished.
Estimates Made. Terms Liberal.
Baker City, June 15, 1875. n6tf

Bank Exchange.
THE PROPRIETORS of this popular place of resort take pleasure in informing the public that

Charley Schellworth
now has charge of the Bar, where he deals nothing but the best of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars, and will be pleased to have his friends give him a call. This is a
Bit Saloon.
March 3, 1875. n43tf

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,
AT THE
NEW STORE,
First door above the Express Office.
Ladies Fancy and Millinery
Goods in Store, and Latest Styles received by Express every Month, and for sale at most reasonable Prices.

Dress Making
Done to Order, and at Short Notice by
MRS. L. J. HUSTON.
Baker City, April 18, 1874. n51m6

Western Hotel.
MAIN STREET, BAKER CITY.
REID & CONSTABLE, Prop'r.
THIS HOUSE has been enlarged and refitted, and is now the best Hotel on the Umatilla and Idaho stage route.
Stages leave this House for above and below, and also for Clark's Creek Eldorado, Gem City and Sparta.
Connected with the Hotel will be found a first class

SALOON!
Liquors, Wines and Cigars of the best quality. Phelan's Improved Billiard Tables all in good order.
N. B.—Those indebted to either the Hotel or Saloon are requested to appear at the Captain's office and settle. nolv6tf.

HOTEL RESTAURANT
de
FRANCE,
JOSEPH MANAUDAS, Proprietor,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE PROPRIETOR HAS bought the Hotel Restaurant, next door to the Post Office, formerly kept by Siorid & Whitcomb, and has fitted the same up in the best style a Hotel, on the French Restaurant Style. He is prepared to accommodate the Public, and is determined to give entire satisfaction.
The House is open from five o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, during which time customers will be supplied with the best of everything to be had in the

MARKET.
Baker City, July 4, 1874. n9tf

Fred. A. Bohna's
SALOON,
AT THE OLD STAND OF
Bamberger & Frank,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
FRED. A. BOHNA
Respectfully informs the citizens of Baker City and the Public generally, that he has purchased the interest of Bob. McCord in the above

SALOON,
Where will always be found the very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Also
One of the Finest and Best Billiard Tables
To be found in the City. "Fred" will be pleased at all times to have his friends give him a call.
FRED. A. BOHNA.
Baker City, Jan. 20, 1875. n39tf

PAP LEVINS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Tobacco & Cigars,
TOGETHER WITH A
General Assortment
Of all articles in his Line, which he is selling at LOWEST PRICES, for the Ready Pay.
His house is located on Main Street, nearly opposite the Bank Block, Baker City, Oregon.
Baker City, Nov. 11, 1874. n27tf.

LIVERY STABLE
MESSRS. KILBURN & PERKINS
Respectfully Inform the Citizens of Baker City and County, and the Public generally, that they have purchased the

Livery Stable
Formerly kept by John Eppinger, and that they are prepared to furnish customers with the best of
Single or Double Turn-outs,
Either night or day, with or without drivers, at the very lowest rates. First class Saddle Horses on hand. Horses boarded and the best of care bestowed. We keep nothing but the best of Stock and Buggies.
Our stable is at the upper end of Main Street, Baker City, Oregon.
Come and see us. Everybody, and we will do our best to please you.
KILBURN & PERKINS.
February 10, 1874. n40tf

LIVERY STABLE
GRIER & KELLOGG
Having completed their New Stable, have now the finest and best regulated Livery Stable
In Eastern Oregon,
Where they will carry on the Livery Business in all its branches.
STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Baker City, Nov. 13, 1872. n13tf

For Sale.
A NINE-MEDIUM CYLINDER Press, in good running order. Can take from 600 to 800 impressions per hour. Six fonts of type, all new except one which has been in use about two years. Suitable for a business man, an amateur or printer. Will be sold at cost. Enquire at BEDROCK DEMOCRAT office.
March 10th 1875. n44tf

Buy Your Lumber at the
Old, Reliable
Ebell's Old Mill.
WE HAVE REFITTED THE Mill and make the best Lumber in the county, at prices to suit the times.
Any bills left at our Mill receive as prompt attention in the future as in the past. We saw everything from a Lath to the Heaviest Timbers.
Clear and seasoned Lumber always on hand.
Bills left with J. W. Wisdom will receive immediate attention. By strict attention to business, we hope to receive our share of public patronage.
An unlimited amount of Grain taken in exchange for Lumber.
ELLIOTT & VAN PATTEN.
March 1 1874. n84tf.

Corner Drug Store,
J. W. WISDOM, Proprietor,
Corner Main Street and Valley Avenue
Southwest Side,
BAKER CITY, OREGON.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND a Full Assortment of all kinds of GOODS, consisting in part of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
PAINTS and OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES, and
WINES & LIQUORS
For Medicinal Purposes.
TOILET ARTICLES
Of Every Description.
Prescriptions prepared at all Hours. City and Country Trade Solicited.

Best Brands, of Family Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., constantly on Hand, at the Lowest Prices.
Baker City, Oct. 7, 1874. n22ly

Dr. C. J. Taft.
Having permanently located in BAKER CITY,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Baker and vicinity, and will give special attention to Surgery and diseases of Women and Children.
Office—First door south of Western Hotel.
RESIDENCE—First building west of Catholic Church.
May 12 1875. n14tf.

T. N. Snow, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
South Mountain, Idaho.
MEDICAL EXAMINER
For the New York Life Insurance Co. n44tf

Auction House,
BAKER CITY,
LEVENS & SMALL, Auctioneers.
Regular Sale Day,
EVERY SATURDAY.
Sales made in every portion of the County.
March 17th, 1875. n45tf.

J. B. GARDNER,
Watches
For Sale.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
ESTABLISHED IN BAKER CITY IN 1867,
Keeps constantly on hand a well assorted Stock of
WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,
and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business.
Waltham and Elgin Watches at Factory prices [1tf]

Wagon Making.
GEO. J. BOWMAN being a Wagon maker by trade, will continue to work at his trade at the wagon shop adjoining the Blacksmith Shop of the late firm of Gaines & Bowman. He is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at short notice and at reasonable prices. He can make Wagons or Buggies from the stump up, and uses none but the best of material, bought in the east and shipped direct to him at Baker City.
May 10th 1875. n14tf.

Blacksmithing.
THE undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work entrusted to his care in his line, and all work warranted to give satisfaction. I employ none but the best of hands in my shop.
Horse-shoeing.
I have a good Horse Shoer in my Shop, who understands the horses foot in all its different shapes, and will shoe to fit the horse. Our work in this line is warranted as good as the best.
Wagon Making and Repairing
In all the various branches done in connection with this shop by Geo. J. Bowman.
Plows
Manufactured and Repaired.
In fact everything in my line made and repaired at reasonable prices.
Thankful for past patronage I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
S. A. GAINES.
May 10, 1875. n14tf

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FROM THE WAYSIDE.

A LIFE-SKETCH.

Dr. Silas Wright one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this reading, for the book was of a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang his office-bell. He laid aside his book, and went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was indignant.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and dirty, and with the violence of the slum upon him—a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy in town was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no effort of the overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name, as the overseers had it, was James Ammorton. About his father nobody in Ernsworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the Poor-House.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but it was bloody; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garments.
"Please, sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hurt."
"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doctor.
"I'm afraid it's bad, sir," said the boy sobbingly. "One of Mr. Dund's men hit me with a rock. Oh!"
"What did he hit you for?"
"I donno, sir."
"Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for?"
"Why, sir, I was pick'n up an apple under one of his trees."

Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a scalp-wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow.
"Go home," he said, "and let your folks wash your head, and put on a clean bandage."
"Please, sir, I hain't got no home, and I hain't got no folks."
"You stop somewhere, don't you?"
"I stop at the poor-house when they don't kick me out."

"Well, my boy, you're not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head; or go and wash it yourself—and then tie your handkerchief on."
"Please, sir, I hain't got no—"
"Hold up, my boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are."

And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but, really, he had not thought that there was any need of professional service on his part; and, certainly, he did not want that bad boy in his office.

But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness at an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman. She was not strong and resolute, and dignified, like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the church-yard which told her of angels in heaven that could call her Mother! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down, and called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash-room. He came in, rags, dirt and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in, and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobbing ceased.

"Sit down, my boy."
He sat down.
"If I will help you, will you try to be good?"
"I can't be good."
"Why not?"
"Cause I can't. Taht in me. Every body says so."
"But you can try?"
"I donno."
"If I should help you, you would be willing to try, to please me?"
"Yes, m, I should, certain."

Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water, and a soft sponge, and with tender hand she washed the boy's head and face. Then with a pair of scissors, she clipped away the hair from the wound—curling, handsome hair—and found it not a bad one. She brought a piece of sticking-plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the fall brow, and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rags and dirt, it was really a handsome face.

"What is your name, my boy?"
"Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim."
"I mean how were you christened?"
"Which, m?"
"Don't you know what name your parents give you?"
"O—yes. It's down on the 'seers books mum, as James Ammorton."
"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster it will very soon heal up. Are you hungry?"
"Please, ma'am, I haven't eat nothing to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the wash-room and eat. And while he eat she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physiognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more, shutting out the rags and the filth, and only observing the hair, now glossing and waving from her dexterous manipulations, over a shapely head, and marking the face, with its eyes of lustrous gray, and the perfect nose, and the mouth like a cupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being

unseemly—seeing this without the rags, and the boy was handsome, Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the church-yard, praying to God that she might be yet a happy mother; and if the boy was to bless her maternity, she could not ask that he should be handsomer than she believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating, and stood up.
"James," said the little woman, for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovable little woman; "James, when you are hungry, and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door I will feed you. I don't want you to go hungry."

"I should like to come, ma'am."

"And, if I feed you when you are hungry, will you not try to be a good boy for my sake?"

The boy hung his head and considered. Some might have wondered that he did not answer at once, as a graceful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that. The lad was considering how he might answer safely and truthfully:
"If they'd let me be good, ma'am, but they won't," he said, at length.
"Will you try all you can?"

"Yes, m; I'll try all I can."
Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not yet shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful; but the little woman could see the gratitude in the deeper light of the eye. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.

Afterward Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed at her. "Do you think, Mary, that your kindness can help that ragged wretch?"
"I do not think it will hurt him, Silas."
It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped discussion.

At that time Jim came often to the wash-room door, and was fed; and he came cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into the far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammorton. She saw her friend, and brought Jim to his notice, and the result was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant told Mrs. Walsh that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband; and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.

And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robust, healthy boy—her own son—who gave promise to life and happiness in the time to come.
The years sped on, and James Ammorton dropped out from the life which Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Ernsworth, and Jim had started out for the golden mountains on his own account, to commence in earnest his own life battle.

But there was a joy and a pride in the little woman's life which held its place, and grew and strengthened. Her boy, whom they called Philip, grew to be a youth of great promise—a bright, kindhearted, good boy, whom every body loved; and none loved him more than did his parents. In fact, they worshipped him; or, at least, his mother did. At the age of seventeen Philip Walsh entered college, and at the age of twenty-one he graduated with honor; but the long weary study had taxed his system, and he entered upon the stage of manhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw it, and was anxious. His father saw it, and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he entered into active business. Dr. Walsh was not peculiarly able to send his son on an expensive travel, but the found opportunity for his engagement upon the staff of an exploring expedition, which would combine healthful recreation with an equally healthful occupation.

The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and her beloved son. She kissed him, and blessed him, and then hung upon his neck with more kisses and blessings, and then went away to her chamber and cried.
Philip wrote home often while on his way out, and he wrote after he had reached the wilderness. His accounts were glowing, and his health was improving. Three months of forest life, and forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hundred miles to the nearest post, and then followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write? One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and faint, with a newspaper crumpled and crumpled in his hand. Not immediately, but by and by, he was forced to let his wife read what he had seen in that paper. She read, and fainting like one mortally stricken.

It was a paper from far Western city, and it told of the sad fate of the exploring party under charge of Col. John Beauchamp, how they had been attacked by an overpowering party of Indians, and how those not massacred had been carried away captive.
Poor little woman! Poor Doctor Walsh! If the mother suffered most. Her head, already taking on its crown of silver, was bowed in blinding agony, and her heart was well-nigh broken. The joy was gone out from her life, and thick darkness was round about her.

And so passed half a year. One day the postman left a letter at the door. The hand of the superscription was familiar. Mrs. Walsh tore it open, and glanced her eyes over its contents. O, joy! O, rapture! Her boy lived! was well! and was on his way home to her!

When Dr. Walsh entered the room he found his wife fainting, with the letter clutched in her nerveless grasp.
By and by, when the first great surge had passed, husband and wife sat down and read the letter understandingly.
"Thank God! I found a true friend, or, I should say, a true friend found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his safety, and of his whereabouts. "But for the coming of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by name and learned whence I came, and when he knew that I was from Ernsworth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his energies to my release. He spent thousands of dollars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand he struck down my savage captor, and took me henceforth under his care and protection. God bless him! And be you ready, both, to bless him, for he is coming home with me."

Upon their benedicted knees that night the rejoicing parents thanked God for all his goodness, and called down blessings upon the head of the unknown preserver of their darling.

And, in time, radiant and strong, their Philip came home to them—came home a

bold and educated man, fitted for the battle of life—came home knowing enough of life's vicissitudes, and prepared to appreciate its blessings.

And with Philip came a man of middle-age—a strong, frank-faced, handsome man, with gray eyes and curling hair.

"This," said the son, when he had been released from his mother's rapturous embrace, "is my preserver. Do you not know him?"

The doctor looked, and shook his head. He did not know.

But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her light broke overpoweringly.
"It is," she whispered, putting forth her hands—"it is—JAMES AMMORTON!"

"Yes," said the man—a stranger now no more—"I am James Ammorton! And I thank God who has given me opportunity thus to show how gratefully I remember all your kindness to me, my more than mother!"

And he held her hands, and pressed them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her, with streaming eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted him up and saved him!

That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side, and holding one of his hands, said to him:
"Once upon a time a bebble was kicked about in the streets of sand. A lapidary saw it, and picked it up, and when he had brushed away the dirt from its surface, he applied his chisel, and broke through the crust, and behold—a diamond, pure and bright!"—New York Ledger.

Mrs. Rose, of Connecticut, said she would hang herself if Rose wasn't home at eight o'clock. When he came in at night she was suspended to a beam, cold and dead, and he rubbed his hands and whispered: "There's a woman who couldn't tell a lie!"

"We read in de good book," says a colored Baptist brother down South, "of John de Baptist—nether of John de Methodist." And that says a Charleston correspondent of New York Observer, is the reason most of the colored Southern people are Baptists.

A newsboy, seated on the post office steps counted his pennies over and remarked: "Seventeen cents in all. That's five for the circus, three for peanuts, four for a sinking bond, four I owe to Joe, and the other's one left to support a widowed mother on until Saturday night."

"You wring my bosom," said a despairing Baltimore lover to a coquette girl whom he had long sought in marriage. His burst of grief decided her, and, putting out her hand, she softly murmured: "Well, ring my finger, if you will be happier for it; I will vex you no longer."

A Broad Street, Newark, Physician was called upon last week to attend a seamstress, who felt indisposed. He inquired as to her health, and she responded, very appropriately, "Well, it's about sew, sew. Doctor, but seems worse to-day, and I have frequent stitches in the side. The doctor hemmed as he felt her pulse, said she would mend soon, and left a prescription."

While riding in a stage coach from Kinderhook to Albany, New York, many years since, John Van Buren, who was smoking, asked a stranger in the stage if smoking was agreeable to him. The stranger answered: "Yes, it is agreeable. Smoke away. I have often thought if ever I was rich enough I would hire some loafer to smoke in my face." Mr. Van Buren threw his cigar out of the window.

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of the statement by Butler that he had renounced the devil and all his works, an exchange said it was sad intelligence for the devil, as Ben's place will be hard to fill. Who would have thought that Ben, after so many years devoted to the business of the party with the horns and tail, would go back on a friend in that manner.

He Doesn't Suffer.
There is a man named James A. Johnson in California who has been in Congress two terms, and who returned to his home as poor as when he went away. The Mendocino Dispatch has hoisted his name as a candidate for Governor, and speaks of him as in every way a fit man. "We think a man who has passed four years in Washington without becoming corrupted, could be trusted any number of years in California. The Virginia, Nev., Enterprise, after speaking in terms of eulogy of Mr. Johnson, says:

"This calls to mind an anecdote to the point. When Johnson's name was under discussion for the gubernatorial nomination, one of the constituents in Colusa Co., spoke disparagingly of him.
"What's the matter with Johnson?" asked a friend.

"Why, the man is a fool," said the constituent.

"How so?" was the next inquiry.
"Why, Jim has been in Congress two terms, and yesterday he had to borrow money to pay his stage fare from Colusa to Marysville. Now, if I'd been in his place, I'd have owned a quarter section of the Northern Pacific Railway."

If it's natural that a man of that sort should go very strongly for Johnson.