rock, but instinct had, impelled us to COMEDY. the movement, which sober judgment would never have permitted. sensitive soul. The parted, with clasps of hands, And kisses and burning tears. They met, in a foreign land, After some twenty years. The miners were, on the whole, But by one of those strange Provi-dences which are unaccountable, Mc-Nabe's corps, sent further gp the Hills to protect the miners from Indian raids, wild, lawless set; but she could drink whisky with the strongest, and seldom swayed in her walk. When her brilliant eyes were glowing with the rush of the hot liquor through the pulses of her being, she could send a steady glance along the barrel of the rifle and pierce Met, as acquaintances meet, came upon our camp before noon. Sight-ing the cavalry from our eyrie, stiff and smarting with wounds, we ventured Smilingly tranquil-eyed-Not even the least little beat Of the heart, upon either side! forth.

They chatted of this and that, The nothings that make up life; She in a Gainsborough hat, And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this is! Neither was hurt it appears; She had forgotten his kisses, And he had forgotten her tears.

CAMP BOYAL.

It was Robert Fairfax that first proposed starting for the frontier mining region. Rendered desperate by an un-looked-for domestic calamity, he felt that he must get away from all his old associ-ations or he should go mad.

Not being engaged in very lucrative business myself, and having no "kith nor kin" with whom to advise, I finally allowed him to urge me into a promise to go with him as soon as my small busi-ness accounts could be settled satisfactorily; and so, a month after the subject was first broached, we found ourselves in New York with through tickets for the West.

* * * * * * *

We took our own time prospecting along the Rocky range from the Spanish Peaks on to Dakota. This was about the same time that the cities of Deadwood and Custer were born among the Black Hills.

Finally, one day we came into the claim of quite a number of miners. Their tents were pitched in the mouth of a little canon where the "findings" gave

promise of "paying dirt." We joined our fortunes to "Camp Royal," and each in turn was cook and general scrub. The boys were a rough set, but Fairfax and myself in no wise held aloof from them; it wasn't safe to do so in that wild region, for quite often your enemies might prove to be those of your own household.

Roving squads of Indians were often seen lurking about the hills, but none had showed any symptoms of molesting

Infernal beggars, they hung around the trains and camps all the way along the Rockies. We noticed one small party of traders that came into Laramie -a thievish set of half-breeds and jockeys, always keeping their women, like whipped dogs, away in the rear. I know Fairfax and I had stretched

ourselves down by the fire in the bar-racks, when a low, wild cry startled us, and looking up we saw a young Indian girl flitting from the door. We ran out, but she had vanished. Fairfax only got a glimpse of her: I saw her distinctly. It was a matter of great wonderment what she could want of us. We mentioned the subject several times and then we forgot all about it.

My taciturn messmate, Fairfax, was most unlike the fellow that I had known in academy days. The calamity of which I have spoken came to me secondhand; he never mentioned it.

They said he was doing a good busi-

ent charm of womanhood-a shrinking,

the target's center three times out of five. And at such times she would And Siseree, sinning and sinned

dance a Mexican fandango with Joe of Sante Fe, or leap from the ground upon against, made atonement and redeemed her womanhood at last, by a voluntary her mustang's back, and giving the shrill yell of the Sioux, caricole over the level sacrifice of her life for the man sh loved. The Lobster Business.

Chocorna.

plateau below Camp Royal with all the lithe grace of the aboriginal. They called her Siseree. She was Joe's Siseree, and Jim's Siseree. and so on; only Robert Fairfax and myself never introduced her to drink, nor to go off into her wild revels. I never saw her speakingt o Fairfax as to the others, and I did not wonder, for he never spoke

to her. By and by alarming rumors reached us of Indian depredations and massacres among the miners. Small companies of men were fleeing for their lives in all directions. Should we be molested? We dared not think of the atrocities that occasional prospectors narrated, for our claim was "panning out" grandly. There certainly was everything to fear, and a gloom hung over us. One night I went to a spring for

water. Siseree joined me when a little out from the camp. Her manner was atensely excited.

"Lennox," she said. in her fair English, "manifest no surprise, don t seem to notice anything, but glance up to the red buttes to your right, where the sunbeams are paling into dusk. See you aught?"

My cursory glance revealed nothing.

I told her so. "Pretend to stoop and pick this stone from the path. Take a longer view away toward the Pilot Knobbs." "Nothing." "You would never be a scout. Two

little tufts, like sage-brush, have come there to-night, at least, they were not there yestere'en." "And?"

"They are Indian scouts watching the

"We must return and warn the boys." "No hurry," she said; "keep on. They won't disturb us for hours. I know

them. "How long have you been with the Indians?"

"Five months. They robbed the stage on which I was going to Fort Laramie, and killed all the passengers ute openings. Then they are sealed up and boiled again for several hours, but myself. I was saved by becoming the wife of the chief." when the process of cooking is then complete.

Here a fierce imprecation hissed from bet ween her teeth.

"I could not escape. I had no friends to rescue me. I was married to him, but I cannot call ,Chocorua, a beautiful mountain, yet of all of the White Mounthe ceremony, consisting of singing and dancing and shaking of hands, I did not consider binding. I studied their language and was to betray them if postain peaks it is the most individual. Nothing can be more striking than the sible. No opportunity offered, and I feigned contentment until I threw them off their guard. The night after I way it presents itself here. Fast locked in the embrace of encircling hills, a lovely little lake volumptuously reposes at the foot of the mountain. Patriarchal pines, lofty and dignified, advance into looked into the barracks and saw you and—and your messmate. I found the it from the lovely shores. Its charming seclusion, its rare combination of laughold chief's heart," and with hideous meaning she tapped her breast, where was discernible the hilt of a stilleto. ing water and impassive old mountains,

Webster's Visit to Queen Victoria.

August 5, 1839.—After the introduc-tion of the Dukes (it being considered etiquette to do so), we left our names on the visiting list of the different members of the royal family on Friday last, instead of leaving a card, which is never done in this case. The porter at the gate produces the visiting book, which is handed in the carriage, to which we added our names.

we added our names. Mr. and Mrs. Webster are to-day to have the honor of dinning with her majesty. Julia and myself have re-ceived a royal command to appear at a small party at the palace afterward. Mr. Rogers has been sitting with us

and we enjoyed for an hour his delight-From the "Lobster at Home," an il lustrated article by W. H. Bishop, in Scribner', we quote as follows: ful conversation. Declining an invita-tion from the Dowager Lady Charle-ville, and punctually at three o'clock, the hour named, Julia and myself left "The factory opens at one end of the and induit induced, suma and myself left our lodging for Buckingham Palace. Alone and unattended, except, of course, by our footman, we approached the royal residence, guarded about the portices by "Yaceman of the Court in wharf, close to the water. Two men whar, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into cop-pers for boiling. At intervals the cov-ers are hoisted by ropes and pulleys, and dense clouds of steam arise, through which we catch vistas of men, women and children at work. Two men and porticos by "Yeoman of the Guard." We entered and ascended the grand and stately marble staircase with no other and children at work. Two men ap-proach the coppers with stretcher and scoop-nets, and throw rapid scoopfuls, done to a scarlet, backward over their shoulders. The scarlet hue is seen in all companions than its numerous attendants ranged on each side, even to the ants ranged on each side, even to the door of the mirrored saloon where her majesty was. Mr. Webster and Mr. Charles Murry were awaiting our ar-rival at the doorway. The Lord Chamberlain instantly advanced and signified briefly that it was the queen's pleasure we should immediately apquarters-on the steaming stretcher, in the great heaps on the tables, in scat-tered individuals on the floor, in a large pile of shells and refuse seen through the open door, and in an ox-cart-load proach the royal presence and make our devoirs. This we did in the best way we were able, the Queen in the most gracious manner acknowledging our of the same refuse, farther off which is of the same refuse, farther off which is being taken away for use as a fertilizer. The boiled lobster is separated, on long tables, into his consistent parts. The meat of the many-jointed tailis thrust out with a punch. A functionary called a 'cracker' frees that of the claws by a couple of defined to with a claws by a courtesies, and pronouncing in a loud and distinct voice our separate names. I soon perceived by certain emotions that something was about to occur. Lady Forbes and others, who were near couple of deft cuts with a cleaver, and the connecting arms are passed on to be picked out with a fork by the girls. In another department the meat is me at the doorway, instantly retreated "en face" into the adjoining room and formed a line on each side. Through In another department the meat is placed in the cans. The first girl puts in roughly a suitable selection of the several parts. The next weighs it, and adds or subtracts enough to complete the exact amount desired (one or two pounds). The next forces down the con-tents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin cover with blows of a little hammar. Then a tray is filled ranidly with the cans this the Lord Chamberlain appeared. backing forward, followed by others in office about the household. Soon the Queen appeared, and from the opposite gallery, into which he had backed, ap-peared the royal family, including the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Augusta. They advanced, placed themselves in line, and her maj-esty embraced them all, kissing each. She then passed on, saluting others stationed each side, and entered the dancing room. The throne room was Then a tray is filled rapidly with the cans and they are carried to the solderers, who and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them up tight except for minute openings in the covers, and put them in another tray, which, by means of a pul-ley-tackle, is then plunged in bath cal-drons in order that the cansimaybe boiled till the air is expelled through the minthe dancing room; the Queen commenced the first with the hereditary Duke of Saxe Weimar. Her majesty was dressed with great simplicity, in a white tulle over white satin, trimmed with pink roses, and pink roses in her hair, and a diamond necklace looped behind in the braids of her hair, and a diamond fien-iere. Mrs. Webster appeared to have enjoyed the royal dinner. Two bands were playing in adjoining apart-ments. The Queen was first helped on all occasions. At the close of the dinner the Queen's health was drank, all standing, she alone sitting and bowing all around during the ceremony. Mr. Webster had a long conversation with her majesty, and thought



(4)

ness at the time he fell in love with an opera singer. They were married privately and in haste, because he knew how violently his friends would oppose the step. He lavished his time and money upon the dazzling prima donna, but his love-match soon came to a disastrous end.

He endeavored to persuade her to leave the stage and its unholy influences, but adulation was her life. "New faces and new conquests" was her motto, and she laughed him to scorn.

His love, deep and sincere, caused him to attempt to exercise a healthful authority over her. Alas! she fled the country with an Italian tenor, wrecking the hopes and ambitions of a gifted and scholarly

Knowing this, I bore his silent misan-thropy with all the patience imagin-able.

One day we went prospecting up the canon. When we returned at night we were astonished to see a little mustang, or Indian pony, grazing near the camp. Coming up, we were still further annaed to behold a young squaw before the fire broiling the meat and turning the hoe cake, while the boys sat round with smiling faces and a vague expectancy of manner.

She was talking volubly with a half-breed, pouring the soft aboriginal dialect in an unbroken stream from her expressive mouth. .

On our entrance she stopped her speech, as suddenly as we stopped our advance.

A woman in a camp in that wild place, an alien from her kindred—regardless of any code of morality or religion—and for

what purpose? She took her place in "Camp Royal" as the squaw takes hers in the wigwam of her red master-to drudge and toil, but not a man in the mines would allow her to bring a bucket of water. or break a stick of wood. She was to these men like a Druid priestess. Sometimes I shuddered to think of the ending of this affair. Refined social life cannot understand existence beyond the pale of civililation. Every wild instinct and passion here goes unleashed; and should this young lioness fawn on one more than on another, that man's doom was

One night I came into Camp Royal early. I had a sudden attack of illness and came out alone. The girl was dressed in her gay Indian

The girl was dressed in her gay Indian toggery, the scarlet, spangled peticoat, and embroidered moccasins, and with strings of beads around her shapely neck, but her hair instead of hanging like a black mane around her shoulders was coiled around her small beautiful head, and she wept as she sat with her face buried in her hands.

When she heard me, she sprang to her feet, with her cheeks flushed and her

eyes fairly blazing. "Are you a spy Lennox?" she said, in flexible and pure English.

I staggered to my bunk completely astounded. "Assuredly not; I did not dream of

this. Who are you?" . "It does not matter. Let me trust my secret in your hands?" "You may, I have no interest to be-

tray you." "Thank you." And catching a glimpse of some other miner coming, who seemed to be mis-trustful that my sickness was feigned, she instantly unbound her hair, and, was giving me specimens of the unadultera-difference in the guns of the read devile in pursuit. We did succeed, wounded and bruised, in reaching a narrow, rocky giving me specimens of the unadultera-ted Indian dialect, when the man' was

giving me specimens of the unadultera-ted Indian dialect, when the man'was near enough to hear. After this I cautionsly watched her every moment. I longed to see the stain washed from her pretty, oval face. I was interested in her. I went deeper than her present life, degraded as she might be and evidently was. What fate had reached her; or what anti-natal sur-roundings had robbed her of that inher-

"And taking one of their mustangs, by long, secret night travel followed your ribbed thing rising above, awaken a va-riety of sensations. The mountain at-Ah! I became skillful in learning trail. their tricks and their arts, and now-" tracts and at the same time repels you. I waited for her to go on.

"The scouts up yonder may be looking for me. The relatives of my deceased husband may follow my trail, but the camp must be warned."

She disappeared from my side before others of the miners had seen her. On my return I told them that Siseree had en Indian scouts on the hills. Our camp was seriously alarmed, and a guard was posted that night, and the next and the next, but not a moccasin track was seen, nor the shadow of an eagle feather. I began to doubt the evi-

monster.

zine.

A Leaf from Confederate History.

consulted, but he declined to make the

demand for surrender on the part of the

Paper Blankets.

The Norfolk Landmark prints a com-

dence of my senses and Siseree's wisdom. A week passed, and with it the scare of the camp had subsided. The "diggings" were rich, and we were planning the sinking of a shaft. A treacherous unconcern fell over us. ; Only Siseree abated neither her fears nor her vigils. From midnight through the small hours of the morning she moved out and in the camp. Awaken at any time then, and you would see her going out or coming in, or crouching in the canvas doorway, always with Santa Fe Joe's rifle in hand.

With this weapon she was most fa-miliar, and could hit the target at longest range.

One night J was awakened by a cool, firm hand being placed over my mouth and Siseree's subdued whisper:

"Lenox, don't get up-creep over the men; come outside." She moved away, and dropping on her

hands and knees at the doorway, went out with the lithe grace and stillness of

The Norfolk Landmark prints a com-munication from a former officer of the Confederate army, giving particulars of a plot, originating with Governor Wise, of Virginia, in January, 1861, for the capture of Fortress Monroe, while the question of the State seceding was pen-ding in the State Legislature. The writer induced three orderly sergeants attached to the garrison of the fort and others to place proper men on guard at lioness creeping on its prey. I joined her, and again she whispered: "Take a sight by this tent stake up the slope to the south of the canon. Now, were those bushes there at sunset? I was ashamed to acknowledge that I

did not know. "Well, now look another way for five minutes, and then again take the bear-

Ah, now I perceive the dark spots have moved. They were not far from the camp now.

It was a night, or early morning attack that was meditated.

"Creep noiselessly in and awaken the camp," she said. "Don't let them make sound."

demand for surrender on the part of the State unless authorized by the Legisla-ture, and as this could not be obtained without making the plot public, the project was abandoned. The writer says that at least one-fourth of the garrison But this could not be done with dis-But this could not be done with dis-patch. Aroused from a deep and dream-less sleep, with always some imprudent ones in such a company, some sleepy ex-clamations were made, which precipi-tated the catastrophe. With their pecu-liar cry the savages were upon us. In the first, faint glimmer of morning, had joined the sworn organization to surrender the fort.

Camp Royal made a stand for its life. Outnumbered, two to one, the struggle was a futile, but a desperate one. The A fire burning in a paper stove is the latest novelty. Paper is used to make carriage wheels, chimney pots, flour bar-rels and tiles, and last, but not least, poor boys fell rapidly. At last, only Robert Fairfax, myself, and Siseree were

blankets. blankets. Attention has frequently been called to the value of ordinary sheets of paper as a substitute for bedclothes, or, at least, as an addition to bed clothes. The idea seems to have suggested the fabrication of "blankets" from this cheap left against the desperate odds. A bullet aimed for Fairfax's breast was saved from the mark by Siseree spring-ing before him and receiving it in her

own bosom. "Fly! fly! to the canon!" she cried. "Robert Fairfax—no—greater love— hath—man than to give his life." She fell forward dead. Involuntarily we

material. material. The fact that they are not as durable as the genuine article, is in their favor, as, in the case of the very poor, where the same bedding is used for years, a very cheap material that will last only very cheap material that will last only a comparatively short time must be bet-ter than durable articles that are rarely or never washed. If blankets were made of paper as tough and flexible as that which is manu-factured in China and Japan, they would last perhaps two winters, and if pasted on cotton cloth, probably longer.

above all, the striking contrast between its chaste beauty and the wierd, hugebourne and Palmerston, who were urging her on some point to which she was "What is the use of being a queen if

one cannot do as one likes? Her majesty appeared to highly enjoy the dance, and was ready with her little It is passing strange. Two sentiments struggle here for mastery—admiration and repulsion. For the first time in his foot forward to commence the first mo-ment the music sounded. As the Prin-cess Victoria, she was celebrated for her life the spectator feels an antipathy for a creation of inanimate nature. Chocorua charming singing with the pianoforte, but as queen these accomplishments are considered as undignified, and her voice is now heard only in the privacy of her suggests some fabled prodigy of the old mythology-a headless Centaur sprung from the foul womb of earth. The lake seems another Andromeda exposed to a own closet, and never in the drawing-rooms of the Palace, as formerly.-[Mrs. The whole upper zone of the mountain

Page's Diary, in the Dartmouth. seems smitten by palsy. Except in the hollows between the inferior summits APPOINTED ATTORNEY.

APPOINTED ATTORNEY. Mr. Benjamin I. Ochen has removed his law office to the suit of rooms numbered 20 in Union Block, Portland, Or. Mr. Cohen has been appointed Resi-dent Attorney of the Equitable Mercantile Company of New York, and the North American Attorney's and Tradesmen's Protective Union Company of Con-nectiout. These are two of the largest and most re-sponsible collection agencies in the country, and claims placed in Mr. Cohen's hands will receive careful attention and be vigorously pressed by the best legal talent of the United States and Casada. He has also engaged acompetent assistant to aid him in the enforcement of local claims nothing grew, nothing relieved the wide-spread desolation. Beyond us, scarred spread desolation. Beyond us, scarred and riven by lightning, rose the enor-mous conical oraig which gives to Choco-rua its highly distinctive character. Many years ago this region was devas-tated by fire. In the night old Choco-rua lighted his fiery torch, and stood in the midst of his own funeral pyre. The red glare overspreading the sky put out red glare, overspreading the sky, put out the stars. A brilliant circle of light,

"Now I do Most Unhesitatingly Aver

twenty miles in extent, surrounded the mountain like a halo; while, underneath, an immense tongae of forked flame licked the red summit with devouring As an old practitioner, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is among the most valuable discov-eries of the 19th century. I cannot say too much in its behalf. Pittsburg. Pa. April. 1880." [Signed.] J. H. CONNELL, M. D. haste. In the morning, a few charred trunks, still erect, were all that remained

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others to place proper men on guard at certain points prepared to surrender. They, however, declined to act unless You will always feel good and never have a sour tomach if you drink Damiana Bitters. One of Woods the hatter's new styles

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