

COMEDY.

The parled, with clasp of hands,
And kisses and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years.

CAMP ROYAL.

It was Robert Fairfax that first proposed starting for the frontier mining region. Rendered desperate by an unlooked-for domestic calamity, he felt that he must get away from all his old associations or be abandoned by them.

We took our own time prospecting along the Rock ranges and 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 faces were picked 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 was a young Indian girl fitting from the door.

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

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 thiefish 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 barracks, when a low, wild cry startled us, and looking up we saw a young Indian girl fitting from the door.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

When she heard me, she sprang to her feet, with her cheeks flushed and her eyes fairly blazing.

ent charm of womanhood—a shrinking, sensitive soul.
The miners were, on the whole, a wild, lawless set; but she could drink whiskey with the strongest, and seldom away in her walk.

They called her Sisere. She was Joe's Sisere, and Jim's Sisere, and so on; only Robert Fairfax and myself never introduced her to drink, nor to go off into her wild revels.

By and by alarming rumors reached us of Indian depredations and massacres among the miners. Some companies of men were fleeing for their lives in all directions.

My cursory glance revealed nothing. "I don't know," she said, in her fair English, "I'm sure 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?"

"You would never be a scout. Two little tails, like sage-brush, have come there to-night, at least, they were not there yesterday."

"We must return and warn the boys." "I don't know," she said, "keep them. 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 Monday, and I was going to Fort Laramie, and killed all the passengers and myself. I was saved by becoming the wife of the chief."

"I could not escape. I had no friends to rescue me. I was married to him, but the 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 possible.

"The scouts up yonder may be looking for me. The relatives of my deceased husband are waiting 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 Sisere had seen 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."

"A week passed, and with it the score of the canon had subsided. The "diggers" were rich, and we were planning the sinking of a shaft. A treacherous unconcern fell over us."

"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 sunrise?' I was ashamed to acknowledge that I did not know."

"Well, now look another way for five minutes, and then again take the bearings." "Ah, now I perceive the dark spots have moved. They were not far from the camp now."

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

"But this could not be done with dispatch. Aroused from a deep and dreamless sleep, with always some imprudent ones in such a company, some sleepy exclamations were made, which precipitated the catastrophe. With their peculiar cry the savages were upon us."

"Fly! fly! to the canon!" she cried. "Robert Fairfax—the no-greater love—has been slain by his life. She fell forward dead. Involuntarily we burst through the rear of Camp Royal, and without a thought of reaching the canon alive dashed away, pursued by the bullets from the guns of the red devils in pursuit."

Not far from the narrow path to the cavernous chamber where we were secreted. We had only made a choice of deaths. We knew the red devils would war us out by starvation, if they dared not approach along the narrow shelf of

rock, but instinct had, impelled us to the movement, which sober judgment would never have permitted.

But by one of those strange Providences which are unaccountable, McNabe's corps, sent further up the Hills to protect the miners from Indian raids, came upon our camp before noon.

From the "Lobster at Home," an illustrated article by W. H. Bishop, in Scribner, we quote as follows: "The factory opens at one end of the wharf, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into copper for boiling."

"The next forces down the contents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin covered with blows of a little hammer. Then a tray is filled rapidly with the cans and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them up tight except for minute openings in the bottom and put on another tray, which by means of a pulley-tackle, is then plunged in bath caldrons in order that the cans may be boiled till the air is expelled through the minute openings. Then they are sealed up and boiled for seven hours."

"I cannot call Chocorna, a beautiful mountain, yet of all of the White Mountain peaks it is the most individual. Nothing can be more striking than the way it presents itself here. Fast looked in the embryo stage, it is a lovely little lake voluptuously reposed at the foot of the mountain."

"It is passing strange. Two sentiments struggle here for mastery—admiration and repulsion. For the first time in his life the spectator feels an antipathy for a creation of inanimate nature. Chocorna 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 monster."

"The whole upper zone of the mountain seems smitten by palsy. Except in the hollows between the interior summits nothing grows, nothing relieved the wide-spread desolation. Beyond us, a scarred and riven by lightning, rose the enormous conical orag which gives to Chocorna its highly distinctive character."

"Now I do Most Unhappily Ever As an old practitioner, that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is among the most valuable discoveries of our age. It has cured thousands of cases of kidney and liver disease, and is the best of its kind. It is the only one that cures the disease. For the full particulars, see the circulars sent free on application. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Largest bottles, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists and dealers. Try it. H. W. WARNER & Co., Rochester, N. Y."

"The old made young and the weak strong by drinking Damiana Bitters, the great tonic."

"I would never have been so stout as I am now. I was three months ago. Now I weigh 130 pounds. I cannot write half of what I want to say about Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure did it all." H. O. ROUSE, Rahway, N. J.

"Woods the hatter, 143 First st. Portland, Or., is the boss place to buy hats."

"You will always feel good and never have a sour stomach if you drink Damiana Bitters."

"One of Woods the hatter's new styles makes the homeliest man look handsome."

"N. P. Co. (New Series), No. 18. Portland Business Directory!"

"BUENA VISTA POTTERY. WHOLESALE DEPOT—326, 327 and 328 Front St. M. Smith Prop., manufacturers drain tile, stone ware, fancy goods, fire brick, etc. Catalogue orders filled promptly."

"COMMISSION MERCHANT. H. H. PATTI—No. 7 Front street. Wholesale dealer in California and Mexican fruit and produce. China Rice and No. 100 low rates."

"ART GOODS. MURPHY'S PALACE OF ART—The leading house for picture frames and mountings, wholesale and retail. Fancy goods, stationery, etc. 100 Front street, Portland, O. C. Murphy & Co."

Webster's Visit to Queen Victoria. August 5, 1839.—After the introduction of the Duke (his 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.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster are to-day to have the honor of dining with her majesty. Julia Webster, who has received 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 delightful conversation. Declining an invitation from the Duke's steward Lady Charlotte, and punctually at three o'clock, the hour named, Julia and myself left our lodging for Buckingham Palace.

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KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., Importers and Dealers in Farm Implements and Machinery. OFFER FOR THE SEASON OF 1881.

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McCORMICK TWINE BINDER FOR 1881. Buffalo Pitt's Challenge Thresher, Greatly improved for 1881. Champion Combined Mower and Reaper, Champion Single Reaper, 5 and 6 feet cut, Champion Light Mower, front cut, McCormick's Imperial Mower and Reaper, McCormick's New Iron Mower, McCormick's Prize Mower, McCormick's Hand-Binding Harvester, Marsh's Hand-Binding Harvester.

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