GRACIE S. WELLS.

Only a few more notes, Only a finer tone; And lo! the world bows down Before the singer's throne

Only the same old thoughts Clothed with a sweeter sound; And, lot a poet's brow With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer car. Only a swifter skill;
And, lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will. Only a tint or line,

Only a subtler grace; And, lo! the word goes mad Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause For which men call us great, This shade the more or less May fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power Whose spells uplift or thrill; The barrier fixed, yet fine, We may not pass at will.

AN UNGATEFUL WRETCH.

Algernon Augustus Dehoward stood upon the extreme seaward end of the New Montgomery street wharf, feeding a pocketful of bird shot to the seals that sported below in the first blush and freshness of their young love. But he dispensed his bounty in a perfunctory, absent manner, hardly knowing what he was about. He was about thirty-one. For he was thinking of his debts. It was an awful moment. An adjacent ba-nana skin, which had been watching him, observed his distraction, and took a terrible advantage of it. With a sly and sinuous wiggle, like that of the lithe hippopotamus creeping upon its prey, it advanced, cautiously and with frequent circumspection, until it was within half a yard of its unwary victim; then with a sudden dart forward it slipped itself beneath his foot and overthrew him. He pitched forward toward the sea, and with a fiendish laugh that rang out upon the evening air like a chime of dumbbells the banana skin went back to its former position. Its subsequent history has not been ascertained.

The man had not far to fall, and was soon submerged, the bird-shot still in his pocket assisting to take him down. Above him on the wharf was a great concourse of excited men and women, drawn together by the plash and trying to rescue him. They threw him ropes, letting go their own end. They heaved over paving stones at which he clutched without much success. One gentleman employed on some street improvement at a compensation of twenty dollars for himself and horse and cart per trip of three blocks, gallantly threw off his coat, backed up his loaded chariot to the end of the wharf, and amid the cheers of applauding thousands dumped a whole cargo of gravel upon his head. All in vain. He was about to sink for the third time, and when a drowning man does that it is all up with him if he doesn't

Saddenly a woman's shrill scream rent the air from top to bottom. She was rich, no end. Early in her youth Arabella Decourcey had—but no matter; this was not early in her youth. Hastily throwing off her sealskin jacket, and sending her overshoes flying like a saw"couple of pigeons, she sprang upon a pile, clasped her hands prayerwise before her, lowered her head, and before an arm could interpose to prevent the rash act, asked the drowning man why he did not walk ashore. It had not before occurred to him; it was like a revelation. Placing his right foot on the surface of the water, and throwing his whole weight on that leg, he slowly drew himself out and walked ashore. The crowd dispersed with some more cheers.

Behold these two-the wet man and the dry woman-alone in the gloaming. "Noble lady," he exclaimed, laying his dripping head upon her shoulder and permitting her arm to encircle his waist, "the life you have saved is mine."

"Is 'yours,' you mean, doubtless," replied the lady; "that is the regular formula." "That is what I said," he remarked;

"it is mine." The lady regarding him for a moment

with a look of pain and distrust. "We do not seem to understand one another, but your idea doubtless is that I, having saved your life, you will devote it to making me happy-you will

give yourself to me in marriage. "Are those your terms?" asked the rescued Algernon Augustus Dehoward,

"That," said she with a stony stare, "is the usual price."

He pulled aside his obscuring forelock, dashed the sea-water from his eyes, and attentively considered her. He walked around her and prospected her with the skill of an expert. He measured her back, thumped her chest; wiping her cheek with his damp sleeve, he inspected the wipe. He ran his fingers through her hair and tried the stanchness of her teeth. Then he paled with a desperate purpose, cast his eyes upon the beautiful world and the glad blue sky above, and with a sigh of everlasting regret, said in a low but firm tone: "Put me back in the water!"

She put him back in the water .- Boston Times.

Mistake about the (oat.

The following story is related by an exchange: An American who started to ride from Colima to Manzanillo, in Mexico, was

stopped on the highway by a well-armed "Pardon, senor," exclaimed the latter,

"but I perceive you have my coat on. Will you have the kindness to remove

The American produced a six shooter, and, cocking it, replied:

"Senor, I am of the opinion that you are mistaken." "On closer observation I perceive that I am," the bandit answered and disap-

peared in the wood. The list of sworn brokers in the city of London contains a number of the aristocracy, including a duke's younger son, Lord Walter Campbell, and also the fol-

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopen-dyke, as he hurried in, hot and breath-less, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-

"It's all ready," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, beaming, "you go as—let me see. I go as a Spanish guitar girl, and you as—as—it's either Louis Fourteenth, or Oliver Cromwell, or Sir Robert Burns-I've torgotten which the man called it.

"I do?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, glar-ing around; "I go as one of them, do I? As they are all dead, and I will do for all three, p'raps you've got a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs.
Spoopendyke. "It's a doublet and—"
"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, it was a triplet. I told you to get me a bandit suit, didn't I? Fetch out out this Cromwell business! Show me man Burns. Any sword go with it."

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought forth a vorn red velvet jacket, trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow knee-breeches, slashed up the side. This she supplemented with a felt hat and a pair of jack boots armed with

spurs. "Maybe it's a bandit suit after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis Fourteenth end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element of the schedule! If I am going to get into this thing chronologically, I must begin with the measly king and wind up with the dod-gasted poet; which is the king part?" and Spoopendyke shot out of his business suit and into the velvet trousers. "Where's the rest of 'em?" he demanded, surveying an expanse of unclothed limb. "This whole thing is only one leg. Where's the pair for the other leg? Give me some more trousers!" and Mr. Spoopendyke glared about him.

"Don't the boots come up to meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendye, in some trepidation.

Mr. Spoopendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of

nearly a foot. "I s'pose this bare-legged arrangement is the Burns part?" grinned Mr. Spoop-endyke. "He was a Highlander, and this much of me is Burns. Show me the Cromwell part now. Is that hat it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on the hat and breathed hard. "Where's the rest of me? My head and legs are all right;

bring out my back and my stomach.' Mrs. Spoopendye handed him the jacket, and he plunged into it with a

"That's what you wanted," he howled. "Couldn't you make more than three epochs of me? Didn't the men have more than three historical dates? Put that jacket down a couple of centuries. can't ye? Don't ye see that the dodgasted thing is 200 years from reaching the waistband of the Burns breeches?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tugged at the abbreviated coat and snorted with wrath.

"May be that was the way it was meant to go," argued Mr. Spoopendyke. "I

"You sawed off the coats and pants, now s'pose you saw off a rod of this hat and patch em out again! When did Cromwell wear that hat? What kind of a bet did he win that hat on? Say, where is the scaffold that goes with these measly politicians? Fetch out the headsman! and Mr. Spoopendyke danced into the closet and out again. "Where's the blouse that goes with the Burns part? Bring me some Charles I. to hide 'Praise God from whom all bless legs! ings flow,' for man was made to mourn because his head was chopped off!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, combining the historical idea he represented in one grand yell. "Fetch me three suppers for one dodgasted old idiot that trusted his wife to find a suit for him, and Mr. Spoopendyke thrust his arm to the shoulder through the Covenanter's hat, and split the coat of the lamented Louis from tail to collar band. "Look out for some Scotch romance!" and he ripped off the pants and fired them into the grate. "Here comes another page in the annals of crime?" and the boots went out of the window.

"And we—can't go—go to the—mas—masquerade at all!" sobbed Mrs. Spoop-

endyke.

"Write an epitaph on the back of my neck and I'll go as a tombstone!" yawned Mr. Spoopendyke. "Put three bells in my side and a torn stair carpet at my back and I'll go as a French flat! Discharge the hired girl and get up a cold dinner, and I'll go as a boardinghouse! But if you think that I'm going to any measly masquerade in bare legs like a baby, and bare-backed like a circus, just to advertise a hymn book, a gin mill and a broadaxe factory, you're left, Mrs. Spoopendyke. You hear me? You're and Mr. Spoopendyke drew on his high shirt.

Elliott, the Oarsman.

The once celebrated oarsman, William Elliott, was one of the firemen of the British steamship Critic, which reached quarantine from Newcastle, England, late Saturday night. After the steamer had anchored at quarantine the cover of one of the coal bunkers was left open, and Elliott fell into it as he was walking along the deck in the darkness. He went down head formost, and was severely injured. Had he fallen into the lower bunker close at hand he would certainly have been kilfed. Elliott was carried to the forecastle, where he will probably be laid up for several days. The Critic came up to the Deleware, Lackawanna and Western dock, in Hoboken, yesterday. A Times reporter went on board the steamer in the afternoon, and was told by a burly sailer that Elliott was in his bunk in the forecastle. "He was hurt pretty bad, and it's a wonder he wasn't killed," said the sailor, as he led the way to the forecastle. The reporter followed his guide down a steep companionway into a narrow compartment in which were eight or ten berths. The place was dimly lighted by a small oil lamp. In one of the lower berths lay

once rang. The carsman spoke modestly of the days of his success, and did not appear to have taken greatly to heart his misfortunes, from which he still hopes to emerge. Elliott was born thirty two years ago at Hayfarm, Northumberland, England, where his father was a shephera. He worked with his father until 19 years of age, when he went to the "pits" at Blythe, near Newcastle, and began to work there. He had had never seen a boat in his life. One day in the year 1874, after he had worked six years in the pits, Elliott saw a sculling-match on the river. He informed the winner that he would be able to beat him at rowing within a month's The successful oarsman laughed time. at him, but at the same time accepted his challenge, and a race was arranged for £25. One month from the day on which he had first seen a boat the contest came off, and Elliott easily defeated his opponent, named George Martin. In March, 1876, Elliott became a professional, and rowed a race on the Tyne for £400 a side with Alexander Hogarth, beating him badly. Two years later Elliott challenged Higgins for the Newcastle Chronicle Cup. The trustees of the cup required him to prove his claims as an aspirant to the championship. He accordingly defeated William Nicholson in March, 1878, and three months later rowed Higgins on the Thames, but was beaten by the then champion. In September of the same year Elliott entered for the London Sportsman's Cup, and, by defeating Higgins, Boyd, Thomas, Nicholson and Blackman, he became the champion of England. He started a public house at Newcastle and laid up considerable money. In 1879 Elliott was matched against Hanlan. He backed himself to the extent of £700, and many of his friends put up all the money they possessed upon him. Elliott lost the race. After his defeat by Hanlan all his ventures proved unsuccessful, and he finally became a bank-rupt. When the Critic left Newcastle a short time ago, one of the sailors, an old acquaintance of Elliot, induced him to ship as fireman on that vessel, and he accordingly signed articles and entered the forecastle. If he can find a backer in this country, Elliot says, he will go into training for four months, at the expira-tion of which time he will row any oarsman, except Haulan and Wallace Ross, for a few hundred pounds. Elliott will

The Samson of the West.

days .- [N. Y. Times.

probably recover from the effects of his

fall down the coal bunker within a few

Jonas Johnson, or "Big Jonas" is the Goliah of this region, and some of the stories of his strength and endurance sound fabulous. In 1858 he gained a national reputation by walking from Illinois to California, pushing his provisions before him in a wheelbarrow. He was living in Knox county, Ill. when the gold fever spread over the country, and, being in the early twenties of his life, was fired with an ambition to join the Argonants. He was imperfectly acquainted with English, and had but \$10 in cash, so he walked across Illinois and Iowa to Omaha, making the distance in two weeks. There he bought a wheelbarrow and laid in a stock of provisions With these, on the 15th day of April he pushed boldly out, and ninety days thereafter he "landed" safely at the diggings, about fifty miles northeast of Sacramento, the first successful placer mines. Here he went to work in the same independent way he made the journey—alone—and was successful. He was able to earn from \$10 to \$20 per day, according to the number of hours he put in. A year satisfied him, and with a bag well filled with "dust" he returned by

way of Panama and New York to his

home in Illinois. His feats of strength are no less remarkable. About twenty years ago he found a cow in no uncommon predicament in those days-mired in a slough. A team of horses, planted on firm ground, had proved unable to draw her from the mire, whereupon Jonas, laying down some boards to give a good footing, lifted her bodily out of the swamp, and, seizing her by the horns, dragged her to firm ground. At another time his wagon loaded with hav became mired down and the horses failed to extricate it. Jonas got impatient, and going to the rear he raised the load and pushed it forward to better ground, making a lift which is moderately estimated at not less than 1300 pounds, and performed under unfavorable circumstances. He is now a hale, ruddy-faced man of 45 years, located on a fine farm of 120 acres in Boone and Hamilton counties, well stocked and improved, besides being the fortunate owner of two others, 160 and 120 acres respectively. He was born in Sweden, was 22 years old when he came to America, and has been a resident of this county for 23 years. He stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings and tips the beam at 245 pounds. A No. 12 boot accommodates his foot and his hand is that of a giant .- [Boone (Iowa) Standard.

A Very Eccentric Scotchman.

The will of a recently deceased Dumfries-shire laird has been causing considerable discussion in the south of Scotland, and it will probably come before the court of sessions. The testator seems to have been a most eccentric person, for a few months before his death he threw a parcel to his forester which contained stock to the amount of £17,000, on which that fortunate servant is now living in luxury. He, in the same easy way, gave his coachman a check for £3000, his shepherd scrip for £13,000, and a check for £3000 to the aforesaid shepherd's brother. Shortly after he died. On the will being opened it was found that the good luck of the shepherd was far from exhausted, as, except legacies of £6000 each to the coachman and the brother, he was left the whole property, about £80,000, so he finds himself possessor of the estates on which he commenced his career as "the wee herd laddie," and in the right thereof he has been appointed a commissioner of supply for the county. He is described as an "estimable lad."

The other day a very charming and in-telligent lady remarked: "What an empty satisfaction there is in attempting to outrival one next door neighbor in dress and style of living. Why, I know half a dozen women who have spent all lowing: The Hon. Albert Petre, the Hon. Edward and Henry Bourke, Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, the Hon. Richard Strutt, and Sir Hecort Maclean Hay.

On lamp. In one of the lower bertan lay in their lives striving for things they never can or will obtain, and in the meantime allowing their real chance of happiness triumph as an oarsman all England to slip by unheeded."

Carlyle's Tobacco.

Carlyle's habit of smoking had begun in his boyhood, probably at Ecclefechan before he came to Edinburg University. His father, he told me, was a moderate smoker, confining himself to an ounce of tobacco a week, and so thoughtfully as always to have a pipe ready for a friend out of an allowance. Carlyle's allowance, in his mature life, though he was very regular in his times and seasons, must have been at least eight times as much. Once, when the cannister of "free-smoking York River" on his mantel-piece was nearly empty, he told me not to mind that as he had about "half a stone more of the same up stairs." Another tobacco annecdote of Carlyle, which I had from the late G. H. Lewes, may be worthy of a place here. One afternoon, when his own stock of "free-smoking York River" had come to an end, and when he had set out to walk with a friend, (Lewes himself, if I recollect rightly), he stop-ped at a small tobacco shop in Chelses, facing the Thames, and went in to procure some temporary supply. The friend went in with him, and heard his dialogue with the shopkeeper. York River having been asked for, was duly produced, but, as it was not the right kind. Carlyle, while making a small purchase, informed the shopkeeper most particularly what the right sort was, what was its name, and at what wholesale place in the city it might be ordered. "Oh, we find that this suits our cus-

tomers yery well," said the man. "That may be, sir," said Carlyle; "but you will find it best in the long run al-

ways to deal in the veracities." The man's impression seemed to be that the veracities were some peculiar curly species of tobacco hitherto unknown to him.

FOUND AT LAST. A Positive and Never-Failing Cure for Kheu-matism.

PORTLAND, Nov. 8, 1881.

Dr. Henley—Dear Sir: Having suffered for years with rheumatism, and especially during last winter and until July—enduring great pain most of the time, I wish to certify that I met you at the state fair, and for a few days took your Rheumatic Neutralizer, which you were kind enough to give me on trial, and after three days I quit taking it, and have had no suffering from that cause since. Though I only took half of the bottle full four months ago, I now have less annoyance from that cause than for any time for years, and have tried heretofore many remedies that were unavailing.

S. A. CLARKE, Ed. Willamette Furmer.

The above letter is but one among the numerous

S. A. CLARKE, Ed. Willamette Furmer.

S. A. CLARKE, Ed. Willamette Furmer.

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OREGON TO MASSACRUSETTS.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Mesers. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tes, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tes as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have

I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours, CHAS. R. LADD,

CHAS. R. LADD,
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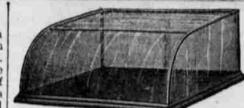
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