

An Emigrant Boy's Story.

A singular life history was involved in an adjudication filed yesterday by Judge Ashman, of the Orphans' Court, in the estate of John Naulty, deceased. Mr. Naulty was widely known in business circles in North and South America, and in Europe. He died at Buenos Ayres in January, 1879, leaving an estate valued at \$500,000. He came to this country from Ireland about sixty years ago. He was a boy seeking his fortune. He apprenticed himself to a tanner in this city. Before he was of age his master failed. His master conceived the idea of going to South America to engage in the traffic in hides and wool. Young Naulty accompanied him. When Naulty came back to New York he said that he had been successful beyond his hopes. He deposited as a nest egg \$50 of his savings and went South again with a decent working capital. He engaged in the work of cattle-raising, and wool and hide exporting. In time he purchased a sheep ranch in Buenos Ayres, miles in extent, and employed a Philadelphian to superintend the rearing of his flocks. His brother Dominick, and his mother arrived in this country about 12 years after John. The latter, who was then growing rich, sent a generous draft to his brother, with instructions to buy a home for his mother. A home was purchased in West Philadelphia, and Dominick and his mother lived there together until a few years ago, when Mrs. Naulty moved to Greensburg, where she died, in her ninety-seventh year.

John Naulty came North only at intervals of years. He did not remain in this city at any time for a longer period than four months, except during the Centennial year. He quietly purchased considerable real estate here, that now has grown to be worth about \$70,000. He acquired considerable property in New York, also in other cities. He made frequent trips to Europe, both for business and pleasure. He was identified with the house of S. B. Hale & Co., and his visits North were frequently to consult them. His bankers were W. W. DeForest & Co., of New York, to whom he sent large sums for investment. At the time of his death they held in his name \$120,000 in government securities. He was a man of great reticence, and few were acquainted with his affairs. He conducted all his business matters, however, with the nicest method and the most scrupulous regard for right. When he lay upon his death-bed he said: "I owe no man a dollar, save for service in this last illness."

He lived altogether in Buenos Ayres about 41 years. He had no relatives there, but many friends, and he always spoke of it as home, and even when here, with his mother and among his kindred, longed to get back. He was never married, but his life was not without its episode of love. Years ago he educated a beautiful girl who was to be his bride. She ripened into an accomplished as well as beautiful woman. Then he came to aim fulfillment of her promise. His hair was gray; he might have been his affianced father. His bride-elect could never fulfill her pledge. She had met another, younger, fairer. She had fallen in love with him. She was to marry him, though he had not a dollar. The old man gave up all his claim. "Marry," he said, "and God bless you." When his will was opened the name of the bride, whom he had educated for another, was found there, kindly remembered.

He was wandering always. He was shipwrecked many times. He lost as well as made fortunes. In a letter to Mrs. William Conn, a cousin, to whom he was much attached, he once wrote: "I am sitting upon the shore at Montevideo looking at a ship and cargo, in which my all is invested, burning to the water's edge. Some drunken sailors have recklessly caused this disaster. If my insurance in London had not been effected then I do not own the coat on my back." The insurance, however, were all right, and the ruin which seemed to be pending was averted. Once he was stricken down in the streets of Rio Janeiro with typhoid fever. He was known to no one. Charles J. Harrah, of this city, happened to be in the city, and learning that the stricken man was an American or a European hastened to his assistance. He learned the sick man's name from a bill of exchange which he found in the man's hat-band. The bill was drawn on an English bank, and called for £6000. Mr. Naulty was removed to a hospital and nursed back to health by Sisters of Charity.

Upon his last visit to Philadelphia he destroyed three basketsful of letters the gathering of 50 years. Among them were notes for thousands of dollars that had become outlawed. He was suffering then with softening of the brain. His memory was becoming impaired. Mrs. Conn, at whose house he was staying, begged him not to go South again. "But I must go," he said, "I want to see my friends again; I must settle up my affairs." "I can't say you will come back when?" "I cannot say; perhaps soon. How much I have traveled! I have still a long voyage, and I cannot tell what is before me." He sailed on his 63d birthday in a furious storm. The voyage was unusually long, and when Mr. Naulty arrived at Buenos Ayres his health was shattered. He recovered somewhat, but soon declined again, and in a year he died. He was buried in Buenos Ayres.

He had made a will in this city, disposing of his North American property. He wrote it himself, and a wrangle followed on the question of interpretation. A duplicate was found in his trunk, that was more clearly stated, and helped to secure an adjustment of the difficulty by compromise. After a number of individual bequests, the property is given to Dominick Naulty. The will disposing of the South American estates was written by a notary in Spanish. It gave the bulk of that estate to Mr. Naulty's mother for life. She, at her death, gave it to her son Dominick. De Forest & Co. were made distributors of John Naulty's property. The question before Judge Ashman was as to whether the estate in North America was liable to collateral inheritance tax. After reviewing all the circumstances and considering the technical questions that arose, the judge decided in the negative. The estate in Buenos Ayres has not been settled.

It takes just three people to keep a secret properly, but two of the three must be dead.

THE COUNTERSIGN WAS "MARY."

"Twas near the break of day, but still The moon was shining brightly; The west wind as it passed the flowers Set each one swaying lightly; The sentry slow paced to and fro A faithful nightwatch keeping, While in the tents behind him stretched His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to and from the sentry peeped, His musket on his shoulder, But not a thought of death or war Was with the brave young soldier. Ah, not his heart was far away Where on a Western prairie, A rose-tinted cottage stood. That night The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her blue eyes kindly beaming, Above them, on her sun-kissed brow, Her curls like sunshine gleaming; And heard her singing, as she churred The butter in the dairy, The song he loved the best. That night The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed, When upon the lone road glancing, He spied a form, a little form, With falling steps advancing, And as it neared him, silently He gazed at it in wonder, Then dropped his musket to his hand, And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more, Be you man, child or fairy, Unless you give the countersign. Halt! Who goes there?" "Tis Mary," A sweet voice cried, and in his arms The girl he'd left behind him Half fainting fell. O'er many miles She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear," She sobbed; "my heart was breaking; I could not stay a moment, but All other ties forsaking, I travelled by my grief made strong, Kind Heaven watching 'er me, Until—Unhurt and well!" "Yes, love," "At last you stood before me.

"They told me that I could not pass The lines to seek my lover Before day fairly came; but I Pressed on ere night was over, And as I told my name, I found The way free as the prairie." "Because, thank God! to-night," he said, "The countersign is 'Mary.'"

A Lover's Ruse.

Sir George Mackenzie, who flourished in the last half of the seventeenth century, was one of the most eminent jurists ever known in Scotland, besides being a brilliant man of letters. He inherited wealth, and during his busy life he added so much to it that he became one of the wealthiest men of his time. As a politician he was self-willed and stubborn, and at times violent. Between himself and the young Earl of Bute a strong political difference existed, which neither showed a disposition to harmonize. Yet the Earl had fallen deeply in love with Sir George's daughter, and the love was by her returned. The lovers knew that the stern old advocate would not consent to their union. In fact it is doubtful if Sir George would have admitted Bute to the house as a friend. His feelings were deep and bitter, and he had been heard to denounce the Earl as little better than a renegade.

The lovers put their heads together and consulted. They were eager to be made man and wife. Of course the young lady could elope and be married clandestinely, and the father could not help himself, but ah! he could disinheritor his recalcitrant daughter, and this must not be. The young Earl was not mercenary. The damsel's prospective wealth, as heiress of her rich father and not given her a particle of extra attraction for him; yet he did not like the idea of having his wife deprived of her just inheritance, and naturally he did not care to lose such a broad and grand estate—for this daughter was an only child.

At length the Earl hit upon a plan, and resolved to act upon it. He visited Sir George in his chambers, while the latter held the office of King's Advocate, and appealed to him for assistance. Now, as man to man, in matters of business, or in any way not involving brotherly love, Sir George held the young Earl in high esteem, and there was no man of his acquaintance whom he would not have assisted legally. Furthermore, the advocate had not the remotest idea that Bute loved his daughter or that he was familiar with her.

"Sir George," said the Earl, when he was ready to open up his business, "there is a young lady in this city whom I dearly and devotedly love, and she has confessed her love for me. Her father is wealthy. Now sir, I care not for the lady's money, yet it would not be pleasant for her father to disinherit her. From this you can judge that her father is opposed to our union. At all events we fear that such is the case. Now, my dear Sir George, I know that you would not hesitate to avouch for my worthiness."

The old man nodded assent very pleasantly. "And, sir, I think you would be willing to exert your influence in my behalf if I should marry the lady clandestinely. Your influence would be effectual, I am sure."

And so the Earl went on until he had brought Sir George not only to promise his assistance toward preventing a disinheritance, but so far had the keen old lawyer entered into the spirit of the thing that he advised the Earl by all means to go ahead. "Why!" he exclaimed forcibly, "the man must be blind, or a fool, who would reject such an alliance for his daughter— one of the oldest names in the realm; a fair share of wealth and a coronet. Go ahead, my lord, and I will sustain you if I can."

And the Earl went ahead. That very evening he arranged with the lady, and on the following day they were privately married.

In the evening Sir George missed his daughter. He had just inquired for her when a door was opened and she and the Earl of Bute entered, hand in hand, and advanced straight to his chair and went down on their knees.

Not a word of explanation was needed. The old advocate caught his breath, changed from a death-like paleness to a furious flush half a dozen times, and finally gave in. "Sir George, henceforth I shall take great pleasure in sustaining my wife's father," said the Earl.

WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT.—You will not leave Harper's Ferry without seeing that strange freak of nature—the portrait of Washington, as it is called—on Maryland Heights. It takes a credulous eye and a vivid imagination to discern a profile of the first President on a small rock away up the height, but there are persons who recognize the likeness, or think they do, and so the ambitious tourist will never give up his quest until he has formed somehow out of the shapeless mass of rock above him a portrait and called it Washington. On a small, smooth, red rock, about 200 feet, I should say, above the water, is this celebrated curiosity. Once find it and it stands out conspicuously, a perfect face of a man at least, if not of Washington particularly, looking up the Potomac. It is said that Washington himself recognized the portrait, and would stand for hours gazing at it in gloomy meditation. It is in a fit place to have foretold him of his greatness.—[Washington Repu lican.

SOBRIETOUS TESTIMONIALS.

What a Good Threshing Machine Can Do.

CANYONVILLE, OR., Aug. 26, 1882. Messrs. G. Westinghouse & Co., Schenectady, New York.—Gentlemen: We have purchased one of your thirty-inch Separators, with horse power, of your agent, Mr. Z. T. Wright, cheerfully say it goes beyond our expectation, being the fastest thrasher, best cleaner, and lightest draft machine we ever saw run, and it does not waste any grain. We have had over twenty years' experience in threshing and run many different styles of machines, but yours is the best. In three hours' run this morning in damp oats, we run out nearly 700 bushels. We would recommend any one needing a thrasher to buy a Westinghouse. Yours truly,

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New Market Theater. On Monday, August 21st, the famous Hattie Moore Comic English Opera Company will commence an engagement at New Market Theater, Portland, which promises to be the operative event of the season. There are 28 artists in the combination, and all of the best opera will be given in a thoroughly artistic manner. Manager Stechhan is bound to have the best attractions that can be obtained. After the close of the Portland season the company will travel the entire circuit controlled by Mr. Stechhan.

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Frank Abell, the Portland photographer, has lately added the most magnificent show of pictures ever seen in the city. His Imperial panels as seen on the Front street entrance to the gallery are genuine works of art and will bear the closest inspection.

Billy Matthews, the great song and dance artist, Mollie Archer, Ida Chester, Irene Baker, and Flora Francis are delighting the audiences at the Elite theater in Portland nightly. Go and see the popular flow of amusement.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John B. Garrison 167 Third Street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

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Explained at foot of this column.

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