A LOVER'S TESTS.

I sat to-day beneath the pine
And saw the long lake shine.
The wind was weary, and the day
Sank languidly away
Behind the forest's purple rim;
The sun was fair for me, I lived for him.

I did not miss you. All was sweet.
Sky, earth and soul complete
In harmony, which could afford
No more, nor spoil the chord.
Could I be blest and you star,
Where other I, or you, than what we are?

The sifted silver of the night
Rained down a strange delight,
The moon's moist beam on meadow made
The pale bars athwart the shade,
And murmurs crept from tree to tree,
Mysterious whispers—not from you to me!

I stirred the embers, roused the brand
And mused on either hand
The pedigree of human thought.
Sang, censured, cheered or taught.
Pausing at each Titanic line,
I caught no echo from your soul to mine!

And last, when life recast its form
To passive rest and warm,
Ere the soft and lingering senses cease
In sleep'r half-conscious peace.
The wish I might have fashioned died
In dreams that never brought you to my side!

Farewall! my nature's highest stress
Mine equal shall possess.
'Tis easier to renounce, or wait,
Haply, the perfect fate,
My coldness is the haughty fire
That naught consumes except its full desire!

Winning a Widow.

The widow Cummskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store in Newark avenue the other evening, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good evenin' to you, ma'am," said he.

"Good evenin' to you, Mr. Costello," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin' ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs. Cummiskey, "but the Winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all both great and small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, "but for all that it doesn't come to us all alike. Now, here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' good lookin', equally swate as a Summer greenin', a fall pippin or a Winter russet."

"Arrah, hould yer wist, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, an' take a cup o' tay with me, for I was only standin' be the doore, lookin' at the people passin', for company sake, like, and I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse."

Mr. Costello needed no second invitation, and followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little Franklin stove, the tea kettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire-light, the shaded lamp on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

"It's very cozy ye are here, Mrs. Cummiskey," said Mr. Costello, casting a look of apprehension around the apartment.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that, whin I do be havin' company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello, "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup o' tay."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a sate and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yerself to this fish and don't forget the purtaties. Look at them; they're splittin' their sides with laughin'."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow with her arm in that graceful position assumed in the pouring out of tea, and remarked, "I'm sensible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cummisky, though I've none meself. Mind now, the difference between the taste o'tay made and served that way and the tay they gives you in 'ating houses."

"Sure," said the widow, "there's nothin' like a home o' yer own. I wonder ye never got marrit, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in reference to yerself, ma'am," answered Mr. Costello.

"God keep us," exclaimed Mrs. Cummisky, "aren't I a widder woman this seven year!"

"Ah," rejoined Mr. Costello, "but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again."

"Well, its sure I am," said the widow thoughtfully, setting down her teapot and raising her hand by the way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone, heaven save un' rest his sowl. He was that asy a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as handsome as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello. He was about your height and completely like you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his bantherin' way, 'Sure, Nora, what's the wurruld to a man whin his wife is a widder,' manin', you know, that all the timptations an' luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. 'Sure, Nora,' says he, 'what's the wurruld to a man when his wife's a widder?' Ah, poor John."

"It was a sensible sayin', that," remarked Mr. Costello, as he helped himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widdow. "He knew everything to the last, and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly be the clock that he died—he says to me, 'Nora,' says he, 'you've been a good wife,' says he, 'an' I've been a good husband,' says he, 'and there's no love lost between us,' says he, 'and I could give ye a good caracktha any place,' says he, 'an' I wish you could do the same for me where I'm goin', says he, 'but it's case equal,' says he, 'every dog has his day, and some have a day and a half,' says he, 'an',' says he, 'I'll no more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself,' says he, 'but I'll say now,' says he, 'that I've always been a true son of the church,' says he, 'so I'll not bother my brains about it,' and he says, says he, 'I leave you in good hands, Nora, for I leave you in your own hands,' says he, 'and if at any time ye see any wan ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he. 'Ah, Nora,' says he, 'for the first time speaking it solemn like, 'Ah, Nora, what's the wurruld to a man when his wife is a widow? And,' says he, 'I lave $50 for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself,' said he, 'and I needn't tell ye to be a good mother to the children,' says he, 'for well we know there are none.' Ah, poor John. Will ye have another cup of tay, Mr. Costello?'

"It must have been very hard on ye," said Mr. Costello. "Thank ye, ma'am, no more."

"It was hard," said Mrs. Cummiskey, "but time will tell. I must cast about me for my own livin' and so I got intill this place, and here I am today."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire, "and here we are both of us this evenin'."

"An' so I mind ye of—of him, do I?" asked Mr. Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed contemplatively into the fire.

"That ye do," answered the widow. "Ye favor him greatly, dark complected, and the same pleasant smile."

"Now with me sittin' here and you sittin' there ferninst me, ye might almost think ye were marrit again," said Costello insinuatingly.

"Ah, go away now for a taze that ye are," exclaimed the widow, mussing her clean apron by rolling the corners of it.

"I disremember what it was he said about seein' any man you liked betther nor him," said Mr. Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

"He said, said he," answered the widow, smoothing her apron over her knees with her plump white hands. "'Nora,' said he, 'if any time you see any man ye like betther nor me, marry him,' says he."

"Did he say anything about any wan ye liked as good as him?" asked Mr. Costello.

"I don't mind that he did," answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.

"I suppose he left that to yerself," purrsued Mr. Costello.

"Faith an' I don't know thin," answered Mrs. Cummiskey.

"Do ye think ye like me as well as ye did him?" said Mr. Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.

"Ah, go away now for a taze," exclaimed the widow, straightening herself and playfully slapping Costello on the face.

He moved his chair still nearer and moved his arm around her waist.

"Niver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," said the widow, looking boldly at him.

"Tell me," he insisted, "div ye like me as well as ye did him?"

"I—I—most—I most disremember now how much I liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed at such a question.

"Well then," asked Mr. Costello, enforcing his questions by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "do ye like me well enough as meself?"

"Hear the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummiskey, derisively; "do I like him well enough as himself?"

"Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart," pleaded Mr. Costello. "Answer me this question, Mrs. Cummiskey, is your heart tender toward me?"

"It is," whispered the widow; "and there, now ye have it."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed the happy lover, as he drew the not unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few minutes after Mrs. Cummiskey looked up, and as she smoothed her hair, said: "But James, you haven't told me yet how you like yer tay."

"Ah, Nora, me jewel," answered Mr. Costello, "the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed."

American "Imported" Goods.

Every one knows that we supply Great Britain with large amounts of cheese which, when sold, is called Cheddar, and that a certain quantity of this article finds its way back across the Atlantic, and commands in fancy grocery shops an enhanced price in consequence of the foreign flavor it has presumably acquired during its sojourn abroad. So, too, the bacon from Cincinnati and Chicago comes back to us after a voyage to the old world labeled English, often needing only a stay of a few weeks to become thoroughly naturalized. These deceits are so patent that no one thinks of objecting to them; but one of a more hidden character has lately come to light, whose heinousness is increased because it aims to hoodwink a select and discriminating class of consumers. Caviare is just as little appreciated by the multitude now as it was in Hamlet's time, and hence it is not offered for sale on every store counter. Those, however, whose tastes are educated up to the point get their favorite condiment at some well stocked German store, or perhaps direct from some importer. It is usually put up in tin cans, with gorgeous label stamped with the imperial double eagle of Russia, and although a brief line sometimes states that the work was done at Hamburg, the can and its adornments impress the ordinary mind with ideas at least as far-reaching as Moscow. Recently, some statistician has hinted that we were, among our many exports, sending caviare to Europe. The announcement at first seemed preposterous; but among the rude shocks to human feeling occasioned by the sinking of the Pomerania was that caused to some by discovering from her freight list that she had on board a large quantity of caviare in barrels, sent by shippers in New York to canners in Hamburg. It thus turns out that the foreign luxury in which we have indulged at the expense of customs, duties and transportation charges is nothing more than a American article of food, made no doubt out of the roe of good, though cheap, American fish.—N. Y. Times.

The oldest inhabitant—a circus joke.

PACIFIC COAST.

Drugged.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 21.—A young woman by the name of Minnie Peers has brought suit against a down town merchant named Diggle, to recover $50,000 damages for drugging and feloniously assaulting her in the private room of a restaurant.

A Protestation.

Wells, Fargo and Co. have brought suit in the 19th District court to enjoin the bank commissioners from attempting to investigate the affairs of their banking house on the ground that the law creating the commission does not apply to commercial banks.

Fatal Accident.

SANTA CRUZ, Jan. 21.—This afternoon at Bennet's lime kiln, near Felton, an accident occurred in which Eben Bennet, the proprietor lost his life. A blast had been set off in the quarry, and Mr. Bennet went in with the men to assist in the work, when a huge boulder came down and crushed him. Mr. Bennet was a member of the firm of H. T. Holmes & Co., San Francisco.

Kearney Will Reorganize.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22.—Dennis Kearney says the Workingmen's party is to be entirely reorganized for the coming campaign. The Workingmen will choose delegates, and hold State and County conventions some time during June. The State convention will nominate a full ticket and place it in the field, and the County convention, which will be held in this city about the same time, will nominate municipal officers, with the exception of supervisors, leaving the nomination of supervisors entirely to ward clubs, which will each put in the field a man to represent it in the board. The County convention will be composed of men selected by the clubs also, so that the whole political machinery of the city will go into the hands of the ward organizations. In the operation of this plan the Workingmen managers propose to immediately put down any man in the party who seeks an office. In fact, aspirations of any kind will result in political death to the ambitious toiler. Delegates to the State convention which will also meet in June, will be chosen by Workingmen's clubs throughout the State. In remote counties, where there is no organization, or where money is too scarce or toilers too few to maintain one, the Workingmen will hold a public meeting and send men to represent them in proportion to their numbers. The convention will select most of the State officers from the people of the interior, a plan proposed for the purpose of securing harmony and giving farmers the lost representation in the State government. Kearney will start out for a trip through the State about the first of February, for the purpose of organizing the interior. There is at present a Workingmen's organization in forty counties and Dennis proposes to build one in each of the other thirteen.

Idaho.

BOISE CITY, Jan. 12.—The legislative council this afternoon, by a vote of 9 to 2, passed a resolution declaring the organization of the House of Representatives illegal. This is the body from which the Republican members withdrew in a body on the first day of the session, and which the Democrats organized without having a legal quorum.

Fire at Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23.—At half past one this morning a fire broke out in E. M. Blair's planing mill at the corner of Grove and first streets in Oakland. It spread to the California Bridge and Building Company's mill adjoining, and both were destroyed. Loss estimated at $30,000.

San Francisco Items.

A steady rain has been falling since early last evening; wind fresh from the South and every indication of a prolonged storm.

The merchants' protective association and the board of trade at meeting yesterday indorsed Senator Booth's subsidiary silver bill and resolved to circulate for signature a petition to Congress in its favor.

Stedman, of basket shop notoriety, was held to answer to-day on 10 charges of embezzlement. Bail, $11,000.

Prize Fight in Virginia City.

VIRGINIA, Jan. 23.—The Lynn-Halliran prize fight with thin gloves came off at the National Guard Hall to-night. It was won by Halliran in 18 rounds and lasted one hour. Lynn was the favorite in the pools two to one. It was for $1,000 and the gate money. Halliran was in bad condition, but his tremendous hitting won. He forced the fight from the first. His last blow knocked Lynn through the ropes.

A Chinese Proclamation Against Christians.

We find in the Northern Christian Advocate, a Methodist paper, the following alleged proclamation by Chinese against some foreign Christians, who propose to settle among them:

The Chinese gentry of Kea-Hing send out the following:

Notice is hereby given that during the sixth and seventh months of last year people have been bewitched and their cues cut off by imps. It is reported that these things were done by reprobates belonging to the foreign (Christian) religion. Now, those who attach themselves to that religion must first swallow the medicine that is given them, and utterly destroy the tablets of their ancestors and the kitchen god. After a death, when the corpse is being dressed, none of the relatives are allowed to be present, but it is said the eyes are to be scooped out in compounding this medicine. We, the inhabitants of Kea-Hing, all follow the teachings of Confucius and Mencius, which change not for ten thousand ages, and we will never accept any such religion as the above. Recently some of these fellows came from Ningpo, and are searching about everywhere to rent premises, their object being to spread their religion here. Henceforth the cue cutting, bewitching the people, destruction of ancestral tablets, abolition of proper distinction between men and women, and the abandonment of the teachings of the sages, threaten universal contamination, and the local mandarins will not exercise their control, which is truly deplorable.

But the great mass of the people have agreed with one mind that they will not allow houses to be rented for the Christian religion, either in the city or villages.

Should any be enticed into that religion, we must not beat them, but we will pull down their houses, and ever after the place shall be abandoned ground.

Or should any one sell vacant ground for the use of that religion, we will shoot rubish there in a heap that will cover it; we shall certainly show no forbearance.

A special notification. Issued by the gentry and people.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that, "One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling

"You'd Better Finish Me."

And He Obliged Him by Doing So—A Kentucky Murder.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal gives the facts of the Craig murder case, near Litchfield, Ky., as follows:

Craig lives at the foot of Iron Ore hill. About one hundred yards west of his house is a large gate; forward is the road to Hayne's precinct; to the left is the road over Iron Ore hill and to Sam Overton's, where John Overton, the deceased, lived. On the 16th of December one Jim Booth was on the side of this hill, chopping. Craig had gone with his gun in the direction of Booth, and was some one hundred yards from the large gate. John and Sam Overton were gathering and hauling corn from a field which the former had rented from Craig, about which there had been some unpleasantness.

This field was situated nearly a quarter of a mile northwest of Craig's, and from the point in the field where they were gathering there was a direct road to Sam Overton's, and the wagon load had gone this way, Sam driving. John was going around and up the hill road, in the direction of the chopping, but was met by Craig at the point above named. Craig asked him if he was going to haul all the corn away, to which Overton replied: "Yes, by —, I am; and if you fool with me about it I'll tear h— out of you." Craig said: "I reckon you won't," and with this drew his gun and fired. Overton fell, pierced through the lungs with buckshot. He also had one in his arm, face and hand.

Craig advanced two or three steps to him, when Overton arose and clinched him, saying: "You'd better finish me, Jim." Craig replied: "By —, that's what I set in for." He then, using his gun club fashion, struck Overton on the head, which loosened the latter's hold, and he fell. Craig then cut his throat with a pocket knife, waited until he was dead, then straightened him out, and placed some little stones on his eyes to keep them closed. When asked why he did this, he said: "Overton was all doubled up and looked so ugly that I thought I would straighten him out and make a neat job of it. I didn't know how long he'd lie there. If I had had any money to put on his eyes I would have put it there, but as I had none I used rocks."

This is the case to be made out by the Commonwealth, and very naturally it strikes one as being a horrible murder. But there is a defense, and, it seems, a good one.

Overton was a desperate man; had killed one or two men and stabbed and cut others without any provocation. He was a runaway from Louisville, and there are some doubts about Overton being his name. He paid some parties money as an inducement to their getting one or more of our good citizens out that he might slay them. While in our county jail, from the 1st of August to the 1st of September, he said he wanted to get out that he might kill Ben Kipo, a Methodist minister, and Jim Craig. Some threats had been communicated before the killing. This is the whole case.

Three efforts for an examining trial have been made at Tilfordsville, and all failed upon the part of the prosecution. The case was moved to this place and set for next Friday, the 3d of January, when there will be a large crowd and much excitement. Craig is in jail and in good spirits.

Mark Twain as a Candidate.

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the most about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography in the hope of finding any dark and deadly deed which I have secreted, why, let it prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I did tree a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his night-shirt at the point of a shotgun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in 1859. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Ford to pray. It is a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have somebody else save it. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, providing the cannon is empty. If it is loaded my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get suddenly over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to take out of a fight two-thirds more men than I took in. This seems to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation or contraction. I do not insist on the special supremacy of rag money or paper money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under one of my grape vines is founded upon fact. The vines needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of office because he enriched his grape vines with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not a friend to the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands and to improve our export trade with that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign will be, "Desiccate the poor workingman! Stuff him into sausages!"

These are about the worst part of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity, and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

Man may be the noblest work in creation, but he doesn't think about it when on hearing his name called in the street, he turns and finds it is only somebody calling his dog.

FOR SALE.

This font of Long Primer, nearly new, has been in use only a few months on a weekly paper, is for sale. 125 lbs. complete with quads, spaces, figures and *italics*.

D. H. STEARNS & Co.

Also 120 lbs. Brevier of which this is a sample, will be sold cheap for cash.
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There are many brands of Jamaica Ginger in the market recommended by various parties, but that manufactured under the supervision of Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, is the best known to the public, and is pure and unadulterated in all its essentials. It is the aromatic essence of the ginger itself and is absolutely the best in the market as the numberless thousands who have tried it are willing to attest. A single trial will convince the most skeptical.

For Dyspepsia use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. A certain cure.

Ah! too true—The folly of youth is oftentimes the cause of disease or ill health that lasts a lifetime, but it is still worse folly to fold the hands and give away to despair; there is always a possibility of cure. Have you tried faithfully and fairly Brestol's Sarsaparilla? It is a certain cure and unfailing remedy.

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The Pacific Coast Steamship Company will dispatch their new and elegant iron steamship "State of California" from Philadelphia, Pa. to Portland, Ogn. direct on or about February 20th. For freight apply to J. McCraken & Co., 60 North Front street, Portland, Ogn. Goodall, Perkins & Co., 10 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., Willard K. Tatham, 74 Pine street, New York City, or 109 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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CHARGES—Boarding and Tuition in the English Branches, Fuel, Light and Washing, for term of twenty weeks, $150 00; Music, with the use of the Piano, for term, $25 00; Latin, $6 00; Modern Languages, each, $15 00; Vocal Music, private lessons, $30 00; Vocal Music, in class, $10 00; Drawing or Painting, $10 00; Oil Painting, $20 00.

DAY PUPILS—Tuition in the higher English Branches, per term, $25 00; Instrumental Music, $24 00; Junior Class, $15 00.

The next term will begin on Friday, the 31st of January. For admission apply to the MISSES RODNEY, or to BISHOP MORRIS.
jan 11-tf

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Testimonials from the most respectable sources, medical and otherwise, are constantly accumulating on our hands, demonstrating the sovereign efficacy of

This Great External Remedy,

and that the cures which it effects are as prompt as they are complete. The two following excerpts are all we deem it necessary to insert:

Geo. B. Lincoln, President of the Board of Health, N. Y., writes: "Your Carbolic Salve is an excellent article, and I thank you for it. This is another evidence of the great value of the discovery of carbolic acid."

D. R. LOCKE (Petroleum V. Nasby), of New York, states that he had on the forefinger of his right hand one of those pleasant pets, a 'run-'round.' The finger became inflamed to a degree unbearable. * * A friend dressed it with Carbolic Salve, and in twenty minutes the pain had so much subsided as to give a fair night's rest. * * The inflamation left the finger in a day."

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is used extensively in Hospitals, and is found to be not only a thorough purifier and disinfectant, but also the most wonderful and speedy healing remedy ever known. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

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And all Diseases indicating an IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

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THE ARRAY OF PROOF

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Martin Robbins, Jr., writes that he suffered from Scrofulous White Swelling, with twelve running ulcers on his legs, from which more than 100 pieces of bone sloughed away, but by the time he had finished the twenty-fourth bottle of the SYRUP he was completely cured.

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