My Midnight Peril.

The night of the 17th of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the Autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant downpour of the rain!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the ravine, through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below.

My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the right road! Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false.

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank, for it actually seemed that the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitious descent. It was a light—thank providence—it was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lead me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged on through tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oilcloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man! But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting," he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R— station?"

"Yes; R— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!" I stood aghast. "Can you tell me any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; but folks don't stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then make haste, and let us reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed a trackless wood, and keeping straight on until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away. A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations, but I was quite welcome to them, such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly."

The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you put me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment, ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture. The woman set the light—on old lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get for you, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you will sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R— station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought; "that will soothe my nerves, and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder; the fire still glowed redly in the hearth beneath; my companion and the two women sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating; a short, stout, villainous looking man, in a red shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials, and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice——"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say, could she know of my strange quarters. Not till both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper I happened to glance toward the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition or was it my own fancy? There was a crack there but only blank darkness beyond, yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours sleep, I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise at the head of my bed and barricading the latchless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until all of a sudden some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetraiing—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was coming to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone.

At that moment the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight through the very spot where ten minutes since my head had lain.

With an instant realization of my danger I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of heavy footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman.

"Of course, he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be ready."

A cold agonized shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers had I fallen into! and how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine, but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R—.

Once at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot. After much searching and many false alarms we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty—our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise, and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they will come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something strange," wrote my sister, "that happened on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late—the clock had just struck one—when all at once she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance; but all efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"'Alice,' I exclaimed, 'how you have terrified us all. Are you ill?'

"'Not ill,' she answered, 'but I feel so strange! Gracie, I have been with my husband!'

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertion. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the morning of the 18th of October. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England in body on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct of a wife's holy love all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

A Child Turned into Stone.

The most extraordinary case of sclerma, or petrifying of the skin, known in medical history, was made the subject of a medical clinic in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31st of January. The case was that of a child brought there from New-Philadelphia, and it is becoming literally a petrified child. The flesh is as cold and hard almost as marble, and while the child, which is nearly 3 years old, continues to live, it can only move its lips and eyes. It has none of the warmth and pliability of human flesh, and sleeps with its eyes open, presenting a most ghastly spectacle. Until six months ago it was in perfect health. The disease is one of the connecting tissues between the skin and flesh, whose origin is unknown, but is supposed to be caused by a perverted nutrition. This is the thirty-fifth case discovered, and is an important one, inasmuch as no instance has heretofore been known where the entire body was affected. The child must die, as complete petrification will ensue.

A Thorny Road to Destruction

The royal road to newspaper honor is very steep and very rocky. Take the case of an aspirant who comes to the managing editor of a certain metropolitan paper. He is referred to the city editor. That autocrat questions him about his experience and finds it nil. It his appearance pleases, and there is room in the office, he is told to come the next day, and that he will be given work on "space"—that is, paid for what he writes at so much per column. He reports at the office twice a day for a week, perhaps gets one assignment or detail each day, and finds on pay day that he has earned $10 and has spent $3 for car fare. If news is scarce and he does not possess unusual energy, his bills may not average more than this amount for an entire Summer. In such a case he generally abandons the business and takes up some occupation which does not demand so much of its followers. If he really is in love with the work and feels the stimulus which comes from eager rivalry with competitors for the best reports of local incidents, he will soon make a "hit" and get more work, or else be placed on a regular salary. Then his further progress is only a question of ability, health and time. Changes will occur in the office, and promotion, though slow, will be sure to him who bides his time and does his work well. But there is no romance about the business. The successful reporter may become special correspondent, or city editor, or night editor, or editorial writer. But whether his work is to write or revise other men's writing, he will be compelled to labor hard, and generally under pressure. His hours of labor are constantly menaced by sudden demands for extra work. Often hesits eight hours under a gaslight at the most exacting task of revising the hastily-written manuscript of local reporters. He must see that there are no lapses in the grammar, that no inaccurate statements are made, that any libelous assertions are excised, that all expressions of opinion are cut out. He must remove all irrevelant details, and then give the articles attractive head lines. To follow this work six nights in the week tests the strongest constitution. On all the great daily papers in the leading cities the case of the man who comes into journalism a novice and takes any position above that of reporter is as one in a thousand. The fact that a man does escape this necessary drudgery is against his future usefulness as an editor. He will never know the relative value of news, and be constantly led to underrate the importance of local matters. And the paper which neglects local news and is persistently beaten by a more enterprising rival is sure to lose heavily in the circulation. Despite the hard work and late hours there is a singular attraction about newspaper work. Journalism possesses a stimulus unknown in more staid professions. The fondness of its members for Bohemian life and their devotion to the business resemble the passion of actors for the stage. Men will stay in journalism, though they make far less money than they would in other pursuits which require far less exertion. A notable instance of this perversity was furnished by the New York World, which used to boast of the brightest staff of any paper in that city. The men were all college graduates, and their daily meetings were seasoned with wit and humor. But the standing joke for newcomers was that a man must do some outside literary work, as the office was a club, the expenses of which were heavier than the salaries paid by the paper to the members.

Lincoln's Cane

Many years ago when President Lincoln was a poor lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, he carried about with him a plain ebony cane, with a silver ferrule, marked "A. Lincoln." The cane may have cost $5.

When Lincoln found himself in Washington, he still carried the old ebony, being loath to part with his old friend. One day a delegation of friends waited upon and presented him with an elegant modern cane, with an elaborately engraved gold handle. He accepted the gift more to accommodate his friends than to please himself. The old cane was given to a trusty valet who often frequented a prominent restaurant in Washington, where nightly assembled many professional men, actors, lawyers and musicians. Among the number was A. R. Phelps, the first manager of the Grand Central Theatre. Hard pushed for money, the valet pawned the cane with the proprietor of the restaurant, and from the latter it passed into the hands of Phelps. In his vocation as a theatrical manager and actor, Phelps visited Troy some three or four years ago, and assumed the management of the Grand Central Theatre for Thomas Miller, the proprietor. Finally adversity overtook him. Misfortune fell heavily upon him, and he with his wife and six children left in the direst distress, and he pawned the cane to a down town citizen for $25. He then left town and has not since been seen here.

Robert T. Lincoln, son of the dead president, learning that the cane was in this city, corresponded with Chief Markham with a view of obtaining possession on it. Yesterday morning Markham received track of its whereabouts and served a search warrant upon the proprietor of a meat market at the corner of Federal and North Fourth streets. There the cane was recovered. In the police court yesterday afternoon, before Justice Donohue, the matter of the disposition of the cane was taken up, and postponed for two weeks. It is supposed Phelps gave the cane as security for the meat consumed by his family.—Troy Evening Standard.

He came bouncing down stairs the other morning, and demanded to know why his breakfast was not ready. Remarked his wife, quietly: "You always want your omelet gulped down before the girl has had time to break the egg."

Wendell Phillips.

An intimate friend of Wendell Phillips for 25 years has just been telling what he knows of the renowned Bostonian as a man and an orator. Phillips, though in comfortable circumstances—he is probably worth $200,000—lives very plainly in an old fashioned meagrely furnished house in Essex street, and has lived there for 30 years, notwithstanding the encroachments of ordinary boarding houses and retail shops. He is a great lover of art; but he has no pictures or bronzes or marbles, because he prefers to give the money they would cost to the poor and struggling. No really needy deserving man or woman ever appeals to him in vain; he is constantly doing good, but he is so secretive and silent concerning his benevolence that nobody hears of it, unless by accident. His manner in private is perfect as a specimen of New-England manner; it is wholly simple and natural; it puts persons at their ease; yet it is the manner of a patrician and men of the common sort who meet him esteem and admire him, though they always feel the difference between him and themselves. They cannot understand why he has advocated the cause of the poor and lowly. He has a wife, a chronic invalid, and no children; he is, and always has been, chivalrously devoted to her, and ascribes all the things he has done to her influence. His entire life has been regulated by affection and consideration for her. Though still, it is said, a nominal member of the old South, he rarely, if ever, attends church, having been repelled by the course of orthodoxy during the early anti-slavery days. He is the antipodes in everything in Ingersoll, who once declared that Phillips was no more an orator than a mathematician is a poet. On the rostrum he never moves, and is never moved; he adopts a conversational tone and mi-n; he invariably addresses the intellect; he convinces: his forte is picturesque logic, epigrammatic truth. His "Lost Arts" was never written; has been delivered for 30 years, and is as fresh now as at first. His lecture on Daniel O'Connell, prepared at the request of a Roman Catholic society, has been pronounced, in a literary sense, his masterpiece. It has never been put on paper either before he had delivered it, he had no opinion of its quality; thought that it would gain no reputation. All he had tried to do was to get material enough, he said, to enable him to talk an hour on the subject he had on hand. Despite his abolitionism, he has always been very popular with the Irish, who have a constitutional hatred of negroes and their advocates. Phillip's friend maintains that he and Ingersoll are two great distinctive native orators, that no other country could have generated them. Phillips represents Boston and Boston culture, New England intellect, character and method. Ingersoll is a son of the West, a child of the people, a product of the prairies.—N. Y. Times.

A Problem.

How unmarried women who require to earn their living are to do so by the exercise of their intellectual faculties, is one of the great problems of the day, and by far too expensive a subject to discuss at present. Our aim has been to point out that in controversies on the question the medical aspect of the case is lost sight of frequently, and it is forgotten that, in the competition for life, woman is the weaker vessel, and liable to be broken when too roughly handled. Sage philosophers may speculate what ages may effect by evolution, but, taking woman as we find her, we believe that her weltare is to be consulted, not by encouraging her to take an independent position in life and by fostering a contempt for marriage, which is now the professed tendency of the strong minded young lady, but by educating her in such a judicious and sensible manner as will make her a good wife, mother, and useful member of society, which is unfortunately not the inclination of the present age. If this were more systematically carried out there would be fewer single women under the necessity of working for their own living; the outcry in behalf of these unappropriated blessings would be modified, and on entering the marriage state, which is the happiest as well as the healthiest condition, they would place themselves in the position that is intended by nature they should occupy.—Sanitory Record.

It is estimated that Vanderbilt could sell out at present for considerably over $100,000,000.

Mr. John Schleyer, the proprietor of Chilton, Wis., Volksbote, a progressive German weekly, gratified us with the following:

With pleasure I add my testimonial to the many already given in favor of St. Jacobs Oil, which I had occasion to test personally. I suffered extreme pains in the back of my neck, which were almost unbearable. Having heard of St. Jacobs Oil I dispatched one of my men to the nearest drug store, procured a bottle, and commenced to apply it at once. The pain subsided and on the next morning I was all right again.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to chalk, crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the size and you certainly would have no other.

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J. Jackson Smith, Member City Council, Cleveland, O.: "Seems destined to occupy a most important position in every household."

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Mme. Marie Salvoti, Prima Donna Wilhelmj Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named."

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J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., Palace Market, Chicago, Ill.: "I consider it a greater discovery than electricity."

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From the Cleveland Plaindealer:

December 24, 1879.

"Interviews elicited by a Plaindealer Reporter show beyond reasonable doubt that the preparation in question is really an article of high merit—in fact a reliable specific for a greater number of distressing complaints. The character and standing of the gentlemen interviewed—many of them occupying prominent official positions—together with the heavy indorsement they accord the remedy, from their own experience and observation, ought to commend it to everyone. Fair minded people will agree, we think, with the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil that there is nothing compatible with life or unprofessional in bringing the article to the notice of the public through the medium of the press.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Our reporter was impressed with the unanimity of public sentiment regarding this remedy. All who were approached spoke readily, many even enthusiastically, of its excellent workings in the most serious cases of bodily ailment. 'Never saw anything like it,' and 'all I said it is claimed to be,' were the most common remarks from gentlemen whose utterances carry weight. All in all, when summed up, it must be plain to every fair minded man that never in the history of our country has a medical discovery been brought before the public and accepted with such universal expressions of favor as this great German Remedy."

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Pains in the Back and Kidneys,
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And all the complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs of either sex. It is PURELY VEGETABLE and ENTIRELY HARMLESS, and especially adapted to the needs of Women and Children. It presents the

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Read the Following Testimonials:

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879.

My Kidneys were in a very bad condition. The Urine was like brick dust, and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relief. H. HAMILTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879.

Having a severe backache last Winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was. JOHN P. FARMER,

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.

The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and Kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances. J. H. P. DOWNING (ex P. Selling's).

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.

While I was in Tillamook last Winter, I was affected in my back and Kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was indeed to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was. E. COHEN.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, December 13, 1879.

Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the Kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently entirely cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. M. L. WHITE.

ASTORIA, Oregon, December 28, 1879.

I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from Kidney troubles, and during the time have tried nearly every kind of Kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured. SAMUEL GRAY.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon, October 20, 1879.

I hereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of backache so severe that I went about doubled up and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help. JOHN W. LENGER.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.

I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with its effects, and do not hesitate to recommend it as a mild and safe remedy. Z. T. SCOTT.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.

The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for. A. M. COX.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.

Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe Pain in my Back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and by the time I had used one half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back, as a pleasant, safe and good remedy. B. J. GRIGSBY.

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