

A CURIOUS STORY.

In his eminently interesting work, entitled "Jungle Life in India," Mr. Ball has adduced good reasons for believing that the old classical story of the rearing of Romulus and Remus by an old she-wolf may be founded on fact. This author cites the case of two lads in an orphanage in Sekandra, near Agra, who had been discovered among wolves, and in many ways shared the habits of these animals. One of his stories is supported by a letter from Professor Max Muller. It says:

"A trooper sent by a native governor of Chaudaur to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the banks of the river about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, and when the trooper tried to catch him he ran as fast as the whelps and kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by the people with pickaxes, and the boy was secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. He became alarmed when he saw a grown-up person, but tried to fly at children and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them under his paws like a dog. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl."

Another instance is quoted as having occurred at Chupra. A Hindoo father and mother went out to cut their crop in March, 1843. The woman had with her a little boy, who had lately been severely burned on the left knee. While the parents were at work the child was carried off by a wolf. Sometime afterward a wolf with three small cubs was seen about ten miles from Chupra, followed by a boy. The boy, after much resistance, was caught and recognized by the mark of a burn on his knee. He could eat nothing but raw flesh, and could never be brought to speak. He used to mutter and snarl, but never articulated distinctly. The pans of his knees and the points of his elbows had become horny from going on all fours with the wolves. In November, 1850, this boy escaped again and disappeared in the jungle. Thus the "she-wolf's litter" of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" may have been, after all, no myth.

LOSERS OF MONEY.

"Pardon me for troubling you, sir, but did you drop a twenty-dollar piece?" asked a man with an earnest look on his face and a memorandum book in his hand, of a well-dressed individual on the corner.

The man addressed ran his hand nervously into various pockets, and replied: "Well, now, I declare! Can it be possible that I was so careless as to drop that coin? Yes, it's gone. I must have lost it right here, near where we stand."

The man opened his memorandum book, took from his pocket the stub of a lead pencil and said: "Will you favor me with your name and address?"

They were given and the questioner started on, when the well-dressed man cried: "Hi, here. Where's the money? Give me my gold piece."

"Oh, I didn't find any money. I took a notion this morning that in a city like this, where thousands of dollars are handled every hour, there must be great losses, and started out to investigate the matter. Between here and the river I found seven men that lost twenty-dollar gold pieces, and I expect to run the list up to two hundred before I reach the city hall. Good day, sir."

Mary Dunn, the blind Philadelphia girl who professes to have had visions of the Virgin Mary, adheres to her claim of that special favor. She wished an altar erected in her bedroom, and at midnight, under her direction, several persons knelt and recited the Hymn of the Blessed Virgin. "Mary lay in bed," says one of these witnesses, "and all of them agree in the account, 'a lighted candle in her left hand, and with her right she was pointing toward a certain spot in the wall just over her bedside, and saying: 'There it is, just there; don't you see it?' I looked in the direction which she indicated, and there, upon the wall, just as plain as if it were painted, I saw the picture of the blessed Virgin Mary. I stayed there two hours, and all the while the picture remained upon the wall. It was just as we see it in the paintings, with a sweet, demure face, and great mournful eyes. There was a halo about the head and a strange but distinct light. All the while the blind child seemed to be filled with unutterable joy. I thought she would have spasms. She prayed fervently and without ceasing." The vision is solemnly declared by others to have been several times repeated. On one occasion, says a woman who was present, "all saw the resplendent figure on the wall except a girl, who, for her perversity, was followed home by the devil, in the form of a black cat."

"YOUR WIFE BEGS IT."—It is related that in the early days of her wedded life, Queen Victoria had one of those squabbles with her husband, of the sort which will come about sometimes even between the most loving couples. Chagrined and vexed, the Prince retired to his room and locked the door. The Queen took the matter quietly for awhile, but after the lapse of an hour she went to his door and rapped.

"Albert," she said, "come out."
"No, I will not," answered the Prince, within.
"Come, go away; leave me alone."
The royal temper waxed hot at this. "Sir," she cried, "come out at once. The Queen, whose subject you are, commands you."

He obeyed immediately. Entering the room she designated, he sat down in silence. For a long time nothing was said. The Queen was the first to break the silence.

"Albert," she said, "speak to me."
"Does the Queen command it?" he asked.
"No," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck, "your wife begs it."
The sun rose again in Windsor.

A Mormon conference is to be held in Georgia. This announcement confirms the reports of numerous conversions to Mormonism in the mountain districts of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, where exhorters from Salt Lake have been zealously at work for several years. These men preach polygamy, but advise the converts not to practice it until they migrate to Utah. It is said, however, that among Georgia Mormons a plurality of wives is not uncommon.

METRICAL MELANGE.

FESTIVAL LEMONADE.

He loitered at the festival,
A goblet in his fist;
A wishy-washy fluid brimmed
The marge his lips kissed,
Quoth he: "I wish that I could get,
A pair of trousers made—
For Summer wear as thin as this
(Consumptive lemonade.)"
—*Vonkers Gazette.*

A SAD CASE.

"Gentle maid, why so dejected?
Pray tell me why this great distress;
Pray do!" sighed he.
"Why, Tom proposed so unexpected
That I said no when I meant yes!
"Boo hoo!" cried she.

THE USEFUL CUCUMBER.

'Tis well to quote the census number,
To show the greatness of a nation—
But better yet's the green cucumber
To double up the population.

REPUBLICANISM—TWO GENERATIONS.

FIRST.
Squire Cecil, at his high-arched gate,
Stood with his son and heir;
Around him spread his rich estate,
Near rose his mansion fair.
And when a neighbor, ragged, sad,
Unlearned, passed that way,
The father turned, and to the lad
These kindly words did say:
"There goes poor Muggins! Ah, my son,
How thankful we should be
That our Republic gives a chance
To fellows such as he!"

SECOND.
Miss Muggins blazed in jewelled light,
And swept in silken shen;
Her courtiers thought a maid so bright
And beautiful ne'er was seen.
Aloft she held her haughty head,
Surveyed her Paris clothes;
"And I must patronize," she said,
"Miss Cecil, I suppose."
She's poor; she teaches; has no style!
In Europe, now—But oh!
In this Republic we're compelled
To meet all kinds, you know!"
—*Margaret Harvey, in Scribner's.*

SPELLING REFORM VERSES.

There was a young girl from Eau Claire,
Who was witty, and good, and seaun faire,
All the other girls found
That when she was around
They were just counted out as nean whaire.
There was an old noble in Leicester,
Who passed himself off as a jeister;
He stood on his head
Up to his nose blind,
And then the whole town he would peicester.

THE MATERNAL MOAN.

Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her,
To stop up the tears that fast fell;
And she clasped her daughter still nearer,
And in agony uttered "Farewell!"
The groom with his bride has departed,
To journey far off in strange lands,
And the mother cries out, broken-hearted—
"Well, I'm glad that girl's off of my hands!"
—*Des Moines Mail.*

INES TO AN OLD FLAME.

I hear that last Monday you passed thro' the city,
Both you and your husband, en route to the South;
They say that you still are the same, and as pretty
As ever you were in the days of your youth.

Of course you're surprised I should be so romantic
As not to forget you in twenty-five years,
And write in your honor these verses pedantic,
With lines about love, disappointment and tears.

I still have the note I have kept and admired,
In which you informed me that you were engaged,
Describing the man as "Chevalier Blyard,
Sans peur, sans reproach, and just middle-aged."

I answered, I think, in a page full of feeling,
And wished you all joy as a brother and friend,
Concealing a heart that would never know healing,
A sorrow to grow till the "world without end."

My friends came around me and held a great clinic;
They thought in Bohemia I might find a home;
And there for a year I was hermit and cynic,
And posed for a time as a young St. Jerome.

I swore then I'd work with a blind desperation,
And sought for a cure in the bauble of fame;
But physic like this is of shortest duration;
A man who is gifted dislikes a great name.

I dipped into pleasure, became a whist player,
Was called a gourmet, and lived at the club;
I dined the more as my hair became grayer,
And drove in the park with my "cats" and a "tub."

Then, weary of follies, I learned to be quiet,
And now I am fond of my bachelor life;
But when my hair's grayer, perhaps I shall dye it,
And, like old Sir Peter, find out a young wife.

You'll laugh at these lines from a foolish old fellow,
And think me the quaintest, Quixotic old beau;
But, Madame, believe me, my heart is still mellow
With love for a maiden of ages ago.

TRANSFER IN THE TUNNEL.

"Oh, no," she replied, with a smile so entrancing,
When he ventured to ask if the seat were engaged,
That the hurry and worry of business commotion
Were, for the time being, entirely assuaged.

Oh, that chin, with its dimple and wonderful curving
And marvellous fairness—he'd ne'er seen its match;
And 'twas greatly enhanced by a bit of court plaster—
His innocent thought was concealing a scratch!

At first, as was natural, they talked of the weather,
How hot and how sultry the day that had passed,
Then spoke of the last showy wedding of fashion,
How enormous the fortune the groom had amassed.

The next thing in order, of course, was the tunnel,
With the darkness of Egypt—whatever that is—
And the sure black path, when they merged into
light,
Had changed its position from her chin to his.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Northwestern Marriage Insurance Co.

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OREGON.

Charter Perpetual---Capital, \$100,000.00.

OFFICERS:

CHARLES HEGELE, President. HENRY ACKERMAN, Vice-President.
JAMES STEEL, Treasurer. A. S. GROSS, Secretary and Manager.

DIRECTORS:

J. W. WHALLEY, HENRY ACKERMAN, JAMES STEEL,
S. JULIUS MEYER, CHARLES HEGELE.

POLICIES OF FROM ONE THOUSAND TO TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH ISSUED TO UNMARRIED persons at the rate of \$5 per year on each thousand for males under eighteen and females under sixteen; and \$6 per year on each thousand for all above those ages, for the period of four years, and thereafter, during unmarried life, at the rate of one dollar per year.

Policies are payable at the end of the year during which marriage occurs at the rate of 25 per cent for every year from date of policy.

This is purely a home institution, and the names of the officers, directors and references given in circular, with its stock capital, are a sufficient guarantee of its perfect reliability. Energetic and reliable agents wanted everywhere. All our authorized agents carry their commissions to do business with them. Address

A. S. GROSS, Secretary, Portland, Oregon.

COLUMBIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

W. S. JAMES, President.

JOHN D. HAWES, Secretary.

An institution affording to the Young and Middle-Aged of Either Sex the facilities for obtaining a PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION in the shortest possible time and at the most reasonable rates. Each Department is first-class, and is under the special charge of experienced teachers. The School-Room and the Counting-Room are so united as to secure the advantages of both.



For acquiring a thorough knowledge of Business or the art of Penmanship, this institution takes rank among the best. Ladies pursue the same course of instruction as gentlemen. The COLUMBIA COMMERCIAL COLLEGE JOURNAL, giving full information concerning the School, will be sent free on application.

Address
and 3m

JAMES & HAWES,
No. 122, Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE LATEST FASHION ANNOUNCEMENTS

Will Appear Sept. 1st, 1881.

At The Bon Ton Tailoring Establishment.

These Announcements will consist of 3 Plates and a Descriptive Magazine.

The First Plate will be a magnificent work of art, full size (22x28 inches), printed in gold and colors, upon heavy plate paper, and representing

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET,

Upon each figure of which will be represented a standard garment, in the style of the coming season.

The Second Plate will be of the same size, and will contain the

OUTLINES OF 19 FIGURES.

The Third Plate will contain the coming styles of Youths' and Boys' garments, and will complete the Fashion Announcement for Fall and Winter, 1881, forming a very handsome

JUVENILE PLATE.

We will also on September 1st have open for inspection a full line of both Foreign and Domestic

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Direct from the Manufacturers. Cutting Free of Charge for Purchasers of Cloth. Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent Free to any address. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed, or No Sale.

SHIPPER & RYBKE,

Nos. 11 and 13 Oak Street, Portland.

NOTICE TO MILLINERS.

We are now opening our
NEW STOCK

MILLINERY GOODS!

IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE EASTERN MANUFACTURERS.

Which we will sell lower than any other house on the Coast.

Special Inducements Offered to Milliners Starting Business.

LEWIS & STRAUSS,
128 First Street, Portland, Or.

T. G. HARKINS.

C. W. PATERSON.

EAGLE MARBLE WORKS.

HARKINS & PATERSON,

Designers and Manufacturers of
MARBLE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TOMBS, TABLETS, AND
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CEMETERY WORK IN
MARBLE, STONE OR GRANITE.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS. WE USE NOTHING BUT THE BEST quality of Italian and Vermont Marble direct from the quarries. Cemetery lots enclosed with Stone Walls and Capping or Stone Posts and Galvanized Iron Railings and Gate. We are prepared to do work at a lower figure than it has ever been done for heretofore in Oregon. We are also prepared to erect Granite Monuments or Head Stones of any style and dimensions. We do not employ any agents to consume profits and make the work more expensive to the purchaser, but attend to our business ourselves, which enables us to give our customers the benefit of an agent's percentage. We solicit orders from the country, which will be promptly attended to. We guarantee entire satisfaction. If you wish anything in our line, and will write to us, giving a description of what you want, we will send you designs to choose from, with prices of same.

No. 26 Salmon street, between First and Second, Portland, Oregon.