

FORTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR TEETH.

A REAL INCIDENT.

"Elsie!" "Yes, papa;" and the child dashed away her tears and sprang to the bed where her father lay, bandaged and helpless. That day an explosion had happened in the mill where he worked, and he was badly hurt. "Water!" he said, feebly. She gave it to him, and he went on speaking: "Where's the money, Elsie?" "Here, papa," putting her hand on the bosom of her dress. "That's right. Take good care of it. God only knows when we shall have any more. Poor child!" he added, fondly. "Not a bit of it," she answered, gaily. "You'll be at home all the time now, and we'll have such a good time together." Her father gave her a loving smile, and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into an uneasy slumber. The two were all in all to each other. They came from England, and had been in America but a few months. Elsie was a plain, delicate child of thirteen, but her father called her his dove of comfort, and now she was proving her right to the name. She tended him night and day, with a cheery, skillful patience that made everybody love her. But the weeks went by, the money was spent, and still he lay on his bed. The wolf was at the door. How could they keep him out? Then it was that her father said: "Elsie, where are the silver spoons?" "In mamma's little trunk, with the ring and the locket," she answered. "You must get them out and carry them to Mr. Black." "Oh, papa, no! It's all the silver we have, and mamma thought everything of them," she cried, impulsively. The sick man made no answer, but he put his hands over his eyes, and soon Elsie saw the tears steal slowly through his fingers. "Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it. How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about him. "I'll take them this minute, and when you get well and earn money we'll have them back again." "When I get well! I wonder when that will be?" he said, despairingly. "Before long—slow and sure, you know," she answered, brightly, and in a few minutes she set out on her first visit to the pawnbroker. But it was not her last. Time and again she went, till every possible thing had been carried; and meantime she was learning cheerfully to bear hunger and cold for "papa's sake." He, too, poor man, must see his darling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed, with no power to save her. What could they do but lie down together and die? As Elsie went home from her last visit to the pawnbroker, she stopped at a grocery to buy a little coal, and, while she waited for other customers, she looked listlessly at the morning paper lying on the counter. As she did so, these words caught her eye: WANTED—Four perfect front teeth, for which I will give forty dollars. CHAS. DOW, Dentist, No. 5 K street. The poor little face flushed scarlet with a sudden hope. "Perhaps he would take mine," she thought. "Mother Savage said yesterday she wondered how such a homely child came to have such handsome teeth." She seemed to herself to be dreaming. "Forty dollars!" "Forty dollars," kept saying itself over in her brain, and when the shopman turned to wait on her she was gone. A few minutes after, she stood in the dentist's office. "Please, will you see if my teeth are good enough to buy?" she asked, timidly. The doctor was engaged in a delicate operation, but he stopped to give the teeth a hurried examination. "How beautiful! They are just what I want. Come to-morrow," he said, going back to his work. The rest of the day Elsie's father thought her wonderfully gay; but he could not think why, for she said nothing of her plan, about which she began to lose courage when the first excitement of it subsided. Hard things look easier in the morning than they do at night; and as she sat in the twilight, studying herself in a bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrowfully: "I shall be homelier than ever when they are gone; but then, how silly of me to care about that. Papa will love me just the same. But it will hurt so to have them out," she went on thinking, and every nerve in her body quivered at the prospect. "If it wasn't for the rent, and the medicine for papa, and ever so many other things—I never could beg, never. Yes, Elsie Benson, it's got to be done, if it kills you!" The next morning she entered the dentist's office by the mere force of will. Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was alone, and said "Good-morning," very kindly; but when he saw how she trembled, he put her on the lounge and made her drink something that quieted her. Then he sat down by her, and said: "Now tell me what your name is, and why you want to sell your teeth." He spoke so gently that at first Elsie could only answer him with tears; but at last he contrived to get all her sad story, and his eyes were wet and his voice husky several times while she was telling it. "You are a dear, brave child," he said, when she finished. "Now I am going with you to see your father." "But you'll take the teeth first, won't you?" she asked, imploringly. "I shall never have courage to come again." "Never mind that. We'll see if there isn't some better way out of this trouble," he answered. So, hand in hand, they went back to the sick man; but I cannot tell you how happy and proud he was when the doctor told him about Elsie, or how gratefully he fell in with the plan of going to the hospital, where he soon got well enough to work in the doctor's handsome grounds; while Elsie, in her place as nurse to the doctor's baby, rolled it over the gravel-walk. So, though Elsie kept her teeth, they saved both her and her father from poverty and distress.—Mrs. H. S. Clarke, in N. Y. Observer. "How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown, "he hasn't been among company yet."

A MUTE APPEAL.

Some years ago there lived in Philadelphia a thrifty pair. The husband's business was one his wife could assist in, so she was in every way his helpmeet, besides being his housekeeper and his savings bank. They were happy and prosperous in their own little house—the Philadelphian's patent idea of comfort. After a time the man grew ambitious to get a more showy footing. He took to politics—as is the duty of all citizens when this means politics and water. Unfortunately it was politics and whisky in his case—the sort of ward politics that is carried on in the liquor saloons. He grew to be such an important man in this "combination" that he could not attend to his private business any more. If this were the story of "Mullhooly," the rest of it would be that, in spite of his empty shop and unfinished orders, he went on getting rich. But X. was not a high politician of that kind. He was of the sort that is used—not a master in the political trade. His wife, left alone in the shop, did her best; but from the very fact that she was alone, that he was never seen, customers began to suspect something. Orders that he had taken went wrong; complaints were made of lost goods that had been trusted to him. She had to make them good. Here again, the story ought to turn that she built up the business herself again, and put up her own name as a sole trader. But she was a poor, heart-broken woman. She wanted to reclaim him, and not even the business was as important to her as what had become of her husband all the days and nights that he staid away from her. They were half starved, but she kept up a decent appearance still, kept her children clean and herself tidy. One day a strange thing happened. This respectable, neat woman, with her two pretty children, made her appearance in the tavern where this man spent his days. She did not make a scene; she did not come for that. She quietly took her seat there and waited for him. People came up to her and urged her to go home, saying that this low drinking-place was no place for her and her children. "Wherever the father stays," she replied, "is the place for his children and for me." Of course he was ready soon to go home. Some men would have been brutal—have struck or cursed her for her interference, but this man was only weak, not cowardly. The next day he went to another place. She followed presently with the bright little children. This was kept up for some weeks. The tavern-keepers grew uneasy. They could not stand the mute witness of the man's weakness. They could not complain of her, for she did nothing—only sat and watched. She did not cry or entreat while her husband lounged up to the bar to drink. She simply sat by, pained and intent, with the two children kept very close to her, as if she would shut out from their eyes and ears such talk and such sights. No tavern-keeper could stand it. One after another refused to sell liquor to a man so guarded. Finally it began to tell on him—this gentle, faithful watch. He stopped drinking, dropped his "political" associates that had led him to it, and began to turn over a new leaf. He picked up his old business again, but firmly concluded to move to another place and make a clean start. He is now prosperous, and his experience is not the least part of his gains. This was the way one woman reformed her husband; with never a spoken word, she fairly shamed him out of his ruin by letting him see that whatever he sank to there she and the children were bound to be, and that even in danger and foulness she still looked to him to protect them. For better, for worse, she had married him, and even when he took the worse there would she and his children be. It was an appeal to his manhood, and a very uncomfortable appeal to the manhood of all who stood around, or who dropped in to drink. Not a crying woman—not even a praying one, as any one could see—but, by the mute appeal of her presence there, finally conquering for decency and happiness again.—Chicago Tribune.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Some days since a disseminator of Chaff noticed a ragged little boot-black cutting some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a window into the alley. "What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the disseminator. "Nawthin," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work. "But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?" "I s'pose that's my bizness and none o' your'n." "Oh, certainly; but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers." "Sell 'em! Who wants to sell 'em? I'm goin' to take 'em to Lil." "Oh, oh! Lil is your sweetheart. I see." "No, Lil is not my sweetheart; she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "Lil has been sick a long time, an' lately she talked of nothin' but flowers an' birds; but mother told me this mornin' that Lil would die b-b-before the flowers an' birds came back." The boy burst into tears. "Come with me to the florist's, and your sister shall have a nice bouquet." The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared and said: "I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. That bouquet done her so much good, and she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a-coughin' again. She says she'll come bime-hyself and work for you, soon's she gets well." An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every other day a bouquet for Lil. HOW WE JUDGE OF DISTANCES.—The editor of the Louisville Medical News believes that we judge of distance and form with both eyes, and that we judge of direction with only one eye, which is the right or left, according as the observer is right or left-handed. To prove this he suggests the following experiment: "As you sit in your chair point to any object across the room with both eyes open and no attempt at 'sighting.' Close the left eye and you will find you are still accurately on the object, but close the right eye and you will discover with your present vision you are pointing clean over to the right, provided you are right-handed." Whichever hand is used in pointing, the result is the same. The Boston Post recommends onions to a young woman to prevent a moustache coming on her upper lip.

WOMEN IN TURKEY.

One would think, in this nineteenth century, when intelligent Turks, by travel, must have gained a valuable fund of information relating to social life, that the laws relating to the government and conduct of Turkish women would be greatly modified. But not so. The Turk is as great a tyrant toward his mother, wives and daughters to-day as he was centuries ago. Woman lives a pitiable life in Turkey, circumscribed as she is in all the amenities which, elsewhere exercised, impart a charm to the female character. In fact, the Turk is little better than a brute in his treatment of woman. He makes no attempt to educate her, but by a series of unreasonable exactions keeps her reduced to a condition of almost childish ignorance. No wonder, then, that with instincts altogether depraved, Turkey should tighten, instead of relaxing, her laws for the regulation of woman's conduct. Recently there has been promulgated by the Sultan, with the sanction of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, a code of rules for the dress and deportment of Moslem ladies in Constantinople. They may wear the "teharshaf," a narrow veil, in unfrequented streets and when paying visits, but in public places and crowded streets they must not appear without a more secure protection for the face. The police have strict orders to report any infringement of this regulation to the Minister of Police, with the name of the offender. But this is not all. Turkish women are forbidden to drive or walk round the places of Bayazid, Shahzade-Bash, and Akserai. Nor will they in future be allowed to promenade in the Great Bazaar, or to sit down in shops. If these rules are infringed, the drivers of the carriages they have used, and the ladies themselves, will be proceeded against under Article 254 of the Penal Code. The police have also received orders on no account to permit ladies to gather together in groups in public places, and ladies thus transgressing will be directed to "move on." When a police officer finds it necessary to interfere in this way, he is to address the oldest lady in the group, or the servants in attendance, at his discretion. The regulations further prescribe the demeanor to be observed by men toward ladies in public. Any man who speaks to a woman, or makes signs to her, will be punished under Article 202 of the Criminal Code. We know of no other country under the sun where restrictions like these are placed upon the actions of women. Even in Dahomey they have a larger license.—S. F. Call.

London Truth has discovered that the Americans are an ingenious people. Finding that the boxes in which American apples were sent in such large quantities to England were afterward of little use, they now pack the apples in coffins, which command a ready sale.

Rescued from Death.

The following statement of William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for it the attention of our readers. He says: "In the Fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the Summer of 1877 I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half-dollar. I expended over \$100 in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time that a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable; but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years. I write this hoping you will publish it, so that every one afflicted with diseased lungs will be induced to take Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and be convinced that consumption can be cured. I have taken two bottles, and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared, and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

Various Causes.

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous. For sale by all dealers.

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Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best woman physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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