

CHRISTMAS.

What a store of pure and genuine happiness is contained in the word Christmas. It is an everlasting fountain which pours out new joys on each return, and furnishes a continual feast of hope and expectation to the boy and girl of childhood from one annual visit to another. It fills their cup of pleasure to overflowing as they count the time of its coming, first by months, next by weeks and days; and at last, when they lay themselves down on the eve of Christmas, with full hearts do they count the last few hours till the dawning. What swelling sentiments of love abide in their hearts for father, mother, brothers and sisters as they in the innocence of their hearts repeat, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

More as a supplication to Santa Claus than to the One their lips address. And when nature forces their reluctant eyes to close in sleep no human picture can equal the ecstasy of their dreams.

Nor is the happiness that Christmas brings confined to the children who confide in Santa Claus for the good things they expect. The purest happiness that falls to the lot of mankind comes from a consciousness of making others happy. Who can measure the depth of pleasure that pervades the heart of father and mother as they watch their little ones and listen to their joyful exclamations as they bring to light, one after another, the little tokens of love deposited in their stockings. No pen ever wrote, or poet depicted, the fullness of joy and happiness contained in the sacred precincts of the family circle on the dawning of a Christmas morn—words are inadequate to the task, and the heart is the only tablet capable of receiving the impression.

But there is another side to the word Christmas. While it produces the highest grade of human happiness this fact only makes it capable of giving the bitterest pang of human woe. On next Monday morning let the well-to-do father and mother, as they watch their happy little group, in their night dresses, exploring the mystic deposits of Santa Claus, contemplate the condition of affairs one year hence should some reverse of fortune put beyond their reach the means to fill the little stockings. Can they not by this means realize the condition of thousands of noble hearts who at that very time are almost crushed because of their inability to fulfill the hopes their loved ones have cherished for months past? Imagine your own little ones coming forth from their chambers with eager and expectant hope, flushed from a night of happy dreams of good things in store. Imagine, again, the blow of disappointment that would inevitably fall on them should they find that Santa Claus had not been around, and you then can feel for those less fortunate than yourselves. You can realize the pangs of the parent's heart, as well as the broken spirits of their little ones.

It may be claimed that these matters are trivial and will soon be forgotten—that the little tokens of parents' love will soon be broken and forgotten, and that the empty stocking is but a thing of an hour. To disprove this let every one go back to the most vivid memories of their childhood life. Are they not composed of the happiest incidents and the bitterest woes? Only such are preserved. Who can deny that the tinge of life is more or less influenced by these vivid memories of childhood? How many a life of misery is due to incidents and circumstances of childhood! How many an evil deed has been averted by the memory of the happy days of our youth, when all went well with us! Never was truer maxim spoken than this: "The education forms the common mind—just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Education is procured from all the influences—be they good or bad—which surround us. If we want to give our children a cheerful education we must do it even at a sacrifice of our own comfort, by making them happy while young. Then by no means forget their little stockings on Christmas night; and if you chance to have a little to spare remember the unfortunate and the fatherless. By so doing you will not only make the little ones happy, but you will perhaps bring a day of sunshine to the home of some bereaved mother.

THE EMPTY STOCKING.

This beautiful poem, which appears in our columns to-day, first appeared in the San Jose Mercury about ten years ago. Mrs. C. M. Stowe, a lady of exquisite literary taste and far more than ordinary talent, is the author.

CARRIERS' ADDRESS.

Our town patrons will be treated to an original New Years poem, which will be delivered by the "carrier boy" on New Years day. It will also appear in the TIDINGS on the Saturday following.

EASTERN TROUBLE.

The telegrams are filled with accounts of preparation for the coming war between Russia and Turkey. Troops are being massed by both nations, and torpedoes placed in their harbors. England, notwithstanding her protestations and threatening attitude in this matter, seems to have weakened and will let them fight it out. Under the present condition of affairs there is barely a hope that matters will be adjusted without war.

PETITION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following petition is being circulated and extensively signed in Oregon: To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:—The undersigned citizens of the United States, residents of the State of Oregon, earnestly pray your Honorable Bodies to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as to prohibit the several States from disfranchising United States citizens on account of sex.

EFFIE EDGERTON.

OR, THE WAIF AND THE WITCH.

A Christmas Story by W. A. M.

It was a cold, blustering day in December; the wind drove the chilling rain against my office window and shrieked around the cornice dismally. The fitful blasts of the storm, as they increased in fury and again died away to a low, sullen whisper, sounded like great sobe, and involuntarily my fancy pictured the fabled Storm King sweeping over the desolation of his cheerless and cold dominion.

But two days remained until Christmas; my patrons were, of course, anticipating a new story in the Index, and I was troubled for a suitable subject to write upon. While thus absorbed in thought my attention was attracted by shouts and laughter on the street below. Glancing out through the window I saw the light figure of a little girl, poorly clad in a faded calico dress and bonnet and a half-worn shawl, hurrying along the sidewalk, while a crowd of boys pursued her with shouts of derisive laughter. My sympathy was at once enlisted, for it was evident that the timid child who was the object of such cruel merriment was endeavoring to elude her pursuers by redoubling her speed. As she turned the corner opposite my window she looked hurriedly around, and just for a moment I caught a glimpse of her pale face. There was something inexpressibly sweet and sad in the delicately moulded features, and a vague remembrance of some vision of the past fitted over my mind; it was an indefinite, shadowy image, but as it vanished a sense of loneliness, indefinable, yet real, stole over me. In vain did I strive to banish the simple incident and collect my thoughts for the duties before me—like unbidden guests a thousand phantom recollections would troop back into the chambers of my memory and every other object would be lost in the futile effort to give to the airy images

"A local habitation and a name." Half angry with myself, and scarcely realizing what I did, with umbrella spread I went down on the street and crossed to the corner where the object that so unexpectedly enlisted my sympathy had disappeared. I glanced down along the sidewalk, but no one was to be seen except the youthful hoodlums who attracted my attention with their shouts and laughter at the object of my search. I approached them and asked the largest of the gang the name of the little girl who caused them so much merriment.

"Oh," said the dirty-faced archer, "that was the waif."

"And who is the waif, pray?" I again enquired.

"Why, she's the waif! Haven't you never heard of the waif and the witch? That's them that lives over the barnens by the old saw mill, in the old log hut."

"Nonsense!" I replied; "can't you tell me the little girl's name?"

"Don't know any other name but the waif. That's what everybody calls her. She lives where I told you, in the old log hut, with a queer old woman that folks call a witch."

Finding that I could gain no farther information by interrogating the boy I retraced my steps and entered my office, determined to pursue the work which was pressing me. I succeeded in penning an article which fell far short of standing the test of my own criticism, but determined to publish it over a non de plume, and thus avoid being charged with its paternity should it disappoint the expectation of my readers. Having completed the task and placed the "copy" in the hands of the printer, I closed the door of my sanctum, sat down, opened the private drawer of my desk and began looking over a package of old letters. Many were from relatives and friends of my youth, from whom I had been separated for more than fifteen years, and in glancing over their pages my mind was carried back to the Old North State, where my eyes first saw the light, and from where I had exiled myself to seek forgetfulness among the wilds of the far-off Pacific. But now my heart yearned for early associations, and it was this feeling, which I had long been a stranger, that led me to com-

mune with the mute messengers before me. My hand at length rested upon a small package—stamped from one whose image was stamped on my soul. Long years had passed since my eyes had glanced over the delicately traced lines of these sad memorials of my great sorrow; now an insatiable desire to read again the words of love, hope and final anguish they contained, took possession of me. With a trembling hand I loosened the silken cord that bound them and read.

It was near sunset when I awoke from the spell wrought upon me by communing with those voiceless yet eloquent companions of my exile; in the brief hour that I had been absorbed in my communications I had lived over again the happiest and the most miserable years of my existence; again the sports of childhood were enjoyed, and all the bright images to whom my heart still clung trooped before me; then followed the years of early manhood, when all other affections centered on one dear object whose heart I believed to be all my own. The vows of love we pledged were again spoken; the separation, when I started to college to be gone for a whole year—which seemed an eternity in the prospective; the mutual promises to write, and the fulfillment for a time; the suspense when her letters ceased to breathe hope and undying constancy, and the madness when her final message told me that, though she should never cease to love me, she was forced by inexorable fate to marry another, were all brought back vividly to my mind.

Collecting my senses and once more realizing my real condition I returned the relics of by-gone years to their hiding place and went out on the street. The rain had ceased, and the dark clouds which had lowered over the earth during the day were retreating before a gentle northern breeze, and were now just visible on the southern verge of the horizon. The full moon was rising, and scarcely conscious of whether I was going my steps led me to the outskirts of the town. Halting for an instant I found that the path I was traveling was one leading across the barrens, a bleak, sterile tract of land of a miles width, which adjoined the town on the north and extended to a creek which ran down from the densely timbered mountain, some miles distant; and, after winding through the valley for a league or more mingled its waters with those of the river and conformed to the western ocean. The story of the wretch whom I had questioned regarding the little girl whose sweet, beseeching face first awakened the train of thought which led me to the sad reflections of the afternoon, was at once brought to my mind. The old mill and the log hut were but a mile distant; the path was plain. I had often traveled it with gun and dog, when out gaming. Such were the thoughts that occurred to me from my surroundings, and I determined at once to visit the witch and the waif. The idea had a tinge of romance and adventure in it which just suited my mood.

A half hour's walk brought me within a few rods of the miserable hut, and I stopped to listen for some sound of life from within. No light was to be seen about the hovel, and I was about to step nearer when the sound of voices attracted my attention. Cautiously I approached the lone tenement, and soon I could distinguish the utterances of two persons; the tones of one were harsh and discordant, and the words were those of command, though they had nothing denoting anger or cruelty. In their cracked utterance it seemed that there was an undertone of solicitude and encouragement. The other was childlike, sweet and clear as the ring of a silver bell.

Suddenly the low door partly opened and by the dim light that glared from within I could discern the slender form of a little girl; it was the same I had seen as she sped along the sidewalk, pursued by the gang of street hoodlums. And now as she lingered in the doorway I could understand the words addressed to her.

"Go, my child, and be quick! Tell him to come, for the witch has something to say before she dies."

"Yes, grandma," replied the child, "I'll run every step of the way," she closed the door, and in a moment she flitted by me and sped away toward the town.

To call her would frighten her, so I stood silent, undecided what course to pursue. If the person I wished was suffering, perhaps dying, I could not but believe. But what would be the result if I should enter? Might not my sudden appearance be productive of more evil than good? These were questions which I stood debating in my mind until I heard a low moan, followed by a hollow, violent coughing from the now lone occupant of the hut. When all became silent I determined to enter and offer my aid to whosoever the sufferer might be. Approaching the door I knocked gently, and a voice scarcely above a whisper bade me enter. I pushed the shutter forward and stepped in. The room was dimly lighted by a single tallow candle; two stools, a small table, and a large chest which occupied a place against the wall, at the head of a low bed in the corner (upon which, in a half sitting posture, I could discern a human form), was all the house contained.

"Where is Waif?" demanded the invalid, for having stepped nearer the bed I could now see that the occupant was an aged woman.

"You mean the little girl who started to town?" I answered, divining the situation.

"Yes; are you the doctor?" she said, with evident alarm.

"I am a friend of the doctor's," I replied; "the little girl will be here presently with him."

She regarded me for a moment with a searching glance and then, as if satisfied, motioned me to sit down. Taking one of the stools I seated myself at her bedside and enquired how long she had been suffering, and if I could do anything to give her relief.

"Relief!" she repeated; "ah, yes, I want relief; but wait till the doctor comes—I cannot tell it but once."

Noticing the labor it caused her to speak I said no more, but sat patiently

awaiting the arrival of the doctor; soon the sound of footsteps broke the stillness that had become oppressive and the little girl entered, followed by Dr. N—. The child started with evident surprise and fright when she saw me, but when I rose and addressed the doctor, with whom I was well acquainted, she became assured and gazed at me with her timid blue eyes as though she doubted her senses. The doctor approached the bed-side, took the hand of the invalid, and asked her regarding her sickness. She made an effort to speak, but a low moan was all that she could utter. The doctor hurriedly applied a cordial to her lips, and in a few minutes she revived. Her voice now rang out in clear but unnatural tones.

"Doctor," said she, "I did not send for you to give me medicine; my case will soon be in the hands of the Great Physician who ministers to the soul and not to the body. I have a tale to unfold to you and a charge to give in your keeping; people say you are a Christian—will you hear me and receive my charge?"

"Yes," he replied; "if reasonable, I will."

"Waif," said she, addressing the little girl, "take the key from under my pillow and open the chest. In the till you will find a roll of papers; take them out and give them to me."

The child lifted the pillow, and while doing so the invalid tried to raise her head. The exertion caused a paroxysm of coughing which the doctor tried in vain to allay. Calling me to his assistance we raised her up and endeavored to administer something to give her relief. Soon the violence of the fit ceased, but with it ceased all consciousness. We gently let her head back on the pillow; there were a few faint moans, a straightening of the limbs, and we stood in the presence of the majesty of death.

The little girl stood silent and apparently stupid. The doctor informed her in kind and sympathetic words that the woman was dead, and told her to be calm and remember that he would find her a home. With a wild cry the bereft child threw her slender form beside that of her aged companion and wept as only a child can weep. When her first passionate burst of grief was over the doctor took her little hand in his and gently led her to a seat. With an effort, stronger than many far beyond her age could exert, she became calm while I consulted with the doctor upon what course to pursue. It was decided that I should return to town and bring aid, while he remained to watch beside the couch of death. To call on two or three friends and enlist their sympathy was but the work of an hour. Two noble women whose hearts and hands were ever ready for acts of benevolence and charity volunteered to accompany their husbands and attend to the demands of the dead.

It was after midnight when all was arranged, and she who was only known as "The Witch," in life, lay decently arrayed in the habiliments of the grave and surrounded by friends who felt that it was better to visit "the house of mourning than the house of mirth."

The ladies had soothed the sorrow of the little girl, and she lay on a pallet in the corner unconscious of grief or harm. The conversation of the party, who all concluded to remain until daylight, naturally turned upon the occurrences of the night. I related the manner in which I had been attracted to the hut, keeping secret the strange feeling which took possession of me when I first saw the face of the little girl. None present knew more of the history of the dead woman and the child than that she came to the town several years before; getting permission of the owner of the old hut she took up her abode. She acted in an abstract and mysterious manner, pretending to tell fortunes for two or three years, but she would receive any sum that might be offered her. After a time she disappeared and was gone for some months, when she returned, bringing with her the little girl—then not over three years old. When questioned regarding the child she said it was her daughter's, and that its father and mother were dead. She was never known to treat her charge unkindly, but appeared jealous if any one noticed her manifested interest in its welfare. Her strange manner caused the ignorance and superstitions to fear her and call her a witch, while common consent directed the unknown child "The Waif." This was all that was known of her history.

The doctor now began to relate the scene when he arrived at the hut and found me sitting by the bedside of a dying woman. This brought to our minds what was said about the key under her pillow and the roll of papers in the till of the chest. Search was made, and the key found where it had fallen on the floor by the bed. One of the ladies then opened the chest and took from the till some manuscript, neatly rolled together. By common consent it was placed in the hands of the doctor and all requested him to read. He unfolded the papers, and written in a nervous but legible hand was the story of "the witch." It was without date, and ran thus:

"Whoever the will of heaven directs to find what is here written, when I am gone, is charged by their hope in salvation to read and comply with the last request of one who has sinned but hopes to be forgiven. I am not what I seem, nor will my name be given until the secrets of all hearts are made known. People call me 'the witch.' Let it be so; but humanity will not, when I am dead, deny me the name of woman. I was once a loved wife and a happy mother. Death robbed me of her adored and left me with an infant daughter. I remained wedded to the memory of my first and only love, and labored to bring up our child to be an honor to his name. She grew to womanhood chaste and pure as the flowers that shed their fragrance around the vestal's tomb. She was wed to one whom I believed to be all that was good and noble in man; he won her and I consented to their union. But before the time arrived for its consummation he had wrought her ruin and

led, gloating over his fenish victory. "My dear child drooped and died before any being on earth except myself and her destroyer knew her shame, she was laid in the church-yard by the side of her father, and loving friends wept around her grave. I could not weep and people said that I was crazed with grief, but they knew not my heart. A fiend of hell had taken up its residence here. After adorning the last resting place of my child with the flowers she loved I started on the track of her murderer. No one knew of my going. Some mysterious power directed my search and I found him, but not until he had ensnared another victim. Through the authority of mercenary parents a beautiful girl whose troth was pledged to another was forced into his accursed embrace.

"I delayed my vengeance until I could strike him as deadly a blow as he had given me. He had settled in business and I knew he could not escape me. I matured my plans and came to the Pacific Coast to find a place for their final consummation. The lone hut where I shall die was just suited to my purpose. Time sped on, and in a secret manner I learned that the destroyer of my child had one of his own. I returned, and while the darling of his household was playing in the vine-covered bowers of his beautiful garden, I took it and fled.

"He searched, and offered fabulous rewards, but in vain. Having nothing to love, his wife soon died of grief and despair. A worse fate soon overtook him: he took to strong drink; his riches vanished, and he is a raving maniac with no wish but death nor passion but despair. My vengeance was complete.

"I learned to love Lis child. When I am gone, as I soon shall be, my dying request is that some Christian family adopt her and teach her to be pure and good. Better, far better, would it be for her to die than to be taken back to the place of her birth. Let her remain among strangers and He who is 'a father to the fatherless' will care even for my little Waif.

"In the till where these papers are deposited will be found money enough to pay for laying me away in the silent tomb. Then this aching heart will be at rest, and through the merits of Him who died that all might live, may my soul find rest eternal. One more request and I am done: Let the child bear her mother's maiden name, Effie Edgerton."

From the instant the doctor began reading until he pronounced the last word I had listened with an interest unknown to all present, but which seemed to be consuming my soul. When he breathed *amen* I sprang to my feet; a mist gathered before my eyes, and I should have fallen to the floor had not one of the party caught me as I staggered forward. With an effort almost superhuman I collected my thoughts, plead a feeling of faintness and asked to be led out into open air. The doctor at once complied with my request, and in a few moments I was collected and conscious. The doctor returned into the hovel and I walked away into the darkness to commune with my own hidden thoughts.

Great God! What had I learned by the adventure of the night? The history of her whom I had loved and lost Effie Edgerton! Oh, how that name thrilled through the inmost recesses of my heart. And she was dead, while her child lay sleeping in that miserable hut. Maybe the greiv'd spirit of the mother even then hovered near to charge me with the care of her darling Daylight was just spreading its bright mantle over the east while the full orb of moon was sinking under the brow of the western mountains. There, in that solemn hour, with no witness but God and the angels I vowed that I would devote my life to the care of the child of my early love. When I returned to the hut Effie, as she will henceforth be called, had awakened and was listening with tears of mingled grief and happiness to the doctor as he told her that his home should be her home, and that she would find his wife a friend and a mother. Glancing at her pale sweet face I could account for my strange emotions when I saw her from my office window, hurrying along to escape the insults of her heartless tormentors. And when she artlessly returned my glance it seemed that her angel mother was looking down upon me from her celestial home.

Two of the party remained while the others returned to town with Effie, in the carriage in which they came. In the afternoon the remains of the unknown woman were laid in the quiet churchyard to rest until the grave shall give up its dead. The next day was Christmas, and I called at the doctor's residence, of which Effie had become an inmate. I found her contented and happy in her new home, while the members of the family vied with each other in their kindness towards her. I gave her a locket and chain as a Christmas present; she received it with native modesty and childish artlessness. Before leaving I had won her confidence, and when about to depart she asked me if I would not come back again some time.

Five years have passed since Effie became an adopted child in the family of Dr. N—. She has just completed her education and no one would recognize in the lovely and accomplished woman the grief-stricken child in the witch's hovel. I have never told any one the reason she is so dear to me, except herself. And when I unfolded the sad story to her we both wept together in the sacredness of our mutual and secret grief. When she became calm I told her another secret and she wept again, but they were tears of joy. To-morrow is Christmas again. There will be a festive scene at the home of Effie Edgerton. Though manhood was mine ere she had been she has given me her heart and henceforth we will walk together life's rugged journey. Sad memories of the past may sometimes cast a shadow over our path, but they cannot sever the bonds of our love.

Some old claims at Waldo are being opened to the real bed-rock, with good pay.

THE EMPTY STOCKING.

"O, God!" the mother cried, as o'er her child she bent with loving eyes, "and must I see The little face, that to my heart is dear, Dreaming of morning and the Christmas tree, Look disapproving, and with wondering eyes Search in the stocking which I must supply! Empty because the hand that filled it lies Mouldering to dust beneath the silent sea."

"One year ago thy little stockings hung Upon the self same nail that holds it now, Crowded so full of toys—thou art too young To read the sorrow written on my brow. How can I tell thee, O, my little one! Thy father's with the angels in the sky? And hear thy wondrous questions when I do, 'If God is good why did my papa die?'"

"I watched thee on thy knees, my little boy, And heard thee mingling with thy childish prayer: 'And now I lay me—please God send me toys; Tell Santa Claus my stockings are hanging there.' Thy wants are few; thy heart is now at ease; The angels whisper to thee in thy sleep; There are no presents, and my actions boast Years for the dead until I can but weep."

"I, too, have prayed, give us this day our daily bread! And like my little boy an answer give, I can but weep and wish that I were dead, Gaze with our loved one to the waiting heave; Oh! how that empty stocking mocks my prayer! My purse, too empty, and the night half gone, And just before me stands the vacant chair! All cheerless save my little weeping tear."

"All, all is hopeless gloom; the windows crack, And night winds whistle faintly through the room; But hark! methinks I hear—O! Henry, speak, Tell Santa Claus my stockings are hanging here!"

"My Mary, dear, I heard thy prayer to-night; The news was false, you see I am not dead; Look! here she comes, the angels give me light! And Mary, dear, O Mary, hark! to this: From that low-roofed chamber went my wife, And all were answered in the morning light; Stocking was full, and even Mary's cup Scarce had the workings of the Christmas night."

Never a Christmas came more fraught with joy, Never were gifts more thankfully received, Never was Mary prouder of her boy, Stocking was full, while was not deceived.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(From the Daily Oregonian.)

EASTERN STATES.

A Plan for a Grand Charity.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Representative Waters's bill, introduced yesterday, proposes an appropriation of \$250,000 to be invested in bonds and set apart as perpetual funds, interest on bonds to be paid over to the trustees of the American Printing House in Louisville, to expend in raising books for distribution among the blind in various institutions in the country.

The Little Rock Fire.

LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 15.—The conflagration was stopped about midnight last night, being confined between Markham street and the river, two squares. Loss about \$140,000. Insurances, \$100,000. Principal losers: Metropolitan Hotel Co., \$35,000; Cason Restaurant, \$10,000; others small amounts. Several persons were injured; one fatally. Rebuilding has already commenced.

Death Penalty Abolished.

ROME, Dec. 16.—The parliamentary commission on the revision of the penal code unanimously voted to report in favor of the abolition of the death penalty.

Effects of the Gale.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 16.—In the gale last night a large number of houses were unroofed, and in some cases sides of buildings blown in. At Ma chies a church steeple, one of the highest in the city, was blown entirely off. Loss probably \$50,000.

War Inevitable.

BELLEVILLE, Dec. 16.—News from the conference at high political quarters maintains that a Russo-Turkish war is inevitable. Russia has not completed her preparation and will endeavor to contract the conference until the southern army is concentrated. Advice from St. Petersburg says Russia is unalterably determined to meet immediately the grievances which have been already too long indulged in European peace; but will not enter the field until she is able to make an irresistible assault.

Bill to Protect Salmon.

Mitchell's bill for the preservation of Columbia river salmon fisheries prohibits all persons from fishing for salmon by any means whatever except during May, June and July, then only by hook and line, not less than eight and a half inches gaily from one corner to the other, when extended. Violations of the provisions are to be punished with fines of from \$500 to \$1,000 for first offenses and subsequently by both fine and imprisonment.

Discharge of Printers and Engravers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—Four hundred employees of the bureau of engraving and printing were discharged to-day, one-half the force. About two thirds were women.

Chaffee's Timber Bill.

Chaffee's bill, now before the senate public lands committee, proposes to authorize all bona fide residents of Colorado, Nevada, Washington, Dakota, New Mexico and Arizona to fell and remove for building, agricultural, mining or other purposes any trees growing on public lands of the State or Territory in which they reside.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—A new postoffice has been established at Lucky Queen, Josephine County, Oregon, D. H. Sexton, postmaster. Thomas Levens has been appointed postmaster at Elkton, Douglas County, and George W. Biddle at North Canyonville, Douglas County, Oregon.

POOR BOY!

GRANT'S PASS, Dec. 12, 1876.

EDITOR TIDINGS:—Is there a corner in your valuable paper that you could devote to answering correspondents? If so I would like a little advice. I came into this neighborhood a spotless, nice young man, as free as the wind that fanned my classic brow. How long I remained so, one of the fairest specimens of the daughter of Eve can testify. Before I was aware of it she smashed in the bulwarks of my heart, caused me to surrender and, alas! left me completely entangled in the meshes of her net. The squeaking of rusty gate hinges had become music to my very soul. Everything went well with me then, and I was, oh, how happy! But things have changed. There came to these parts a young man exhibiting very rich specimens of gold, and I became at once an old fogy. Words of warning were sent forth for the girls to beware of me.

Now, Mr. Editor, what can I do to regain my lost position and again be welcomed to swing on the gate? I very much desire to see that youngster's quartz lead and go him a few specimens better.

YOUTH OF FORTY.

The condition of this young man is truly lamentable, but we think there is yet hope. In the first place he could advise him to keep up an appearance of dignity, court an intimacy with the young man of quartz, learn his weak points and act on them. Next he would advise the use of Bachelor's hair dye for the mustache and a bottle of Hall's hair renewer for the top of the head, and you may be happy yet.