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W. H. Atkinson,

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ASHLAND OREGON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1880.

INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS, AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON

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"There was never anything so beautiful from the palette of a mere mortal!

Without a Rival.

exclaimed old Berto Linainlo. "The boy has signed a contract with the father of mischief, for by no other means that I know could this be effected!" added Antonello.

"What delicacy-what brilliancywhat harmony of coloring !" observed

"Really, I am perplexed and con-NEW PRICES!!! founded," rejoined Berto, "I begin to

believe there is magic in it." "All the master spirits of Florence," remarked a fair lady of high rank, who, among the rest, had come to gaze upon the painting-"all the master spirits in Florence may as well hide their heads

"Your art, signors," added her companion to the surrounding artists. "can produce nothing like that."

"Did you say a boy, Giulietta?" demanded the lady. "Ay, madam, and with a shape as seemly as my own; and that is some thing, I ween."

"So young and handsome?" "His face is as fair and unsullied as any on his own canvass—as fair—I had almost said as yours."

"Nay, then, if he be so, it were worth a coronet to see him." "And have you never, is it passible,

"Never, how should I! He has been abroad; he is just returned to Italy." "Av, madam, but before he went, since his return he has, I am almost afraid to say, often crossed your path." "Mine, Giulietta! What do you mean ?"

"Alas! madam, this young painter loves you-has long loved you with a kind of adoration which belongs to enthusiasm, refinement, intellect and gen-

"How you run on! You are a child, Giulietta-you jest."

" No, madam. "And if you do not, what care I. This young man is audacious if he presumes to think of me before I have enterchanged a word with him-before I know his character or listen to his

"Ah! but, madam, you have listened to his voice. It was he who sung beneath your window last year, and who saved you in the path by the river from the riffian Bandenelli. Despairing of your favor-for genius is ever modest -he withdrew from Florence and went abroad to foreign lands-beyond the Alps-I scarce know where. There his genius for art so far, that no noble is richer and no painter more renowned. He has just returned. This is his first work here. The critics are all in raptures, and his brother artists are dving

"Well, I hope he has long forgotten Wheat, Oats, Barley, Bacon, Lard. me;" said the lady, with a passing blush. "I remember the boy you speak of, a mere child; noble and prince-like, certainly, but a silly boy. I never supposed he had been bold enough to think of me; travel has doubtless cured him.

JACOB WAGNER, I was an idle dream." "Ah, no, madam, Signor Dominica E. K. ANDERSON. loves you yet; he sought me yesterday and, to say the truth, induced me to

your opinion of his production. "It is most beautiful, it is heavenly

on earth, surely?" "It is your portrait, madam, from memory, and he has really succeeded

"Hush, Giulietta, your tongue has no

"Look, madam, he has entered the hall at this moment.

"Let us go, Giulietta, instantly." "It is too late."

who has so mysteriously hovered heart, and then abandoned me." "How, madam?" "What have I said! Ah! Giulietta,

the prettiest blush. Yes, it is the stran-

way, too." "Yes, he approaches-he retreats-

"Well, let him come, I will speak to

At a sign from the maiden, the young when will it be to-morrow? man approached, with a deep obeisance and a color that rose perceptibly at the unwonted honor of being thus publicly presented to the haughtiest and most

beautiful of the Florentine nobility. "Young painter," said the lady resum- nello. ing her self-possession, and with a grace and sweetness that dazzled the eyes and the heart of that fervid worshipper of beauty, "your production, which attracts the attention of all Florence, has not escaped mine. It has afforded me unmingled pleasure."

"I am too much honored," replied the artist in a low voice, "when such eyes deign to dwell even for a moment upon | gold ! the humble work of these hands."

soft eyes modestly to his, and then lowering them beneath his ardent gaze, "you are wrong; genius like yours is humble only to itself. It sighs over what to all other minds is perfection; and even when it most triumphs, un- ascending in the heaven rendered every- day by an old lady, who, as she gazed suffice that they are wholesome. It is not exclaimed his sister, "You threw it in SECRETARY | pairs."

"Speak again!" said the youth. "Years lover had wondered forth in a secluded of toil, of despondency, of solitude and path by the river, which wound for hopeless gloom are repaid by the sound nearly its whole course through thick of your voice. Oh! speak again." "You may claim from us of the pres- lowed to be alone. Caetagna, the fritnd ent day what will be certainly paid you and guide of his infant years, joined bootblack. His swallow-tail coat show-

port speaks of your having traveled." time, and conversed earnestly. At mended, while his white vest and lawn family, and ere his head was gray be-"I am but just returned from Flan- | length Castagna said:

your contemporaries."

a Florentine artist, in an undertone to his companion. "Silence," said the other, "let us hear

one other occupation." "What was it ?"

learned this matchless skill with the pen- real return." "I am the possessor of a secret?" "A secret ?"

"Ay, by which, more than by any skill of my own, I produce on canvas the effects which please you."

"By such frank acknowledgement you make us feel that you have something profession. To ask it of me is to ask bent but sadly broke librarian had better than a skillful hand- a generous my fame. You are yourself so good an grown old. The shadows of his life were heart. You are every way fortunate. artist that you stand at the head of the lengthening toward the grave, and he We have on this side of the Alps seen art in Florence." nothing so beautiful. In what way can I express my gratitude for the pleasure turned. you have caused me in matter more substantial than words!"

anew from nature. I am a claimant for andthe honor of painting your portrait."

A slight color grew deeper at this request, and their eyes met. The lady opened her lips to utter a negative to a request couched in such bold language, but as she encountered the glance of this young aspirant after immortality, she changed her mind, as women sometimes will, and said :

"Sgnor Dominica, I consent; you may take my portrait. Addio, signor." The artist bowed.

"At four to-morrow, at the palazza ings, but-" D--." And they parted.

Dominica had received from nature the gift of genius. The same partial my life at the risk of your own-" providence which had invested him with inspiration had also bestowed upon him the form of Narcissus and the heart of Leander. It sometimes happens that furnished me with gold." some beings appear among men recalling the golden days when the gods walked ten.' through the woods and mingled among "And, Castagno-perhaps-indeed, I tion a day or two ago. the shepherds. The lady of his dreams feel convinced that I have not been was like himself, of half celestial mind right in concealing from you my inmost she handed out a letter and said and form. To his enthusiastic soul this thought and knowledge. Yet, in relatyoung creature had presented herself as ing to you the secret which you desire, the star of evening. He watched and I am about to make a great sacrifice. worshipped it as something not of earth You are now the first Florentine artist -above his reach -- a light creature to after myself. Possessed of the secret, wedding. illume other and distant spheres—thrice | you will be the first. Yet, on condition persuade you here that he might learn happy he if, like a sad wanderer o'er the that you never reveal it, it shall be disdeep, he might sometimes behold it, and closed to you." utter to its kindling beams his unrebut where found he a face so lovely-not | quited, his unheard prayers. What was | ica. his wild emotion when certain tokens awoke in his besom a hope, a dream, an a learned man who taught me to despise live if she doesn't marry him. It's the instinct indefinable as the light which first heralds the morn, but more intoxicating than the breath which rises from the valleys and plains, when the grass, trees and flowers are moistened with to no one? evening dew. He had cherished only two burning hopes—the one was fame, the Alps has the slightest conception of Helen. It's the very same man, and in the other love. The first he had acquir- it but we two. This paper contains the it he calls her his pansy, and he says he "He bows to you, Giulietta, and with ed. Europe began to murmur his name details. It will teach you all you ded dreams of her." with applause, and it was already re- sine. Now, have I not tested my friendcorded where future generations might ship, Castagna! Have I not earned family," remarked the captain. near me-gained an interest in my read; and now, as if fortune in a laughing mood had resolved to fill his goblet to the very brim—the wildest and most delicious vision of his fancy was about you have betrayed me; you have made to be realized. He was going to stand me betray myself. He is coming this before that young seraph, whose eyes tering blade; its keen point, at each "Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found had already said more than his tongue thrust, pierced deep to the heart. dared to utter, more than his heart dared he will retire-you may never see him to dream. He murmured to himself in

a kind of a blissful frenzy: "Tc-morrow-to-morrow-at length, to-morrow-roll on, leaden hours-oh "A secret !" cried the knot of artists gathered together in conclave in the

grand square in the old tower. "I knew as much," said Berto. "I could have sworn it !" cried Anto-

"To be sure !" exclaimed a third-"I always said it was a secret." "The lucky dog! I, too, will visit Flanders!" cried Berto. "I am only five-and-eighty-quite a boy !"

queens it so before the rest of us-how she has softened in his favor.

"No," said the lady, raising her dark, she is young and untamed-and her own He donned his dressing suit, and then nothing, and if it's me it won't do 'em mistress withal." "Jupiter-what a lucky dog!"

to Flanders, too!'

groves. He was not, however, long al- el fer to buy papers ? I'm clean busted. by posterity—the meed of praise. Re- him, and they walked together a long ed signs of wear, but had been neatly dy days, prospered, married, raised a

"Where you have been studying the cherished for you an affection all pater testified to the pure and honest heart remained at home. He, too, prospered, delightful in which you so far excel all nal. I have watched over your inter- within. His box was of redwood, inlaid married, raised a family, and became one ests with fidelity and vigilance. I have with ivory, while his blacking brush was of the "sclid men of Boston." Now it "Did you mark that ?" said Castagna, been your best friend."

tagna."

"My time was devoted to study and change of each other's thoughts and suit and dingy silk hat betrayed the lib- deep in the Advertiser. Jack presented "Grief for the absence of one I loved." friendship. Too well I know what it is. geography and almanacs are regarded as "Is it in the north that you have Too long have I sighed for a true and philosophy.

" No!-oh, no!"

"No-how--vou jest!"

Between friends there are no sec-

"But, Castagna, this is a part of my

"You embolden me to give utterance discovery only, places me in the emi- benefactor, but had not forgotten him. up in his office,

"Speak it. I know you would ask "Did I?-why, I believe there was a was traveling home on foot, he was acnothing which I may not grant before drop-I felt it rise to my lias. I did costed by a worn and haggard man, who thought -" "Yonder face," said the painter, in a am old and tender-hearted-and somelower tone, "is the copy of one borne | times I think that I am almost falling | had loaned him the five cents. only in my memory, and till I approach- into my dotage. Yes, Dominica, I did ed the original, I deemed it not wholly shed a tear-not from disappointment at Did he pay him the five cents? No, unworthy. But now-I am in despair losing the secret-on, no !-but at the -my pencil is uninspired until I attain | fading away of a vision-a rainbow of | the triumph of my art by copying it the heart-a bright, deceitful, false,

you would say ?"

once trusted Dominica-I thought it | charity. mine. I pleased myself with the idea there was no one on earth to whom my put your money right out at interest. out to the stock yards, and have a trip heart clung secretly. I have seen you a It's better than a bank, because you on the lake, andcourse to manhood with a father's solici- librarian got his whack out of the poor young man, "I must go home to-mortude and delight. I have not always, but honest boy he befriended. perhaps, sufficiently discovered my feel-

"Yes, my dear Crstagna, I know you have always loved me. You once saved

"I did. I was determined not to remember that incident first." "Moreover, when I was in want, you

"I solemnly swear it, dearest Domin-

water colors and to paint -"

"In oil!"

your confidence?"

"Nobly, Dominica - most noblyembrace me-and my thanks be-this -and-this-and-this! The moonbeams glanced from a glit

There was a heavy splash in the river

tree-tops-Castagna stood alone. then, I am the first in Florence. I am without a rival !"

This incident, which marked the introduction of oil painting into Italy, is related on the authority of Lanzi.

A good story comes from Newport. A morning, when his telephone called him. He sprang from his tub, and was horrified to hear that a lady, wife of a distin-"And how my haughty mistress, who guished New York Democratic banker, was at the other end of the wire, a mile away. It would never do for him to as she was ready to go. "The next man "He is a rare fellow, and rolls in carry on a conversation with a lady in that comes sparking around my house his present condition. "Excuse me. A has got to come right out and say which "She will marry him if he wishes- thousand pardons!" he cried, aghast. he's after. If it's the girls, I won't say repaired to the telephone and conversed a bit of good to slam things around and without fear or molestation. "I swear," said old Berto, "I will go

The young man who propels a fruit outlines, as in the day. The young quired, "What kind of sassage is them?" but heal.

The Religious Bootblack.

"Say, mister, will ver lend me a nick-The speaker was a bright, cheery-faced tie were immaculate and his fashionably Dominica, you know I have ever cut pantaloons and neatly fitting boots open-handed and open-hearted. James a snow white. Everything about the fell out that when John's eldest son "And so I esteem you, my dear Cas- lad bespoke sturdy integrity.

"And if I lend you five cents, my lit-"But what is friendship, Dominica? tle man, shall I ever get it back?" asked his father's old friend, whom he found It is mutual confidence. It is inter- the gentleman addressed, whose rusty in a dingy Pearl-street counting room, sympathies. If you have pleasure you rarian in some charitable institution, the letter, and stood, hat in hand, while divide them. Ah! I have a soul for where guide-books are considered as

"S'help me!" exclaimed the rosy boy. "Am I not your friend, Castagna?" "I'll give yer yer money. Lend me a

Charmed with the frankness of the "You hold a secret from me, Domini- lad, the gentleman handed him the wealth and went home forgetful of the circumstance.

Years passed away. The not only didn't know where to turn himself for a "Not now-not since you have re- funeral. The bootblack had invested the five cents in papers, and in a year James' son roving through the West, "But I freely confess to all that; not and a half had amassed an enormous reached Chicago. He remembered his skill alone, but a remarkable mechanical fortune. He had lost all sight of his father's friend by name and hunted him to a wish which has long dwelt in my nence which-how-you weep, Castag- One night, as the rich man, who had loaned his carriage to a poor cripple, not know that it had left my lashes. I begged assistance. The millionaire recognized him. It was the party who

> He took him home and braced him up. "My dear, good Castagna, what is it ing to ever so many millions of dollars. for a drive this afternoon. This even-"Your friendship, by beloved and the librarian reaped the reward of his girls, and to-morrow you and I will take

boy at my feet. I have watched your have a chance of getting it back as the

Paste this in your hat, boys, and renember that evil communications with a rich man beat two honesties in a bush.

Loving a Whole Family.

"I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" began a blunt-"That, too, I feared you had forgot- spoken woman of 45 as she stood before Gregory, Jerome and perhaps Thucythe officials of the Twentieth-street sta-

When they inquired for particulars

"Observe the envelope. That letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early day for the

When the captain had finished the letter she was ready with another, add-

"And this is addressed to my daughter, Lucretia. You will see that he calls "Know, then, that at Burges, I met her his rosy angel, and he says he can't same man."

So it was, and his letter was as tender as Spring chicken. That finished, "In oil ?- I see. And you told this she handed out a third, with the re-"Not one human being this side of This is directed to my daughter

> "Why, he seemed to love the whole "That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once and engaged to the three of

us at the same time. Oh, what wretches there are in this world !"

the cloud sailed silently from before have married the whole caboodle of us. Eusebius Nierembergius, a learned the moon—the breeze gently waved the If Lucretia haln't opened one of my Spaniard, had his own private craze. letters, and if I hadn't searched the He imagined that the human body, left "At length," he cried, "at length, girls' pockets while they were asleep, we'd have thought him an innocent

"And do you want him arrested?" "No, I guess not; but I want this matter to get into the papers as a warning to other women. Just think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucrecertain young Boston bachelor, wealthy, tia on Wednesday night, and Helen on but modest, was taking his bath one Friday night, and calling each one of us his climbing rose! Oh, sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is!"

"Yes, he's pretty tough." "It has learned me a lesson," said she, twit me of burying two husbands!"

Afflictions are the medicine of the It was night, and a very bright moon store next door was startled the other mind. If they are not toothsome let it conscious of its power, it most des- thing as visible, only in more softened at a fine string of bananas, meekly in- required in physic that it should please, yourself. I saw you do it!" "Well."

\$2 50 PER ANNUM.

A good many years ago two young nen, John and James, Boston boys both, were fellow clerks, on Kilby street, Boston. John went to Chicago in its mudcame a well-to-do, substantial citizen, (they called him Jack) was twenty-one, he visited Boston, bearing a letter to

the old gentleman read it twice. "So you are John's son?" said he, 'You don't look a bit like your father.' Then there was a pause, Jack still stand-

"What brought you to Boston?" he

"Well, sir," said Jack, "father thought I had better see his old home, and get a taste of salt air." "Going to be here over Sunday?"

"Yes, sir." "My pew is No. --, at Trinity. Hope to see you there. Glad to have met you." And here the interview ended. Now it chanced that, not long after,

"Well, my son?" said a pleasant voice before he had closed the door.

"My name is James-, sir, and I "Why, you don't mean to say-Of course you are. I might have known it.

"Where's your bag gage?" "At the hotel, sir." "At the hotel! We'll go and get it, boys, he did not. He took him into his and take it right up to the house," anbank and made him cashier, and in three swered the genial old gentleman, closing months the two skipped off for Europe his desk with a vigorous slam. "We'll with the funds of the depositors, amount- go right up now. There's plenty of time The bootblack showed his gratitude and ing you can spend in company with my a run out on the Chicago, Burlington Now, boys, when you see a bootblack and Quincy road, and have a look at that you loved me. Except yourself in a swallow-tail coat and white vest, the country. Then I want to take you

"But, sir," broke in the overwhelmed

"Tut, tut, my boy, don't talk that way. You can't begin to see the city under a week, and you're going to stay that long, anyhow." And he did. In fact, he's there now.

Fallacies of the Learned.

Seneca, Claudian, Basil, Augustine,

dides, agreed in the belief that crystal is simply ice strongly congealed; and such men as Scaliger, Albertus Magnus and Brassavolus assented to the proposition. It is, however, but fair to say that there were always opponents of this theory. Pliny denied the assertion, and in his company we find Agricola, Diodorus Siculus, Cœsius Bernardus and others. Of course, the test of specific gravity settles the matter at once. As for astronomical and geographical fallacies, their name is legion. Xenophanes asserted that the earth had no bottom Thales Milesins averred that it floated in water, and almost every old writer has his own pet craze about the problem. A glimpse at the monkish map of the world which is still preserved in Hereford Cathedral will prove the unsystematic nature of the topographical studies; in much later days; but such errors are too numerous to be more than briefly hinted at, and fallacies respecting crystals and precious stones afford by themselves sufficient matter for a tolerably long dessertation. To them, therefore, let us keep for the present. Pliny believed that the diamond will suspend or prevent the attraction of the loadstone if placed between it and a piece of iron; and, although the problem was one capable of speedy solution by experient, he went on to ascribe the se "Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might remarkable property to the plant garlic. to turn as it would, would always point its head to the north, and it is hard to understand how this and most of the other fallacies connected with the loadstone escaped detection by experiment. Lœlius Bisciola, for instance, asserted that one ounce of iron added to one ounce of loadstone would only produce a total weight of 16 ounces, and Apollonius and Beda join in testifying that there are certain loadstones which attract only at night, while other learned authorities affirm that the mineral in question, when burned, gives off an unbearable stench, and that, if preserved in certain salts, it has the power of attracting gold, even out of the deepest Little Robby came home with his new

hat as limp as a dish-cloth. "For goodness sake!" cried his mother, "where have you been?" Robby began to whimper as he replied, "A feller threw my hat into the frog-pond." "Oh, Robby!" said Robby, "ain't I a feller?"

A Difference in Hospitality.