

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

THE PENDULUM.

Swing on, old pendulum of the world, Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad, And men be partly good and bad.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter— Little feet that patter, patter

MY COUSINS.

I was at home at last, after ten years of wandering; at home, yet alone in the world.

I had an uncle in the West, whom I had not seen since a child. He had married a widow with two little girls.

It was night when I arrived. Uncle James met me with a hearty greeting at the station.

Mrs. Gray, Uncle James' wife, was a fair looking woman, of soft and pleasant speech, and won my heart immediately by her gentle, motherly ways.

Aunt Mary and Uncle James protested that I should stay with them all the winter, and Bel joined her soft pleading voice.

The heat of the summer was gone, and it was the pleasantest time in the year for the long, delightful rambles which we took over fields and hills.

Up, like a flash, came the sunny brown head, and a broad, beautiful smile flashed over her face.

"Oh," said Bel, "do you see those beautiful flowers further down on the bank? How fresh and bright they look!

"Oh, Bel, it's dangerous," said Ethel. "The bank is steep, and he would be sure to fall."

I awoke, and lay languidly on my pillow, without wish or power to raise my head.

"Do, Bel, go in and stay with him while I help mother finish this," said Ethel; "for I'm afraid he may need something."

"Pooh! he will not know it if he does," replied Bel. "He is delirious. How can I read in there, and he all the time raving about somebody or other?"

book, interesting as it might be, for him."

"Of course," said Bel; "and shall he be again, when he comes to his senses. He is rich, and worth putting up one's book for."

I heard a soft footfall in my room, then some one bent over me (I had shut my eyes as though sleeping), and close to my forehead was bent a soft cheek— moist, too!

As she turned to go noiselessly out, I opened my eyes. Yes, it was Ethel gliding softly away. I heard her say as she entered the other apartment.

"No, you needn't," said Bel. "I'll go and change my dress and arrange my hair, and go myself. Perhaps he will know us when he awakes."

Then I slept, and when I opened my eyes again I saw Aunt Mary and the girls sitting in the room at work.

Aunt Mary came to the bed and laid her hand on my forehead, saying tenderly: "You have been ill a long time, but you are better now, and must be very careful. Do not talk, but let everything rest till you are a little stronger."

I was going to ask some questions with regard to my illness, but shut my lips again and kept quiet; but my gaze wandered to Bel, who sat near me.

Several weeks passed, during which I gained strength rapidly. Bel was all my attention, and was always alone with me in the forenoon.

At last I was able to go about again. The leaves had all fallen, and everything looked blank and drear out of doors.

Aunt Mary and Uncle James protested that I should stay with them all the winter, and Bel joined her soft pleading voice.

"Ethel, Ethel, do not mind what I said. Forget it. Do not distress yourself, because you give me pain. If you do not love me I can go away, and you must forget all about it."

Up, like a flash, came the sunny brown head, and a broad, beautiful smile flashed over her face.

"But I do love you, Cousin Gerald. What then?"

I began to see how matters stood. I caught her in my arms, that I might look at her attentively. She bore the scrutiny, blushing and smiling through her tears.

I will not attempt to tell the many foolish things I said and did—for what matters it? We were married, and went home before the snow fell; and the dreary old house has a new aspect since the sunshine has been flitting through its large dark rooms.

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"Pooh! he will not know it if he does," replied Bel. "He is delirious. How can I read in there, and he all the time raving about somebody or other?"

"Oh, for shame, Bel!" said Ethel. "You know he means you. When he was well, you were glad to lay by your

"GRACE GREENWOOD."

A SPICY NOTE—SHE TELLS WHO ARE NOT HER HUSBANDS.

Grace Greenwood addresses the following to the Washington Star: Editor of the Star—Sir: I find in your issue of yesterday the following paragraph:

"Dr. Lippincott (the husband of Grace Greenwood) a fourth class clerk in the Postoffice Department, was an applicant for the position of General Superintendent of the Postoffice Department, but failed to get the appointment."

During the visit of Mr. Macready to this country, as he was traveling on a Western steamboat, he was pointed out by a waggish clerk, to a backwoodsman on the deck, wrapped in poetic contemplation and singular dignity; but the tall Missionary strode immediately up to him, and with a startling slap on the shoulder, thus accosted him:

"Hello, old boss! Old Bull—what's your fiddle?"

The stately actor turned upon him, and with a withering look, "and in the most tragic tone, replied: 'Sir, I am not a horse, neither am I a bull, neither have I a fiddle!'"

In like manner, I have to reply that Mr. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, "the husband of Grace Greenwood," is not a doctor; neither is he "a fourth class clerk in the Postoffice Department," neither has he been an applicant for the position of General Superintendent of the Postoffice Department; neither has "the failed to get the appointment."

As for the excellent Dr. Lippincott, is it not enough that he should miss of the office to which he aspired, but you must divorce him from his lawful wife, a most estimable lady—and bestow him upon a stranger?

As for us, belonging to another branch of the Lippincott tree, we have applied for no office at Washington, though we have, I confess, held ourselves open to the proffer of a first class foreign mission. With slight solicitation we would consent to be a "looker-on in Vienna," though perhaps Madrid would be a better point, as our worldly possessions principally consist of certain dilapidated "Castles in Spain."

I think I have some reason to complain of your editors, for apparently classing me among the "bigamistic writers of the day," in assigning to me so many amiable consorts. If you would only vary the name, occasionally, there would be some relief in the variety. But *tonjours* Lippincott!

The same old claimer I now put forth for the benefit of Dr. Lippincott, must apply to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great publisher, and to General Lippincott, the doorkeeper of the Senate.

They are "all honorable men," doubtless, but they are not my husbands; and I hereby warn all persons against trusting me on their account.

GRACE GREENWOOD. Washington, April 21, 1839.

SATURDAY NIGHT—Somebody gets off the following beautiful paragraph on the closing night of the week. There is a volume of truth in it:

Saturday night makes the people human, sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war drums and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a clash; the iron door vault comes to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night and business breathes free again. Home-ward ho! The door that has been ajar all week gently closes behind him; the world is closed out. Shut out? Shut in, then, rather. Here are his treasures after all and not in the vault, and not in the book—save in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

May be you are a bachelor. Then poor fellow. Saturday night is nothing to you just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife—blue eyed, or black eyed, but above all, true eyed; get a little home, no matter how little, just to hold two or two and a half, and then get the two or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your cottage fire-side.

TO GIRLS.—My pretty dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the box, rosy-cheeked, full breasted, bounding lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough; and with all her other accomplishments be a lady in the drawing room.

A GOOD STORY.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon.

On a day, having thrown aside all state ceremonials, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose resolved to go incog., so as not to be recognized by the people. However, in their stroll through Paris, they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith and bedad, that I will, my boys," said Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys."

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask who you were, and before I answer you perhaps you would tell me who you may be?"

"I am Alexander, and they call me Emperor or Czr of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to coddling me a bit"), "and might I make bold to ask who ye may be, my flower?"

"They call me Francis Joseph, and the Emperor of Austria."

"Mo-t hanky to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," said the Irishman, who, thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them turned to the third one, and said:

"They call me Frederick William and I am King of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation and mysterious airs of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered: "I am the Emperor of China, but don't tell anybody."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one a one and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage and staidly to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in your business, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track. Confound difficulty with unflinching perseverance, and they will fly at last when you will be honored, but shrink and you will be despised.

A PRETTY STORY.—It is seldom we read a prettier story than is told by a French paper about Mlle Blondin, the leading actress at the principal theater. Every night, for several weeks, a small two-son bouquet of violets fell at her feet during her recall. This modest pernicity interested the actress, who discovered, through the aid of an obliging figure, that the bestower was a romantic, dark eyed adolescent of fifteen, from whose poverty it was evident that he practiced most rigid economy to enable him thus to florally express his admiration.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known, but interesting to young men, that the solitary ringlet, which floats from so many waterfalls, is a notification on the part of the wearers that they are not engaged. If it is extremely long the wearer is supposed to be very desirous of getting spliced at once; if only moderately long, it shows that only good offers will be entertained; an extremely short, meagre ringlet indicates that the wearer is very particular as to whom she accepts, but nevertheless less shows that she is not yet engaged.

A modest Minnesota editor says: "We are forcibly impressed with the remark made a few days ago by a lady: 'Good husbands make good wives.' In reflecting upon it, the conclusion arrived at is that there was much more truth than poetry in the sentiment advanced. In fact, we know of a case just in point, illustrating the correctness of the assertion, but modesty forbids our giving any names."

Subscribe for the POLK COUNTY TIMES.

Humorous Sayings and Doings.

An old minister the other day asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

A Justice, in rebuking a virago who had been arraigned for nearly scratching her husband's eyes out, said: "you should remember that your husband is the head of the domestic realm; indeed, he is your head, madam." "Well, then," screeched the termagant, "have not I a right to scratch my own head?"

Josh Billings says: "When a young man ain't good for anything else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

A story is going the rounds of a party of ladies who were caught in a shower having the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some of the gentlemen's noses would not be washed out without a water spout.

"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so Pete?" "I'd cheat somebody most shockin' bad afore night."

It is a great pity that woman's pets are so frequently nuisances to every body else.

Old maids are described as embers from which the sparks are fled.

Little Fanny was taught that every one was made of dust. One day, she was watching the dust in the street as the wind was whirling it in eddies.

"What are you thinking of?" asked her mother. "O," said Fanny, with a serious face "I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little girl."

A gentleman named Rose, having a daughter, named her "Wild," as in his opinion "Wild Rose" was a pretty name. But when she grew up and married a man named Bull, the combination of her christian and surname took the conceit out of the old man.

A few weeks since, in a Boston eating house, a man discovered a cockroach in his pudding. He turned the insect over, examined it closely, and finally remarked to a person who was sitting near him: "That ain't right. I don't see it and if I find another I won't eat the pudding."

I don't wish to make young people during their courtship unhappy; but when it is said, "Love makes Time fly, but Time makes Love fly?" Surely Frenchman.

Cut the acquaintance of any lady who writes a letter with "yours obediently."

"The dearest spot on earth is home," the song being believed. Mr. Perzer says it's true—costs him twice as much as any other spot—ruins, in fact, a \$100 spot each month.

Alphonse Kerr perpetrates a gross fibel, when he says if a beautiful robe of dazzling magnificence could be invented, which could be worn only by those who ascend the scaffold of the executioner, there would be found no man who would dispute about the right of wearing it.

A newspaper published in the regions of Lakes Munphragos and Winnepe-saukee says that "the fish in Lake Holyhunkemunk, Me., are said to be superior to those of either Lake Weely-abacook or Moosetockm-gantue. Those of Chaubungungamrunng were very fine but they all got choked to death in trying to tell where they lived."

Kissing a Factory girl is a mill privilege, when she is a satisfactory girl.

When is a toper's nose not a nose? When is it a little reddish.

In Congreve's comedy of "The Way of the World," one of the characters thus made to speak of a lady, in allusion to her glibness and inveteracy of talk—"She has got that everlasting rotation of tongue that echo hath no chance with her, but must wait till she dies to catch her last word."

It was resolved at a late temperance meeting in Wisconsin that "temperance is a natural virtue, and indispensable to raise men to the level of other animals."

In California the Grecian Bend is known as the Pacific slope.

Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go five with her mamma; and Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old gentleman relapsed, passionately: "Why, you great boob, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl!"

"Court'ing after marriage—getting a divorce.

Educational Notice.

Public examination of Teachers will take place on the second Saturday of March, June, September and December. J. H. MYER, Supt. Common Schools, Polk Co.

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COOPER & GESNER, WOULD announce to the Traveling Public that their large STABLE in INDEPENDENCE, is constantly open for the use of all those who may favor them with their patronage.

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The Highest Market price paid for

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