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Poetry.

TRUE LOVE.

I would that every angry shaft
From Fionn's bitter shaft
Would wing its flight to pierce my heart,
To give to this relief.

I would that every ill and woe,
And every aching care,
Would force their way within my breast,
That I for them might bear.

Id gently down the ice chill,
The biting frost and cold,
The stormy tempest, low, then
Were sheltered in the fold.

If my frail bark were tossed about,
If angry waves the port
Came as on glassy lake, and feet,
If then were safe in port.

And if thy choice ever should pass
To those another's life,
His truest friend, to pierce my heart,
Because thou wert his wife.

—Chilvers' Journal.

MARCH.

Is the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel cold,
Little flowers begin to grow,
Far beneath the snow,
Why tap the spring, and cheerily
Burdens, are you here?
Till they answer, "We are nearly
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is winter, with his snowing?"
"Tell us, spring," they say;
"From the snows, he is going,
Going on his way."
"But his winter does not love you,
But his rain, looking above you,
Soon my birds shall sing above you,
—M. M. D., in St. Nicholas.

Miscellany.

A GOOD HATER.

BY EDNA FAWCETT.

NEAR the close of a superb midsummer day Marion Farrow leaves her father seated with a novel on the piazza, and strolls down through the symonies and beeches whose lordly green branches grid the house with a sort of austere privacy.

Having strolled down under the lawn's chivalrous shadows, to the deep hedge that separates it from the outer road and the river's cool, broad band of silver, Marion stands for a moment with one hand clasped about a grim, black spike-head of the small iron gate, looking back beyond into the shadowy, violet hollows of the distant hills and overlooking the light road that now pauses just in front of her.

"Marion!" a voice has to appeal before the boat's occupant can make known his presence. "You have on your sad look again. What is the matter?"

And the Marion gives a slight, glad cry, and unfastens the gate, speeding toward the river, while at the same time Mr. Malcolm Hurst ships his oars and springs out on the bank to meet her.

"Why don't you let me see your mother called upon you today?" Malcolm questions.

"Simply," Marion answers, "because I was waiting for you to begin the subject first, and unless you do it, come please, no absurd hesitation about telling me just what she thought of me."

"She thinks you charming."

"Yes? Go more into particulars, please."

"And she thought it nothing except marvelous," he goes on, "that you should have this great distaste for seeing people."

"I do not let you pay any more heed to that subject," Marion plaintively appeals. "It seems to me that everything you and I mention nowadays, Malcolm, is sure of leading up to it."

"And no wonder," he answers, with not a little plain silliness. "When we rented the Brookers' house, in early June, and I met you, that evening, walking with your own brother and my old schoolmate, Scott Farrow, even before he had presented me, it flashed through my mind, while looking at you, that you were the sort of woman to shine in ball-rooms, and be courted by thousands."

"Oh, hush, Malcolm! I should hate such a life."

"And now I should hate to have you lead it," he tells her, with a tender tone in his lowered voice. "There is a wide distinction, Marion, between the ball-room belle and the—domestic nun. I don't want you to be a flower, my love, that grows perpetually in the shade."

Marion shakes her head with a kind of slow impatience.

"But it is my wish, Malcolm; why should you not respect it—at least for a year or two to come? It is not so very long ago, remember, since mother died, and then, father, you know, is quite too old for company, and—"

But Malcolm indulges in a roar of laughter at this point.

"Your father too old for company, indeed? Why, he is just at the right age for it. By-the-by, mother called him a prince. The only trouble is he makes you the absolute empress of his actions."

"He loves me, you know," However, Malcolm, let us talk of other things. When are you going to Boston again?"

"I can't say. Father has attended to most of our monetary matters of late. He is there now, and proposes staying some little time. It is really wonderful that we should have come back from Europe, after an absence of nearly twenty years, and found that that man Gawtrie should have managed our money as though he had no other business in all Boston."

"Gawtrie!"

Marion merely murmurs the word, but Malcolm goes on:

"There is a father and son; the son's name is Edred Gawtrie. He has lived in New York a great deal. Perhaps you have met him there, Marion, for there was a time, I think you told me, when you used occasionally to honor assemblages."

"Yes, there was a time," Marion answers, with a little laugh. "But New York is such a huge place, even socially, you know."

"I met Edred Gawtrie the last time I was in Boston. Father insists upon my leaving him up here, so father must be obeying him. He clings too closely, may I bring him over?"

"No."

"Good heavens, Marion, if you haven't known the gentleman in New York, pray have you met him in a previous world?"

Marion makes no reply; there are some moments of silence, and then the conversation takes a tranquil and more lively turn. It is about ten o'clock when Marion says good-bright at the garden gate.

She insists upon his leaving her there. He does not dream of guessing her reason for walking to the house alone. It is this she wants the darkness and the utter sense of peace for just a little while.

After a little she reached the piazza. Gliding up its steps she enters the sitting-room. There, on a most commodious lounge, lies the old Major, whom, lightest of sleepers, Marion awakens.

A little while before they separate he stares at her steadily and says: "The puss has found better company than her old papa's at last. We battered old soldier must expect to cope with the fine young dragons."

"Malcolm isn't a dragon, papa; and if he were everything grandest under the sun you know whom I wouldn't give him up."

Marion, a few moments later, has escaped to her chamber. "I wish it wouldn't weigh upon me so fearfully. And now that Edred Gawtrie's shadow should thus fall upon my path! I don't like it, not to have seen it before! Edred Gawtrie hates me, for the best of reasons. I broke faith with him when I was a wild flirt of seventeen. Edred Gawtrie hates me—there is no shadow of doubt there. And—how knows! He will tell Malcolm. Let him!" she bursts forth, with a laugh of bitterness. "Malcolm will know before many weeks. Mr. Gawtrie may as well save me the trouble. Why not? Oh, if I could only hide near Malcolm, and forbid him from coming near me!"

Just three days later, Mr. and Mrs. Hurst call upon Marion and the Major. The dinner invitation is then given; there is no refusing it, as Marion overwheims with the bearing face of Mr. Hurst before her, so like the face of Malcolm, she knows before many weeks. Mr. Gawtrie may as well save me the trouble. Why not? Oh, if I could only hide near Malcolm, and forbid him from coming near me!"

But, perhaps ten minutes later, Malcolm appears again, rowing very slowly, and looking much as usual.

"He smiles sullenly enough, however, the moment his eyes catch sight of Marion."

"With whom on earth have you been having that mad race?" she asks.

"A man I've met two or three times to race with, and known he was aching to race with me," Malcolm answers. "This morning I felt like something serious, and we fixed of the stretch between the first gate and Meadow's Bridge. I won by a half length, but it was tough work, and not what I used to be at Oxford, you know."

"You are not what I am usually accustomed to see you," she makes rapid comment. "You are horribly pale, and—"

"I don't draw your hand away, sir—you look like a man who has been run over."

He has to take Marion's arm, this athletic Malcolm, before they reach the piazza. While sinking into a chair, after they have entered the sitting-room, what he manages to say is almost gasped rather than spoken:

"Brandy-flask here in my coat-pocket—right side."

And then Marion has to take the flask, and is pouring the brandy between his bluish lips. It almost instantly rouses him.

"It was my own fault," he smilingly explains, "but I don't know how it happened. I was holding one of his soft, large hands between both her own. I was completely out of training, and might have been sure such a sport as that would have used me in my own condition. At this moment this is the sound of a steady, decisive step in the outer hall. "It is your father, Marion; or do I fail to recognize his martial tread? Let the old Major come in and become this very interesting young invalid."

But Marion suddenly turns her head, springs up, dropping his hand, and hurries to the door.

"Go away, papa, dear!" she cries. "Don't come in here!" Her voice has the ring in it of a strong blow on silver. She pushes the door shut, and rapidly locks it. She turns again, and with excited eyes, and a pale, quivering chin, looks toward Malcolm's chair.

It is empty. He has risen, and stares at her with most penetrating scrutiny. His voice sounds stern and hard as he begins:

"What absurd mystery is here, Marion? Why is your father not to enter this room more than once, I should say, during the past week or so, with your oddities and crochets; but to everything there he has a limit, and no human patience share it with you?"

When he ends, Marion is standing with her back against the door, has drawn her brows together, and has made her lips meet in a rigid, rigid line. Then she speaks, each word being hurried out with hot speed, and in a tone of marked harshness.

"Don't bear it any longer. You know, Malcolm, what I told you when you asked me to be your wife. I said, 'No, no; not if my love were tenfold what it is.' But you won me over; I yielded at last. Well, you begin already to weary of me, and you are ready to cast me out. I am ready to do so here and now."

For answer he springs toward her, and seizes her in his arms. "If you are ready, Marion, I am not, and never shall be. I have not spoken so harshly during the time. But, Marion, if, as I have more than once believed, there is some sorrowful secret of which I know nothing, why not lighten its burden, love, by letting me share it with you?"

His warm lips kiss her cheek, where the great tears have begun to show themselves. For a slight time Malcolm only hears her sobs, while her graceful head droops lower, lower, till his brow meets his shoulder.

"Tell me," he whispers, very softly. Her sobs increase.

"Tell me," he iterates, so faintly that she just hears him.

"No, no," she exclaims, tremulously. "I will not tell you. But I have not said there was any secret?" she quickly inter-rupts herself, flushing hotly to the roots of her blue-black hair. Malcolm knows it is useless to plead longer, after that.

"Was ever such a saint as Malcolm?" Marion muses, that same afternoon. "To think of his having answered that wild tirade of mine only with kisses!"

The next ten days or so glide along smoothly. Finally Malcolm comes over, one morning, with the most troubled of demonaurs. He has joined the Major and Marion on the piazza, and sits between them, with eyes fixed studiously on his right foot, and with his cane impatiently tapping it. There has been a little silence, to which the Major has given a certain character, as one might say, by several meditative words of edification.

Suddenly Malcolm exclaims, looking up with earnest eyes upon both Marion and her father:

"I have been having rather unpleasant times at home—in fact, worse than that. Major, mother-thinks that you and Marion are treating her very badly indeed. She cited her nearly a fortnight ago, and there has been no return—yet. Mother is a proud woman, Major, but a woman of clear judgment. She feels now that every hour increases the slight which is being done to her."

The Major has sprung from his chair and seized one of Malcolm's hands just as that last word is spoken. "My dear boy," he cries, "nothing could be further from my mind or my own thoughts than to offend so charming a person as your mother. We shall take pleasure in paying her a visit this afternoon."

That afternoon the visit is paid. The Major is upon the piazza, and the Major's impression made at his own and this lady's first meeting. "The man is superb," she tells Malcolm, in her august, low-voiced way. "I never saw such a mingled breeding, grace, wit, and manliness. Your father must meet him. I suppose that you will be proper for us to have a dinner next week. Edred Gawtrie is coming up again, you know, and there are the Curtons, and Mrs. Everard."

Malcolm says nothing.

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Edred Gawtrie is biting his under lip now, while either cheek looks quite bloodless. Presently, making each word a distinct, separate note, he gives rapid answer to her question.

"I am really sorry to have called down all this wrath. Of course, I don't care whether I am believed or not, but the truth of the whole matter is simply that I supposed Major Farrow had seen the folly of disgracing himself among assemblages of refined people; otherwise, I took the liberty of believing that his daughter would have had more respect for the Family and the friends of our father's house than to run the risk of what has tonight occurred. Miss Farrow's charges are quite absurd, though doubtless pardonable under the present unhappy circumstances. I cannot say the same for yours, Mr. Hurst; unfortunately, not even your mortified pride can excuse their absurdity."

And then this best of fathers slips from the room with a little mocking smile and considerable grace of exit. "I have left my staid behind me," he confidently tells himself.

Everybody has now left the dining-room except Marion, Mr. Hurst and Malcolm, and, alas! the poor Major, wholly inert and unconscious in an easy-chair which has been provided for him some time previously, and is actually asleep. The rest of the splendid guest who entered Mrs. Hurst's rooms with so lordly a presence not many hours ago.

And now Marion breaks down utterly. She gives a slight, excited cry, and hurries toward it, Malcolm following.

The blinds are tightly closed, but the windows have been left open, because of the mild weather. Marion slowly opens the door, and looks in until she can see within the dining-room.

"Do you see them?" asks Malcolm, at her elbow. "Do they show any signs of getting up? And is anybody tipsy?"

"See for yourself," she answers him. In that vagrant light the face which she turns toward him is drawn, livid, and ghastly. Then she points toward the place in the hall through which she has just been looking. "See for yourself!" she repeats, with a laugh; and the laugh is a little harsh, hollow sound.

Amazed, Malcolm leans forward and looks into the room. Nearly all the men are grouped about a certain chair, on which an almost incapable sifter is blurted forth some choked incoherencies. He springs back from the window in his dismay.

"I do not know," frowns Malcolm.

"Yes, you do," says Marion, "we were engaged. I thought if I ever tried to induce a man for whom I cared nothing to believe that I loved him, I behaved horribly to Edred Gawtrie. It sickens me now to think of how I led him to a certain limit, and then simply laughed in his face."

Malcolm, starting straight into her face, feels all his blood run cold.

"A very awful story," he comments, as she finishes. "How lucky I never could find out how it feels to be jealous! But Marion, my darling, a recollection has just crossed my mind. I remember that both father and mother specially said they had not mentioned the names of any of our guests to Edred Gawtrie, and you putting forward the fact of Gawtrie's presence as a reason for not appearing at our table has a tinge of inconsistency, I think. He draws nearer and takes both her hands in his, and exclaims, just as Malcolm enters the room:

"Poor Marion!—poor child!—poor darling!"

He murmurs this between the kisses that have been bestowed, and which he has seized between both his hands, even if "I have dreaded to tell you," she proceeds, quivering. "Don't think that I took this means because of such cowardly looks. Papa promised me so solemnly that he would think if I came—promised it over and over, you know—that I gained a little confidence, and let him come. When I saw him look so pale, and when I knew that this must be. There was no getting him away without worse shame and scandal (for wine at once is wormwood to his sweet nature and a stimulant to his pride) than if I should certainly have gone to you for assistance. But now he is different. Cannot you manage to get that starting crowd from about him? It is so horrible to me to see him so stared at in his shame and overthrow."

"Yes; it shall be done at once," Malcolm leaves her, and approaches the window. The long French blinds are fastened on the inside, and he has opened from without. Malcolm, knowing this, stoops down and opens them. Then he slips into the dining-room.

Edred looks up at him, and addresses the company with a clear voice, and says: "Gentlemen, I am sorry enough to interrupt your conversation, but I fear it will be only courtesy to the ladies for us to leave the room. I am, therefore, glad to see you, and I am glad to see you."

The group shows immediate signs of dispersing, and does disperse presently in silent couples and trios. Not long afterward the only occupants of the dining-room are Malcolm, his father, Edred, Gawtrie and the Major, whose loud, thick breathings already tell the beginning of a besotted sleep.

"Come," says Gawtrie, "let us have a farewell toast to this jolly Madeira before we join the ladies."

Malcolm smiles, takes up a glass and is about to fill it, when he feels a hand laid lightly upon one of his shoulders. He turns, and is astonished to discover that it is Marion's.

"I wish you would drink no wine with that man," she says, pointing directly to Edred Gawtrie. Her voice is not loud; it seems, indeed, to be somewhat low, and yet, by virtue of a certain cold shiver, it is heard clearly in every part of the spacious dining-room. "I will tell you why I think he is not fit, Malcolm, to receive the courtesy of any true-bred gentleman. Having borne a personal spite toward myself, and wishing to deal me a good blow of revenge, he has used to-night all his skillful arts of persuasion in the matter of making me drink. He has done so, however, which he has for years known how to possess. When my father came here to-night it was his honest intention to drink nothing; but again and again I saw Mr. Gawtrie tempt and tempt him with an unflattering zeal. I repeat that I saw this, and I dare Mr. Gawtrie to deny it."

Naturally a clever man, quick at expedient, rich in repartee, Edred Gawtrie is not slow to take advantage of this. He springs up from his chair and begins, with a choked voice:

"Madam, if you were not a lady—"

"Spare yourself the trouble of talking, Edred," breaks in the stern voice of Mr. Hurst. "I, for one, feel certain that Miss Farrow has spoken the truth. I remarked your conduct at dinner, and your attempts to gain a certain object were very noticeable."

The privilege of the peacocks recently saved the Earl of Winchester from being sent to prison for debt, at the suit of a London firm.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The rock that toppers split on—Quartz. FOUR HUNDRED vibrations a minute is as much as a bee's wing can do.

HAVE no respect for a man who has to feed the public pulse to learn his private duty.

THE Gothamites drink so little water that the Hudson has had three freshets this season.

A MISSISSIPPI Postmistress has discharged her husband from a clerkship for nonattendance to duty.

Why is a hen sitting on a gate like a penny? Because its head's on one side and its tail's on the other.

THIRTEEN broken arms and legs in Portland attest to the fact that the last was a good winter for sliding down hills.

MRS. ECKENFELDER, of Waterloo, Del., is another gasoline victim. Filling a lighted lamp, with the usual result.

Our great-grandmothers are turning over in their graves in consequence of the rumors now current that "poke bonnets" will be revived next season.

BROOKS are decidedly at a discount this season. Fair-haired maidens are experimenting on kittens at home the efficacy of different brand dyes.

THERE is an exhibition in New York of three large fine long eared cats, one of a yard wide, so soft and fine that it can be drawn through a finger-ring.

POQUERS for balls and parties are made of linen and heavily perfumed. Not one person in ten is able to detect a little distance that they are at.

A CALIFORNIA farmer is killing off his squirrels by scattering lupins of phosphorus in his wheat fields. It is good for the wheat and bad for the squirrels.

A GEORGIA girl aided a noble charity at Marion by allowing 200 men to kiss her at a yard wide, so soft and fine that it can be drawn through a finger-ring.

It is vain to put your finger in the water and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

THERE is no change in the style of wearing the hair. In the spring, however, it is said a style so called "Parisian" will be introduced that each particular hair on a fashionable woman's head will stand on end with surprise.

A SWEET creature called the *modest polyp* has recently been installed in an aquarium at one of the Paris gardens. Its peculiarity being that it converts, first into alcohol and then into vinegar, any water into which it is placed.

PERPETUAL complaints, says an old writer, are like the custom in making frequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "brows down before the child, and means a parcel of money, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families. The frequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "brows down before the child, and means a parcel of money, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families.

Our mothers whose children are backward walking will be amused at the following piece of Chinese nursery superstition: "It is the custom in making frequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "brows down before the child, and means a parcel of money, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families.

When a Philadelphia paper states that "such scenes must long linger lovingly in the memories of all who saw them, for with youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow the gondola of enjoyment swept swiftly along on the azure sea of hope," it means a public ball.

THE new feather fans appear to be quite the rage. They are much smaller in size than those used in the Paris summer, and not half as awkward-looking. Those of peacock feathers are the handsomest, on gilt or ivory sticks. The old swans' down fans in use during the days of our grandmothers are also coming in fashion again.

THE woman of the coming time—shall you vote upon her? Well, yes or no, your bottom time she'll do for you. We know she "will" or else she "won't." And if she does, or if she don't, God bless her, anyhow.

THE Mayor of Norfolk, Va., recently received a letter from the Paris Chamber, inquiring the population of the city, and whether the writer would be permitted to run a keno bank. He said that he could give good references as to character, and would be willing to allow the Mayor an interest.

AS MEN have movable heads, which they can turn to the right or left, forward or backward, they should not, from mere contrariness, fasten on themselves, as biters, prejudice, stupidity, caprice and obstinacy, and then, in New York, anything but what is straight before them. Even distinguished talents, cultivated between such blinkers, may become a mania.

THERE is a man in Idaho who recently found the truth of the Paris summer, "There's many a slip," etc. He was a man against whom no adverse charge could be urged, except having lived single too long to engage in a little game of matrimony with a young and handsome rival. The stake was a boxful of smokes of nineteen, and although the hero "put up" broad acres and horned beasts innumerable, and "went" a rich quartz mine and a forty-stamp mill "letter," his opponent called him on a full hand of youth and good looks and took down the "pot." Delay is always dangerous.

At Portland, Me., recently a gentleman dropped a glove on the street; as it was an old one he thought he would leave it, and walked along. In a few moments he felt the cold nose of a dog touch his hand, and looking down saw a large Newfoundland dog looking up at his face. Paying no attention he passed along, but he had not proceeded far when the dog touched him again. A third time this was repeated, when a hackman sang out: "You have lost something, and the dog wants you to go and get it." The gentleman retraced his steps, recovered his mitten, and the dog was satisfied.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon was recently witnessed by some of the citizens of Markopolis, Ky. Directly after sunrise a dark bank of clouds lay close to the horizon in the direction of Paducah, ten miles distant, and just above this dark embankment, mirrored in a clear and serene deep blue sky, the city of Paducah appeared, with all its spires, houses, streets, wharves, etc., clearly visible. The mirage appeared about forty degrees above the horizon. At the same time the beholder could see three steamboats at the wharf and the Tennessee River. All appeared as natural as life, except that

everything seemed magnified to twice the natural size.

THE *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal* says: A striking instance of inherited appetite for alcoholic liquors has been recently brought to our knowledge. A lady, wife of the Mayor of an Atlantic city, was a confirmed inebriate, and in spite of the most assiduous efforts made by her husband and others to restrain and reform her, continued to drink until her life was a sacrifice to the indulgence. Her grandmothers were both temperate and both died from drunkenness. Several of her children were inebriates. She had one child, her daughter, who exhibited in childhood a marked appetite for strong drink and who drank to intoxication whenever she had the opportunity. The child died at the age of six years. During her brief life she was known to have been repeatedly drunk. So inveterate was her appetite for liquor that she would resort to the most cunning tricks in order to procure her drinks such as would do credit to the ingenuity of an adult.

Chinese Children.

WHEN a son is born, a "milk-name" is given him in accordance with the joinings of the family. This corresponds with our pet names. Later, the boy receives his regular names. The important ceremony of binding the wrists is observed in connection with the presentation of the goddess mother. It varies in details. A common plan is to tie a piece of red cotton loosely round the wrists; another is to fasten some ancient copper coins on the wrists for several days. When a boy is removed from the infant's wrists for several months, though it is more usual to take it off after fourteen days. The idea is that the binding of the wrists together will prevent the baby from being wicked and disobedient, not only in childhood, but also in after life. In allusion to this singular custom, when children are troublesome or naughty, they are asked if their mothers neglected to bind their wrists.

When the baby is a month old, the head is shaved for the first time, and in the case of a boy this ceremony is performed before the Ancestral Tablets. A feast is also given, to which the relatives and intimate friends are invited, and it is customary for them to bring presents of food, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families.

PERPETUAL complaints, says an old writer, are like the custom in making frequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "brows down before the child, and means a parcel of money, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families.

Our mothers whose children are backward walking will be amused at the following piece of Chinese nursery superstition: "It is the custom in making frequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "brows down before the child, and means a parcel of money, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor and Happiness. Shortly after the parcel is made their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations, and for the presents which they have; and it is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes to the various families.

When a Philadelphia paper states that "such scenes must long linger lovingly in the memories of all who saw them, for with youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow the gondola of enjoyment swept swiftly along on the azure sea of hope," it means a public ball.

THE new feather fans appear to be quite the rage. They are much smaller in size than those used in the Paris summer, and not half as awkward-looking. Those of peacock feathers are the handsomest, on gilt or ivory sticks. The old swans' down fans in use during the days of our grandmothers are also coming in fashion again.

THE woman of the coming time—shall you vote upon her? Well, yes or no, your bottom time she'll do for you. We know she "will" or else she "won't." And if she does, or if she don't, God bless her, anyhow.

THE Mayor of Norfolk, Va., recently received a letter from the Paris Chamber, inquiring the population of the city, and whether the writer would be permitted to run a keno bank. He said that he could give good references as to character, and would be willing to allow the Mayor an interest.

AS MEN have movable heads, which they can turn to the right or left, forward or backward, they should not, from mere contrariness, fasten on themselves, as biters, prejudice, stupidity, caprice and obstinacy, and then, in New York, anything but what is straight before them. Even distinguished talents, cultivated between such blinkers, may become a mania.

THERE is a man in Idaho who recently found the truth of the Paris summer, "There's many a slip," etc. He was a man against whom no adverse charge could be urged, except having lived single too long to engage in a little game of matrimony with a young and handsome rival. The stake was a boxful of smokes of nineteen, and although the hero "put up" broad acres and horned beasts innumerable, and "went" a rich quartz mine and a forty-stamp mill "letter," his opponent called him on a full hand of youth and good looks and took down the "pot." Delay is always dangerous.

At Portland, Me., recently a gentleman dropped a glove on the street; as it was an old one he thought he would leave it, and walked along. In a few moments he felt the cold nose of a dog touch his hand, and looking down saw a large Newfoundland dog looking up at his face. Paying no attention he passed along, but he had not proceeded far when the dog touched him again. A third time this was repeated, when a hackman sang out: "You have lost something, and the dog wants you to go and get it." The gentleman retraced his steps, recovered his mitten, and the dog was satisfied.

A REMARKABLE phenomenon was recently witnessed by some of the citizens of Markopolis, Ky. Directly after sunrise a dark bank of clouds lay close to the horizon in the direction of Paducah, ten miles distant, and just above this dark embankment, mirrored in a clear and serene deep blue sky, the city of Paducah appeared, with all its spires, houses, streets, wharves, etc., clearly visible. The mirage appeared about forty degrees above the horizon. At the same time the beholder could see three steamboats at the wharf and the Tennessee River. All appeared as natural as life, except that

everything seemed magnified to twice the natural size.

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