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good Magazine.

Reminiscences of by-gone Days in Idaho.

BY MOX MOX.

At dawn of day we are again on our
journey. Nothing of note occurs, and
in a week from date we are in the
lively camp of Hogen. Here we find
every shade of human nature; we will
briefly notice the career of one, and
we are done. They were immigrants
from New York. The father had died
on the way, and the mother and daughter
had found their way to this place.
The mother was keeping a boarding
house. We boarded there. A man,
we know him not, was steadily insinuating
himself in the daughter's affections.
It was finally rumored that they
were to be married next spring. Spring
came, we bought claims, left the hotel
and worked till fall. Menomine there
came a rumor that the landlady's daughter
was sick and that Bill Junk was
gone. We had wound up the summer's
work. Again the golden hue of autumn
was throwing its glowing mantle o'er
the lap of nature, when we left the
mountain gorge, where our claim was,
and came into town. There was a great
commotion at the hotel. Julia was
dead. Rough miners stood around, men
that had went through every conceivable
phase of rough existence, weeping.
They made her a grave on the flat back
of town, beneath the pines. We followed
the corpse to its last resting place
and lowered it down, an eternal com-
panion in body of the grand old pines
around. There was one there that wor-
shipped her. He knelt at the grave
and prayed, and, "O! what a prayer!"
not the cold cant that one hears in our
every-day existence, but the out-pour-
ings of a broken heart. "Vengeance is
mine saith the Lord," were his last
words, "and I feel that I am thine ap-
pointed instrument." When we left,
the pine leaves lay thick over her grave.
The baby was a sweet, still, sad child,
the idol of its grandmother, and the pet
of the boarders. The great rush of
men had left the mines. The squirrel
gambled in the streets of the town of a
year; the bear slept in the cherty
cabins; the wolf gradually narrowed
down his circle until he ventured into
the back streets; the deer, panther,
and cougar slowly but surely regained
their territory, and we leave. This was
the last of Hogen for us. We come
to Walla Walla; are sitting on the

stoop of the hotel; one of our company
start; we all listen; a man is telling a
tale. "Yes," he said, "I played her;
made her think I was rich, and pious,
and all that sort of thing; accomplished
my ends, and—" a sharp report and
the speaker bounds to his feet un-
harmful: "do you mean that for me?"
He said, drawing his pistol, and firing.
A few more shots were exchanged when
the seducer lay dead at the feet of his
wounded assailant. As I finish this, I
receive this letter: "Dear friend—I
went back to Hogen, after I left you
at Walla Walla. I have persuaded
Julia's mother to return to New York,
and allow me the happiness of educating
her granddaughter. As you know,
I have plenty of this world's goods,
and if the Lord spares my life, I intend
it shall be spent in doing good. The
child is bright and cheerful now, and
none will ever know her father. Long
life to you; my wounds may heal over,
but I'll never be sound. Sometimes
pray that you and I—and Julia
may meet in Heaven."
[The end.]

A Perfect Cure.

A contributor tells an exchange how
he was permanently cured of fits. He
was riding in the mining districts of
Nevada—one of those mushroom growths
common in the territories—when night
came upon him. Tired and hungry,
he drew up at a greasy, dirty shanty
which was called a tavern, and sought
accommodations. He thus details his
night's experience:

The landlord could only give me a
room with a bedfellow.

"Very well, I don't object," said I,
as he led the way by the light of a
miserable tallow dip, which he left with
me to light me to bed.

I surveyed the room, and particularly
my bedfellow. He was a mild looking
man. I thought—perhaps a class-
leader, in some primitive log church
near by. His repose was so quiet and
childlike that I thought we would sleep
peacefully together for the night; but
before I had blown out the light, he
opened a snore that seemed like a cross
between filing a saw and sawing a board,
and my feelings at once became malig-
nant toward him.

I blew out the light and turned in,
and still the snore continued. The moon
had now risen, making every object in
the room visible.

I hunched my friend, and as he
opened his eyes with a snap, he said:
"By jingo, Mister, how you scared
me. You going to sleep here to-night?"

"Yes."
"Well, I'm mighty glad of it. I al-
ways like company. It's kinder lone-
some to sleep alone."

"Yes, it is so. Pardon me for waking
you, but I thought it my duty to tell
you that I sometimes take fits."
"What, fits? You don't say so,
Mister?"

"Yes I do. I'm not particularly
dangerous, but I bite sometimes; so be
careful that I don't get my teeth into
you."

"Well, I'll be doggoned! I hope
you won't have any fits."
"So do I."

"I hope, Mister, you won't bite me
if you do have any fits."
"O, I hope not."

He drew a long breath, and then
said:
"Well, I am afraid that I won't
sleep any to-night."
"O, don't lose any sleep."
"But how am I to know when you
are going to have fits?"

"O, I groan, and breathe hard, and
foam at the mouth; and when you hear
me snap my teeth like a dog, then you
had better look out."

"Well, I'm blamed if I ain't sorry,
Mister, that you came in here. I'm
afraid you'll be more company than I
want."

"Oh, don't be uneasy; I sometimes
don't have any for months. Let's go
to sleep; and I pretended to drop off
into peaceful slumber.

My companion rolled and tumbled
uneasily for some time, then dropped
off into an uneasy slumber, and soon
commenced that old snore just where
he left off when I woke him up. That
decided me upon having a fit, and, with
a fearful snore, and a horrible groan-
ing, I set my nails into his arms and
my teeth into his shoulder, just hard
enough to nip nicely, but it was enough
for the purpose. With a terrible yell
he sprang from the bed, and went fly-
ing down stairs exclaiming:

"O dear, he's got fits, he's got fits!
He has bitten a piece out of my shoul-
der!"

The landlord, with a crowd from the
bar-room, came hurrying up, and found
me just recovering from the effects of
the fit; and giving me a hot toddy

from his own private bottle, he left me.
He carried with him the clothing of
my bed fellow, who had turned in on a
blanket on the floor, down stairs, re-
solved to be bitten no more by men
having fits.

It was delicious to have the whole
bed to myself, and I luxuriated in it by
stretching myself entirely across it. I
had soon dropped into a slumber, peace-
ful and innocent as my childhood, when
I was aroused by some one roughly
shaking my shoulder and saying:

"Wake up, stranger, and move over.
Half of this bed is mine.

I opened my eyes on a six-foot
teamster, who was pulling off his rough
boots. A rough looking specimen he
was. He annoyed me by taking up
two-thirds of the bed and crowding me
to the wall. I concluded to try another
fit, and said:

"My friend."
"O, shut up your trap, I'm sleepy."
"But I thought I'd tell you that I
have fits."

"Well, fit away, so you don't wake
me."
"But I bite when I have them."
"Well, bite the bed-post, then."

Now, this ought to have convinced
me that this was the wrong customer,
but it didn't; and, waiting until he was
sound asleep, like a fool I lucked in,
and set my teeth and nails into him in
splendid style, while I groaned fearfully.
It was the best fit I had ever had, a per-
fect success on my part; but the way
that chap jumped out of bed and mauled
me around that room was the most per-
fect success in pugilistic treatment I
ever experienced. He brought me out
of that fit. He cured me of it. I don't
think I'll ever have another, but I do
not like his medicine. My eyes were
all blacked up, my nose bloodied, lip
split open, one ear flattened to my head,
my shirt front all torn off, and to make
the matter worse the fellow was asleep
in five minutes after, as though nothing
had happened.

The next morning I went down late
to breakfast, and all crowded around to
see the man who had fits, and to tell
me that my horse had been stolen. The
mild looking man, my first bed-fellow,
had gone off with him.

WIFE, MISTRESS, AND LADY.—
Whoever marries for love takes a wife,
who marries for money takes a mistress,
who marries for position takes a lady.
You are loved by your wife, regarded
by your mistress and tolerated by your
lady. You have a wife for yourself, a
mistress for your house and friends, and
a lady for the world and society. Your
wife will agree with you, your mistress
will rule you, and your lady will man-
age you. Your wife will take care of
your household, your mistress of your
house, your lady of appearances. If
you are sick, your wife will nurse you,
your mistress will visit you, your lady
will inquire after your health. You
take a walk with your wife, a ride with
your mistress, and go to a party with
your lady. Your wife will share your
grief, your mistress your money, your
lady your debts. If you are dead, your
wife will weep, your mistress lament,
and your lady wear mourning. Which
will you have?

HOW TO MAKE A SCANDAL-MON-
GER.—Take a grain of falsehood, a
handful of Runabout, the same quan-
tity of Nimbletongue, a sprig of the
herb Backbite, a teaspoonful of Don't
you tell it, six drachms of Malice, and
a few drops of Envy. Stir well to-
gether, and simmer half an hour. Add
a little Discontent and Jealousy, then
strain through a bag of Misconstruction,
cork it up in a bottle of Malevolence,
and hang it upon a skein of evil
street yarn. Shake it occasionally for
a few days, and it will be fit for
use. Let a few drops be taken before
walking out, and the desired result will
follow.

BOYS AT HOME.—An intelligent and
thrifty farmer says: "But for the co-
operation of boys I should have failed.
The eldest is near twenty-one, and the
other boys in the neighborhood have
left their parents—mine have stuck to
me when I most needed their services.
I attribute this result to the fact that
I have tried to make home pleasant for
them. I furnished them with attractive
and useful reading; and when night
comes and the day's work is done, in-
stead of running with other boys to
railroad stations and adjoining towns,
they gather around the great lamp, and
become interested in their books and
papers."

"John, did you ever bet on a horse
race?" "No, but I have seen our sister
Bet, on our old mare."

Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN.

A Cheerful Suicide.

The New York papers are chronicling
the shuffling off of a young man
named Rufus Ripley, who held a clerical
position in a Wall street bank, and
who seems to have destroyed himself in
the best possible manner. He was a
handsome fellow, but he suffered with
neuralgic pains, and worried somewhat
over the death of his father. On Fri-
day, he left his desk in the Bank of
New York, walked up stairs and fired a
pistol ball through his heart. He left
a matter-of-fact note, of which the fol-
lowing is a copy. It is rather cheerful
for a suicide, and contains some jocose
allusions which are as mysterious as
Mr. Pickwick's "Chops and Tomato
Sauce":

"DEAR NED:—I think you will find
everything all right. Whoever takes
my place will find the accounts and in-
terest statements in my right hand
drawer. Things are a little behind-
hand, for I have been too miserable to
keep everything up to the mark. The
only old affair that bothers my mind at
all is that \$10,000 credit of Allen, Copp
& Co. I can't get rid of the idea that
they have credit for \$10,000 too much.
You remember the transaction, and I
believe understood it. If not, please
look it up. I am worn out with head-
ache and figures, and I am going to my
long rest. Please remember me kindly
to Mr. Leverich and Mr. Meeker, and
tell them I am grateful for their kind-
ness through the past year. Say good
bye to Mr. Ferris and all the boys for
me. Meaney is the only one with whom
I have any misunderstanding. Tell
him that I am sorry, and that he must
forgive me now. Shake hands with Ed.
Mason for me. Many thanks, Eddie,
for your kindness to me while I have
been in the gold department. Tell Joe
that I'll have to do without my morn-
ing dose now, but hope not to need any
more dosing. Tell Bill that the 'band
struck up,' and Oaky to 'sockatoom,'
and Stouty that he's no better than he
should be, and ask Swan if he has got
any voice, and Officer if he is there;
ask Tis if he'll 'tick up' 4, 11, 44,
and Mr. Banker how he'll swop. Tell
Bill I remember the 'rock' and sands.
I have made the last posting in the
ledger of life, and now I am going to
'tick off.' Good-bye; God bless you.
RUFUS."

To this was appended a humorous
ecodie in the following language:

"Thank Robert for the key, and ask
Walley how he swims. Say to Mrs.
Brown good-bye, and that I'll miss the
rice pudding."

It is remarked that poor Ripley was
not a drinker. His habits were excel-
lent, but his brain was affected. The
verdict in his case was temporary insan-
ity.

FINGER MARKS.—A short time ago
a gentleman employed a mason to do
some work for him, and among other
things to 'thin whiten' the walls of one
of his chambers. This thin whitening
is almost colorless until dried. The
gentleman was much surprised on the
next morning after the chamber was
finished, to find on the drawer of a bu-
reau standing in his room white finger
marks. Opening the drawer he found
the same on the articles in it, and on a
pocket-book. An examination revealed
the same on the contents of the bag.
This proved clearly that the mason with
his wet hands had opened the drawer
and searched the bag, which contained
no money, and then closed the drawer
without once thinking any one would
know it. The 'thin whitening' which
happened to be on his hands did not
show at first, and probably he had no
idea that twelve hours' drying would
reveal his weakness! Beware of evil
thoughts and deeds. They will leave
their finger marks which will one day
be revealed. They may be almost if
not quite invisible at first. But even
if they should not be seen during any
of your days on earth, yet there is a
day coming in which all will be made
manifest.


The Columbia (S. C.) Phoenix says
that the New York World does only
harm in misleading public opinion in
the North, when it allows a South Car-
olina correspondent to say that the peo-
ple of the South are perfectly willing
to vote for Chase or Sumner, or any-
body else, in opposition to Grant."

A servant told her master, the other
morning that she was about to give his
wife warning and quit the house. "A
happy girl! would that I could give
her a warning and quit the house, too!"
was the brutal response.

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Demorest's Monthly for \$4 a year.

Eleven editors have sunk from a life
of honest poverty to Congress.

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indebted to me for work will confer a favor
by paying up immediately.
A friend in need, is a friend indeed.
ASA SHREVE.

Perhaps those that have experience can tell,
and perhaps it would be to your interest to ask
someone that knows, where the Rich and Rare
Dress Goods, those Ladies' Hats that are the
fashion—direct from Mrs. C. Levy's—those
Elegant Sets of Ladies' Fur, and those New
Style Skirts that appeared to such advantage
over those High Laced Ladies' Boots, manu-
factured at Protzman, Donovan & Gillahan's,
Portland, Oregon, of all of which you had such
a lavish display by the Polk County ladies at
the Oregon State Fair. Or perhaps, gentlemen,
you would like to call and examine for your-
selves those Elegant Fitting Suits of Gent's
Clothing, while I show you a Fine Assortment
of Gent's Furnishing Goods. And when it
comes to Yankee Notions, Fancy Goods,
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