

LIBERAL REPUBLICAN.

VOL. 3, NO. 36.

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 141.

The Liberal Republican

Is Issued Every Saturday Morning, at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

P. C. SULLIVAN PROPRIETOR, SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Issues on the Late War.

By W. N. BARKLEY.
'Twas midnight in the unpopulated town
And everything was silent there,
When presently a soft moon came
Burst forth upon the midnight air,
Lead telling of the Church bell
Of fiery elements did tell.
Each sleeper waking with surprise,
Soon hurried forth to see to know,
When such a sight as met his eyes
So seldom met with here below;
For there the flames were leaping high
And illuminating all the sky.
The fire spread with awful sway
And leaped like demons at the throng,
Which crowded round and tried to stay
It progress as it raged along;
But still it hissed with deafening roar
And hurried from roof to roof,
With vengeance old the fire king
His awful work with joy pursued,
And still he defied the men to bring
A substance that would him subside.
He laughed and mocked with flimsy gloe
Their earnest tolling to cease,
Long it raged from roof to roof,
The demon in his joy did fly;
Each moment sending sparks aloft
Which shone in brightness over the sky,
But still he snarled and hissed and howled
Upon the others around.
The people with determined mind
Still bathed with the fiery foe,
Although they worked until half blind
They finally proved his overthrow.
Then like a raging lion
He pulled and tore at the ground,
The night was passing
But above on the ground,
Where once was life
In blackened ruins
Oh, Dallas! may thy fate be so.
Another fire than this thou see.

Phip's Audacity.

"Well, why not?" said Phip coolly; society is, or ought to be a mutual benefit concern. If my neighbor has and can spare that which I need, why shouldn't I give him a hint to that effect?"
"A very gentle hint in this instance," laughed Carter Vaughn. "You dare not do it, Phip."
"Dare not? Take care how you defy me. To-morrow I will hear the lion in his den."
"Phip, you are not in earnest, surely; think of the audacity of the thing," said Honor, anxiously.
"Well, audacity is a good thing sometimes; it takes check to get through this world without being cheated," retorted Phip.
"My dear Philippa, what an un lady-like expression!" remonstrated her mother.
"We won't have any stiff bouquets starting up at one as if to say, 'Look at me; see how fine I be,' pursued Phip, regardless of her mother's horrified look, but dear little clusters peeping out from shy little nooks, and filling up bare places; we'll have one lovely thing though. We'll put our round tray on the bouquet stand—it's just the size, you know, and in the center of that our small, glass dish; then we'll fill them with flowers and green, just brim full, and sprays of

myrtle and soilax dropping down. It'll be perfect,—a glowing mass of color and beauty just tossed together," and Phip relapsed into a silent fit of ecstasy.
"Seems to me you're counting your chickens before they are hatched," said Mr. Lazell, dryly, as he turned his paper. "It would take a small cart-load to do all you have planned."
"Well, I expect neighbor Gaunt to do the thing up in royal style, you know."
"He's much more likely not to do it at all," said Carter Vaughn.
"We shall see what we shall see," said Phip, laconically, but with a willful nod.
The next morning as Phip pulled the bell at the door of the next house, her courage failed her, and she was strongly tempted to turn and flee. "No I won't; I have started to do it, and I will," she said resolutely.
The door was opened, and in answer to her rather timid query as to whether Mr. Gaunt was at home, she was ushered into the library where that gentleman sat reading the morning paper.
Mr. Gaunt rose and bowed. "Good morning, madam; he said, pointing to a chair. Something in his manner and speech tickled Phip intensely, and she came very near laughing out right; she controlled herself, however, and seated herself gravely. Mr. Gaunt looked at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, and waited for her to state her errand.
Phip plunged into business at once. "My name is Philippa Lazell, and I am your next door neighbor. I have come begging."
"Some poor family I suppose, with a dozen young ones. What's the amount?" he interrupted, abruptly, drawing his pocket-book out.
"Well not so very poor; that is not poverty stricken; and there are no very young ones either. We do not need your money, sir; it is something nearly as valuable, however," Phip said, her cheeks dimpling with merriment.
"Oh, begging for yourself, are you? That's a different thing," dropping his pocket-book into his pocket again.
"You see, sir I have a sister Honor who is to be married this evening, and I want some flowers to ornament the parlor. But hot house flowers in the dead of winter are quite too costly for the family purse, which has been somewhat heavily taxed of late, although the dear girl has had the most moderate of trousseaux. As for Carter Vaughn, he has had all he could do to furnish the home in which they are to live, without buying flowers which are worth their weight in gold. But a wedding without flowers is not to be thought of, and remembering that you had a hot-house full, I came to see if you would give me a few I wish you to understand that it is my own idea entirely. Mother and Honor were shocked at my audacity, but I could not see what objection you would have to putting your flowers where they could be appreciated instead of wasting their sweetness on the desert air."
"Hem! Carter Vaughn! any relation to Caleb Vaughn who smashed up dozen years ago?"
"His grandson. His mother is always boasting of their blue blood, but I think a little of the azure tint and a little other circulating medium, would be preferable. However, Honor is suited, and Carter is a splendid fellow in spite of his mother and his blue blood."
Mr. Gaunt looked more amused than Phip would have believed possible from the expression of his face when in repose. He turned to the table and wrote a few words on a slip of paper, then pulled the bell rope near him. A servant entered.
"Show this lady out to the green house, and give this note to Mr. Roberts," said Mr. Gaunt, cutting short Phip's thanks and bowing a grave adieu as he returned to his newspaper. So for the next half hour, Phip revelled in beauty and fragrance. She did not take half so many flowers as she wanted for fear that Mr. Gaunt, (or Gaunt as she had nicknamed him) would think that she was abusing his kindness.
"There you see what comes of having some faith in human nature," she said rushing into Honor's room, and triumphantly displaying her floral treasures.
Phip flew around arranging her flowers as she had planned, with the exception of her floral stand; that she was obliged to give up. She stood contemplating her work with pleased satisfaction when the door bell rang, and a moment later James brought in

an elegant work-basket, filled with finer flowers than any Phip had selected.
"Mr. Gaunt sent these for fear you wouldn't have enough."
"Oh, Oh!" screamed Phip in delight, what an angel he is!"
"Rather a gray headed angel," interrupted Mr. Lazell.
"Well he has proved himself a ministering spirit I am sure. I'll put this basket just as it is on the stand; nothing could be lovelier. Another thing I'll do; I'll write him the most elegant note of which I am capable, inviting him to the wedding."
"A very good idea," said Mr. Lazell and the note was accordingly sent. It received no answer, but among the first of the guests was Mr. Gaunt.
It was a very pleasant wedding. Honor looked beautiful, as she always did, and Carter ecstatic, as he had every reason to do so, for Honor was "one of a thousand." Mrs. Vaughn forgot her family for a time, and the Vaughn girls their affections.
Mr. Gaunt wiped his eyes at the conclusion of the ceremony, and kissed the bride with a paternal air.
"I suppose it won't be long before you go the way of the earth, too," he growled, as he encountered Phip, who had been unwontedly subdued all the evening.
"Thank you, I am not quite so foolish as to barter my liberty for the love of any man living," she said shaking her head sanely. "Oh, Mr. Gaunt, I want you to notice the appearance of the rooms. I am so glad I had the impudence to ask for them."
"As I didn't take your head off, as you evidently expected."
"Did you see that?" said Phip, coloring furiously.
"Did you suppose your airs of bravo received me, little one?" laying a kindly hand on her shoulder. "I think I shall expect some payment, however for the flowers."
"What shall it be?" she asked, lifting her bright face toward him. "It seems ridiculous to speak of my being able to do you a service; still if I can—"
"I am growing old and lazy. You shall come over occasionally and read aloud to me. In exchange I place the books in the library at your disposal. You will be able to find something to interest you, I think. Is it a bargain?"
"Indeed it is, and a bargain in which I have all the advantage, as you very well know," Phip said gratefully. "So it became an understood thing that Phip was to spend an hour each day in reading to her new-found friend.
"How odd it seems now that I'd have thought you grand and ugly," she said one day after an unusual merry discussion.
"Not at all; I was so. I was getting sour and into a bad way, and you came just in time to get me out of it. I am expecting a nephew of mine here very soon to take some of my business off my hands; I am getting too old to have the care of it. He will live here with me. I think you will like him,—he's a nice sensible fellow and as much opposed to matrimony as you are."
"Oh, dear!" pouted Phip, "there's an end to all our good times."
"Why? I dare say you'll become the best of friends."
"I don't like young men; they are always imagining either that you are in love with them or that they are in love with you. In the former case they are silly; in the latter tiresome," saying which she took her departure.
If Phip had turned her face, she would have seen a merry face looking through the window at her, but she did not turn.
She found her father and mother earnestly discussing some matter which seemed to interest them deeply.
"The only objection that I can see is Phip," her father was saying as she entered the sitting room.
"What is it that I am an objection to?"
"Why, you see, the Blaisdells have moved away from the city, and there is a chance of our being able to get their house if we wish. Carter went in to see about it this morning. He and Honor are very anxious that we should come, and of course it would be very pleasant. We should be right next house to them, you know, whereas now we are half a day's journey off. It would be quite convenient to your father's business too. The only objection is that it would be likely to interfere with your reading to Mr. Gaunt."
"Well I imagine that I have paid for the flowers by this time," said Phip indifferently.

"Why, I thought you enjoyed it so much, and looked forward to it every day," cried Mrs. Lazell in amazement.
"Well, so I did, but it is all spoiled now. Mr. Gaunt has a horrid nephew who is coming to live with him, and I am sure I won't go over when he is there. As for continually watching to see when the coast is clear, I do not like that sort of thing well enough to keep it up for any length of time, so there might as well be an end to it first as last."
The result of the conference was that Mr. Lazell hired the house that very day, and they immediately began to make preparations for moving.
The next afternoon Phip entered Mr. Gaunt's library with a pile of books on her arm.
"I have brought back the books I borrowed and am very much obliged. I have come for my farewell reading, and it will have to be a short one, too, as we are very busy at home to day."
"Farewell reading! What do you mean?" ejaculated Mr. Gaunt, pushing his spectacles up on his forehead, and looking at her in amazement.
"We are going to move to Montrose at the other end of the city, and that will necessarily interfere with our readings. Perhaps your nephew will take my place, however; he will undoubtedly fill it much better than I have done," said Phip demurely.
"Bah!" growled Mr. Gaunt pushing down his spectacles again, and looking keenly at her. "Well read this letter in to day's paper."
One evening a week later, Mr. Gaunt called, accompanied by his nephew who received the latter quite graciously. That he enjoyed the call was evident from the fact that he repeated it again and again without his uncle. One bright spring day Phip said entering the library with her old saucy air: "Well, sir, what shall it be to day—politics, science or art?"
"I think it is a love story to day," he said, drawing her down in his lap and looking significantly at the glittering ring on her left finger. "Then give me your fatherly kiss." "Well little girl, how soon are you coming home? I am selfish and lonely, you see; I want some one to brighten the house and to read to me occasionally. Indeed, it is not good for when he is not at his business, he's at Montrose square. There comes the rascal now, how did he know you were here, I should like to know. Received a message over love's telegraph wire, I suppose."
So you see, like many another woman, Phip had done just what she had said she would never do—fallen in love; and with no greater exercise of common sense than is usual. However, she had nothing to say to Carter's teasing, for she was perfectly aware that it was all the result of her own audacity.
Samuel Wheeler the Ironsmith.
Samuel Wheeler was the most eminent ironsmith of his time in the United States, and probably equal to any in the world. During the Revolution, General Washington desired to put a chain across the Hudson River in order to stop the ships of the British. He happened to mention this one day in the presence of General Mifflin, saying, "I wish much that I could get a chain made; but that is impossible." "I think," said the other, "I know a man who can make such a chain."
"Who is he?" "Sam Wheeler, a friend and townsman of mine," replied Mifflin. "I should like to see that man," said Washington earnestly. "He is here now in the army," said Mifflin; and sending a messenger to him, Mr. Wheeler soon presented himself. "I wish a chain made," said Washington, "to put across the river to stop the British ships. can you make it?" "I can." Then I wish you to do so." "I cannot do it here." "Then," said Washington, "I cheerfully give you permission from the army. Badly as we want men we cannot afford to keep such a man as you."
Mr. Wheeler made the chain. It was hauled in links across New Jersey, was hung, and did good service. It was cut ultimately by building a fire about a link, and then using a chisel and sledge hammer.
A well dressed Danburian while at the Carmel fair a day or two ago, quizzingly observed to a strapping girl "from the country." "This is a very fine fair we are having," and was courteously met with the following rebuke: "Well it is none of your d—business if we are."—Danbury News.
A bad style of arithmetic—Division among families.

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