THE INDEPENDENT.

MY BIRD AND I.

The day is young and I am young,
The red-bird whistles to his mate;
He sits the tender leaves among.
I swing upon the garden gate;
He sings that life is always gay—
"A day so fair can never die."
I laugh and eat my flowers away;
We are so happy, he and I.

Deep wading through the yellow wheat,
My sheaves unbound within my hand,
I sink, to rest my tired feet,
And noonday heat broods o'er the land;
The red-bird falters in his song,—
We fear the day will never die;
The minute drag the hours along—
We are so weary, he and I.

I stand alone; my work is done;
The bird lies dying at my feet;
There's promise in the setting sun;
The evening air blows soft and sweet.
My timid sheaves? I lay aside;
The day is dead; I too must die.
When stars come out at eventide,
We shall be resting, he and I.

WAS SHE UNWOMANLY?

BY C. A. VICK.

"Edna Farleigh, you are crazy! I never heard of such a thing in my life. I'm—I'm—" Mrs. Horton stopped for want of words to express her feelings.

Edna smiled, but she stitched away quietly, as she replied,—

"I knew you would be surprised, auntie, but I think a moment's reflection will convince you that it is the wisest course. I have but one hundred dollars in the world, and the furniture that was left from the sale. It isn't much, but with a few inexpensive additions it will furnish the cottage. Dr. Gray approved my plans, and he will rent me the place very reasonably. The grounds are planted with fruit trees, currants, strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, and grape vines, and although they have been neglected, careful pruning and training will restore them, and they will amply repay it in fruit. Katy will stay with me, and there is Widow Marks' son, a strong, willing fellow, whom I can hire—"

"Good gracious, Edna! To think of hiring a man, the most improper thing of all. What will the people say?" and Mrs. Horton sank back upon the sofa, completely overcome.

Edna answered coolly, as she kept on with her work,—

"I have as good a right to hire a man to help me, as Dr. Gray, a single man, has to keep a woman as housekeeper. As for the people, I do not care in the least for what they may say."

"But there is your sewing machine, Edna. It would be so much more womanly for you to earn your living by sewing, since you are determined to be independent; and as far as a home is concerned, you are welcome to stay with me as long as you live. Besides"—here Mrs. Horton hesitated an instant—"there is Thorpe Clifford; I do not think you are, as you say, obliged to take this extraordinary step. You will pardon me, Edna, but I think it very strong-minded and unwomanly."

Edna did not answer immediately. She was thinking how bright and happy everything looked a month ago, when her father was living, and she had hardly given the future a thought. And then when her father died suddenly, and his affairs came to be looked into, it was found that he was deeply in debt, and the house was sacrificed to liquidate it. She was entirely alone then, but her aunt at once brought her, with the few things that were saved from the wreck, to her own home.

"Thank you for your offer, auntie," she said at last; "but I do not wish to be dependent, and I could earn but a poor living with a sewing machine. As for Thorpe Clifford, I do not love him, and the woman who would marry a man simply to gain a home, would be both wicked and worldly. I will prove to you, Aunt Helen, that I am not unwomanly enough to do that."

She spoke with energy and spirit, and Mrs. Horton, watching her resolute face, and the determined light in her eyes, was silent a moment from sheer amazement. She never had understood her niece, and she was farther from doing so now than ever before. Of course, if Edna was determined to unsex herself, she had the privilege of doing so, but Mrs. Horton could not relinquish her attempt to dissuade her without another effort.

"Edna," she said, suddenly, "have you forgotten Leslie Holmes? What do you suppose he will think when he hears of this?"

Edna bent a trifle lower over her work as Mrs. Horton spoke, and her thoughts sped away to Leslie Holmes, seeking his fortune in far-away California. Forgotten him? As if she could ever forget Leslie, who had been her closest friend since childhood. They were not engaged, but Edna thought they understood each other, and they had corresponded during the two years he had been absent.

"If Leslie is the man I believe him to be, he will think no less of me; and if he is not, it does not matter what he thinks."

Then she threw aside her work and went to feeding Chirp, her pet canary, while Mrs. Horton sighed till her spectacles nearly dropped off, over Edna's "foolishness."

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It was a pretty place that Edna had chosen; and Edna herself, in a ruffled dress of pink percale, standing under the shade of the arbor, and glancing across the grounds, just completed the picture. For she had been fairly settled in her cottage now for six weeks, and it was with no little pride that she looked about her. The neglected apple trees had been trimmed into neat shape, and now were a gorgeous mass of pink blossoms. The vines had been pruned also, and trained up, where they were growing finely, and giving great promise of fruit the present season. A large plat of neglected strawberries had been carefully cleaned out, with plants left at the proper distances, and the whole top dressed with fine compost. The balance of the garden was most promising. Lettuce, peas, onions, gooseberries, asparagus—and in fact everything in the line of garden fruit and vegetables, were in a thriving condition.

John Marks had proved an invaluable assistant, and Edna's time was fully employed in overseeing the work, and planning for future operations. Katy was with her, and had the full care of the indoor work.

Edna had not been permitted to choose her mode of life unmolested. People had advised, sneered and exclaimed, according to their various ways of viewing the matter. But Edna had coolly ignored them all, and kept resolutely on, seeing which many of her former friends quietly gave her the cold shoulder. Dr. Gray and Thorpe Clifford were not among them. He and steamfast, they stood by her, and their friendship had smoothed many difficulties from her path. She had written to Leslie Holmes in answer to one of his letters, and in it she had told him of the change in her wordly affairs, and what she had concluded to do. Since that time she had heard no word from him. He had always answered her letters punctually before, and somehow she felt as though her "strong-mindedness," as Mrs. Horton persisted in calling it, had something to do with his silence.

With a last glance over the garden, she turned to enter the sitting-room, where Chirp was singing his sweetest songs among the flowers in the window, when she was arrested by Dr. Gray's rough, hearty tones.

"Viewing your work, eh?" he said, stopping beside her, and casting a glance around. "You came, you saw, and you conquered. Madame Edna. Really I didn't think it was possible to work such a transformation as you have accomplished here."

"I am glad you like the looks of it, Dr. Gray. Without your counsel and help, I am afraid I should have had poor success. If men would accord women more of such friendship as you have me, we would have a better world than we do."

Dr. Gray looked away off where the hills and the horizon met, with a still farther away look in his eyes, and said,—

"I never was much of a lady's man, Edna," slowly and deliberately, "but I have trotted you on my knee many a time years and years ago, and it is nothing more than natural that I should take an interest in you now. Have you heard from Leslie yet?"

It was the doctor's way to jump from one subject to another, and the abrupt question did not surprise Edna.

"No; it has been seven weeks since I heard from him. I wrote him when I removed here, informing him of my intended project, but have not received an answer yet."

The doctor meditated, but said no more on the subject, and after a stay of half an hour he took his leave.

"It looks a little suspicious, and yet I don't hardly believe it," he soliloquized, as he went down the path. "I don't like to be mistaken when I form an opinion of any one, and if Leslie Holmes throws Edna over because of her go-ahead-a-tiveness, I shall lie, and he will deserve to be kicked," and the doctor stepped a little brisker, as if he would find pleasure in administering the punishment, should it be necessary. "She's got the true grit," meditatively, "and she's bound to go ahead and win. She's a sensible girl, a remarkably sensible girl, and ain't afraid to soil her fingers to gain an honest living. If Leslie marries her, he will get a prize."

With this the doctor climbed into his buggy and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

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"What shall I do, Edna? Every dollar is gone—even the roof over my head is not my own."

"All gone, Auntie? It seems as though something must be left."

"No; everything is swept away. It was all entrusted to Ackron, my business agent, and he speculated largely and lost, and has left the country. The debts had to be paid, of course, and it took the last dollar in the world," and Mrs. Horton sobbed audibly behind her handkerchief.

Edna sat silently thinking. It was now a year since she had moved into her cottage, and she had been successful in her enterprise beyond her most sanguine expectations. She was not looking quite as well as when we saw her last; a trifle thinner and a trifle paler, but that was all.

"Aunt Helen," she said, looking up after a moment's thought, "you can come here. I have much better facilities this season for raising fruit and vegetables than I had last, and with the ready market that is always here I shall have no difficulty in supporting us both.

"Oh, Edna, I shall be so glad, so thankful, too!"

So it was settled. And Mrs. Horton, with a great deal of respect and admiration, which almost amounted to awe, for her niece, and which had been growing steadily as her scheme progressed, took up her abode at Edna's cottage; and Mr. Clifford set about an investigation to see if any of the property could be regained. Clifford was an able lawyer, and the result was that in two months' time Mrs. Horton found herself possessed of her home and sufficient of the lost property to enable her to live at ease once more.

And Edna? Despite her success, despite her "strong-mindedness," there was more loneliness in her heart than she would have cared to own, as she stood alone on the moon-lighted, vine-wreathed piaza the night after her aunt had returned to her own home. For in the fifteen months that had passed since she began her new life, she had heard no word from Leslie Holmes. She felt a little bitter at times, and a little scornful also, as slowly and reluctantly the unpleasant fact that it had been as she half feared, forced itself upon her mind.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he is like other men, who preach up womanly independence and usefulness, and then as soon as a woman puts her pet theory into practice, turns in disgust from her 'strong-mindedness.' If he is a man he will honor me for my independence, and if he is not it don't matter."

But though she felt this truly, a pang of the keenest pain shot through her at the thought of his falseness. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the click of the gate latch, nor the quick, springing step that came up the walk, until it was close beside her. She turned then, confronting a tall; handsome bearded man, at sight of whom she stopped, paralyzed by a tide of conflicting emotions.

"Edna, my own, my brave little girl!"

"Oh, Leslie!"

Then she was in his arms, close clasped to his breast, all the doubts and suspense of the long months swept away, and only peace and sunshine left.

Then Dr. Gray came up the path, all unconscious, stopping in bewilderment as he beheld the apparition before him.

"Why, bless my soul!" he exclaimed in amazement, "if it ain't—yes, it's Leslie Holmes! You young dog, what do you mean by putting in an appearance at this late day?"

"Better late than never," laughed Leslie, as he shook the doctor's proffered hand. "I should have been here long since, but I heard Edna had moved away, and not knowing where I never wrote. I changed my quarters over a year ago, which accounts, I suppose, for the fact that I did not hear from her."

"Humph!" said the doctor. "It is a good thing you can render a straight account. I suppose you came back rich, but I can tell you Edna Farleigh is a greater fortune to any man than there is in the mines of California."

Which was Leslie's opinion, exactly.

ABOUT THE NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.—The "National Board of Health," so often mentioned in Memphis dispatches, is an institution not six months old. Yet no less than three acts and a resolution of Congress have been needed to set it in operation. The act creating it was approved on the 3d of March last. Seven citizen members, appointed by the President and paid ten dollars for each day's actual service, and four officers, detailed from the departments and serving without other pay than their general salaries, compose that Board. It is designed to be a sort of "sanitary commission," supervising, from Washington as a headquarters, health matters throughout the country, so far as State authorities may permit. At first little else was given it to do than to "collect information" and to "advise" the departments at Washington and Governors of States upon questions relating to public health. More recently somewhat specific duties have been assigned. In view of the danger of importing disease from abroad, a law passed in June says that when a contagious or infectious disease is known to exist in any foreign port, the National Board of Health may make rules to be preserved by any vessels wishing to come to this country, and may have a medical officer stationed at such port for the time being, and no vessel shall leave for America without a certificate from that medical officer showing her sanitary condition, and that she has complied with her whole duty. Then, as to the danger of carrying diseases from one place within the United States to another, the National Board of Health is to co-operate with State authorities in improving and enforcing quarantine rules; or, if the State authorities do not act, the National Board may prepare proper rules, and if these are approved by the President, he may have them enforced. Then, again, the Consul's reports of the sanitary condition of foreign ports, which used to be made to the Supervising Surgeon-General, are now directed to be made to the National Board, and this Board is also to procure weekly reports from representative places all over this country. One of the very last acts of the recent session was to establish permanent offices for the Board; and the various appropriations which were made to enable it to perform its duties foot up nearly $600,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

COATING AN OBELISK.—The famous Egyptian obelisk, which was recently set up on the banks of the Thames, and which it was found would rapidly become disorganized by the action of the peculiar atmosphere, has been coated with a silicious wash, which, it is believed, will successfully protect its surface for years. The effect of the process, it is said, has surpassed expectation, and is only to be compared to the restoration of an old oil painting. The obelisk now appears as it just chiseled from the rock, showing its original colors, the quartz and feldspar glittering in the sunlight. The intaglio also comes out much more distinctly than before.

The Zulu warriors cover themselves with glory and very little of anything else.

The Prince Imperial's Boyhood.

Napoleon III. had been married three years when the birth of the Prince Imperial took place, on the 16th of March, 1856. Driving through the Bois de Vincennes some months before, the Empress Eugenie had made a vow that if a son were born to her she would erect a chapel on a spot which she designated, and there the chapel stands now, for no vow was ever more gladly kept. One cannot say, in hackneyed phrase, that the birth of the Emperor's heir proved a "death blow" to the hopes of any political party, for the hopes of factions die hard, and in 1856 few people thought the Second Empire would last long. Scores of the most distinguished men of France were in exile; the prisons and penal colonies were full of political delinquents, and it was felt that order was only maintained in the country by the merciless system of compression which had been inaugurated at the *coup d'tat*. However, the coming of an heir did add some prestige to Napoleon, while it gave him new and vital interest in preserving the throne he had so strangely gotten. A salute of one hundred and one guns announced the birth of the child to the people of Paris; and it was accounted an auspicious circumstance that this event should have occurred just at the time when the negotiations for peace after the Crimean war were in process of completion. The signature of peace and the christening of the young prince were arranged to coincide on the 30th of March, and numerous measures of clemency and largesse were made to follow. It was decreed that every child born on the same day as the Prince should, on application of his parents, receive a commemorative silver medal and a pension of one hundred francs a year for eighteen years, payable from the civil list. Some five hundred applications were sent in from poor people, and all the children who survived till 1870 received their pensions up to that date. The boys were in every case christened Louis Napoleon and the girls Eugenie, As to pardons, a partial amnesty was promulgated, but it only included persons who chose to make their submission to the government, and, consequently, few availed themselves of it. It is related—though the same story is told incidentally to the birth of the King of Rome—that a newspaper editor who had got into trouble took a petition for grace to the Tuileries, and asked leave to place it in the Prince Imperial's hands. He was led to the cradle and put the document inside it, whereupon the Emperor, who was present, inquired what the baby said, and, being told "nothing," remarked, with a smile, "Well, then, silence gives consent." This story is more likely to have been true of Napoleon than his nephew, for the latter had too much tact to require that supplicants for mercy should humiliate themselves in his presence; but, possibly, the episode was revived by some courtier who loved scenic effect. In any case it is fortunate that the baby did not cry out when he received the petition, for the joke would have missed fire.

The little Prince had an English nurse recommended by Queen Victoria, and while he was in swaddling clothes he used to be held up at the nursery window for the admiration of crowds who collected in the gardens of the Tuileries to stare at him. As soon as he could toddle he was appointed a corporal in the Imperial Guard, that the sobriquet of "Le Petit Corporal" might be revived in his person; and in August, 1858, when the French armies re-entered Paris in procession after the Italian campaign, he stood at the head of the Guard to do homage to his father on the Place Vendome. It was not till his tenth year that he was promoted to a sergeantship, but soon afterwards he was reduced for some little act of disobedience, and remained a corporal again for a whole year. The Prince Imperial was never a willful boy, though high-spirited like his mother and thoughtful like his father. His temper was always exquisitely sweet. Children used to be invited to come and play with him at the Palace, and he never abashed them by any of the airs of a spoiled child. When he drove through the streets of Paris in the company of his playmate, Louis Conneau, and attended by a strong mounted escort of guides, there was always a winning smile on his face as he acknowledged the greetings of the people; and sometimes, when persons who had probably been on the lookout for him ran into the road flourishing petitions, it was touching to see him motion to those people to fling their papers into the carriage, knowing as he did that the captain of his escort was under orders not to rein in for anybody. Whenever it was possible to grant a petition the Emperor was sure to do so if it came through his son's hands, for he doted on the boy, and would have let him have his own way in all things. The Empress, not less loving, but rather firmer, kept the Prince under a curb that was good for him, and it was chiefly owing to her very wise and motherly guidance that he became what Continentals call "un jeune homme bien eleve," and Englishmen, a perfect gentleman. He was not fortunate as regards the choice of tutors made for him. His first master was a man of high attainments, and most conscientious; but he seemed to have thought it was his duty to follow the precepts of J. J. Rousseau, and to convert his pupil into a philosopher Prince. He only succeeded in filling the boy's head with jargon, and had to be dismissed. General Frossard, who came next, was an excellent strategist on paper, and he could lecture learnedly on mathematics; but he lacked geniality, and profoundedly bored the Prince and Louis Conneau, who was educated with him. Young Conneau was the son of Dr. Conneau, who had been the Emperor's friend during his days of captivity at Ham. Louis Conneau and the Prince were inseparables, except on occasions when etiquette obliged his Imperial Highness to figure alone in public ceremonials — occasions which, of course, became more and more numerous as time rolled on. The Emperor, though very reluctant to let the Prince go away from him, yielded to the suggestions of his Ministers that the boy should see something of the world, and in 1866 began to send him on State excursions with his mother. In that year they visited Lorraine together, and were enthusiastically received; but this welcome was nothing to that which they got two years later in Corsica, at the centenary of the island's union with France. In the country which was the cradle of his race young Napoleon could feel that he was indeed beloved; and from that date it became noticeable that he understood to what high destinies he was born. He became suddenly so industrious that his application, after first delighting his grim tutor the general, ended by alarming the court physicians, who, in consequence of a slight attack of illness, prohibited lessons altogether for several months. This interval of leisure was spent by the Prince in practicing horsemanship and fencing, in both of which arts he became so expert that he was enabled in after years to carry off prizes for them at Woolwich. He continued to read, however, as much as the doctors would allow; and the books he perused were chiefly histories which treated of his great-uncle's battles. No boy ever cared so little for novels. Beyond the historical romances of Alexandre Dumas and Walter Scott, he scarcely touched any works of fiction at all; but then to an Emperor's heir perhaps all history is as entertaining as romance.

The grade of sub-Lieutenant in the Guards was conferred on the Prince Imperial when he went with the Emperor to join the army of Metz in 1870. Some derision was excited by an ill-worded account of the engagement at Saarbruck, in which the Prince was described as having picked up dead bullets; but the fact was he had so much keen courage that the officers appointed to look after him had some difficulty in preventing him from exposing his life rashly. It was a great grief to him when, after the first reverses, he was sent to Belgium on his way to England. Being at Mons he actually tried to evade the vigilance of his custodians, and endeavored to hire a vehicle to convey him across the frontier to Sedan. This project was happily frustrated, and the Prince was taken safely to England, where he lived to give many a promise of the fine qualities which would have appeared in him as a man had his life not been cut so untimely short.

Ida Melville.

Frank Myers and Charley Beckman were spending the summer in a small town not far from New York; they preferred this to the more fashionable summer resorts, because it was quiet. Still they were not, by any means, entirely without amusement; there were many balls and picnics, to which they were both invited; but Frank had only attended one or two, as he cared very little for society.

Charley was entirely different in character; he was, indeed, very attentive to the ladies, devoted by turns to every new face. He, being handsome, had captured many hearts, and was cruel in his flirtations, of which he boasted to his friend.

One day the two friends sat together, talking of a party which had attended the night before.

"Frank, did you notice Jenny Williams was quite eclipsed, last night?"

"By whom?" asked Frank.

"Did you see that lady in a salmon-colored silk?"

"You know that I never take notice of ladies' dresses."

"Well, that girl with the large blue eyes and beautiful light brown hair?"

"Blue eyes, did you say?"

"Now, Frank, you know whom I mean, for she was the most beautiful lady in the room. She attracted the attention of every one."

"Frank, to tell the truth, I fell in love with her myself."

"Nonsense, old fellow! Don't deprive me of a small flirtation."

"No danger of that! I wish I had any other rival than you. Did you learn her name?"

"No. But she is visiting at Judge Campbell's, we might call there this evening; will you go with me?"

"With pleasure."

"Well, it must be as you say—you are in love with this little blonde, for you never call on ladies. I am sorry that I must contest with you. I will call for you, though, at eight, so be ready."

"All right."

So at half-past eight the two friends rang Judge Campbell's door-bell. They were shown into a beautifully furnished room, where they found the ladies of the house engaged in conversation with two gentlemen; but Charley soon found a seat near Miss Ida Melville, the beautiful blonde, who was very gracious to him, almost neglecting her other admirers.

"Charley has, as usual, made a conquest," thought Frank.

Presently, at Charlie's request, Ida consented to sing. He attended her to the piano, and sang with her in the chorus of her song. He had a fine voice, which he knew, and very often assisted in singing. Ida sang pretty soprano, so their voices harmonized together.

All during the evening Ida showed her preference for Charlie, leaving the other gentlemen to be entertained by Cora Campbell. Frank felt discouraged while going home, but Charlie was much delighted by the preference shown him.

"Frank," said he, "I am afraid this is no flirtation, for I am quite serious about Miss Ida; isn't she lovely?"

"You seem to think she is, so that is enough, without wishing to know what I think about her," Frank answered, rather shortly.

"Oho!" cried Charley. "Perhaps I may as well say good-night."

"Good-night."

"After this, the friends called separately on Ida, Charley visited her much oftener than Frank. Indeed, he called almost daily. He was received very cordially, and soon found that he loved Ida as deeply as he could ever love any one, and he thought his love was returned.

When Ida told him she was going away in a day or two, he determined, at his next visit to avow his love for her.

The night before her departure, there was a large party given in her honor. Charley Beckman was among the first arrivals, but the house was soon filled with guests. Ida had not made her appearance. Charley was becoming quite impatient, when at last she entered the room. She was dressed in lavender silk, trimmed heavily with Valenciennes lace; a necklace of pearls adorned her beautiful neck and her hair shone like gold. Never had she looked so lovely.

Charley instantly started toward her, but he found it rather difficult to get through the crowd by which she was already surrounded; but at last, having reached her side, claimed her for the first dance.

"Will you go out on the balcony with me? It is very warm in here," he said, when their waltz was finished.

"With pleasure," Ida said. "I have been wishing to go out in the air."

When they reached the balcony, the young man impetuously confessed his love.

"Live without you I never can," he said, earnestly pressing her hand to his lips. "Will you be mine, my darling?"

Ida answered "yes" so softly that none but Charley could have heard her; and he bent down and kissed her sweet lips.

"My own Ida!" he murmured, as he pressed her to his heart.

"Charley, I have one request to make of you: that you say nothing of this for three months."

"It seems a strange request to make, yet as you wish it, I shall consent to obey you."

"We must appear as strangers; you cannot write to me nor I to you. Only one letter I will send, to let you know when to come to see me. This no doubt seems strange to you, but it is necessary that you should regard my wishes."

"Well, Ida, although it is cruel for you to make such a request, I will comply with it. But these months—how I dread them!"

"Now, Charley, we had better go back, or we shall be missed," said Ida.

"Must we go in soon. This is the last time we shall be together, remember, for three months," answered Charley.

I know that, but nevertheless we must return for fear Mrs. Cambell will not like our absence," said Ida.

And with one last kiss, they left the balcony.

* * * *

Three months passed away. In one of the most elegant houses of New York, a brilliant company were assembled to witness the wedding of Ida Melville and Frank Myers. Just as Ida was making her responses, a loud murmur was heard at the door. Ida looked up and saw Charley Beckman.

"My God! how could you serve me so, Ida?" he cried, starting toward her.

Charles Beckman, it has been my desire to be revenged upon you. Do you remember Anna Melville, to whom you were so devoted for two years at Saratoga? She was my sister. You buried, deserted her, and broke her heart. By her death-bed I resolved to avenge her, I have kept my word. Now go!"

Without a word, Charley left the house. He never saw Ida again. The successful flirt had met his punishment at last.

WHISKY DRINKING AT SARATOGA.—There is less whisky being drunk in Saratoga this season than ever, and yet the visitors are not on the high road to a place of total abstinence. The whisky sold is better by 10 per cent. and cheaper by 20 per cent. than it was in 1872, but still the people don't drink it, and champagne and claret, with an occasional bottle of Burgundy, the swell thing now, have become the popular tipple. Don't think people here don't drink whisky at all, they do, and drink lots of it. Of the line of thirsty men I saw at the Congress Hall bar just now, eight were taking whisky straight, two groups were drinking Piper-Heidsieck, and a tall college youth was toying with one end of a straw whose other end was buried deep in a lovely milk punch. There are five places here where there is much drinking, the bars of the Grand Union, United States, Congress Hall and Clarendon hotels and at Morrissey's gambling house. During racing season $250 is a fair average return over each of these bars per day, but at other times it falls off to about $150. Drinking over the hotel bars is at its height from 1 in the afternoon till 5 o'clock, when many people go to drive, and after that from 7 until about 11 o'clock. Wine drinking here is a growing fashion, and it seems to be catching. People come here to idle away their time; to drink water at the springs in the morning and smoke on the piazzas in the forenoon; to dine and drive in the afternoon and evening, and therefore, having much leisure, wine drinking becomes with many of them only the effect of an idle and in some cases weak mind, reaching out for occupation.—*Saratoga Letter in Philadelphia Times.*

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

[From the Telegram, Aug. 4th.]

Portlanders do not often have such a treat as the Rev. S. Monroe Hubbard served up for those who attended the Open Temperance meeting at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., on last Saturday night. Mr. Hubbard took for his theme "What's the Matter?" giving a synopsis of and combining much of his celebrated lecture on that topic, so popular wherever he has delivered it. He directed his remarks mainly in the interest of the youth of the land, and we but speak the sentiments of all who heard it when we say it was one of the most forcible, urgent and eloquent appeals in behalf of the young we have recently heard. Reviewing the whole ground he showed the corrupting and demoralizing influences of our society from the use of intoxicating drinks, and impressively put the questions, What shall be the close of our second century's life as a State and Nation? Shall we be a Nation? Shall we have a stable, model government, and an able Christian Executive as now? Shall we have a free and unsectarian pulpit, an untrammeled press, free schools, an unviolated Sabbath, an intelligent, prosperous and happy people, or shall we be a nation of drunkards? Shall we be reveling in our moral and political corruption and wending our way to the grave of nations crushed by the weight of drunkenness with all its attendant vices and degredations.

That's what's the matter, and the answers to these questions are to be found in the culture, the training, the education of our boys and girls. That's what's the matter! The great question in the mind of every thoughtful man and woman to-day is, what's to become of our children in the condition of our country—the bad habits of our people—the drunkenness, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and political corruptions with which they come in contact everywhere? Intellectual culture and heart culture is a nation's greatest wealth, and moral character its greatest bulwark. Our people are becoming more material than spiritual. The reverend gentleman drew a beautiful simile of life from Oregon and our surrounding. After paying a glowing tribute to Oregon and Portland, he represented the Willamette river as childhood, the Columbia river as youth, the Columbia Bar the passage to manhood and womanhood, and the Pacific Ocean as the great busy life. Oregon is a nation in itself—great in all the developed and undeveloped resources that constitute a nation. Portland is a great mart of trade and immense in its future. The actual is what now is—the possible is what may be. So morally, parents can do much, we may all do much to make the possibilities of our children. Many live only in the actual, for the present, and never strive and live for the possible. The actual blacksmith was the possible Elihu Burrett. The actual shoemaker was the possible Vice President Henry Wilson. The actual railsplitter was the possible Abraham Lincoln, the revered and lamented savior of our nation. Notice the intellectual differences of Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon, Watts and others. The causes that produced these differences are traced to childhood, and even to the period of birth.

Education and moral training is the only hope of our people. Neglect and carelessness is too apparent in the training of our youths. That's *what's the matter.* The lecturer showed thoughtful application, deep research, and set his large audience to thinking and inquiring *what's the matter.* It was, as a whole, worthy the attention of any audience, and reflected great credit upon the eloquent speaker, delivered as it was in his rapid and enthusiastic manner, furnishing such a treat as those who heard him wish much to have repeated.

We are delighted to state that Mr. Hubbard intends to repeat this and other celebrated lectures of his in various parts of our State. He has prepared with great pains and care the following: "What's the Matter," "America's Danger," "A Man," "How to Succeed," "Not so Bad after all," "Peculiarity" and "Shams." The very titles are suggestive of profound and deep research in their preparation, and in the hands of such a pleasant, earnest and eloquent speaker as Mr. Hubbard will not only give very great intellectual treats, but will do an immense amount of good. Success to so noble a philanthropist as Rev. Mr. Hubbard.

SIZE IN THE EYE.—Size with the eye, as with the brain, is generally conceded to be a measure of capacity. A large eye has a wider range of vision, as is unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though perhaps with less attention to details, than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keenly into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything and yet see nothing. Fullness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelid, is a well known sign of language. Persons with this sign large have not only a speaking eye but also a speaking tongue, whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general projection or fullness of the eye above and below, which brings the eye-ball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capacity to see quickly whatever appears upon the surface of things. A person with such an eye, would, on entering a room for the first time, note rapidly the shape, size, arrangement and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, the color of the walls, curtains, ornaments, etc.; take in with equal facility the features, color of the hair and eyes, size and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the details of color, number, grouping, attitude and costume of the figures composing it.

All Sorts of Items.

Miss Neilson opens at the Haymarket Theater about the 1st of August for a short Shakspearean season, "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" being the principal plays.

A henpecked husband said in extenuation of his wife's raids upon his scalp: "You see, she takes her own hair off so easily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

President Hayes is particularly attentive to bridal parties that call upon him at the White House, and usually gives each bride a rose from a boquet that stands upon a table in the reception room.

"Bergorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white entoirely,
An' wherever Mary would stir her stumps,
The young shape would follow her completely."

Mlle. Gabrielle Duret, the granddaughter of Cherubini, has just been married in Paris, and the organ music which accompanied the ceremony was taken from the works of her celebrated grandfather.

Miss Minnie Hauk has just given in London her hundredth representation of "Carmen." She was surrounded by flowers, and received a memorial of the occasion in the shape of a beautiful Spanish necklace.

Charles Sumner's grave is to be marked by a handsome sarcophagus of white Concord granite, bought with the funds left over after paying all expenses connected with the statue of Sumner made by Ball and erected in the Public Garden in Boston.

Joseph and Rebecca Taylor, the parents of the late Bayard Taylor, feel the weight of their 61 years of married life so lightly that they went a few days ago upon an extended visit. Mrs. Taylor, with the exception of a painful rheumatism, is as buoyant and bright as she was at 50.

That was neat, says the Boston *Courier*, the remark of a young lawyer on Washington street the other morning. A friend accosted him; "John, I wish you would change this twenty-dollar bill for me?" The blushing, but pleased attorney lifted his hat and replied: "My good boy, you flatter me, you flatter me!"

Mlle. Jeanne Samary, of the Comedie Francaise, is one of the reigning beauties of London, and her favorite relaxation of cracking nuts with her teeth is being adopted in high society. The young swells of the day have invented a new expression. A lady with beautiful teeth is described as having: "Haw! haw! fine nut crackers; haw!"

HELMINTHOLOGY.—Of late years no department of natural history has attracted more attention than that of the study of internal parasites in man and other animals. To the great multitude and variety of creatures thus found, associated by one common habit of life, have zoologists given the general name of Helminths, which are a peculiar fauna destined at some time in their lives to occupy an equally peculiar territory. That territory is the wide-spread domain of the interior of living animal bodies to which, alas, poor humanity forms no exception. It is unpleasant to think that we may at any time become a prey to these dangerous and miscbievous depredators. We were lead to these reflections by a recent visit to Dr. Van Denberg's office, when he had just completed the expulsion of 670 worms from Mr. Lehman, who stated that he had suffered for 12 years. They were all small, about one and a half inches in length, excepting one—a nondescript about three inches long, an attrocious rascal of forbidding appearance. Dr. Van Denberg is the great worm exterminator of the century. Read his advertisement in another column.

AN ENTERPRISING PORTLANDER.—Mr. T. H. Chandler, of Portland, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our columns, is one of Portland's best business men, and though a young man has built up a good reputation as a wide-awake far-seeing dealer. He carries a large stock of the best goods in his line and it will pay farmers and merchants visiting the city to call and examine them and make Mr. Chandler's acquaintance. His house is ably represented in the country by his traveling agent, Mr. Henry B. Murrey, who bears the reputation of being the prince of good fellows.

WHAT THE BANK DIRECTORS SAY.—At a meeting held a day or two since of various bank directors of Portland, the question arose as to what was the reason of the increase of their deposits. A shrewd director solved the question by saying that heretofore the people had been compelled to pay 25 cents for lunch, but since the opening of the now famous Pine Street Coffee House in Portland they had been enabled to save 15 cents on each lunch, and by this arrangement they were enabled to make both ends meet, and put the extra money to their credit in the various banks.

CATARRH!

POSITIVELY CURED BY

DR. JAMES KECK

The Celebrated Catarrh Doctor.

Chronic and Private Diseases a Specialty.

Cancer Cured without the use of the knife.

CALL AND SEE HIM!

If you are afflicted with any Chronic or Difficult Disease.

DON'T SPEND YOUR MONEY!

To go to San Francisco, when you can be cured in Portland.

STOP TAKING THOSE WORTHLESS DRUGS

That do you no good, but get the following treatment and be cured:

READ A FEW OF THE MANY STATEMENTS

Of persons living in Portland who have been cured in the past year:

A very bad case where the patient became almost blind and deaf, and was slowly dying of consumption—cured:

PORTLAND, July 10, 1878.

" Dr J. Keck, and the Afflicted: Dear Sir and Friends—This is to certify that I have been afflicted with Catarrh in my head for twenty years, and about five years ago I saw that it was falling to my lungs. I was almost blind and deaf, and it was only a matter of time when I would die with consumption. I had got so bad th t when I would lie down at night the mucus would drop into my throat, and I would bound to my feet and cough, almost strangled to death. I made inquiry what best to do. Some said Marshall's Catarrh Snuff was good, and Sage's and Pierce's were recommended to me, so I commenced on Marshall's but it did me no good, and Sage's and Pierce's also met with the ungratifying result. After trying all these and many others, I was yet slowly dying. I had taken medicines about four years, and being no better, I sought the treatment of good physicians, but their medicines failing to have the desired effect, I gave up all hope of recovery. At last a friend told me of Dr. Keck, and I consulted him. He told me he could cure me. I told him he was my doctor, and took a bottle of his remedy home. I am now on the sixth bottle, and am almost well. If I get no better, money could not purchase the benefit I have received from this medicine. For further particulars call at the First Toll Gate, south of Portland.

W. G. JEAN."

PORTLAND, OREGON, May, 7, 1879.

" Dr. Keck: This is to certify that eight months have elapsed since a cure has been effected, and I am well yet. I believe it is the only "sure cure" on the coast. Come one, come all: this is the "Balm in Gilead." W. G. JEAN.

Chas. H. Hamlin of East Portland—cured, after having suffered for 25 years, having tried nearly all other remedies, and after being doctored and drugged by many local physicians—Read what he says with regard to his present health after having been cured a year ago by Dr. Keck.

EAST PORTLAND, June 1, 1879.

" Dr Keck: I would state that I have not been as well in fifteen years as I have been the last year, since you cured me of Catarrh.

C. H. HAMLIN."

Another remarkable cure of a well known citizen of East Portland who had suffered for 10 years causing blindness &c. That the cure was radical and permanent the following published a year afterwards fully attests.

EAST PORTLAND, July 1, 1879.

" Dr. Keck: I am happy to say to you and the suffering, that I am still free from that terrible disease Catarrh.

C H WHEELER."

A Case that has Baffled all other Treatment.

Now rapidly recovering and nearly cured by Dr. Keck's medicine:

PORTLAND, May 9, 1879.

" Dr., Keck: Dear Sir—I have been afflicted with Catarrh for over twenty-seven years, and have tried all kinds of medicines, and went to different doctors, and could find no relief until I tried Dr. Keck's "Sure Cure." I am now getting well and feel like a new person."

MRS. M. E. HUNTINGTON.

Many statements might be added, but let the above suffice, as enough has been adduced to prove not only that the Doctor's treatment and remedies are a "SURE CURE," but also the important and valuable fact that his cures are permanent

To parties living a distance and who cannot avail themselves of a personal interview, the Doctor will, on receipt of ten dollars, send an insufflater and sufficient Catarrh medicine for one month's treatment, together with all necessary directions and advice. After a month's trial the beneficial effects of the treatment will become so apparent as to convince the patient that a

RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE

Of this distressing malady will be effected. For consultation by mail enclose a 3 cent stamp, without which no notice will be taken.

OFFICE CONSULTATION FREE.

When writing give your symptoms in every particular that we may know just what your case requires

DR. JAS. KECK,

135 First St., Portland, Oregon.

N. B.—As the foregoing advertisement may appear only in this issue, save it for future reference, and be sure to state in your letter or to the Dr. personally in what paper you saw his notice.

Portland Business Directory

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

CARDWELL, W. B.—S. E. cor. First and Morrison, over Morse's Palace of Art.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

ADAMS, W. H.—9 Dekum's Building, corner Washington and First.

DENTIST.

KOEHLER, WM., DR.,—Deutscher DENTIST Zahnarzt

OFFICE—167 First Street.

TO PRINTERS.

We have 200 pounds of Brevier in excellent order, which we will sell for 35