# THE INDEPENDENT.

## UNDER THE GUNS.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill
Daisies are blossoming, buttercups fill;
Up the gray ramparts the scaling vine flings
High its green ladders and falters and clings
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill,
Once shook the earth with the cannonade's thrill,
Once trod these buttercups, feet that, now still,
Lie all at rest in their trench by the mill
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of the fort on the hill,
Equal the rain falls on good and on ill,
Soft lies the sunshine, still the brook runs,
Still toils the husbandman—under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of the fort on the hill.

Under the guns of Thy fort on the hill,
Lord! in Thy mercy we wait on Thy will;
Lord, is it war-that Thy wisdom best knows,
Lord, is it peace that Thy goodness still shows,
Under the guns,
Under the guns,
Under the guns of Thy fort on the hill.

—*Bret Harte, in London Society.*

## ADELINA.

It was the day after New Year's—a cold, clear Tuesday morning—that I disconsolately wended my way to school, wishing that holidays came oftener and stayed longer, and regretting that out of fifty-two there was only one week of uninterrupted pleasure.

The old red school house stood at the junction of three roads, and as I raised the little hill just before reaching it, I saw, coming from the opposite direction, a little black clad figure that looked like a moving blot on the unbroken whiteness of the snow covered landscape.

I never could tell what actuated me to linger on her movements as I did, or why she so strongly attracted me, but from the first I think I must have loved the child, even before I was old enough to slightly understand the meaning of the word.

We reached the worn old door stone together, and, being a boy, not at all afraid to speak to any one, much less to a timid little girl, I very coolly asked her if this was her first day at school.

"Yes; and I dread it so much."

It was the sweetest voice I had ever heard or have ever heard since. The peculiar rising inflection on the last word was like the short, clear low notes of a bird, and as purely natural.

"Do you come every day?"

"Haven't missed a day this winter."

"Oh, I am so glad."

"Why are you so glad?"

"Because you are a good boy. Won't you please tell me your name?"

"Edward Durand."

"I like the name," she said, sweetly, and, boy as I was, I wondered how any mortal ever came by such an angel smile. All this time she had been trying to untie the round worsted strings of her hood, but had only succeeded in drawing them in to a harder knot.

"Won't you please untie it for me, Eddie?" She held up her little cold chin, and without hesitating I bent down and did as she requested. It was such a tender, confiding little face—who could help loving it? I patted encouraging the rose red cheek turned toward me in gentle truthfulness, and bade her not be afraid, for she had as good a right to come to school as any one.

"Hallo! where did that little black bird come from?" cried hard hearted Ben Phillips as we entered. "Come along, little girl, and get warm, for you look half frozen."

A general tittering and nudging followed Ben's energetic seating of the new scholar, and one saucy little minx, not understanding its significance, asked pertly:

"What are you looking so like a crow for? I hate a black dress."

"Hush!" reproved an older girl, who overheard the remark. "Hush, Sue; don't you see she is in mourning?"

The voice that had so charmed me in the entry answered the question in a strangely quiet way.

"My father is dead!"

A hush of death fell upon the noisy group gathered around the old cracked stove. The unwonted silence was broken by the entrance of the teacher, who immediately rapped us to order, after which he briskly called up the new scholar.

"What is your name?"

"Adelina."

Mr. Pike looked wise.

"Adelina Lagrange, I suppose; and you are the daughter of the lady who has lately taken the Baldwin cottage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may take this seat," pointing to a bench not far from where I was sitting, and with no further questioning Adelina had passed through the trying ordeal of a "first day," and was duly counted one of us.

Her mother, it was rumored, was a lady of [illegible] and culture, but very proud and reserved in her demeanor for a person who was obliged to teach music for a living. Mrs. Lagrange, at any rate, was young, handsome and recently widowed—at least the length and newness of her veil indicated to observing feminine eyes that the bereavement was recent, and that is all the gossips knew about her.

The summer term brought Adelina again to the old red school house, but so changed outwardly that we hardly knew her for the sombre "blackbird" of the previous winter. She fluttered in one morning dressed in white, with sash and shoulder knots of cherry ribbon—the loveliest creature I ever saw.

At noon she came to me and said, very gravely:

"After to-day I am not coming any more."

"Why?"

"I am going to the city to live; but you were kind to me the first day, and I tell you for that reason and because you didn't mind untying my hood for me."

I felt her going so keenly that I could not study, try as I would, and in consequence my grammar lesson was a decided failure. I went home from school her way that day, taking care that the other scholars should not suspect my motive.

When I came in sight of her she was standing motionless by the roadside, attentively watching a yellow jacket buzzing for sweets in the downy heart of a white Canada thistle.

Years after, when miles and miles away from that spot, I could shut my eyes of a hazy October afternoon, with a 5 o'clock sun dipping towards the tree tops, and see a little girl, lovely as the blush of the sunset, gazing pensively at a bee upon a common roadside flower.

"Did it sting you?" I asked, assuming a very sympathetic air.

"No; bees never sting me, and I've watched them dance on the thistle heads all summer."

"I did not know that you loved them. Most girls are afraid of bees."

"Yes, but I am not."

She turned from the rank patch of thistles and slowly resumed her walk homeward.

When we came to the lane where our paths separated she put up her little arms to be taken and kissed before leaving me, as she said, "to come back no more."

"Be good to yourself, Eddie, and next winter, if any little lonely Adelinas come cold and frightened to the old red schoolhouse yonder, be kind to them, as you were to me."

Something choked in my throat, and I could not say a word; but I kissed her more than once; and after she had slipped from my arms and was twenty rods away, I sat down and cried like a baby, because I was never to see Adelina again.

It was not long before the rumor was rife in the neighborhood that Mrs. Lagrange had married a middle aged city millionaire, and that the young widow and her child had found a new protector in the place of the one death had taken from them.

Years flitted by—I was 24; I had fought through the great rebellion—entered the army a private and came out of it a general, shattered in health, and utterly depleted in pocket, to find myself at home again, ill and altogether distrustful of fortune's smile.

In my frequent walks to the village post office, I often passed by the old red school house, and never without a sigh of regret for the many happy, care-free days spent within its battered walls.

Among the letters handed to me one morning was one post-marked New York, which informed me of the agreeable fact that, through the instrumentality of a friend of mine whom he was anxious to serve, the undersigned Mr. Maxwell, had been induced to extend to me a commercial opening at the liberal salary of $2,000 a year, to be increased if merited. There was fortune for me in the offer, and I accepted it with alacrity.

Mr. Maxwell, a rich New York merchant, from the first took a lively interest in my advancement. The unknown friend I could no account for in any other way than by supposing him to be some soldier comrade whom I had befriended in the past.

Within a month I was fairly established at my new post of duty, and succeeded in pleasing Mr. Maxwell so well that at the beginning of my second year he sent me to Europe in the interest of the house. When I returned I was given a week's vacation, which I spent among the breezy hills of my old summer home, passing the pleasant September days in tramping through the woods and fields and by-ways that were the chosen haunts of my boyhood.

I was just then turning the curve in the road where the Canada thistles grew, and so lost in my walking reverie that I was almost opposite a lady standing in their midst before I was aware of her presence.

"I am glad you still love the old scenes, Mr. Durand," she said without expressing the least surprise.

I was astonished. Here was a lady whom, to the best of my knowledge, I had never seen before, addressing me as familiarly as if we had known each other all our lives.

"Names are treacherous things, and if I were ever so fortunate as to have known yours, I am guilty of having forgotten it," I replied.

"Men forget easy, I am told; but I had hoped to find you an exception to the rule."

A very awkward silence on my part ensued. She took pity on my evident embarrassment and continued:

"Has the battle with the world entirely driven from your recollection all the old school faces?"

Her voice dropped to the old, sweet, clear, winning cadence, thrilling my whole being with delight.

"*Adelina!*"

I caught her hand, and before I knew what I was doing had carried it to my lips and kissed it.

"Excuse me," I stammered, "but I—am so glad to see you and you seem just the same little girl I kissed here years ago—not a bit taller, not a bit older—only Adelina, always lovely and always loved."

"Then I told her all about myself, how prosperous I was, and the strange manner in which I had been brought to the notice of my employer. When I had finished, she merely said, in her simple way:

"I know it."

"You appear to know everything. Do you know Mr. Maxwell?"

"He is my father."

"And my unknown friend—"

"Adelina."

I staggered back, in my soul ashamed that I should owe every good in life—everything—to a woman who owed me nothing but the favor of having once untied for her a wretched black and white worsted hood.

I turned away, cut to the heart, but she put out a detaining hand.

"Don't go, Mr. Durand—that is, don't go feeling hurt; for it would make me very unhappy if you were to go away angry with me."

"Unhappy! What am I that a pain to me should render you unhappy?" I answered bitterly.

"I knew of no other way in which to express my gratitude."

"Gratitude for what?" The question was rudely abrupt, but she took no notice of my ungracious speech.

"Gratitude for the kindness given me long ago, and which I have missed ever since the day we parted here by the roadside."

"Are you conscious of what it is you are saying, Adelina?"

"*Perfectly.*"

"How am I to understand your words?"

"That I leave to your good judgment," she smiled, lowering her eyes.

She had an instant illustration of my "good judgment" in the way I imprisoned her two little hands in both of mine, and kissed the sweetest mouth for its shyly whispered promise.

I walked home with Adelina—oh, so happy! and when I asked her hand of Mr. Maxwell, he said:

"I have anticipated your request by keeping you under my eye for more than two years. Adelina is the best and truest girl in the world, but I believe you to be as worthy of her as any man living, and give her to you, confident that you know how to prize the treasure you have won."

And so, not long thereafter, I married Adelina, the love of my boyhood, and the crowning glory of my latter years.

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The Farmer's Fowl.—Much has been written on the subject of the fowls best adapted to the needs of those who live on farms, and, from the nature of their surroundings, can handle certain varieties to better advantage than others. We are not now addressing the great mass of farmers who keep mixed breeds, and think they are venturing on hazardous ground if they purchase a pure-blooded cock of some of the Asiatic breeds, to give size to their spring chickens, or a Leghorn or Houdan to insure plumpness and early maturity, but those who believe in thoroughbred cattle, improved farm machinery and pure-blooded poultry. With this class the question is not what degree of excellence is to be obtained—but what breeds shall receive their attention. To this class then we offer the following suggestions: Turkeys are par excellence adapted to the farm and cannot be as well reared under any other conditions. Let the farmers produce a gobbler of the Mammoth Bronze variety and a few hens, and give them the range of the farm, except when the period of incubation arrives and the before the poults shoot the red, the care required to keep them healthy and in good thrift is almost nothing, and after providing for themselves all summer, they will come home in the fall in good condition for the market or the exhibition room, and show a very acceptable profit and loss account. Having disposed of the turkey question, we turn our attention to the choice of fowls to be kept about the yard near the house, and have a more perplexing matter to decide. We cannot lay down a rule for choosing the variety most suitable for this purpose, for the simple reason that farms differ from each other in their arrangements, as much as they do as a class from city or town lots. On a farm whose arrangements gives little space for range, some of the Asiatic varieties are most suitable, as they are content with little space, and do nearly as well so situated as when allowed unlimited freedom. If there no garden plots to suffer, the Leghorns or Polish will prove very satisfactory, though white fowls should not be kept on red clay soil. If we want something of the composite order, we have the Plymouth Rock, the vaunted farmer's fowl, which is impervious to discoloration, and a splendid table fowl. As we said before, the matter cannot be decided peremptorily in favor of any breed; but from the hints given, it will be an easy matter for each to select the most suitable for his place.—*Poultry Monthly.*

## VARIETY.

The royal road to marriage—going to court.

The route to the coal bin is a hod road to travel.

A cricketer wants to know if Rowell's farewell is a leg-bye.

"What is so rare as a day in October?" sings the poet, and the New York *Mail* answers a day in January, because it is not only rare, but sometimes actually raw.

"Somebody's coming when the dew, drops fall," she was softly humming when the old man remarked, "An' you bet yer sweet life, Maria, that he'll think a thunderstorm's let loose when he gets here."

The handsome dentist who was accused by a homely woman of kissing her while she was under the influence of chloroform, in his chair, now boards at the best hotel and keeps a fast horse.

"What is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it a flea."

Dr. Peters has bagged another asteroid. This makes 202. If Congress does not presently pass a law prohibiting the hunting of asteroids at certain seasons, Peters will soon put an end to that sort of game.—[Albany Journal.

A man out West has sued a newspaper for libel, because it said he killed a man. The newspaper wants to compromise, and advises him to make the report true by killing somebody. He has accepted the advice and is hunting for the editor.

The is nothing at present—it is the shopping season—that delights the feminine heart so much as to be able to say to a shopkeeper, "I saw that identical piece of goods, same pattern, I assure you, at another store, six cents a yard cheaper."

The little boy who tried to rest a big melon on the park railing, sadly remarked, when he dropped it to the sidewalk, "That's a purty sick lookin' melon, but 'taint nothing near as bad broke up as I'll be when I git home without it."

"Who was the meekest man, my son?" said the Superintendent of a boys Bible class. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman?" "Please sir, there never was the meekest woman."

A little girl was visiting the country, and for the first time witnessed the operation of milking. Watching the proceeding intently for a while, she inspected the cow minutely, and then launched this poser: "Where do they put it in?"

"What," asked Prof. Miller of the smart bad boy in the history class, "what did the Pilgrim fathers first do after landing at Plymouth Rock?" "Licked a hackman," replied the smart bad boy, who and went to the Niagara Falls with his parents last vacation.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

"My very d-e-a-r children," said a traveling Sunday school gimlet, "I love you so much, I could talk all day to you, but time forbids; but I h-o-p-e to meet you in heaven, and then——" "I hope he won't, said a restless, red headed boy. "He'll talk us to death, won't he Jim!"

## "OLD SI."

Old Si waited until the signal bell of the telephone ceased ringing. Then said he:

"You w'ite folkes is allus lamentin' 'bout de niggers in dis country not humpin' derselbe an' makin' ob er libin' like onto odder folkes—how yer 'speck dey's gwine ter do dat wid all sich convenshuns ez dat dar hangin' up on ebery wall in de lan'?"

"Well, that is a grave question of political economy; but what has the telephone to do with the negro making a living?"

"Dar now! dat opens de marter fer debate. I'm wid yer now. Dat's what yer calls 'er laber-sabin convenshun ain't hit?"

"Yes, it is."

"An' whose laber do hit save? Not de w'ite folkes' laber, do hit? No! Hit's de nigger's laber all de time. 'Fore dese tings cum 'round hyar ebery time er genl'man wanted fer ter sen' word to his wife 'bout de company fur supper, er de young bucks wished fer ter forred a noter to dere sweetheart fer ter go ter de theater, dey hunted up er slim limberjinted, flat-footed nigger to gallup out wid de note. Dat war laber dat pade de nigger er big profit on de outlay ob strenf—but how am hit now? De telephone dun saved all dat!"

"Ah! I see your point!"

"Well, hit's mo' pinted dan dat! Hyar dey puts on a'r brakes on all de tranes; and 'scharges all de nigger brakesmen; you'se all turn'd de niggers outen de press room down stars an' ackchully dun gone ter foldin' papers by mersheenry; an' down dar ter de boss's house de odder day I seed dey had er flyin'-jinny on de table dat skeers off de flies some kin'er clockwork 'rangement!"

"But, old fellow, these are great helps to the world."

"Dat's what dey say, but I'se moughty jubious on negger progriss in sich times ez dese. Ennybody what kno's er nigger kno's dat he warn't cut out ter lib in er country full ob Yankee noshins an double back-ackshun convenshuns ter beat 'em outen de odd jobs dey was fotched up ter do."

"You darkeys must take advantage of these things."

"Jess so! But how's we gwine ter do hit? Dat's de pint wid me. But I boun' ef I was turn'd loos' in de patent offis 'bout er day wid dis ole ax dere'd be mo' laber foa niggers in dis country de nex' week dan all dem what's heah an' what's in Afriky sense de Zulus got lick'd by de Britishers, could do! Don't yer try me!"

And the old man made a mouth at the telephone and went out whistling, "Auld Lang Syne."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## SUNDAY READING.

There is a married gentleman who complains that his better half gives him no quarter.

Never till man feels the fires of individuality will he write his name among the living forces.—[Dr. Peddie.

Such is the constitution of things that unwillingness to goodness may ripen into eternal voluntary opposition to it.—[Julius Muller.

The *Interior* says, "A man who cannot be recognized by those around him as one of the elect may be quite sure that he is not recognized by him who elects."

There is pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

An honest man with scarce a shilling in his purse, but with a clear quiet conscience, is richer than a millionaire whose conscience has been sacrificed to money making.—[Rev. J. P. Chown, D. D.

The Methodist Bishop Peck is credited with saying recently; "There is some reason to believe that the old fashioned camp-meeting will be crucified between two 'improvements', railroads and recreations."

I sleep most sweetly when I have traveled in the cold; frost and cold are friends to the seed, though they are enemies to the flower. Adversity is indeed contrary to glory, but it befriendeth grace.—[Richard Baxter.

As often, in the intervals of business, our thoughts fly off to our homes and the loved ones there, so our thoughts, desires, and aspirations should ever be going up in prayer to heaven. This it is to be praying always, this is the true spirit of communion with God.

I never knew one man or woman who steadily evaded the house of prayer and public worship on the Lord's day—who habitually neglected it, and had a theory on which it was neglected—that did not come to grief and bring other people to grief.—[Dr. Bellows.

Praying, reading the bible and going to meeting is not religion, any more than a carpenter's tools are a dwelling house. These christian duties are the instruments, in the use of which a man underpins his life with christian principles, to build theron a character of righteousness.—[Golden Rule.

Paul wished the Thessalonians to pray that he might be delivered from "unreasonable" men; and the margin of our English Bible makes them "absurd" men. Both of these kind of men exist in these days; and they often get in the minister's way. But the Greek word means literally "out of place;" and it is worth while to remember that every one who is out of his own place is sure to be in somebody else's way.

A Scotch preacher once said, "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle. She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with thread; so I think when we're wi' sinners, we maun aye put in the needle of the law first; for the fact is, they're sleeping sound, and they need to be wakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle of the law fairly in, we may draw as lang a thread as we like o' Gospel consolation after it."

I remember hearing of a Christian man who had started in business. By-and-by, some men in the same line of business came to him and said, "you must do this and that as others do. We all have to do it." But I cannot, I'm a Christian." "Well, you can't live if you don't. "Then," he replied "I can die. I don't care whether I live or die. It is a matter of greater concern that I should be true to the God whom I serve and to my conscience."

Miserable I may have been made by such events as we usually call misfortune; but I have lived long enough to see that some of the most afflictive of these were the means of preserving me from far greater evils. I see wisdom and goodness and mercy guarding and guiding me, and overruling, for my good things which most broke my heart when they came upon me, and which seemed at the moment to cut off all hope altogether.—[James Montgomery.

If you come to us and say you are a praying man, we answer we are glad; but we should like to ask your wife and children what your praying is doing for you? If you say you daily read the Bible, that is right; but let us ask your partner in business how much of its teachings you practice. If you say you are a member of a church, we are glad of it, if you are a worthy member, if not—we are sorry for the church. But let us go on to the street to see whether the people you daily meet think you ought to be a church-member.—Golden Rule.

How easy is pen-and-paper piety for one to write religiously! I will not say it costeth nothing, but it is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. Some, perchance, may guess me to be good by my writings, and so I shall deceive my reader. But if I do not desire to be good, I most of all deceive myself. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue the least sin in my soul. Yea, I was once in the mind never to write more, for fear lest my writings in the last day prove records against me. And yet why should I not write? that by reading my own book, the disproportion betwixt my lines and my life make me blush myself (if not into goodness) into less badness than I would do otherwise;—that so my writings may condemn me, and make me to condemn myself, that so God may be moved to acquit me.—[Thomas Fuller.

## A NIGHT IN A GAMBLING HOUSE.

They were hard times for me in San Francisco in the pioneer days of the winter of 1852 and 1853. Recovering from a severe and nearly fatal illness, I was totally without means or any steady employment. Educated, unfortunately, as a gentleman, and having passed the greater portion of my life among books, with strangers I made no friends who might have assisted me in obtaining work. Others, there were, doubtless, who, like myself, preferred hunger to making a confession of poverty, or asking aid from the mocking lips of charity, for Californians of the early days could suffer silently without making any loud complaints of their needs. It seemed better to die rather than beg from fellow men, and pretty near I came to it that winter.

In a miserable garret, open to the winds of heaven, unprotected from the cold and assailed by hunger, I can never forget those long, weary nights. A dull, hopeless despair seized upon me, and life and death were alike indifferent. In the daytime it was better; some little employment could sometimes be had to keep away the wolf, hunger, and make a few dollars.

I had obtained work for a few days, and by that means put something in my pocket, but still it was only a temporary relief; and, after the small sum was eked out to its utmost capacity for bread, then, as had happened before, another period of suffering was to come. All this, combined with past misfortunes, nearly broke down my spirit, and hope was departing from the horizon of my future. I was weary of disappointment, almost of life. In this unfortunate state of mind, reckless as indifferent, I was one evening walking along a street of San Francisco, which led by a wharf to the water's edge. I had a half formed idea in my head that on reaching its termination, I should have before me the means at least, by which could be ended all my sufferings. As I recollect my feelings at the time, I do not imagine that for a moment I seriously contemplated suicide, but rather that there was a certain fascination and pleasure in seeing the way by which moral troubles could be left behind. In those days gambling in all its varieties, was the great feature of life in California, and its hells were to be seen on every hand over the city, but from inate feeling of disgust, more than from reasoning, I had never gambled; for it always seemed to me that a dollar obtained by intelligence of the mind and honest labor was worth far more than many dollars gained by mere blind chance I had too much manhood to stoop to the trickery of cards or dice for money, I should have the power to gain by more intelligent means.

Before reaching the end of the wharf, I was roused from my troubled thoughts by the confused din of voices and sound of music, amid which, above all others, arose the shrill screams of an ill-played clarionet. Turning around, I found I was in front of one of the vilest and most notorious hells on thr city water front, where rumor said many crimes were committed with impunity, for Justice was very blind and deaf then, and rogues often did what seemed proper to their own eyes. As I gazed within the large, crowded room, I remembered that an acquaintance was employed as a musician in the orchestra on one side of the room, and, governed by the impulse of the moment, I pushed my way through the mass around the tables to speak to him. After a few moments' conversation, he turned and said to me in a quiet, low tone:

"Whenever you come in this place, never be tempted to risk a dollar on any game played, for not a square game is played here; and, more than that, the worst thing a man can do is to win money here."

Saying this, he resumed his occupation. Not caring much for the information, I gazed about at the scene, with a still greater reckless depression of spirits; for vice and virtue seemed mere words without meaning, and actuated by weak and foolish thoughts, the question arose, Is everything in life mere chance, like the turning of dice and cards? Is there any God who directs, who protects downtrodden virtue, or punishes successful vice.

There lay in piles on the tables gold in coin and dust; and a very small portion of one of them would have made me happy, and far better, would have enabled me to relieve from suffering others far away, who were dearer than life. Gold was changing hands constantly, passing into the possession of those lowest in the great scale of humanity, who used it only in low debaucheries; where was any kind Providence to be regarded in all this? I walked carelessly up to a roulette table, and from the feeling of the moment—alike indifferent to the frowns or smiles of fortune—threw down as stakes the three dollars in loose silver in my pocket. It was as quickly won by the gambler, and indeed, I afterwards met the very mechanic who made the table, and who explained to me its secret springs, by which other fools, like myself, had been robbed.

Passing along with the crowd, I found myself at the center of excitement and attraction—a faro table, around which were some newly arrived successful miners, judging from the bags of dust they had on the table. Under the influence of bad whisky and the vicissitudes of the game, they were apparently as reckless as myself to consequences. Taking from my vest pocket a ten dollar gold piece, which was all I had in the world, I threw it on a card at random as a last stake. It doubled and doubled, again and again, many times, and the pile of chips grew larger, until at length even the half drunken miners, who were playing for such heavy sums, took an interest in such strange luck, and the marble faced dealer, whose attention hitherto had been entirely devoted to them, turned his eyes with a sinister look upon me. When my card won for the ninth time I took up the chips, and received from the bank $5120 in gold, with a stolid coolness I have since many times wondered at, and putting it in a bag given me by one of the miners I thrust it in my pocket. As I stepped aside to leave the table the dealer, turning, said to some one, giving him a peculiar look of intelligence, and laughing:

"That's a heavy pile to carry."

I soon found out the truth of his remark. Not wishing to elbow my way through the crowd directly to the door, I passed round behind the tables in the back part of the room. Leading from it were some badly lighted passages—one was quite dark, after the glare of the main saloon. As I went by the latter, before I turned towards the street door, a man standing in the obscure shadows beckoned me towards him, with a warning gesture. Without thinking, I stepped through the passage towards him, to learn what he wished, and when within a few feet of him, as I took a step, quick as thought, the seeming solid floor passed from under my feet and I was sinking deep under the waters of the bay. With the instinct of self-preservation, I struggled for the life that, ten minutes before, I had held so cheap. At length, after what seemed a long time, almost suffocated, and weighed down by the fatal gold, I rose to the surface.

A light from a dark lantern flashed down from the mouth of what appeared to be a square well, built in the waters of the bay between the piles, and constructed of very smooth planed boards. In those few moments of time by that ghastly light, 'mid the despair and horrors of the scene, a whole life of thoughts and memories were before me. Notwithstanding all past misery, I could not without a struggle die a dog's death. I could see above me in that interval of time the pale looking faces of two ruffians gazing down. One grasped in his hand a long pole, armed with a spear head, and directly opposite to me in the well, within three feet of my face, was the bloated face of a dead man that had, unknown to me, served to obstruct my rising to the surface.

In the flickering light and disturbed waters it appeared to mock and jeer at me, moving nearer and nearer. Just then one of the men said to the other:

"Split his head and jab him under, or he will sing out."

And down came the spear, grazing my head, but not fatally injuring me. He drew it up to throw again with more certain aim. Despair was in my heart, but I watched his hand. At that instant of time the reports of pistols, shrieks of pain, mingled with the varied sounds of deadly conflict, came to my ears; the desperado above me, in haste, cast his spear, missing me again, and then with his companion rushed to the scene of other murders, doubtless feeling perfectly secure of his victim in the well. The lantern hung on a nail about ten feet above, and a piece of rope had been carelessly dropped, in their confusion, from what appeared to be a vertical trap in the side of the well and opening outwards on the tide waters.

Bodies were found in the bay so frequently in those days that they excited no great curiosity or comment. At a glance I saw all I have described, and, although wounded in my left arm by the spear, there was yet a small chance to save my life. With the desperate strength of despair, I pushed the dead man's swollen body under my feet and sprang to grasp the rope. Twice I failed, and the big drops of perspiration fell from my forehead as I thought the murderers were returning. The third attempt was successful, and I seized the rope—which, luckily, had a knot at its end—with a degrees of strength I could not have used under any other circumstances. I raised myself toward the floor above, where I found on one side of the well the vertical trap, a space of about twelve inches wide, and perhaps two feet long, where the bodies were cast out on the side. How I forced myself through this narrow space as quickly as I did and encumbered as I was, I do not know, for my escape occupied but a short time, and the events I have described passed in a few moments, although it seemed an oge to me.

I dropped myself down on the outside into the tide water, and, passing quickly as possible from pile to pile, under the street and houses, I scarcely stopped to breathe until I found myself far away from the vicinity of the murderers and their house. Once I thought I heard smothered voices and the sound of muffled oars, but if so they could not find me, and I made my way to the solid land very cautiously, which was near by, for I knew every means would be employed to stop a victim who had escaped and discovered their crimes. Exhausted and weak by loss of blood from my wounded arm I crept to my garret.

It was late the next morning when I awoke, and I could not believe the events of the past night except as a troubled dream until, reaching out my hand, I felt the weight of the bag of gold in the pocket of my wet coat.

Arising, I bound up my wounded arm and went out. I then took a good meal and purchased a good suit of clothes, also going to a barber, who materially changed and improved my personal appearance. After this renovation many would not have recognized me. In company with a policeman I visited the scene of my past night's adventure. As we carelessly sauntered through the gambling room not a single face met mine that I could in the least degree recognize.

They had evidently—those implicated as actors in crime—fled away until all possible investigations should cease. The very dark passage in the back part of the room, which I had such fearful reason to remember, was so cunningly built up and altered that it was difficult to suppose any such place ever existed.

In the afternoon of the same day, I unexpectedly met an old acquaintance from the States, who persuaded me to go with him to the northern mines, and it was some length of time before I returned. As for the gold I had so fearfully won, it was invested, mostly, in a building on Jackson street, which was afterwards burnt; but, nevertheless, from that time fortune dealt more kindly with me; as some atonement, perhaps, for her past frowns.

## SHORT ITEMS.

A humor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

A new felt hat recently purchased by Mr. Evarts is believed to supply a long-felt want.

Memory would be the sweetest of all blessings if we only had bright moments to remember.

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple, as he went for the church key.

The school-boys in California, when asked "How is the earth divided?" answer, "By earthquakes."

"Gorhamighty!" is the alarmed cry of those Republicans who hear the grief that George is coming back.

The nights in Zululand are described as cool. The English, however, found the climate warm enough.

The biggest fool in the world is dead. He told his mother-in-law she lied. She did it with her little skillet.

Judges at baby shows in Kentucky wear masks. It saves unpleasantness after the prizes have been awarded.

"How to act in a sick room." Don't act in a sick room. If you must act, join a dramatic company or hire a hall.

Mr. Sullivan, of Starkville, Miss., intends to turn loose his newly-invented flying-machine on the 1st of November.

The telegrams which the ex-khedive sends off from his Italian residence are currently reported to cost him $400 a day.

When you see a young gentleman escorting a young lady with suspicious regularity, you can bet on that walking match.

Any man who can swap horses or ketch fish and not lie about it is just about as pious as men ever get to be in this world.

A Sunday school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whisky? One husbands the corn and the other corns the husband.

A wag who had lent a minister a horse that had run away and thrown the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

"No'," said Paperwate, explaining "I wasn't really mad when the old man drove me from the house, but I must say I felt put out."

"Talk about the jaws of death!" exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife. "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered, "Information of the brain."

A newly-married couple can always be "spotted" by their baggage. They are sure to carry a pair of trunks and a pair of traveling bags.

What must Brigham Young's feelings have been on his death-bed when he thought of all his thirty-six young and artless widows marrying again?

Because a girl refused him, an Ohio man attempted suicide. The silly fool never stopped to consider that no woman wants to marry a dead man.

It is a singular fact that a man who is second in command at home always wants to rule the whole of creation when he gets outside his gate.

An exchange says that Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves. But it doesn't say how much sugar you take to a pound of Dutch girl, nor how long you let 'em boil.

The other day a teacher asked an unregenerate pupil what the gender of a certain noun was. The pupil quickly replied: "I think it is neuter, sir. At any rate it is neu-ter-me."

A little girl had a representation of "Moses in the Bulrushes" in her picture book, "Here, grandma," said she innocently, "is a picture of Jesus in the huckleberry bushes."

When the Princess Helen was born it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful!" cried the innocent royalist, "do let me go and tell mamma."

It may be well for Victoria Woodhull at once to understand that we do not propose to have for President any one married to an English nobleman. One or the other must be dropped.

## The Mechanics' Fair.

*From the Evening Telegram*

The second exhibition of the Mechanics' Fair Association opened Monday evening, October 21, under the most flattering circumstances. The displays were both large and varied, the following being worthy of special mention:

W. T. SHANAHAN'S DISPLAY

Is very large and attractive. No dealer in Portland has ever approached Mr. Shanahan in the quality of steel engravings which he carries, nor has he ever been excelled in his framing department, always keeping up with the latest styles as fast as they come out in the East or San Francisco. Mr. Shanahan shows one of the rarest pictures in the State, from Mrs. Captain Hoyt's collection, which has something of a history. While residing in Florence, Italy, Mrs. Hoyt purchased a painting, and after it had been in her possession some time discovered that the picture she had bought was merely a cover to a real work of art, which was painted underneath it. The outer picture was rubbed off, and a new picture, entitled David and Goliath was found in an excellent state of preservation. The picture bears the marks of Raphael's brush, and is said by foreign painters to be the work of that great master. Our readers should not miss seeing it, as aside from its fine history, it is a work of great merit. Mr. Shanahan also shows a fine picture of Charlotte Corday, belonging to Mayor Thompson's collection, which is attracting much attention. One thousand dollars have been refused for this picture. Mr. Shanahan shows a number of Clyde Cook's pictures, among which we notice "Mt. Tacoma," "Snoqualmie Falls," "Mt. Hood," "Head of the Dalles," a view of the Cascades, and two small fishing scenes on the Columbia. Mr. Shanahan has shown commendable enterprise in his display and it is worthy of examination.

MR. G. NEIMEYER

Has on exhibition in the south gallery, near the east end, a fine display of tailor work of the latest styles and most elegant finish. His work will bear the closest inspection in respect to cutting, making and in the material used. Mr. Neimeyer asks a comparison of his work with any made up in San Francisco. Now is a favorable opportunity to make the comparison. Take a look at the goods, the linings, the trimmings, the button-holes, the pockets, and everything that goes to make up the man's furnishing, and see if Portland cannot beat the world in superiority in all these respects. Mr. Neimeyer's place of business is at No. 49 First street, and who want the best of work and stock would do well to see him.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE.

The new general agent, Mr. J. F. McIntosch, has a large space filled with different styles of the Davis Sewing Machines near the east end of the gallery. The Davis is speedily coming to the front as one of the leading machines, and it is Mr. McIntosch's intention to push the machine into prominence in this State. He shows samples of work done with an ordinary cambric needle which shows the adaptability of the machine to all kinds of work. The samples run from work done on a cigar box cover, thence to two thicknesses of flannel and from that to five thicknesses and then down a sliding scale of different grades to a single thickness of muslin and a piece of tissue paper without once stopping the machine. The mechanical principles involved in the Davis sewing machine are new, and differ widely from those commonly in use—combining simplicity, strength, durability, economy, and an adaptation to a large range of work. One thousand dollars will be given to any person, who will with any under-fed machine, follow "The Davis" through its great range of practical work, while "The Davis" is prepared to follow any other shuttle machine in its range of work either for fun or coin. They challenge the world to produce its equal for any and all kinds of work, and guarantee to keep in repair for five years all machines sold. The Davis Company is one of the wealthiest in the sewing machine trade. It is backed by men of heavy capital, and in the coming break of small machine companies which is bound ere long to ensue through the immense competition, the Davis will be the last to go to the wall. Since the organization of this Company in the year 1868, its bussiness has increased to an extent unknown in the trade The Davis obtained the first premium at the Oregon State Fair this year. The Pacific Coast general agency is at 130 Post street, San Francisco. We understand that Mr. McIntosch will open an office in Portland after the close of the fair.

BUENA VISTA POTTERY.

Mr. A. M. Smith, the proprietor of the Buena Vista Pottery, has a large space near the west entrance devoted to showing his work. In 1865 Mr. Smith began the erection of works at Buena Vista, and to-day has a large trade and extensive grounds. He has works now to the value of $25,000. Mr. Smith makes a specialty of sewer piping, and has large quantities of it in use in Portland, where it is giving complete satisfaction. It is made of pure, fine clay, and is strong, tough and durable. Mr. Smith's earthenware is very strong and beautiful, and is warranted to be much tougher than Eastern ware. In his polish on the ware he does not use lead in any form, the matter in use being slip clay, which gives an excellent polish and one that will stand as long as the ware. Some handsome terra cotta vases are shown, and the display speaks well for Oregon products. Mr. Smith sells his goods to dealers at much less than Eastern ware, and is prepared to fill all orders on short notice, and guarantees his work as good as any imported ware. J. L. Barnard is the agent at Portland.

THE CLACKAMAS PAPER CO.

This well known firm makes a remarkably fine display of paper of purely Oregon manufacture. Manila paper, wrapping paper, newspaper, book paper, note paper, and in fact paper of all kinds, whose excellence and superiority over the imported article are conceded by the best judges. The collection is one that does infinite credit to the exhibitors and is commented on by all who feel interested in the business and feel a just pride in a manufactory that tends to build up the State and whose interests are identified with the people of Oregon.

CROUCH'S AUTOMATIC VENTILATOR.

Mr. F. J. Crouch, of Eugene City, has placed in the Pavilion to-day, just to the right of the east entrance, an automatic ventilator, which is one of the best inventions ever yet introduced as far as keeping rooms at a healthy temperature. Mr. Crouch shows an ordinary transom with his automatic ventilator attached, and by a lighted lamp shows its workings. The ventilator is exceedingly simple in its construction, and can be regulated so that a room can be kept at just the temperature desired. The ventilator can be placed on transoms, stores, chimneys, and many other places where careful ventilation is needed. The principle is a new one and will be of great practical value. Mr. Crouch will sell State and county rights for its manufacture, and may be found at the Pavilion during the fair, and at Eugene City after its close. He solicits correspondence with parties who may feel interested in sanitary measures.

THE OREGON GLOVE FACTORY.

This valuable institution has an admirable display of their workmanship on exhibition. Their gloves are made of the best obtainable material and are neat, durable, and handsome. Beautiful kids for ladies and gentlemen, comfortable buckskin gloves, fur gloves of all kinds, and in fact every kind of gloves manufactured. The firm has had thirty years' experience in the business and can give better satisfaction than foreign houses with their imported trash.

OLDS & SUMMERS.

The more than usually attractive display of lamps, glassware, oils, crockery ornaments, etc., made by this firm demands more lengthy notices than the brief mention previously received by the proprietors. The pyramidal structure upon which their wares are displayed is neatly framed and the collection of rarely beautiful things filling every shelf commands the immediate attention of spectators as soon as they have passed the Pavilion's threshold. Other exhibitors in different lines of trade may have more space, but none are entitled to more pains for the care taken and attractiveness of the whole display. The activity manifested by these young men show them to be active, enterprising fellows, whose energy and perspicacity are indicative of business success. The public is far-sighted, and recognizing these qualities, as well as the excellence and cheapness of their merchandise, the people throng to their store to purchase what they can rely on as durable and worth the purchase money. No store in the city is more attractively furnished than that over which Messrs. Olds & Summers preside on First street, near Yamhill. In addition to the many other valuable articles they expose at the fair, is a night lamp that is a perfect gem, and invaluable to housekeepers. Invalids accept it as a blessing. It gives a pure, clear light, and emits no disagreeable odor, an annoyance that becomes unbearable to sick persons. They sell an immense number of these lamps, and the sale is daily increasing.

HARVEY'S HOT WATER SYSTEM.

In the department devoted to machinery Mr. C. D. Harvey, of Oakland, shows some hot water radiators and heating apparatus, which should receive attention from every person who is interested in heating their building. Mr. Harvey, the patentee, who is in attendance at the Fair, claims that the advantages of the hot water system as used by him are, first, a mild, pleasant and uniform temperature; second, economy of fuel; third, simplicity in its construction and operation; fourth, durability; fifth, less danger from fire; sixth, cleanliness and freedom from dust and dirt. The hot water radiator can be used in connection with the ordinary cooking range, warming one room from the same without any extra fuel being required. Also, with the open grate, warming three rooms with the ordinary fuel of one fire. Also, with the water stove, warming five or six rooms with the ordinary fuel of one grate—giving a mild, uniform, healthful atmosphere, free of dry heat or poisonous gas of the airtight stoves or hot-air furnaces. Though Mr. Harvey has had the system introduced but two years, he has placed it in the County Hospital, at Sacramento, heating ten rooms 76x23, and four rooms 16x20, and supplying water for 22 bath rooms. It is also in use at the free reading room at Oakland, the Poston Seminary, Oakland, and in many of the residences of such men as Rev. J. K. McLean, A. J. Ralston, J. West Martin, Noah Kelsey and other prominent Californians, in every instance giving perfect satisfaction. Here in Portland Mr. Harvey is placing his radiators in the Harrison Street School House, J. K. Gill's new residence, and J. Donneburg's, and will contract for a number of others in the next few days. We would advise our readers to examine this system while at the fair, and obtain Mr. Harvey's explanation of its merits.

SCHINDLER & CHADBOURNE'S DISPLAY

Of furniture is the center of attraction in the gallery. It consists of furniture and carpets for two rooms. One contains a black walnut bed-room set, composed of a bedstead; dressing case and washstand. The bedstead as well as the dressing case is of the finest French walnut, with burl panels, inlaid with delicate Oriental woods. The dressing case has a French plate mirror, and an ingenious extension for a writing desk. The other furniture in the same room is a magnificent ebonized and gilt patent rocker, upholstered in finest spun and raw silk, trimmed with silk velvet plush; also Turkish divan of the same material as the rocker. The covering of the divan is one of the finest specimens of the upholsterer's art. The floor is covered with a rich body Brussels carpet, having a white ground with scarlet and black figures, shaded with light drab, all forming a pleasing bright combination, and blending harmoniously with the elegant furniture. In front of the dressing case is a Smyrna rug, and under the rocker a Persian rug, both of unique design. The appearance of the room is enhanced by the bed being made up, with lace spread and pillow shams, the latter trimmed with blue satin bows and lined with blue satin. On the wall, suspended from a brass Eastlake cornice pole, hang a pair of elegant Nottingham lace curtains of handsome pattern. The other room consists of dining room and library furniture. The principal piece is a sideboard and book-case of entirely new design. The bedstead, dressing case, sideboard and book-case are, without doubt, the handsomest pieces of furniture ever shown in Oregon. This room also contains a beautiful walnut Eastlake extension table, trimmed with walnut burl, and tastefully carved; and two large easy chairs, and a sofa of old English style, upholstered in raw silk, with plain plush border and cheneille fringe. The floor is covered with a dark Brussels carpet of Eastlake pattern, in keeping with the furniture. In front of the sofa is a large Wilton velvet rug, vividly representing a hunting scene. On the wall is a French plate mirror, and a pair of handsome raw silk curtains with dark, maroon silk border, hanging from a black walnut cornice pole.

Their exhibit is of such unquestioned superiority, and shows such rare taste and harmony in design and blending of colors, as well as excellence of workmanship as to make it the center of attraction in that department.

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Important to Farmers.—The want of a reliable book by which to calculate the value of wheat in this market when quoted at any price in the Liverpool and London markets has long been felt, but which is now happily met in the "Wheat Dealers' Guide," compiled by J. R. Farish, manager of the Merchants' Exchange, this city, and which he has arranged to sell at the exceedingly low price of 25 cents per copy—cash to accompany orders. It is very important to any and all who sell wheat to be able in less than five minutes to tell (as they can from this book) the price of wheat in this market when based on English prices, which govern the markets on this coast. Calculations are warranted thoroughly correct.

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It is wonderful how many benevolent men we find who have no money. They feel for the cause of Christ, for the necessities of the poor, for the welfare of the heathen and a thousand other good objects, but really they have nothing that they can give. They have lost so much, and property has depreciated so greatly, that they are restricted, and cannot do as they would. But how was it when they had money? Then they used it for themselves and for their own advantage. When it is gone they are very willing to give it away, but while they had it, neither God nor man could loosen their grasp upon it. They proved themselves unfaithful stewards, and have been put out of their stewardship. They now have the opportunity of being "faithful over a few things," and if they are thus faithful, the Lord can make them rulers over many things. The lesson for us all to learn is to do good while we can do it; while our hands is on the plough is the time to cut the furrow. To-day we have the opportunity to do something for the Lord. It may be our last opportunity; it may be our only one. Let us do while we can do; let us give while we can give; let us work while we can work. The night cometh wherein no work can be done. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."—Prov. 3-27.—[The Christian.

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"Will the angels come down for me with a chariot and horses when I die?" asked a little boy of his Sunday School teacher. "I guess if you're a real good boy," said the teacher. The little fellows eyes sparkled with anticipation as he eagerly exclaimed: "And oh! do you think they'll let me sit on the front seat and drive?"

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It is said that Lucy Stone feels somewhat grieved because no one has named a trotting horse or a brand of cigars after her. It looks as if the work of twenty long years had been entirely thrown away.


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Do not be humbugged by physicians who will show you a number of cancer tumors, cut from patients and preserved in glass jars. True, the cancers are there, but too often the patients from whom they were cut, can be found only in the grave.

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