THE INDEPENDENT.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

KATE OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue eyed grass
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
And fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober trace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never would let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on the hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple bloom;
And now, when the cows came home at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crispy hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead to life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb.
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

CLARA'S QUESTION.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Clara King laid down her Bible on the stand, and looked out of the window. It was the 1st day of November, and a dull, cold rain filled the streets with mud; a few Irish women were on their way to early mass, and here and there a brown sparrow hopped about looking for his food; otherwise there were brick walls. The outlook was not pleasant. Clara was a teacher in one of the city schools, working hard week days, so hard that occupation kept her from thinking that her father and mother and sister all lay in Falmouth graveyard, and what other relatives she had less near and dear were scattered far and wide. But this was Sunday; and as she finished her morning reading and looked out of the window, while she waited for the bell to ring for breakfast; she could not help a dreadful sense of loneliness settling down on her heart. It is true there was a Bible full of comfort before her, but she was tired, lonely, chilly, and the day was all gloom. She remembered it was November, the month of Thanksgiving, and before her rose like a vision the cosy, warm kitchen at her old home, her mother making pies at the cross-legged table, father filling the brick oven—always heated for that festival use—with long wood shavings; Matty dressing up the sitting-room with bitter-sweet and ground pine, while she herself pared apples, strained squash or stirred the cranberry sauce on the stove, and without the sea sparkled and roared close by, and the low cedars on the Point rustled and writhed in the keen wind. Then she had found the old red house small and inconvenient, and longed to get away to see more people and live a less quiet and monotonous life; now she would have given anything she could give to be back there with those three again. She would have no Thanksgiving this year; she must stay in her cheap boarding-house, spend the long day in her chilly room or the dark, squalid parlor below, and have no ray of light from past or future to be faithful for. Nevertheless, Clara was and meant to be a Christian woman. The flesh is weak many a time when the spirit is willing, and she had not learned the last, greatest lesson of the Christian life—that we life by daily bread alone; that even heavenly manna did not provide for the morrow's food, only for to-day. She had been reading the first four Psalms, and out of them but one clause of a verse remained with her:

"Who shall show us any good?"

She heard this over and over with curious persistency; thinking of what her life would probably be—a long stretch of hard, lonely work, a homeless old age, a death among strangers. Bitter tears rolled down her pale face as she entertained this spectral trouble, and pittied herself so earnestly for that which as yet was not here. There are thousands like her, poor child, thousands who borrow trouble, millions beside who have it without borrowing! but of these last she did not think.

Strangely enough, the minister who preached that day in the church she habitually attended, took for his text the very line that haunted her. He acknowledged that this was a common query among the unhappy of this world, but went on to say:

"If we cannot really find any good—which is a proposition I do not mean to dispute, since a person in the state of mind which asks that question is unable and unwilling, both, to see goodness, even if it were found for them—let us look for evil. There is enough of that lying about us in every path; we are not any of us, 'all alone unhappy,' though we are apt to think so. If there is a soul in this assembly which has never asked this question in bitterness of spirit, then, oh, dear soul! let me beseech you this very day to begin and see what evil you can find beside your own, to keep it company. Go and measure your sorrows by your neighbor's: put plummet and line to next door or next room miseries, and find out where in the scale of human wretchedness you stand. It is a real comfort to the mind of man to define and establish its position. If you are once aware of evil, you can do something towards its mitigation, and your own bitter experience will help you to sympathize with others, it may be to help them; though that is scarce to be expected from one who disbelieves in good. This is a good day to begin; it is almost time for the feast of Thanksgiving, and you who are not thankful, since the day gives you no occupation, ought at least to discover others who are also unthankful, and tell them how much less their sorrows are than yours. If you are Christians, or think you are, go and preach to them these bad tidings of tribulation, and see what audiences you will have. Since you do not accept the gospel for yourselves, except in name, go and see how others live without it. Yes; go fill your souls with husks, and then come back, if you can not come till then, to your Father's house, and sit down and make merry in honor of your own repentance."

Clara heard no further; this strange outlook from her own standpoint so shamed and confronted her that she went home astonished at herself, yet in a state of despondence still, for she did not know what to do, where to find another discouraged human being. She was a direct, simple-minded creature, in the best sense of "simple," and so the sermon came home to her for herself, not for her neighbors. She looked about her at the tea table that evening with a new insight; was it possible that she was to find unhappiness right under her eyes? It might be so, she thought, as she looked at Miss Allen, an elderly woman, who had a room on the fourth story, just above her own, and went out dressmaking. Clara had never spoken to her before, but to-night she happened to sit next to her, and observed that her face was sad as well as grave.

"It has been a disagreeable day, Miss Allen," she said by way of making conversation.

"It has been a dreadful day," returned the poor woman with a sigh.

"Did you get out to church?" asked Clara.

"Oh, no! this weather gives me the rhuematism so, I can scarcely come to my meals."

Here was an opening. One word led to another, and Clara found that the poor woman was so disabled by pain that her work was delayed or suspended, her daily bread precarious, and besides being poor she was friendless and no longer young. Here, indeed, she found evil, but finding it, forgot her own miseries in consoling another's. It was not much to bring Miss Allen into her room, where her one Sunday evening luxury, a small fire, filled an open grate, and where an easy rocker rested the half-crippled limbs of the suffering woman. She rested here for an hour or two, told the young girl her sad story of loss, and pitied Clara's loneliness, and then crept up to her own bed, cheered and helped.

"It'll seem so good," she said, "to think you're right under me. I shall not feel half so lonesome."

"Knock on the floor, then, if you're ill in the night and want me," Clara answered. "I shall be glad to help you if I can," and she went back to her room, full of plans to make Miss Allen more comfortable; she would carry her up one of the flannel sheets she had brought from Falmouth, and paste one of her windows with strips of paper about the sash edges, it was so near her bed. She went to rest in quite another temper from that of the morning, though she did not know it. The next day had its own work, the dull routine of school, the recurrent lessons, the stupid children. One was absent. "Do any of you know where Sally Blair is to-day," she asked.

"Please'm, she's down with a broke leg," said a boy who lived next door to the Blairs. So, after school, Clara went down into Elm street and hunted up the house. It was an old brown tenement, where four families lived, but inquiries enough led her to the back room on the second story, and opening the door to a gruff "come in," she found Sally stretched on a cot in the corner, her half-paralyzed father in a chair by the fire, smoking a clay pipe, her mother at the wash-tub by the window, two dirty babies tumbling on the floor, and the whole room filled with that indescribable odor of dirt, grease frying, soapsuds and tobacco, that is so often the only atmosphere the poor know. Mrs. Blair wiped her hands on her apron and set a chair; the man nodded and laid down his pipe; the twins looked up in surprise, and Sally began to cry.

Certainly Clara had found evil here. Sally was so glad to see her, however, that she felt it repaid her coming, and the twins ceased their noisy play while she sat there talking tenderly and gently to the child, who had become a burden instead of a help to that poverty-stricken family. When she at last left them, promising to come again, and picked her way back through the filthy, foggy streets to her boarding house, just within the door she met the table girl coming out of the dining room with some tea and toast on a waiter. It was for Miss Allen, and Clara volunteered to take it up. She found her friend quite helpless, and very tearfully glad to see a kind face. Clara made her more comfortable in a few minutes, and scarcely observed that her own tea was cold and her butter soft because she came late to her supper. Her Bible that night seemed to tell another story to her heart; her little room, full of the home tokens and touches she had brought with her, seemed no longer sad; she was filled with the contrast between its appliances and comforts, and the four bare walls, the wooden chairs, the uneasy bed above her, and the grimy, oppressive poverty of the Blairs' home. She did not even remember to pour out her own sorrows in her prayers, she felt such an earnest desire that these others should be helped and comforted.

Now she had two new interests in her life, and the days seemed too short. She could make Sally a warm sack out of one she had to spare, and little woolen dresses for the twins from a skirt that had outlived its usefulness as far as she was concerned; also, out of her scant earnings she could now and then take the child an orange or a few crackers. There was a daily visit to pay Miss Allen, a book from the free library to read to her when the room was not too cold to sit in, a flower, perhaps, that some kindly scholar had brought her to light up the invalid's room, or a fresh piece of toast which she persuaded the cook to let her make herself.

So the days went on towards Thanksgiving; other people beside Clara had heard that sermon which so impressed her. Mrs. Armstead, whose husband was the pastor of the church, had taken it to her own heart; her boy went to school where Clara was a teacher, and liked Miss King with a boyish enthusiasm. His mother, too, had watched her sad, delicate face across the church, and now that Thanksgiving time drew near, she thought of the girl with kindly provision, and went one Saturday to see her. Clara was both pleased and surprised, and showed all her better self, as we all do to genuine sympathy.

"Are you going home to Thanksgiving, my dear?" said Mrs. Armstead.

Clara's eyes filled. "I haven't any home!" she said; and the words had scarcely escaped when a gentle kiss touched her forehead.

"Poor little soul!" said the motherly visitor. "You are then the very person I want to see. You must come and take your Thanksgiving dinner with us; Johnny thinks Miss King is 'just bully.' Forgive the slang, dear, it is Johnny's greatest compliment, and you ought to know Mr. Armstead, since you attend his church. I shall expect you right after service; don't forget."

And with another kiss she took leave. A little thing to do, perhaps, but giving a great pleasure. Clara felt as if the sun shone into her room all that day, and in the church porch the next morning, a bow and smile from the minister's wife seemed to make the church itself homelike.

Thanksgiving day came at last; but before it came Clara had learned its lesson; in the want and suffering of others she found fresh knowledge of her own comforts and blessings; works had vindicated and rekindled her faith; her prayers were vitalized by the spirit of Him who came to seek and save the lost; and sharing His labor she shared also His recompense. It was with a heart fully attuned to the hour that she sat down in her seat to hear Mr. Armstead's sermon, and as turned to her Bible, to follow his scripture reading, her eye fell again on that text of query; and with a full heart she read and received it all.

"There be many that say, who will show us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased. I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

Clara's question was answered.

HOW A DUCHESS SHOULD RECEIVE HER GUESTS.—Rules for receiving your guests, if you are a Duchess: Your servants in livery will introduce your guests from the ante-chamber, calling out their names, and they on entering will make you bows and grimaces by the dozen. You also must go through your exercise. If the guest is a duke, stand straight up; and if a marquis, half way up; if a count, a little way up; if a baron, just bend a little the hinges of your knees; and as for a mere gentleman, any common week-day inclination will do. Your servants, too, must be drilled. Monsieur le Prince Gortchakoff! This must be pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, the doors of the saloon must be banged open, and the buzz of the saloon must cease for a while. The descending scale of dignity must be observed, down through the subordinate visitors, until you hear in a soft soprano, on G flat, just audible, Monsieur Guibollard. Then you will see squeezing through, the door a little ajar, a humble individual holding on to his claque hat by the tips of his fingers, while his knees encourage each other by sympathetic and involuntary meetings.—The Parisian.

A Danbury man offended one of the lady clerks in a fancy goods store at a party a few evenings ago. A day or two later he went into the store and inquired if she had "gentleman's gloves." "Yes." "I want a pair he said. "Who are they for?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes. "Why—for—me," he gasped, turning scarlet under the insinuation in her inquiry.

Sam Houston's Duel.

Simpson county, though peaceful enough in these latter days, was in its earlier history the scene of encounters that have passed into history. Within its borders, or adjacent thereto, the hot-blooded Tennesseans were wont to settle their affairs of honor, and the crack of the duellists' pistol not unfrequently resounded in the quiet forests. Near Adairville, in the edge of Logan county, General Jackson fought Dickinson for the honor of the woman he loved, and stood like a statue after struck by his antagonist's shot. It was on this occasion that he proved his iron will by telling his second that "had he been shot through the heart, he would have lived long enough to kill his antagonist."

Six miles south of Franklin, on the farm of H. J. Duncan, 200 yards from the Tennessee line, was fought a duel which created wide-spread excitement throughout the Union, owing to the reputation of the principals. In 1826 General Sam Houston was a member of Congress from the Nashville district in Tennessee, and sending home for distribution among his constituents a number of public documents, he claimed that Curry, the postmaster at Nashville, suppressed and failed to deliver them, and denounced him as a scoundrel. For this Curry sent him a challenge by General White. Houston refused to receive the message, as he stated, "from such a contemptible source," throwing it on the ground and stamping on it. General White said he was not surprised, as no one expected Houston fight. To this Houston retorted, "Do you try me." Of course a challenge followed from White, which Houston promptly accepted. The terms and conditions were: "Fifteen feet distance; holster pistols; time, sunrise." The place chosen, as stated, was in Simpson county. On the 23d day of September, 1826, the parties met at the designated point with their seconds. The fact that a duel was to be fought had gone abroad, and a number of persons had secreted themselves near the field to witness the affair, a fact unknown to either principals or seconds. After the first shots had been exchanged and White had fallen to the ground, the people rushed to the spot. Houston seeing them and fearing an arrest, started toward the State line with a view of crossing and escaping. General White called to him, "General you have killed me." Houston then faced the crowd with pistol still hand and inquired if there were any officers of the law among them, and being answered in the negative, he advanced to the side of his late antagonist, and kneeling by him, took his hand, saying, "I am sorry for you, but you know that it was forced upon me." General White replied, "I know it and forgive you." White had been shot through just above the hips, and the surgeons to clanse the wound of blood took one of their old-fashioned silk neckerchiefs through the wound. General White recovered from his fearful wound, as much to the joy of Houston as to himself.

During the week preceding the duel General Houston remained at the home of Sanford Duncan, near the field, practicing meanwhile with pistols. At this temporary home were two belligerent dogs, named for their pugnacious dispositions, Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton. These were continually fighting, Houston's political sentiments leading him to espouse the cause of the Jackson pup, who very much to his delight was a constant winner in the frays. The hour for rising and preparing for the duel on the arrival of the day was 3:40 A. M. Just before that hour General Jackson barked beneath the window of his admirer's room, awakening him. Houston arose without disturbing his attending friends, and began the task of moulding bullets with which to fight General White. As the first bullet fell from the mould a game-cock, which he admired scarcely less than he did the dog, crowed a loud, clear note. Houston, with that element of superstition in nearly every mind, accepted the early greetings of his friends as happy ones, and marking the bullet on one side for the dog and the other for the chicken made up his mind that his pistol should be loaded with it, and that he would fire first that particular ball at General White. He afterward said that "he was not superstitious, but these two circumstances made him feel assured of success," thus disproving his own words. The bullet was used, and White fell at the first fire, as stated. After the duel Houston selected as a coat-of-arms "a chicken-cock and a dog," and many were the comments made by those unfamiliar with the facts in after years, when a President of Texas and a Senator in Congress, he sported so strange a crest. These facts are authentic, having been related by General Houston to Sanford Duncan Jr., late of Louisville, while the two were en route to Washington city during Houston's term as Senator.—*Bowling Green Intelligencer.*

Lincoln at Gettysburg.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* thus describes Lincoln's appearance at the Gettysburg celebration: The day was beautiful, and Lincoln, when he approached the battlefield, was the one on whom all eyes were fastened. He rode on horseback to the spot where the exercises took place, and looked awkward in a long, black overcoat which almost covered the horse's flanks, with a sorry-looking black silk hat resting on the back part of his head. His face was a study, and its worn expression, caused by the mighty cares of that momentous period of our history, appealed to all hearts. No man's deportment that day gave more more solemn assurance of the deepest interest in all that took place than Lincoln's. When he reached the top of Cemetery hill I noticed he gave a sweeping glance over the field, and never shall I forget its expression; it was a sort of far-away look," such as it is said one always sees in the faces of those destined to die soon, and seem to see the spirits of those gone before.

The Rev. Dr. Stockton, chaplain of the Senate, opened the proceedings with prayer, and was followed by Edward Everett, the matchless orator, who spoke for nearly three hours, delivering a most polished address of over sixteen thousand words; the foot soldiers who stood in line in front of the platform, were somewhat wearied. After the singing of a hymn by a choir from Philadelphia, Lincoln then addressed the assemblage, dedicating the grounds. When he came to the words, "but in a stronger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground." I have never seen an orator (and I have heard Webster, Choate, Sumner, Pierre Soule, Botts, Rantoul and other great orators) command such an intense interest. It was one of those supreme moments, when a person feels he is taking part in a scene which will live in history and be referred to by one's children's children; and so it proved. The country appreciated the greatness of Lincoln's soul, and his heart-appealing words will live in our history when some of our orators will be forgotten.

She hung upon his arm so lovingly—he was her heaven—and beamed up in his face with all the radience of those pale blue eyes. Her heart would speak, and yet the tongue refused its utterance. But love and admiration broke the spell, and from the rapture of her soul she breathed forth, "Your mustache is beginning to grow, Georgie."

The following conversation recently occurred in a Boston book-store between a well-known poet and one of the firm: Poet—"People can have no comprehension of the patience and labor required to compose an epic poem." Bookseller—"And the poets can have no comprehension of the patience and labor to read one."

A foolish man married a dumb woman because she could never scold him. Imagine his anguish when she writes out her curtain lectures on a slate, and when he comes home at 1 A. M. makes him read them aloud to her, that she may know he does read and understand them.

French Home Life.

Every morning the housekeeper, or the *bonne*, goes to the stores or to the market to buy what is strictly needed for the day, and no more. You will see, for instance, walking along with her small basket on her arm, carrying ten cents worth of charcoal and two cents' worth of kindling-wood and do it with as much unconcern and with evidently as much relish as if it were a basket full of luscious fruit or fragrant flowers. Another will be on her way to buy provisions for the second breakfast. If, for instance, there are four in the family, she will stop at the fruitier to buy a little bunch of nice fresh radishes, with a quarter of a pound of good butter, to be set on the table as *hors d'œuvre*, then she will trot along to the butcher's—looking so nice, with her pretty white cap encasing her black crispy hair, and her bright smiling face shining under it; she is often heard humming a well known air as she goes along, and does not think it unladylike a bit to poke up her turned-up nose, even a little higher than is becoming, at something she sees and does not like; on, I say, she trots to the butcher's to get four chops, one apiece, at a price of about fifteen cents a chop; then a pound of potatoes, to cut fine and fry crisp and puffy, as only the French know how to do; on she will wend her way to the cheese store, and among the hundred kinds for sale there she will select ten cents' worth of the kinds she wants; onward she trots to the fruit store, and there she daintily picks two nice fresh bunches of grapes or two large, luscious pears, to be divided among four for dessert; then passing by, she drops in at the grocer's, and asks for a quarter of a pound of ground coffee for the indispensible little cup of black coffee to be sipped at leisure while the merry talk goes round, making both help to digest the humble, but still refined *dejeuner*. So you see, with what you would call a meagre meal, they have almost a feast, because the meat has been tastefully selected and tastefully cooked; because the potatoes have been goldenly and invitingly fried; because it has all been prepared as if it was meant not only to be eaten but to be good; because it was very daintily put on the table; because each dish was eaten separately, with a warm, clean plate for each, and because the French enjoy their food, and eat with the most inviting appetite. You will make that nice little family cry out in holy horror if you only imagine that they might sit down to this breakfast without one or two bottles of wine on the table. They will, of course, put water in their wine while partaking of the *gros plats*, but at dessert, just before the coffee they will swallow a wine glass of it pure, to tone down the meal and hasten digestion. Yes, indeed, French people, high and low, know how to live, and I believe God intended that it should be so; use all with moderation, but use as if you liked what God gives you.

Dakota Quicksands.

We started for Pine Ridge (or Red Cloud) agency. Five of our party were missionaries. The similarity of the country now traversed to that passed over between Randall and Rosebud gave much monotony to this part of our trip. It was broken, however, by two incidents. On the second day, having traveled far with no signs of water, we suddenly discovered a large lake. All of us were thirsty, tired and dusty. Our facilities for bathing during the journey had been inconsiderable, and as this expanse of water broke upon our view one exclaimed, "there is a sight for all eyes." Two horsemen dashed ahead to find a spot for camping. They had scarcely reached the shore, however, when both horses stepped into quicksand. One sank almost to his belly. His rider jumped from his back and providentially alighted on a firm spot. But it was only by the greatest exertion of man and horse that they got out. The other horse only had two feet in and was therefore able to extricate himself. Dakota seems to abound in quicksands. Every marsh, the shores of every lake and river, every creek bottom, though it be dry of water, must be trodden with the utmost caution. The other day one of the young Indians from St. Paul's boarding school at Yankton agency, who had gone out to shoot ducks, came back with marks of mud on his clothes almost up to his shoulders. He had sunk that far in a quicksand. How he ever got out was a wonder.

One of the party managed with a little care to reach the edge of the lake, and walking cautiously over the yielding alkali mud, found to his surprise that the lake bottom was waterless. The soil, still moist in places, had been whitened by the sun till it gave exactly the appearance of wind-swept water. So perfect was the deception that when, a little further on, we passed another such place, I rode nearer, wondering if this could be a lake after all.

We pushed on for several hours, and late in the afternoon we reached welcome water; we drank heartily of it and had supper; but it was almost dark when the wagon containing baggage, tents, etc., drove in.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Washington Romance.

In one of the pleasant streets in Washington there lives the fashionable dressmaker of the city. She is patronized by ladies of high social standing who live here, or who come here for a winter. This dressmaker belongs to a good Maryland family, one of her uncles having been a Governor of that State. She was unfortunate in her marriage, for a coarser man or harder drinker than was her husband is seldom seen. I say "was," for, happily, the poor woman is finally relieved of her burden, he having died from a sunstroke last summer. This wretched man has always been a terror to the patrons of the madam, for it was well understood that in his drunken rages he abused his wife shockingly. It seemed to be his delight, when he was about half drunk, to slip away from his watchful wife and answer the door-bell, ushering in madam's fashionable customers. He had another pleasant habit of going among her new customers, who had not learned his pleasant ways, and collecting bills due her, give a receipt, and go cheerfully away and get most horribly drunk.

During Mrs. Hamilton Fish's residence here she was a constant patron of madam Those who have seen Mrs. Fish will remember her dignified manner and refined face. One day Mrs. Fish went to madam's to try on a dress which she was having made. She was taken up stairs into the pretty dressing-room, and the madam was arranging the folds of Mrs. Fish's handsome dress, when most horrible oaths were heard, and heavy, drunken steps coming in the direction of the dressing-room. Mrs. Fish knew the peculiarities of the man of the house, was frightened nearly to death. What could she do? She felt that she should certainly die if she could not hide somewhere from this monster, for it was well understood that he was always armed with some instrument of death when in these drunken fits. Mrs. Fish looked for a closet; there was none in the room; but, happily, she discovered the bed, and with a wild plunge she and her new dress disappeared under it, only to emerge from her hiding place when the combined efforts of the family had succeeded in locking up the drunken brute.—*Boston Herald.*

In a certain town in Yolo county is a mercantile house owned by Jonas Hugg, and he employs a very amiable young clerk, by name Sylvester Smile. They are both represented as amiable gentlemen, and it is said that young ladies take a peculiar delight in dropping into the store to see the clerk Smile and Hugg the proprietor.

Girls, if you want to encourage young men, get an album. It's the first thing a bashful young man grabs when he enters a strange house where there are girls. We've seen them look through one until they know every picture by heart, from page one to General Grant in the back part. It's wonderful what interest a bashful man will take in a girl's grandmother and pug-nosed uncle at the first visit, but it's always so. Get 'em girls. It's the best thing in the world to occupy a fellow's hands, and it's a sure cure for bashfulness.

SHORT BITS.

"Put not your trust in kings." Three aces and a jack will skin them every time.

Difficulties, by bracing the mind to overcome them assist cheerfulness, as exercise digestion.—[Bovee.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre, for, though the wound may heel, the scar will remain,—[Saadi.

A young man who keeps a collection locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair breadth escapes.

Humility is the Christian's greatest honor; and the higher men climb, the farther they are from heaven.—[Burder.

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others is a slave.—[F. G. Klopstock.

If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.—[Carlyle.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—[Jeremy Taylor.

One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.—Bovee.

Everything has recently advanced in price except liberty, which remains at eternal vigilance with liberal reduction to the trade.

If you want to talk heavy science, say "protoxyd of hydrogen," instead of ice. It sounds bigger and not one man in a thousand will know what you mean."

Mix together all the food on an American dinner table, add vinegar and horse-radish, stir with an old iron spoon, and the result would be one favorite dish for a Russian.

Men can live for years and years with only one lung, but the chap who expects to move the previous question at a ward caucus should save both his lungs—and his legs, too.

A Nebraska druggist got a boy to take a big sniff of hartshorn as a joke; boy kicked over a kerosene lamp; oil took fire; loss on store, $1300. The druggist is now driving team.

After waiting four years a Michigan lover finally popped the question, and the girl answered, "Of course I'll have you; why, you fool, you, we could have been married three years ago."

"Juge not lest ye be juged," was a copy recently "set" by a teacher in one of the public schools of Chicago. Doubtless that teacher considers spelling one of the ornamental branches.

"Twenty years ago," said a Georgia philosopher, "niggers was wuf a thousand dollars a piece. Now dey would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin down."

Josh Billings says he has no objeckshun to a man parting his hair in the middle; I alwuz insist on him finishing up the job by wearing a short gown and petti-koat.

Business man—"You vagabond! You send word in that you want to see me on business, and when I ask what your business is—you beg!" Vagabond—"But you forgot, sir, begging is my business!"

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

It was a brace of communists who met in a secluded holstery near Tompkins Square. "Lugsy watch you've got on," said one; "what's she worth?" "Don't know," the other horny-handed replied, "the jeweler was asleep."

"Hi, cabby, have you a hot brick in your hack?" "Yes, boss." (Enter fare.) "I say, cabby, this hack is as cold as Greenland—I thought you said you had some hot bricks." "So I have—they're under my feet out here. G'lang!"

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—[Ruskin.

"Been having your boots half-soled?" asked Tom. "Well, yes;" said Ben, who was looking a little seedy; "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was 3 o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood just what he meant.

Josh Billings says: "I will state, for the information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in sekrit wisdom az I have, that one single hornet who feels well can break up a whole camp-meeting."

The are many moments of sadness in an editor's life, but there are occasional gleams of joy, one of which is when a pile-driver falls on the head of a man who is in the habit of looking over copy in the editor's desk.

There is a touching beauty in the pale white rose that grows by the dusty wayside, half choked with thistle down; but it is all lost upon the man who breaks both his back suspender buttons when he stoops to pluck it.

An innocent exchange has a dissertation on "Why the hair comes out." After the editor gets married he will write wholly on other subjects, deeming that too simple.

The butterfly, the butterfly,
How doth the butterfly? and why?
Because the hired girl doth make
The round, flat, toothsome buckwheat cake
Aye, this is why doth butterfly.

"You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the Judge. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Thompson, who thought he was away out of the difficulty. "Well," said the Judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will be there just forty-three days, as I shall have to send you up for that time."

Irresistible inducements to purchasers are offered by the ever popular proprietors of the widely known Farmers' and Mechanics' Store. An immense stock of spring goods has been received, and the prices have been reduced so materially that nothing but bargains can be obtained. The stock is comprehensive and of the very best quality, and must be sold.

EDWARD EVERETT'S FAMILY.—Mrs Wise, the widow of Lieutenant Wise, who died in Washington the other day, was the only daughter of Edward Everett, and was one of the brightest of his children, but was very plain. She leaves a son and daughter, the former named for his grandfather. William Everett is now the only one left of Edward Everett's immediate family. He is at the head of the old Adams Academy at Quincy, Mass. He is eccentric in his habits and manners, as as unlike his handsome and courtly father in features and personal appearance as could possibly be. The picturesque old homestead at Winchester, Mass., on the Mystic pond, over across from the hills on which the stately mansions of the Brookses, his connections by marriage, are situated, was long since deserted by the family, and it is now used as a summer boarding-house. This is the homestead which was so injured by the raising of the waters of the pond when it was taken for the Mystic water-works, and on account of which Everett made so earnest an effort, just before his death, for large and what he considered only reasonable damages, dwelling on the injury to the beauty of the place rather than to the market ualue. It was from this hearing that he went direct to Faneuil Hall, and made his last great speech in behalf of the Savannah sufferers; when he remarked as he stepped upon the platform, "My feet are like ice, but my heart is like fire." He died a few days after, and the mental agitation occasioned by this case was supposed by his friends to have hastened his death. After his brother Sidney's melancholy death, William Everett lived there alone for a while, pursuing his studies with great devotion.

WHAT IS "LAGER" BEER?

MR. FEURER, THE ONLY MANUFACTURER ON THE COAST, ENLIGHTENS OUR READERS ON THE SUBJECT.

[FROM THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAM]

An article on the use of lager beer having lately appeared in the columns of the TELEGRAM, and having been made a subject of general comment, we determined to ask Mr. Feurer, of the Gambrinus Brewery, some questions in regard to lager beer, that we might enlighten our readers as to where they could obtain the genuine article. We found Mr. Feurer at his handsome beer hall, the Quelle, on the corner of Second and Stark streets, where he was glad to answer any question in regard to the matter.

Lager beer is given the name on account of the length of time it is kept in fermentation, and the length of time it is stored away before use. We learned from Mr. F. that no ice was used in the manufacture of beer in Portland until he began its use. The Gambrinus Brewery has an immense cellar made of brick, 70 feet long, 20 feet wide and 20 feet in high, and is the best adapted to the purpose for which it is required of any cellar in Oregon. One of the prime essentials in the manufacture of lager beer is cleanliness. Give a brewer good clean tubs and vats and half the battle in making good beer is won. If a tub or pail is not perfectly clean the quality of the beer is always inferior. About the Gambrinus Brewery everything is kept as neat as wax—the tubs and vats are constantly being scalded and cleaned, and no filth is allowed to gather. Another prime essential in making lager beer is good water, and no brewery on the coast is as fortunate in that respect as the Gambrinus. Mr. Feurer has the sole right to use the water from the spring at City Park, and it is conveyed about one-half mile to his brewery in pipes. It is the sweetest water in Portland. Lager beer must be brewed stronger than that made by the "California" process, and therefore the cost of brewing it is much greater. To be of the best quality it must be kept while fermenting in a place where the temperature is low, and from two and a half to three months' time is necessary after fermentation before it can be placed on the market.

Mr. Feurer has a cooler cellar and uses more ice each year to keep a low temperature than all the other breweries in the city. Years ago in Europe and the Eastern States all lager beer was made in the winter season, and the absence of cool cellars caused a great deal of the beer to sour by the middle of the sumt mer. No manufacturer brewed beer at all during the warm season, until it was discovered that cellars could be kept of the proper temperature of ice, since which time beer has been made at all seasons. In order to obtain the best lager it is absolutely necessary that it be kept two or three months after fermentation in a cold cellar, and it is impossible to have lager without. Beer made by the

"CALIFORNIA PROCESS"

Can be made much cheaper than lager. This process, which is in general use on the coast, is an outgrowth of the old way of making spruce beer, which every old bar-keeper used to make behind his bar in three days' time. But beer made after that process, though it has been improved upon somewhat, is not what an old-country brewer would call beer at all. It is a fraud on the name of lager beer, of the worst kind. The foam generated by beer made in that fashion is simply yeast in fermentation, and taken into the stomach in any considerable quantity produces biliousness and headache. Any physician or chemist who has ever examined this feature in beer made by this process will pronounce it very injurious to the health. With this hot process beer can be brewed and placed on the market in three days' time, and in thus turning it out so quick the expense is less, and it can be sold at a profit for about one-half of what is necessary to charge for genuine lager. The beer-drinkers of Portland are fast learning the difference between lager beer and that made by any other process and one having drank that made by the Gambrinus Brewery, they are loth to drink any other; hence every month the popularity of the genuine lager beer made by Mr. Feurer is increasing.

A Call.

Enthusiasm is a very beautiful thing, but often becomes an intolerable nuisance. This truth has been exemplified by an incident which occurred during a recent performance at the Gaiety Theater of La Joie Fait Peur. M. Got, who played "Noel," was called at a moment when the pathetic interest of the piece was very high. He at first refused to obey the summons, but as the applause grew more urgent he came to the door as though his young mistress had called him, bowed to and entered into a conversation with her, and went off looking at the audience. This silent but forcible rebuke should be laid to heart by too-enthusiastic play-goers. Has it ever occurred to them that by stopping the play until an actor has received their plaudits they diminish even their own enjoyment. The pleasure we derive from a dramatic performance materially depends upon the extent to which we are allowed to persuade ourselves that what is passing on the stage is real The proscenium should be as a window from which actual events are witnessed. Now, it would be difficult to imagine anything more inimical to this illusion than the appearance of a player immediately after a powerful scene and exit. His face necessarily wears an expression very different from that which is impressed on the minds of the audience; and others of the *dramatis personæ*, instead of proceeding with their parts, have to stand mute and motionless until the little ceremony is over. The practice of calling an actor before the curtain, especially between acts, is for similar reasons objectionable, though, of course, in a minor degree. His appearance abruptly reminds us of the unreality of what we have seen, and his smiling, or at any rate placid, face seems to justify the remark made by Johnson when Garrick complained that conversation at the wings as he was about to go on disturbed him in his feelings. For the state of things we have comprehended, a section of the audience is to blame. No doubt many players are delighted to have a "call" in the middle of an act, or before the curtain, but those who respect their art come forward with unfeigned reluctance, and from a conviction that if they declined to do so they would give much offense. They know that the impression they have created would be more durable if the actor were not seen except when he is acting. The coldness of the occupants of the stalls and dress-circle is bad enough; the enthusiasm of the pit and gallery, if it can manifest itself in no better way than the ill-tamed "calls," is considerably worse.—*The Theatre.*

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radience of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.—[Chapin.

Early in the present century, Samson Levy was a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar. A client called on him one day and stated his case with considerable prolixity, concluding with the question: "Now, Mr. Levy, what do you think I had better do?" "If I were you," was his reply, "I would go home and put a $10-note in my pocket-book, and go to some lawyer of my acquaintance and ask his advice about the matter." The client's poket-book immediately appeared.

A young man who had just returned from a long journey, clasping his adored one in a lovely embrace in a dimly-lighted parlor, was seized with a great terror that for an instant paralyzed his energies. "Oh, my darling," said he, wildly, "why didn't you write me of this? What is it—spinal disease? or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this great leather bandage?" "Oh, love," she gently murmured, "this is only my new belt; I would have got a broader one, but it would not go under my arms.

A Lady's Reward.

The true story of the diamond necklace Daniel Webster gave to Mrs. Joseph Gales is said to be this: When Mr. Webster made his celebrated reply to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, Mr. Gales, the senior editor of the *National Intelligencer*, undertook to report it, at the request of the orator, who assured Mr. G. that the speech would not be more than half an hour long. The editor was busy, but he thought he could spare time to take down and write out so short a speech. But as Mr. Webster was ascending the steps of the Capitol on the morning that he was to speak, he met Judge Story, who told him that it was a good opportunity to give his views upon the Constitution. Webster acted upon the suggestion, and instead of speaking for only half an hour, he spoke for three hours. Mr. Gales, under the spell of the orator, wrote on, perfectly unconscious of the lapse of time. But when he came to look over his notes he found they were so voluminous that he never would have time to transcribe them. The speech not appearing in the *Intelligencer* in due time, Mr. Webster called upon the editor at his house, who told him that the speech was so long, and his time so much occupied, that he feared he could not find time to write it out for publication. While the orator was expostulating with the editor, and endeavoring to urge him to work, Mrs. Gales appeared and said she thought she could write out the speech, as she had been in the habit of assisting her husband in transcribing his notes. She undertook the task, and in two days sent Mr. Webster his speech in full. A magnificent diamond necklace was the rich reward of the Massachusetts Senator. And thus was preserved to American literature the masterplace of our greatest orator.

Any One Suffering with nervous debility, exhausted vitality, or from the effects of youthful follies or excesses in maturer years, can be thoroughly and quickly cured by using the great English remedy, "Sir Astley Cooper's VITAL RESTORATIVE." It is not an excitant, but an honest cure. Price, $3 a bottle, or four times the quantity, $10, and can be obtained of HODGE, DAVIS & Co., Wholesale Agents, or direct of A. E. Mintie, M. D., 11 Kearney Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Pills of Solid Gold are not worth as much to the victim of Dyspepsia or Billiousness as Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Liver and Dyspepsia Pill. It clears the Liver of bile, tones up the stomach, cures foul breath, coated tongue, pain in the side or back, water-brash, giddiness, rush of blood to the head, pimples, sallow complexion; is sugar-coated, and no mercury or other mineral in it. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents.

White's Prairie Flower.

Taking before retiring will insure a good night's rest, with an awakening in the rosy morn to health, courage and vigor. For coated tongue, bad breath, sick headache, or any disturbance arising from dyspepsia or torpid liver, it is without a peer. Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced, quieting pains almost instantly. The hue and cry raised against it by patent medicine men, who have foreseen in its advent the destruction of their nefarious business, and the thousands of unsolicited testimonials flowing in from all parts of the New World, is a sure indication of its great merits. Trial size at all drug stores. Half pound bottles, 75 cents. For sale by all respectable druggists.

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All the news published in other papers in Oregon and Washington is simply taken from THE OREGONIAN and reprinted in an abridged, mutilated and unsatisfactory form. Readers who want ALL THE NEWS, and want it while it is yet fresh, go to its original source. THE OREGONIAN.

1880.

The political contest of 1880 will be one of unexampled activity and interest. This contest will, in fact, begin with the meeting of congress in December. THE OREGONIAN alone will contain a record of this contest. Its telegraphic facilities put it in command of all sources of information, and a history of the progress and result of the contest, beginning with the coming session of congress and ending with the presidential election, can be had by the people of Oregon and Washington only through its columns.

OTHER FEATURES.

All other features of THE OREGONIAN will be continued; its literary, agricultural and miscellaneous departments will receive special attention. The news of Oregon and Washington will be continued as a special feature. All important news of this character is received by telegraph, and is had by no other journal

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Great care is taken to report the markets correctly. This is a subject of greatest importance to the most numerous class of readers.

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Challenges the World as a Remedy for

Pains in the Back and Kidneys, Non-Retention of Urine, Diabetes, Leucorrhœa, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit in Urine, Nervousness, Painful or Suppressed Menstruation.

And all the complaints arising from a deceased or debilitated state of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs of either sex. It is PURELY VEGETABLE and ENTIRELY HARMLESS, and especially adapted to the needs of Women and Children. It presents the

Leaf of the Plant in its Natural State,

For those who wish to make their own Tea; and for those whose mode of life renders it difficult to do this, we have prepared a

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT

Which contains the virtues of the Plant in a form convenient for travelers and others.

FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH PACKAGE.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879.
My Kidneys were in a very bad condition The urine was like brick dust, and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until I tried OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relief.
H. HAMILTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879.
Having a severe back ache last winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was.
JOHN P. FARMER.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances.
J. H. P. DOWNING (at P. Selling's).

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
While I was at Tillamook last winter I was affected in my back and kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who were afflicted as I was.
E. COHN.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon, Oct. 26, 1879.
I hereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of back ache so severe that I went about doubled up, and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help.
JOHN W. LENGER.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for.
A. M. COX.

ASTORIA, Oregon, Dec. 28, 1879.
I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from kidney troubles, and during that time have tried nearly every kind of kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured.
SAMUEL GRAY.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with its effects and do not hesitate to recommend it as a mild and safe remedy.
Z. T. SCOTT.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe pain in my back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and by the time I had used one-half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back as a pleasant, safe and good remedy.
B. J. GRIGSBY.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Jan. 12, 1880.
Having a severe back ache last summer, I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I used one can, which effected a radical cure. I would recommend it to all who are afflicted as an unfailing remedy.
JULIUS ACH.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, Dec. 13, 1879.
Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it.
M. L. WHITE.

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