THE INDEPENDENT.

LONGINGS.

A feeling of longing
Now draws me away
From home and its loved ones
To wander astray.
far over the hill-tops
The clouds hang in air,
Aglow in the sunbeams,—
She waits for me there!

The shadow-winged ravens
Move slowly along,
And joining their party,
I go with the throng.
They soar o'er the mountains—
I pass rock and tree;
O joy! I behold her!
She tarries for me!

She roves through the forest;
The signal I sing;
The note of the song-bird
Overjoyed with the spring.
She flings rs and listens,
And whispers with glee;
"He sings it so sweetly;
He singe for me!

The last beams of sunset
Are gilding the night;
My loved one still tarries,
She hears not the night.
By brook-side she wanders
The green meadows through,
And darker and darker
Night's shadows pursue.

I glide through the bushes,
A wandering star,
She starts and she trembles;
"What gleams from afar?"
"'Tis only my lantern,
My dearest and best,
And I at your feet, love,
For I am blest!"

—Translated from Goethe by Geo. W. Birdseye.

A COMPANION'S STORY.

Had I been my own mistress I should never have served Marie Rosis. But poverty, the need of food and raiment, the hungry mouths that must be filled, were too strong for me, and I engaged myself to her.

"You are poor, Louise," she said, with a slight French accent. "Money is of no account to me—I only ask you to be faithful. I said that I should travel; so you must supply your brothers's and sister's wants before we go. I shall be liberal with you. Take this.

As she spoke she reached out six or eight half-eagles. I drew back my hand.

"It is too much," I said.

"Allow me to be the judge of that. I know what will be required of you."

A little chill ran over me. What would be required of me? I looked up to see, if possible, what meaning lay hid den beneath her words.

"I shall travel as fancy pleases," she continued. "One spot is as pleasant to me as another. I go in search of something I have lost. It may be here, it may be there. I have nothing to guide me in my search. It is all blind chance."

At first I was not happy in my migratory life. I used to long for home—or what had been home—and for the caresses of those I loved. But this did not last long. Marie Rosis soon grew to be the world to me, and I her bond slave.

Sometimes we rested two or three weeks from our travels, and then went forward, day after day and week after week, without stopping. I do not know how long I had been with her, when I discovered that we were not traveling alone—that we had a follower, who pursued us from place to place with unwavering persistence. He did not seem to be conscious of us. He never addressed us—he only followed us continually like a shadow.

It was after the stranger came that I learned what madame was searching for. A ring that had mysteriously disappeared from her finger one night while she was sleeping. A strange ring, with a garnet heart for its centre—all that she had left of Monsieur Rosis. I glanced at her in surprise.

"Was it your wedding ring?"

"Better than that. Monsieur Rosis gave it to me while he was dying. He came back to life to give it me—just as we turn back when we have forgotten something.

"He gave it to me and said that a curse would follow me if I lost it. I did not lose it—it went away from me; but I am not happy. Monsieur Rosis was very hard."

"But you are not to blame for what you could not help."

"Ah! but if a lover took it?" she said, shaking her head slowly. "I had fallen asleep in the drawing-room—the day was warm. When I awoke Monsieur's heart was gone, and the air full of shadows. I have been searching ever since for it."

She began pacing up and down the room. We were stopping for a week at a hotel in a large inland town. This conversation had been carried on in the parlor, a long, wide room, looking eastward. As madame walked, I thought I had never seen her half so beautiful. While she went to and fro restlessly the stranger came noiselessly in and walked beside her. She did not notice him but looked straight out of the window to the green trees and beyond them to the wide sunset.

For myself I grew angry and heated at the stranger's boldness. If he had anything to say to her why did he not speak? What right had he to dog her steps so persistently? At least I would tell madame. As I started forward to speak the strange gentleman raised his hand to his forehead and I saw something on it that glowed blood-red in the sunlight, I looked at it eagerly and saw the shape of a heart outlined on the slender finger. My heart bounded. Here was the lover that had stolen madame's ring. It should be restored to her at once that she should once moae know happiness. Ah, how frightened I got, though! While my lips were parted to speak and my hand reached forth to touch his arm, he was gone and I stood quite alone with Madame Rosis.

"What makes you so white?" she asked, stopping short in her walk.

"Why, he has gone!"

"Who has gone?"

"The gentleman who walked beside you."

"Indeed, who so honored me?" she said, incredulously. "I was busy with my thoughts."

"A strange gentleman walked with you—near you—and I started toward him he disappeared."

Madame laughed a low, musical laugh, but I saw that the white hand clasped her scarlet mantle over her heart was shaking. Her lips grew white and dry.

"I hope he was handsome."

"Very, with a mouth like a girl's."

Her forehead grew puckered in scowls.

"And what else?"

"He wore a ring with a blood-red heart."

I pray that I may never on earth see a face so fearful as was the Madame's at that moment. I put up a quick prayer, for I thought she was about to kill me. She clutched both hands about my arm and held me close to her.

"How dare you, girl?"

"I could not help seeing him," I said.

"There he is now outside looking in at the window."

She cowered down at my feet and covered her eyes with my mantle. I do not know how long I stood there, or how long she knelt without moving. I know the figure stood motionless at the window looking at us with steady, unwavering eyes. Would he never? Would he hold us forever with that quiet, unflinching gaze?

At that moment I shrieked, and madame sprang to her feet. A crowd came to see us and I fell back fainting.

In the morning we started. It was summer time, and our way led through the richest of earth's gardens. All was was beautiful from the sky downward—birds, flowers, fruit and velvety greensward. In spite of everything I was happy.

"We will soon have a long rest," said madame, as we were whirling along. "You shall hear from the brother and sister at home."

I was looking out of the window as she spoke. As I turned my face toward her, I felt some one touch my shoulder. I turned quickly. The stranger was sitting near us in the train.

His presence seemed so real to me that I spoke out angrily:

"If you please, sir—"

Madame looked around.

I knew, then, that whatever I saw—whether man or evil one—Madame Rosis was conscious of nothing. I looked over the face—at the blue eyes and the gentle mouth, down at the white hands and red ring, without a word.

"Monsieur Rosis," I thought. "But why does he follow madame?"

We rode the day through with the fair, immovable figure beside us, and the doctor in the next carriage. The one seemed to counteract the influence of the other. Nothing could harm me.

At night we came to our resting place. "Here we shall find the ring," said madame, as we hurried out of the train. "It is like an inspiration. I feel it through and through."

We did not go to a hotel, but to a house near the outskirts of the town. I know the coachmen of the fly stared at madame when she told him where to drive us. The night was very dark. Looking around for my friend, I could not see him, and I thought I was lost.

Warm as was the night, the place to which we went was chilly. Madame had fires started in the grates, and ordered wine to be brought.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Pardon me for not saying. This is my home. No one dare intrude here."

No one? Was madame sure? As she spoke, the pleasant-faced stranger, ghost or man, came noiselessly in, and sat down by the fire. He wore the same expression as when I had first seen him. Glancing at his hand, I saw the blood-red ring glowing upon his finger.

"You do not drink?" madame said, as I sat holding the wine glass. "What is it?"

I put down the glass with a shudder.

"Madame Rosis, I want to go home."

"This is your home. By day it is very beautiful. To-night I know there are shadows—and it is cold. We can have more fire."

"That is not it—I want my sister. I seem to be stifling here."

"Well, well—I will play to you. I will sing."

She threw open the piano. Good heavens, what a wail came from it as her delicate finger ran up and down the keys! Wild unrest, agony, despair, found voice in the melody which she awakened. Then her little hands pattered softly down, and her voice broke out softly to the weird accompaniment. Through it all I could hear the falling of ghostly feet, the whispers from shadowy lips. The stranger listened at her side; so close was his face to hers, that in an unsteady light they seemed to mingle and waver together.

Where was I? The atmosphere was like that of a tomb. Was I among flesh and blood realities, or had I been drawn into the charnel-house to expiate some sin which I had committed? Sin, indeed! What did I know about sin?

"Don't madame- don't!" I cried, "You are driving me mad! Let me go—in the name of mercy, let me go!"

"You need rest," spoke the madame. "You are nervous. You shall go to your room and have support there."

She led me like a child. What could I do?

Upstairs it was more cheerful. The fire was fresh and the lamps gave out a clear, steady light. I drew a sigh of relief.

"You like it?" said madame.

"How can I help it?"

"I am glad. My room is opposite. In the night, if you are awakened, you can come to me. But I think you will sleep. I will send your supper to you in a moment."

I did not wait for supper. Thoroughly exhausted, bodily and mentally, I sank upon the bed. I do not know how long I slept. I started up suddenly from my pillow, a fearful shriek entering through my brain. It was madame's voice that aroused me. In a moment there was a sound of hurried feet in the hall, a murmur of strange voices, and some one threw open the door opposite mine. I stole softly out and crossed the hall to madame's room. There was a group of strange people standing by her bedside.

A voice said, "She is dead."

"What is it—what killed her?" I asked.

"I do not know. Probably her heart was diseased. Some sudden fright did it. The detectives have been on her track for weeks."

"The detectives? Why?"

"She poisoned Monsieur Rosis, her husband. That is the portrait yonder," said the physician.

I gave one glance toward it. I had little need to look at it, since the face was so terribly familiar.

"She has escaped justice," some one said, solemnly.

"You are mistaken, she has gone to meet it."

"See!" cried another, in a startled voice, "she wore his ring again."

I looked down at the little waxen hand, now clay cold. On the white forefinger the heart of Monsieur Rosis glowed and burned. It was plain to me, no matter what others thought. Madame had died of fright when the ring was placed upon her finger.

Her impression had been true. She had that night found her ring. Let us hope, too, that in God's wide mercy she found rest.

Sarah Bernhardt's Ball.

A ball was given in Paris March 4th, the like of which could certainly not be found in any other capital in the world but Paris. Some few days ago a very handsomely illustrated card—a work of art itself, due to the pencil of Clairip—was received by the personal friends of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, reading thus: "Monsieur Maurice Bernhardt prie Monsieur X. de lui faire l'honneur de venir passer la soiree de la Mi-Careme chez sa mere." The entertainment was given in celebration of the young host having completed the fifteenth year of his age. Fancy dress was supposed to be *de rigueur*, and there were, indeed, so few black coats that they in no way impaired the bright and picturesque aspect of the famous *atelier* which has been so often described.

A model of artistic splendor, it needed little to adapt it to the requirements of a ball-room. The Japanese figures, the magnificent bronzes, the paintings, statues, and numberless works of cost from every part of the world, had only to be heaped together in more than usual profusion and the somewhat severe aspect of the architecture merely lightened with additional tapestries and banners. The dining-room, the walls covered with frescoes on golden ground, naturally did duty for the buffet, while an extra room built over the garden, and draped with gobelins, served as a cool retreat from the heat of the ball-room. The host was dressed in the elegant Italian costume worn by his mother in "La Passant," while she, herself, in a white satin dress, with tall hat, appeared as the most charming of "Pierrettes."

Some of the dresses were fantastic enough—Mdlle. de Gournay, for instance, being made up as Puss in Boots, and Mdle. Abbelud as a black "Pierrot." The painters present were naturally most correct in their attire—Detaille, for instance, wearing the undress uniform of an English guardsman; Jacquet, a veritable Italian mediæval costume, and Bastien Lepage looking like a Calabrian brigand to the life. But to enumerate the guests would be to give a list of all the notables in Paris. To show the eclectic nature of the gathering, I need only mention that it included the famous Sergeant Hoff, whose bust, by Mdlle. Bernhardt, is to be exhibited in the next salon. Dancing was carried on with a reckless gayety, which found its excuse in the license of carnival time, and the view of the scene, as witnessed from the staircase, which is the most conspicuous feature of the studio, leaves an impression which by those who enjoyed it will not easily be forgotten.

MARRIAGE AGREEMENT.—Last Friday there was filed with the Napa county Recorder an instrument rarely seen. It was an agreement made at Knoxville, April 5th, between James W. Thompson (aged 30) and Varney E. Brookins (aged 15), worded as follows: "This indenture witnesseth that the parties named do hereby intermarry or marry each other under and by virtue of, and in accordance with the provisions of section 75, Civil Code, and do now assume the respective duties of husband and wife. That the parties do hereby join in this declaration of marriage, each promising and convenanting with the other to assume and carry out during their natural lives the duties and obligations of marriage in the sight of man and God."—*Register.*

The Dream Story of Gojiro.

Only a few years ago there was a gentleman in Fukui, Japan, who had a son, a bright lad of twelve, who was very diligent at school, and had made astonishing progress in his studies. He was especially quick at learning Chinese characters, of which every Japanese gentleman who wishes to be called educated must know at least 2000. For, although the Chinese and Japanese are two very different languages, yet the Japanese, Coreans and Chinese use the same letters to write with, just as English, Germans, French and Spaniards all employ one and the same alphabet.

Now Gojiro's father had promised him that when he read through five volumes of the Nihongi, or ancient history of Japan, he would give him for a present a book of wonderful Chinese stories. Gojiro performed his task and his father kept his promise. One day, on his return from a journey to Kioto, he presented his son with sixteen volumes, all neatly silk-bound, well illustrated with wood-cuts and printed clearly on thin, silky mulcerry paper from the best wooden blocks. It will be remembered that several volumes of Japanese literature make but one of ours, as they are much lighter and thinner than ours.

Gojiro was so delighted with the wonderful stories of heroes and warriors, travels and sailors, that he almost felt himself in China. He read far into the night, with his lamp inside of his mosquito curtain, and finally fell asleep, still undressed, but with his head full of all sorts of Chinese wonders.

He dreamed he was far away in China, walking along the banks of the great Yellow River. Everything was very strange. The people talked an entirely different language from his own; had on different clothes; and instead of nice shaven head and top-knot of the Japanese, every one wore a long pigtail of hair that dangled at his heels. Even the boats were of a strange form; and on the fishing smacks, perched on projecting rails, sat rows of cormorants, each with a ring around his neck. Every few minutes one of them would dive under the water, and, after awhile, come struggling up with a fish in its mouth so big that the fishermen had to help the bird into the boat. The fish was then flung into a basket, and the cormorant was treated to a slice of raw fish by way of encouragement, and to keep the bird from the bad habit of eating the live fish whole. This the ravenous bird would sometimes try to do, even though the ring was put around his neck for the express purpose of preventing him from gulping down a whole fish at once.

It was spring-time, and the buds were just bursting into flower. The river was full of fish, especially carp, ascending to the great rapids or cascades. Here the current ran at a prodigious rate of swiftness, and the waters rippled and boiled and roared with frightful noise. Yet, strange to say, many of the fish were swimming up the stream as if their lives depended on it. They leaped and floundered about; but every one seemed to be tossed back and left exhausted in the river, where they panted and gasped for breath in the eddies at the side. Some were so bruised against the rocks that, after a few spasms, they floated white and stiff, belly up, on the water, dead, and were swept down the stream. Still the shoal leaped and strained every fin, until their scales flashed in the sun like a host of armored warriors in battle. Gojiro, enjoying it as if it were a real conflict of waves and fishes, clapped his hands with delight.

Then Gojiro enquired by means of writing, of an old white-bearded sage standing by and looking on, "What is the name of this part of the river?"

"We call it Lung Men," replied the sage.

"Will you please write the characters of it," said Gojiro, producing his ink-case and and a brush pen, with a roll of soft mulberry paper.

The sage wrote the two Chinese characters meaning "The Gate of the Dragons," or "Dragon's Gate," and turned away to watch a carp that seemed almost up into the clear water.

"Oh, I see,' said Gojiro to himself. "That's pronounced Riu Mon in Japanese. I'll go further on and see. There must be some meaning in this fish-climbing." He went forward a few rods, to where the banks trended upward into high bluffs, crowned by towering firs, through the top branches of which white fleecy clouds sailed along, so near the sky did the tree-tops seem. Down under the cliffs the river ran perfectly smooth, almost like a mirror, and broadened out to the opposite shore. Far back, along the current, he could still see the rapids shelving down. It was crowded at the bottom with leaping fish, whose numbers gradually thinned out toward the center, while near the top, close to the edge of level water, one solitary fish, of powerful fin and tail, breasted the steep stream. Now forward a leap, then a slide backward, sometimes farther to the rear than the next leap made up for, then steady progress, then a slip, but every moment nearer, until clearing foam and ripple and spray at one bound, it passed the edge and swam happily in smooth water.

It was inside the dragon gate.

Now came the wonderful change. One of the fleecy white clouds suddenly left the host in the deep blue above, dipped down from the sky, and, swirling round and round as if it were a waterspout, scratched and frayed the edge of the water like a fisher's troll. The carp saw and darted toward it. In a moment the fish was transformed into a white dragon, and rising into the cloud, floated off toward heaven. A streak or two of red fire, a gleam of terrible eyes, and the flash of white scales was all that Gojiro saw. Then he awoke.

"How strange that a poor little carp, a common fish that lives in the river, should become a great white dragon, and soar up into the sky, to live there," thought Gojiro, the next day, as he told his mother his dream.

"Yes," said she; "and what a lesson for you. See how the carp persevered, rising over all difficulties, never giving up till he became a dragon. I hope my son will mount over all obstacles, and rise to honor and to high office under the government."

"Oh! oh! now I see," said Gojiro. "That is what my teacher means when he says the students in Tokio have a saying, "I'm a fish to-day, but I hope to be a dragon to-morrow," when they go to attend examination; and that's what papa meant when he said, 'That fish's son Kotuku has become a white dragon, while I am yet only a carp.'"

So on the third day of the third month, at the feast of flags, Gojiro hoisted the nobori. It was a great fish, made of paper, fifteen feet long, and hollow like a bag. It was yellow with black scales and streaks of gold, and red gills and mouth, in which two strong strings were fastened. It was hoisted up by a rope to the top of a high bamboo pole on the roof of the house. There the breeze caught it, swelled it out round and full of air. The wind made the fins work, and the tail flap, and the head tug, until it looked just like a carp trying to swim the rapids of the Yellow river—the symbol of ambition and perseverance.—*Ex.*

A Mystery.

We are used to scenes of pain and suffering at the G—— hospital, and could look on ghastly wounds and faces on which the mortal agony inflicted by the surgeon's probe and knife was painted without blanching or apparent emotion. But when gallant Harry Delmont was brought in from the "front," with a hideous hole in his manly breast, such as only a minie ball could make, a great hush of sorrow and dismay fell upon us all. And when the surgeon's solemn words, "He cannot live three days," fell upon our ears, the hush was broken by the sobs of strong men, as well as by the more quiet weeping of the female nurses, for all of us loved the brave young Caprain as a brother.

We hovered over his cot throughout the day, and when night came it was agreed that one of us should have the special duty of watching beside it through the night, for fear that he should waken from the lethargy which seemed to prelude approaching death, to ask for something that the steward could not obtain. And then I pleaded for the privilege, and after some demur it was accorded me.

"Watch him very closely," said the surgeon to me, as I took my seat for the vigil beside the cot of our favorite, "for at any moment he is liable to come out of the coma, and he may be wandering."

But I was very tired, and about midnight, do what I could, I could not keep my eyes from closing in a half-unconscious reverie, which, after a time, merged into a fitful slumber. And very soon occurred the mystery of which it is my present task to tell.

A bright dream of the "northern home so far away" was flitting through my brain, when suddenly I seemed to be impressed with some presence that held my body in a thrall, while my senses became almost preternaturally acute. Opening my eyes at last, I gazed toward the couch of the wounded captain, and by his side with one hand clasped in hers, I saw the figure of a young and beautiful lady, whose eyes were glaring down to his with such a look of pitying tenderness that I felt sure at once she was his sweetheart.

I wondered much, however, how she came to be there in the hospital at that hour of the night, when visitors had never been admitted after sundown. And I knew that Dr. Vance, the surgeon in charge, had his own brother been dying in that place, and his father and mother come to see him, would never have admitted them only by regular hours.

I was so exercised in mind that I was just opening my lips to question the strange visitor, when I saw the steward with the light, moving along the lower end of the ward in such a way as to bring our visitor between the light and me, and then my heart stood still. The light the stewart carried I could see shining, and I was looking through the form of the lady who stood by my patient's side.

I gazed in awe upon the apparition for a few brief seconds, and then a torpor overcame me, and I knew no more until the steward roughly shook my arm and made me awake, for Captain Delmont was no longer lethargic, but delirious. But when I looked upon his clear, calm eyes, I told the steward he was not delirious.

"Is Nettie here?" he faintly asked, as I bent over him.

I did not question who "Nettie" was, for I was certain I had seen her semblance, and I answered, calmly:

"Nettie has been here, Captain Delmont, but she is not here now."

"I wish you would call her again, Mrs. Ennis, for I wish to speak with her."

"Did you speak with her when she was here?" I asked, heeding the steward's great amazement."

"No," he answered simply. "I tried to speak, but somehow I could not utter a word; I suppose I was then too weak."

"Was she your affianced wife?" I asked.

"Not when I joined the army. We had been affianced once, but she broke the engagement because"—here his voice faltered—"because I was too poor. But I know she loves me."

"She does," I said, "I could see it in her eyes."

"If she is to nurse me," he exclaimed, "I surely shall recover! O, call her now, dear Mrs. Ennis—I must have the assurance from her own lips."

But I persuaded him to wait till morning. Morning came, and the surgeon, after a hasty examination, said the Captain was much better, and that a chance for life was won. As soon as he was gone I turned to my patient, who only murmured, "Nettie."

"Captain Delmont," I said, calmly, "Nettie is not here."

"Not here!" he cried clutching my hand. "Not here! why I saw her last night. She has not gone away again, and left me to die alone?"

"No, Harry, but she has not yet been here—not in the flesh."

"Mrs. Ennis, am I mad or are you? for I plainly saw her, and you say she has not been here."

"Yes, I saw her," I replied, "and she was standing by your cot, and in her hand she held your own. But Captain Delmont, through her form I saw the candle carried by the steward, half a dozen cots away.

He turned his face to the wall, and then I trembled for the effect I feared my words would have. But when he turned his face again I saw my fear was groundless.

"I called her," he said earnestly, "and though five hundred miles away, she heard me and came to me. God bless her!"

And for all the surgeon's prophecy he rapidly began to mend. Days glided by, and he grew convalescent.

Two weeks later, going out one day, I met a lady going in, and it needed but one glance to tell me who it was. She stared at me, apparently bewildered. I went up to her and took her hand.

"This is Captain Delmont's Nettie!" I exclaimed.

She looked frightened. I saw that she grew pale. I guided her to Captain Delmont's cot, and when she reached it and she beheld the surroundings she grew paler still.

"Why, this is the very place I dreamed of seeing about two weeks ago! and you are the nurse I saw sitting by his cot!" she gasped, rather than spoke.

I did not reply. Harry Delmont had clasped her to his breast, and I very quietly withdrew.

Of course the story ends with happiness and marriage, as is usual; but the appearance by my patient's cot I fear will never be explained. It is a question for psychologists to settle or discuss.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?—The foregoing is a common and familiar salutation on the Comstock; the object of its use being to get a point on mining operations, if one is to be had. It is needless to say that just now the interogation is seldom answered to the delight of the questioner: "What do you know?" This was slung at the head of a prominent stock sharp for about the fiftieth time this morning, when he replied: "I know how to blow my nose and make it sound like a fish horn. I've had six weeks continued practice, and if you'd had that much you would not have a brain left in your head." And if you'd any brains in the first place, you'd never have required that amount of practice," was the reply. —Gold Hill News.

Probably one reason that many printers become actors is, that they understand the art of "making up."

Pathos Of Dickens.

"Even when golden hair lay in a halo on a pillow, around the worn face of a little boy he said with a radiant smile: 'Dear papa and mamma, I am sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go.' Thus the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."—Tale of Two Cities, book 2, chapter 21.

"There is no time there, and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. She goes next before him—is gone."—I bid, book 5, chapter 15.

"The dying boy made answer, 'I soon shall be there.' He Spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, that were filled with figures of men and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered it was Eden and so died."—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be thy name."

"Dead! my lords and gentleman. Dead! men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!"—Bleak House, chapter 47.

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm close around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right."—I bid, chapter 65.

"If this is sleep, sit by me when I sleep; turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want it to be near." And she died like a child that had gone to sleep." David Copperfield, chapter 9.

"Time and the world were slipping from beneath him. he's going out with the tide. And it being low water, he went out with the tide."—I bid, chapter 30.

"One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth."—Martin Chuzzlewit. chapter 16.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hands of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her." —Old curiosity Shop, chapter 71.

"The hand stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency went out.'— Hard Times: chapter 9.

"For a moment the closed eyelids trembled and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus, clinging to the slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around all the world."—Dombey and Son, vol. 1, chapter 1.

"It's very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining upon me as I go! The old, old fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that old fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of your children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.' —I bid, chapter 17.

"In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low, to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting-place."—I bid, chapter 34.

"A cricket sings upon the hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground and nothing else remains."—Cricket on the Hearth, chapter 2.

Influence of Electric Light.

Dr. Siemens recently gave, before the Royal Society in London, an account of some very interesting and important experiments which he had been making, with a view of determining the influence of electric light on vegetation. The experiments had been made with mustard, carrot, bean, cucumber, melon and other quick-growing plants. These, which had been planted in pots, he had arranged in four classes or groups. One class was kept always kept in the dark, another in the light of day as long as possible, a third always in the electric light, and the fourth was expcsed to daylight and electric light in succession. It was found that the plants would not live long when kept in the dark, but they would thrive about as well in the electric light as in the daylight. But those did best of all which were constantly exposed to both daylight and electric light in succession. Dr. Siemens' experiments extended through only about two months, and he does not claim that the results are conclusive or final. But he has reached the conclusions that plants do not require any rest during the twenty-four hours; that their growth may be materially quickened by giving them the benefit of electric light at night; that electric light will produce chlorophyl in the leaves of plants, and promothe their growth, and that injurious effects upon plants are not caused, to any material extent, by the small amount of carbonic acid and nitrogenous compounds generated in the electric light arc. Dr. Siemens further expresses the opinion that the effects of night frost may be counteracted and the ripening of fruit promoted by means of the radiation of heat from powerful electric arcs. If these results shall be confirmed by further experiments which Dr. Siemens is making, the practical value which these facts will have in horticulture is manifest. They will also afford new facilities for the investigation of some important scientific questions as to the influence of natural light on vegetattion. Dr. Siemens gave his audience a beautiful illustration of one of his experiments by putting some budding tulips in a strong electric light, which in about forty minutes, caused the buds to open out in full bloom.

In view of these facts, may not this light be made serviceable in tobacco plant beds, hastening the growth and improving the quality of the plants?

DEATH OF THE PRINCE OF BANDITS.—Gasparone, once the terror of his countrymen, as well as their pride, died a few days ago, at the ripe age of ninety, in the Casa del Poveri, at Abblategrassi, in Lombardy. In the good old days of Bombs, Gregory XVI. and the Archdukes, he was known throughout Calabria, the Campagna and Tuseany, in all of which territories he at different times plied his perilous profession as "the Prince of Brigands" and "the King of the Mountains." When the Papal States were annexed by Victor Emanuel, in 1870, Gasparone was under a cloud. He had for many years occupied a cate mate in the Umbrian fortress of San Leo, and as, according to Italian law, his offense, if any, was condoned by the unconscionable duration of his imprisonment, he got the benefit of the limitation statutes and was set at liberty, being, at the time of his emancipation, over 80 years old. He came to Rome and took up his residence in the Transteverine; but me, he, oddly enough, became the object of successive popular ovations which were considered offensive to public morality, and, moreover caused serious disturbances in the streets, the Italian Government resolved to remove him from the capital, and caused him to be transferred to Abbiategrassi, where he has just died, universally respected. Gasparone was an exceedingly handsome old gentleman, of dignified bearing and exquisitely courteous manner. During his honorable retirement in the Cassa die Poveri he was wont to narrate with charming frankness the thrilling exploits of his younger days, and tenderly to deplor the reprehensible obstinacy of some of his "chents," whose stubbornness in declining to pay up the sums fixed by him for their ransom had compelled him to treat them with a severity as distressing to himself as it could possibly be to them. He would never admit that he had taken more than twenty-eight lives with his own hand upon the more than sufficient grounds for irritation; and plumed himself particularly upon having invariably been a merciful as well as a just man. Peace be to his ashes!—*London Telegraph, Oct. 25th.*

When John Wesley died there were 79,000 Methodists in the world; now there are 19,000,000 members of that church in the United States, Great Britain and the colonies alone. Then there were 312 ministers; now there are 90,000.

SHORT BITS.

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

Japan has an iron coin of about one hundreth of one cent.

Texas cow-boys perfume their handkerchiefs with mustang liniment.

All that the American navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water.

Nothing makes a Dakota man so mad as to call him a zebra. He doesn't know what in thunder a zebra is, and has to answer back at a disadvantage.

The two important events in the history of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and finds the hair going.

A smart Philadelphian who scours clothing for a living, keeps himself busily employed by compelling his daughters to fill their hair with oil the nights their young men call.

The Washington *Capital* remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who do not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

Presidential persimmons are to be eaten in June, whether they are ripe or not. Look out for wry faces—that is, faces that have the bloom of rye upon them.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Texas levies a tax upon commercial travelers who enter that State from other portions of the country to dispose of their wares. The exchequer of that commonwealth has thus far gained $420,000 from this source.

"There is nothing like settling down," said a retired merchant, confidentially to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I wouldn't have had a cent."

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman; in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation, "Too muchee yank."

It is estimated that the time wasted by women of the United States in looking under beds for men at night, if devoted to work, would result in a year's time, in making 17,000 pairs of suspenders for the heathen.

These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said: "Oh, his sermon was very good, but that prayer, beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something that it was strangely like."—[Boston Transcript.

No Homes on the Pacific Coast.

The saddest phase of this coast—probably of all gold and silver mining regions—is the absence of homes. We mean real homes, whose founder laid the first hearthstone and made the first clearing with the thought that on that spot he was to do his life's work, and there, at last, amid familiar scenes, sink into that sleep that is final. The absence of this disposition has made nomads of the men of this coast. They came here originally with the thought that in a little while they would return and make the home of their future in the lands of their birth. Could the air-castles which have been erected in thought by men on this coast, while lying in bunks in rude cabins, or in blankets around camp-fires, be woven into a picture, what a city it would make. But the years have stolen by; except in isolated cases, the bewitching dreams have never been realized, and while the hoped-for homes were never builded back in the land of childhoods, neither, alas, have they been builded here. We do not mean to say that there are not plenty of families living in what they call homes. But those who have homes which were created with the expectation that they would be permanent, that in and about them was to be hoarded the gathered treasures of a life-time, are very few. This might, perhaps, be expected here in the desert, but the same is true of California, especially in the country. As a rule, the farm-houses of California and their surroundings are perpetual signs of "For sale." On many of these farms men and families have lived for a quarter of a century, and still it has never been home in any rightful sense of the word. There has never been a time that the husband and father has not intended to sell out in the course of a few months, and never a time that the family has not hoped he would.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

The Westinghouse Machines.

We desire to call the attention of those interested in such matters to the advertisement of E. J. Northrup & Co., who offer to the farmers a threshing machine which is not surpassed for durability and effective work. This machine has many improvements not found in others. We can name only a few in this article. Having improved patent bars in the cylinder and concave by which the spikes or teeth are prevented from coming loose, saving a great amount of annoyance, loss and breakage. Having an improved "swing gear" with it, the horse power may be set at any angle with the thresher within a half circle, and be quickly adjusted and secured to such position. The mounted horse power is an improved triple gear lever power. These powers are thoroughly made, and instead of casting the journals and bearings for the gearings, (as is many times done), every hole or bearing is located and bored by templates, thus securing uniformity in their construction and avoiding any unnecessary friction. The sweeps or levers are so arranged that they require no bolting to hold them to their places and may be instantly placed or removed without the use of any tool. The gearing is all nicely encased in a metallic case, securing it from all dust. The separators are also made to run by an engine, and the manufacturers also make an engine for agricultural purposes, illustration of which we have not space for. The special points of interest in these are their *light weight, economy of fuel and water, safety from fire, and durability.*

To Wool Raisers.

We publish the advertisement in another column of Messrs. Christy & Wise, wool commission merchants of 607 First street, San Francisco, who have lately opened a branch house at No. 34 Front street, Portland, under the charge of Mr. J. S. Chappell. This firm have always done a large business in San Francisco and will no doubt be equally successful in the northwest. They are prepared to make liberal advances on wool, and we would advise those who have that article for sale to open correspondence with them.

By all means avoid any and all so-called cough syrups, for they are filling more graves with poor mortals who use these nostrums, than all the wars ever done. Regulate your bowels with Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier and your cough will leave you without any further trouble.

NO MORE SICK HEADACHE.—For persons of delicate health and nervousness, hear what an eminent lady lecturer says: Having suffered from nervous headache for some time, and not finding any relief from the treatment of our best physicians, I tried Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. One dose of this remarkable remedy gave immediate relief, and a few bottles of the same cured me so far. I can recommend it specially to ladies suffering similarly.

The Doctors Yielding.

Ever since Prof. Green wrote to the *Medical Record* advising physicians everywhere to use the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in their practice, it has been gaining in favor with the profession. They can find nothing which is a substitute for it. R. Caulkins, M.D., of Rochester, N. Y., says he would now prescribe it to all who are afflicted with serious kidney and liver diseases.

H. H. WARNER & Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—GENTLEMEN:—I have tried your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for "Bright's Disease," with which I have been afflicted for the last two years, and it has done wonders for me. I believe it is the only cure known for that terrible disease, and it is with pleasure that I write this testimony in its favor. You are at liberty to use this in any way you see proper to benefit suffering humanity.

Truly yours, JAS. S. PRESCOTT,
North Union,
Shakers' Society, Cuyahoga Co., Cleaveland, O.

☞ In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

"OMNES PROSINT"—HEALTH FOR ALL.

The Original Oregon Botanical Remedies.

Prepared Only by Wm. Pfunder, Operative Chemist.

Why we, the people of the Pacific Coast should any longer be pestered with worthless nostrums, made fifty years ago east of the Rocky Mountains, and that too, by persons who never even knew chemistry by its name proper, much less its wonderful workings. This question suggested itself years ago to Wm. Pfunder, the only operative chemist in Oregon. The result was that this gentleman applied himself to a great and tedious research of the different vegetations, growing in immense quantities, especially in Oregon, but shedding—until his discoveries—all their virtues from year to year to or else earth. His tedious researches, scientific applications, and proper combinations, culminated in the production known to-day as the OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. *Progressu, labore et scientia, extractum concentratum, nomiais Pfunderii Oregoniensis formetur.*

No. 7138. YOUNG, BUT THRIVING.

Experience makes the master. Having had experience with very difficult medicines, chemicals, etc., for over 25 years, and having mastered them all through hard study, both here, and in the East and in Europe, we can confidently recommend our Botanical Remedies, because we have extracted, say "wrenched" from the very heart-strings of hidden nature, all that is good and beneficial to suffering humanity, and leaving the Empty Shells and Worthless Leaves to imitators, greenhorns and inexperienced.

WM. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER will positively be found a valuable remedy for chronic constipation, affected kidneys, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, scrofula, and all other diseases having their origin in impure blood.

[One of Many.] ROSEBURG, Oregon, January 23, 1880.

PURIFIER have entirely cured my Rheumatism of 10 years standing, and other acquaintances speak very highly about it, performing a cure in every instance. Such a blessing should be made known to all sufferers, hence I make the above statement. H. SCHWARTZ.

Lyman Page, Esq., Contractor, 23 years a resident of Portland, says: For 12 years I suffered from liver complaint—tried everything. Cured with 6 bottles of PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

I read about it, tried it, and am still using it when occasion requires What? The OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER! Such are the words of one of our lady lecturers. All ladies