A L Bancroft

THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

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Notice.

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been awarded the contract for keeping the Douglas county Paupers for the period of two years. All persons in need of assistance from aid county must first procure a certificate to that effect from any member of the County Board, and present it to one of the following named persons, who are authorized to, and will care for those presenting such certificate: W. L. Butten, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Scroggs is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.

WM. B. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.

ROSEBURG, Or., Feb. 15, 1880

Lord Alvanley had been dining on one occasion with Mr. Greville, whose dining-room had been newly and splendidly decorated. The meal was, however, a very meagre and indifferent one. Some of the guests were flattering their host upon his magnificence, taste and hospitality. "For my own part interposed Alvanley, "I would rather have seen less gilding and more carving.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Wallace Ross will row Hanlan at Winnipeg, if the inducements of last year are renamed.

The San Pedro, a sister ship to the Tacoma intended for the Oregon trade, sailed from Philadelphia on the 3d.

The Keokuk, Iowa, elevator burned on the night of Jan. 4th. It cost $110,000 new and had extensive repairs; insurance, $30,000.

Two construction trains collided at Sumner, Cal., on the 3d, killing one Chinaman and wounding several others. Two flat cars and one caboose were destroyed.

Well known New York capitalists have subscribed $50,000,000 to build a railway from New York to Hartford, to afford New England a road to connect with the metropolis.

The export of flour from San Francisco during the past year amounts to 1,000,000 barrels, valued at $5,000,000. This is the largest export of flour known in the history of the state.

A circular has been issued by the Central Pacific railroad stating that orders for emigrant tickets from Havre to San Francisco, with fare for through trip at $65, will be furnished on application.

A. J. Decker, agent of the agricultural department, says Kansas is specially adapted to raising sorghum, and that with improvements in manufacture it promises to be one of the large sugar growing states.

A Berlin dispatch to the New York Herald says: In well informed circles a story is now circulating to the effect that Emperor Wilhelm, on the 22d of March, which is his 86th birthday, will abdicate in favor of the crown prince.

Suit has been commenced by the administrators of the estate of Cephas M. Woodruff against the New Jersey Central railroad company to recover $100,000 damages. Woodruff was killed in the Parker Creek calamity last summer.

The Springfield, Ills., iron works, will stop making steel rails and convert the mill into one of the largest in the country for heavy plates and other commercial iron and steel. It will cost three-quarters of a million to make the change.

Three colored laborers on the Central railway extension, near Winchester, Va., put wet dynamite on the stove to dry on the 3d inst. It exploded and two of them were blown to atoms. The third was seriously injured and the house completely demolished.

D. C. Dudley, vice president of the Calumet Iron and Steel Company of Chicago, says those mills will close January 15th for a month or six weeks on account of the low price of nails. About 20,000 men will be thrown out of employment on account of this action.

Rev. Titus Coan died at Hiio, Sandwich islands, on December 2, aged 82. Dr. Coan was a veteran, widely known as a member of the American missionary board, and had been known for years as an apostle of the Sandwich islands, having been there for over 50 years and weilded a great influence with the people.

Geo. P. McConkey was found dead at Hamilton, Nevada, on New Year's night. At first it was supposed he had taken his own life, but subsequent investigation tends to prove that the killing was a cunningly planned murder, with circumstances manufactured for the occasion to make it seem like suicide.

While the northern bound passenger train was nearing Caliente, Cal., on the 4th inst., Smith, the Los Angeles Mormon under life sentence for the murder of his son, attempted to escape by jumping from the train. He fell in such a way that the train passed over one leg, severing it from his body.

Little Thunder and Cading Feathers, Chippewa chiefs, were in Chicago on Jan. 4th, en route to Washington for the purpose of making a trade with the government whereby they can obtain a reservation at Red Lake and certain agricultural implements and utensils necessary for a civilized Christian life, such as they are living. Hitherto they have had little encouragement from the government. They are accompanied by Father Ignatius to Massena, a missionary. Some 1200 of them occupy the reservation.

A Knoxville, Ills., dispatch of Jan. 4th says: St. Mary's Episcopal school for young ladies at this place, was burned to the ground this morning Most of the hundred scholars were asleep when the flames were discovered and had barely time to escape when the alarm was given, leaving their wardrobes and property. Many escaped by ladders. Miss Gillette, of Buffalo, Ills., broke a leg. Miss Hasford, of Dubuque, was seriously injured by falling from a ladder. E. A. Keighting, a firemen, also fell and was injured. No others were injured and no loss of life, though at one time it seemed inevitable. The building was an imposing three-story brick, handsomely furnished. The students were mostly from Illinois. Loss on building about $25,000, fully insured; loss to ladies, in property, about as much. The building will be rebuilt soon and in the meantime temporary accommodations for the school will be used.

A San Francisco dispatch of Jan. 4th says: Since the defalcation of M. P. Kay, auditing clerk of Alameda county, was made public, bogus warrants aggregating $15,000 have been discovered. It appears that the knowledge of the false entries was the result of the merest accident, but for which the fraud would perhaps have never come to light. Among those holding warrants was the Oakland bank of savings, which discounted them when there was no funds in the county treasury. At the end of each month a statement of the warrants in its possession was sent to the treasurer's office. The clerk made the mistake of numbering two of the warrants, so that warrant No. 2299 appeared on the bank's list as drawing $160, while the treasurer's list showed it to have been presented for $3 20. No trace of the missing man is yet found. Of late he has been dabbling considerably in stocks and frequently visited faro games, and almost all of his spare time was spent with fast women. He has a beautiful and accomplished wife, who was obliged to leave him on account of his wild career.

Edwin Booth has arrived in Berlin and will probably accept an engagement.

The son of General Kavanaugh, of Lucknow fame, was arrested in Quebec on the 5th inst., for forgery.

On Jan. 4th the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise witnessed an exhibition of horsemanship given for their amusement at Santa Barbara by a number of native Californians, and seemed much interested in the affair. Their stay in Santa Barbara has been prolonged beyond the time they had first concluded upon.

A clerk named Trotter, in the employ of Riddle & Evans, of Montreal, absconded with about $50,000 belonging to the firm. He went to the Cape of Good Hope and there entered a firm as bookkeeper. In a few years he became a junior partner and remitted the amount of his defalcation to a lawyer to pay over to his former employers. The money was lodged in court, pending litigation between the dissolved partners and is now claimed by Trotter's firm, he having been convicted of forgery and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He robbed his partners and the banks of Cape Good Hope of £15,000.

Considerable apprehension is entertained of the condition of E. J. Baldwin who was shot in San Francisco on the 4th. Several attempts have been made to find the bullet, but without success. The nature of the wound will prevent any further search being made for at least two weeks. Owing to the fact that fragments of the shirt clung to the bullet and passed into the flesh, inflammation has set in, and it is feared that blood poisoning may eventually follow. Everything will be done to alleviate the suffering of the patient, which is said to be very acute. Since the shooting he has been exceedingly restless and unable to sleep, except occasionally during the morning and afternoon.

On Jan. 4th a young man named Painter, employed by Mr. Nelson on Dry Creek, Walla Walla county, W. T., called at the residence of Thomas Woods to take his daughter to a party in the vicinity. The young lady refused to accompany him. Painter drew his pistol and fired it in the air. This act made her brother angry and he gave chase to Painter, but the latter being in a buggy escaped. Woods then returned home, saddled a horse, took a shotgun along and finally overtook Painter. Words ensued and both parties drew their weapons. Painter's story is that he called on Woods to drop his gun and he would his pistol, as they were strangers, and they would fight it out with their fists. The other followed Painter up, and in the scuffle that ensued the gun went off and the charge of bird shot went through Woods' arm, and he soon died from loss of blood.

One of the objects of ex-President Grant's visit to Washington at the present time is said to be the advocacy of the Nicaragua canal bill. General Grant is one of the incorporators of the Nicaragua company. If the bill granting a charter and guaranteeing the bonds of this company is passed, General Grant would in all probability be invited to become its president. The friends of the canal project are growing very anxious, and fear the prospect of passing the bill this session is waning. It is said that the influence of all the Pacific railroads except the Northern Pacific is being exerted to defeat the bill, and in addition to these obstacles DeLesseps is reported to have retained several influential persons to oppose the Nicaragua scheme. It is arranged to call up the canal bill in the house one week from next Monday, and try to get a vote upon it under motion to suspend rules. Some idea of the strength of the measure can then be found.

The recent terrible confession of Mrs. Emma Stillwell, of Waterford, Ohio, that she murdered her first husband, Benj. Swigart, and also an innocent stranger and her 14 months old child, is now supplemented by another confession in which she admits of having killed her own mother, and tells how her father met his death in a tragic manner. Waterford is a small hamlet of no more than a dozen houses, located in the northwest corner of Knox county, seven miles from the nearest telegraph station. Her last confession was revealed to Dr. W. E. Edwards, a reputable physician and local preacher who visited the Stillwell house professionally as medical and spiritual adviser. Dr. Edwards spent the day with Mrs. Stillwell, and gaining her confidence, she reiterated her tale of crimes and professed sincere penitence. Her spiritual adviser informed her there was no hope for forgiveness unless she fully and freely confessed her sins, and asked her if there was any other wicked offense pressing upon her mind. The distressed woman buried her face beneath the clothes and seemed convulsed in anguish. looking up presently, her face assumed a calm expression, and she replied, "Yes, there are two more dark crimes, but no body will ever know them." She finally yielded to his persuasive powers and admitted she murdered her own mother and probably her father. Her mother, Mrs. Susan Synder, while on her way to visit her daughter at Ottumwa, Iowa, was injured in a railroad accident. She was taken to her daughter's home, where four month later she died, as was supposed, from her injuries. Mrs. Stillwell now declares her mother was terribly disfigured, and kept upbraiding her for their former crimes, and even threatened to make a confession before her death. Mrs. Stillwell's repugnance for the unsightly appearance of the old woman, together with fears of exposure, led her to commit the murder, and one night, she says, while her husband was absent, she strangled and smothered her mother to death. In regard to her father's fate she would give no details, other than that he met his death by having his throat cut, but in what manner or by whom she refused to tell. Local chronicles at Marysville, Mo., say he was supposed to have gone to California, and was lost sight of by his family, but it is now believed he was murdered by Mrs. Synder, who was then Mrs. Hoard, in the manner indicated by Mrs Stillwell. Dr. Edwards, who is a physician in good standing, after making a careful examination as to Mrs. Stillwell's mental condition, says there is no evidence or trace of insanity in her case, and believes the confessions were made in view of her near approach to death.

The Baby's Bank.

"No," said the engineer, as he closed one valve and opened another, "I wasn't always an engineer. I wasn't anything for a long time. I had the knowledge in my head all the while—it was lost under a heap of rubbish. What fools men are when they're left to themselves sometimes! Now, look at me. Would you say I was ever a tramp?"

A tramp! His white, muscular throat—white and wholesome under the coal dust—his strong, well-knitted frame, clear eye, and firm hand denoted a man of pluck and courage—a practical worker; not the idle, nerveless, relaxed object which is denominated a tramp, and which is a blight on the face of nature. No; this man, guiding the good engine Mohawk, was never a tramp, and we told him so.

"But I was, gentlemen," he said, coolly, sighting a long stretch of road over the backbone of his engine, and letting her out a little for a dead-level heat. "I was not only a tramp, but the meanest kind of one, and I worked harder and suffered more to get into that condition than I ever did to reach this," and he looked proudly at the polished trimmings of his flying steed.

"I'll tell you how it was," he said at last, as he showed up round a curve and then went easily past the fields clad in their summer verdure past woods that were panoramic in a flash of beauty and away into the open country. "I was a tramp—no matter how I came to be, or why, I lost home, friends, self-respect and all that makes manhood—but I didn't wear a red ribbon at my watch-chain then, and my brain was muddled—there were many more like me—and I went from bad to worse, but I had never broken the laws, wronged anyone but myself, when I fell in with some fellows, who thought they had found a tool, and they had. They say every man has his price, and they offered me mine; it was the price of my soul, too, and I agreed to take the money and do the work.

"It was this—to sneak around and get acquainted with the inside of a house—the house of the richest man in the place, and to show them the way; they said I looked the most respectable for the purpose. Gentlemen, you wouldn't have trusted one of the gang with a ten cent bit, least of me as I looked then, but I felt almost proud of the compliment, and that afternoon I was to go up to the house to look for work or to ask for food, just as it happened to strike me when there was no one home but the women folks, and look around to see how we would get in that night for robbing, and perhaps murder was what they meant.

"It was just such a pleasant, peaceful afternoon as this, and all the doors and windows open and not a soul saw me as I lounged in through the garden and up to the veranda. The gang I had fallen in with had made one mistake—they had kept me sober for the work, not clear-headed, but sober enough to make me feel that I was doing a mean, dastardly trick, to make me for the first time in many a day ashamed of my own company. But I'd gone so far I must go on. I had walked up the steps and into the house without seeing a soul, and I stepped into a long, cool room, and there I saw on the mantel, in a great gold-framed glass, a white face and two red, blood-shot eyes—my own; but what a fright they gave me; and then I saw something else, a small iron bank, such as children keep pennies in. It was made of latticed bars of wrought iron, and between every bar was the gleam of quarters and half dollars, and smaller gold coin. I hadn't a penny to my name. I was hungry, tired, footsore, and disgusted with what I had undertaken. It came over me like a flash that I could take this money and get out of the gang; it would be a dishonesty, but not such as this they had planned. I reached out my hand and stopped. There at my very feet, on a white lace pillow, and all white and fluffy like an angel—lay the loveliest baby I ever saw in all my life! She was asleep, but as I looked at her in startled wonder, she opened her eyes as wide and as bright as daisies, held up both pretty hands, laughed like a bird singing, and said "Joe, Joe," which wasn't my name at all. I didn't touch the baby's hand, and I didn't touch the baby. While I stood there a little pale woman came out of her room and nearly fainted when she saw me, and I sat down there and told the whole story, and asked her to have me sent to jail for protection for myself and others; she sent for her husband, and all the time we were talking the baby laughed and cooed, and called me by the name she gave me, "Joe," and the rest of the gang were waiting at the turn of the road for me to come back to them.

"I didn't give them up—it wasn't worth while, when I had to put the people they had designed on their guard, and left the town that night; I didn't go to jail; the man whose house was to be robbed gave me some work, but I didn't reform all in a minute, and he never could have reformed me at all—it was the baby that did it. She trusted me; when I felt the old boy getting the better of me I went to the baby and she smiled at me, and I grew strong right off—it made a man of me. I never could tell what that baby saw in my face to make her help me in that way, but it wasn't of this world. She knew she could save me, and she did it. That was ten years ago, gentlemen, and I am more of a man than I ever was, and it's her doing."

"She must be quite a large girl now," we said, inquiringly.

"Maybe so! I don't know how that is; some folks say they don't reckon them by months and years! I'd like to feel she's the same sweet smiling baby, holding out her hands in that confiding way and call me that same name—but I never wanted anyone else to use the name since she said it the last time. She was going to sleep never to wake up, the doctor said; they told me she wouldn't know me, that I would disturb her. I went in on my knees, I crawled up to the bed and looked at her; dear saint, she was white as the sheets, and her pretty curls never stirred a hair, and her sweet eyes closed, and I groaned in my heart, for I thought she was gone, and then she opened her eyes and there came a great struggle for breath, and oh, my God, I'd have died to help her, and she looked at me and put one hand up—I fancied she pointed up there—and she smiled on me, and says she, all at once, 'Joe! Joe!' and then she made her mother understand that she wanted something. It was the little bank and she wanted me to have it. I took it to humor her, and thought I'd give it back to her when she got well. And then she smiled again when I listened to hear her say, 'Joe?'—and all was still. You see I never would go wrong now; but how did she know about that little bank and my wicked thoughts? And she forgave me and loved me, too, pretty dear. The smoke makes me cry. There's our depot at the next station, and we're running on schedule time, as you see, gentlemen."

Woman's Power.

The mother's solicitude, the wife's patience and anxiety, the sister's love, have proved in nine cases out of ten the strong cord that pulled at the heart of the wanderer, till son, or husband, or brother could no longer bear the strain and loosened it by coming nearer and nearer home. Some woman's hand holds the key, unconsciously and carelessly perhaps, but holds it to almost every man's heart, and the closed doors will be unbarred to her, and yield to her touch, when no other power will stir them on their rusty hinges. Let any woman who finds herself thus inside beware how she works! In clearing out the darkened chambers so that God's light can enter, let her work with such skillful touches of prayer and tenderness as shall do something better than stir, like an unskillful servant, all the dust, only to see it settle thicker in another place. It is no light work, this leading of human souls, and any woman who undertakes it needs to bring to it all there is of her. She will need her knowledge of God, and perhaps never discover how little she possesses till she tries to open it for another soul to measure her treasure. She will need her knowledge of people, her discrimination of character, her intuitive discernment of mental conditions, and her sympathetic perception of feeling. All the brihghtest and best that she can command is not too good nor too fair to be used in the saving of what is best and fairest in others.

An Old Welch Custom.

So late as the seventeenth century it was customary in some parts of Ireland for the bridegroom's friends to receive those of the bride with a shower of darts carefully directed so as to fall harmless, and Lord Kaimes, who died in 1782, deposes that the marriage observances of the Welsh of the day were significantly symbolical of marriage by capture; the respective friends of the bride and groom meeting on horse back, the former refusing to deliver the lady on demand, and bringing about a sham conflict, during which the nearest kinsman of the bride, behind whom she is mounted, galloped away, to be pursued by the opposite party, until men and horse had had enough of it, when the bridegroom was permitted to overtake the pretended fugitive and bear her off in triumph. The Berricors of France are the only European people among whom the form of capture still survives. Upon the day of a wedding the doors of the bride's house are closed and barricaded, the windows barred and her friends mustered within. Presently the bridegroom's party comes, asking entrance upon one false pretence after another. Finding speech of no avail, they endeavor to sorce an entrance, with no better fortune. Then comes a parley; the beseigers proclaim that they bring the lady a husband, and are admitted within doors, to fight for the possession of the heart, win it, and the bride with it; the couple being forthwith united in the orthodox fashion.

Thurlow Weed and His Sweetheart.

"When I was working in Cooperstown," Mr. Weed said, "I and two other young fellows were arrested for insulting some girls while going home from meeting, I was never more innocent of anything in my life, but I had no friends and was threatened with jail. Suddenly a man whom I did not know stepped forward and gave bail for me, and a lawyer whom I had barely seen offered to serve me as counsel. My trial came on, and the girls completely exonerated me from having had anything to do with it. A year or two after this I fell in love with Catharine Ostrander, of Cooperstown, and married her, and a better wife no man ever had. It was ten years before I found out how I had been defended. Meeting the lawyer in Albany I asked him. 'Why,' said he, 'it was Catharine Ostrander's work.' She had felt rather shy and had not told me in all that time. But the next year that lawyer was surprised by being nominated and elected attorney-general of the State. Not altogether because he had interceded for me; he was just the man for the place. I very rarely had a man elected or appointed to office for reasons personal to myself."—[Rochester Democrat.

Persistent Love.

"With all thy false I love thee still," said the newly married man to his spouse when viewing the mysteries of her toilet.—[Yonkers Gazette.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," said the owner of a whiskey still.—[Whitehall Times.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," remarked the man who was related to a garrulous woman.—[Baltimore Every Saturday.

"With all thy vaults I love thee still," said a wife to a leaping acrobat.—[Dramatic World.

SHE LOVED WHIST.—Chambers' Journal: The wife of Bishop Beadon loved whist so well, that when the prelate told one of his clergy if he was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the bath rooms, he must be able to do duty at home, the invalid at once silenced him with, "My Lord, Mrs. Beadon would tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves." The bishop's better half would have sympathized with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass the time away, and, after winning all his money, had just proposed to play for her funeral charges, when she expired.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

The first time I saw her—and I never saw her but twice—there was nothing visible but a slat sun-bonnet and a pair of red, angular elbows keeping time to a monotonous chant:

"Ma-ry and Marthy served the Lawd,
Ma-ry and Marthy served the Lawd,
Ma-ry and Marthy served the Lawd,
And I kin serve him tew."

This was followed by a vigorous rubbing, the slat sun-bonnet flapping and the elbows flying on a home-made, rickety pine wash-board—for she was washing, standing on a bench, and leaning over so far into the hot, steaming water, that there was danger of her losing her balance and drowning. The sound of the rubbing and splashing and her own voice had prevented her hearing my approach, and she jumped like a frightened partridge and looked at me with a frightened stare when I addressed her.

"Don't be alarmed, little one," I said, "I have only lost my way, and stopped to ask you where the hotel is."

She wrung the water out of her lean, red hands, pushed back her sun-bonnet, and stepped off the bench.

"Dew you live at the tavern?" she asked, putting her brown head over on one shoulder, like a bird, and looking at me with bright, inquisitive eyes.

"Yes; what a shame to let such a child as you wash; you ought to be playing with dolls yet," I remarked indignantly.

She looked at me covertly, from under the lashes of her soft, shy eyes, as if wondering if I would do her a harm, drew her small form up, proudly, and pointed to the mountain.

"Keep rite on up; tha's yoh place; go wha the road turns, and yew'll site the tavern."

She buried her head in the tub, and resumed her chanting:

"Ma-ry and Marthy served the Lord"

When I was half-way up the mountain side, I turned, and saw her standing bare-headed, in the sun, looking after me; but she was gone like a squirrel when she saw me watching her.

The next time I saw her was when I was looking for a particular species of beetles—I am fond of bugs and worms—and being caught in a storm, sought shelter in the next cabin, which was hers. She did not open the door until I had knocked and pounded a number of times.

"An' it's yew," was her laconic greeting, as she swung the old boards that served as a door, and reluctantly admitted me.

There was a fire on the stone hearth; there was a very old man asleep in a chair, and a great brindled cat, with green eyes, arched itself at his side. The room was a clean, warm, bright place, that was more picturesque than anything I had seen in the dreary place called the Pocket country, which lies between Kentucky and Virginia, and where fate had cast me for a few lonely weeks. I looked every moment for some woman to make her appearance; yet it would be hard to tell where she would come from, unless she had been in the loft above. There was a curtain hung across a small division of the cabin, but concealed nothing.

"Do you keep this house alone?" I asked.

"With feyther and gran'feyther," said the child, an'—an'— Kedsie."

"Oh, your brother."

She nodded her answer; I sat on the bench, and dried myself in the firelight; the old man roused himself and looked curiously at me with red ferret-like eyes, that had no lashes to their red lids, the little girl whispered to him, and he went to sleep again.

"How old are you?" I asked when we had talked a little, and she was not so much afraid of me.

"What do you think?" she asked in her quaint way.

I looked at her small, childish figure, and guessed "ten."

She laughed a little, and shook her small head.

I remarked the sharp-curved chin and ventured "fifteen."

"Try again."

She threw back her sun-burned hair, and looked full into mine with her bright restless eyes.

"Seventeen," for I caught the glimpse of a woman's nature in their clearest depth.

"Yoh all out," she sighed as she spoke.

"I believe you are fifty," I remarked sharply, there was such a change in each movement of the little woman.

"Y'ime twenty," she replied in her childish voice.

I think if she had said one hundred, I would not have been surprised, she was so weirdly quaint and old. As we were sitting about, she watching every movement I made, there was a great clattering at the door, and she flew with that swift motion of hers to open it. There was a loud, angry voice, which she at once answered, in her soft tones, and then a man stumbled into the room, and, without noticing me, threw himself on the little bed and snored instantly—an ugly, unkempt, drunken man, shabbily garbed, and forbidding looking.

"It's feyther," she sighed, "he's tooken agen; it's the mountin' agoo he's got, an' it takes holt rite sharp, so's he cannot do a stroke of work. Poor feyther."

"And the old man?" I queried, pointing to the slumbering figure in the chair.

"Gran'feyther; he's a comfort to me, mostly; he hasn't the agoo, you see."

"Do you take care of these"—these dreadful people, I had nearly said, but checked myself—"your father and grandfather?"

"Yes, and Kedsie; wait till yoh see Kedsie!"

The first happy look I had seen came into her eyes. She was listening, a step was at the door, which opened, and a young, fresh, fair-looking man came softly in. He was rather neatly dressed, but one look at his long, smooth chin and open mouth told the story—he was witless.

But the girl's face brightened into a sunny smile; she reached on tiptoe to kiss the pale, flabby cheek of her brother and she opened the folded fingers of one nerveless hand to see what he had there—it was a little field mouse, the life crushed but by the tension of the long fingers that had imprisoned it.

"You killed it, Kedsie," said the girl, sadly. "Look yeah how its eyes wimple; tha's tears in 'em."

The foolish boy laughed; then he drew a pretty green lizard from his pocket and held it with his thumb and finger, its long, narrow, green head undulating like a snake; he made a sound that resembled the chattering of a monkey; and it was evident that he knew no power of speech.

"It's wuth money," said the girl, looking at it critically. "You can dicker for it at the tavern."

The sun came out and I rose to go; the cat followed me to the door; the old gran'feyther rose feebly and tottered out to look at the weather; the drunken man snored; the little child woman leaned against her foolish brother in the doorway and patted one soft leaden hand which she held in hers; I was never one to say a graceful or pretty thing when I should, and I blurted out abruptly to the girl:

"Do you help them all?"

She drew herself up on tiptoe and looked up lovingly into the foolish, imbecile face.

"Na," she said in a loving voice, "tha help me."

I did the next worst thing I could have done—took out a silver half dollar; fortunately I saw that the little mountain washerwoman was a princess in disguise, and I asked humbly:

"May I buy the lizard?"

I took the reptile home with me in a piece of broken cup; I have the bit of delf yet to remind me of the little unselfish being whose history, known in all the Pocket country, is the saddest I ever heard. The last I ever saw of her she stood in the rough doorway, regarding with a look of rapt devotion her imbecile brother, while the old man leaned on his hickory staff beside her, the cat purred trustingly at her feet, and in the back room a horror of death awaited her. So small, so trusting, unconscious of any labor of love to commend her to the notice of angels, I saw as in a dream, that small stature growing to heavenly hights.

"A daughter of the gods divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

The Use of Tobacco.

This old-fashioned subject is noted in a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, as having been brought to its attention by a very sensible article on the physiological effects of tobacco in the London Lancet of November fourth. In the use of tobacco the three main points to be considered are, according to the Lancet, the local effect of the oily vapor from the burning leaves, the immediate effects, and the secondary effects. There can be no question that smoking produces an important local effect on the mucous membrane of the lips, mouth, tongue, fauces, larnyx, etc. The immediate effect may be stimulating, sedative or narcotic, according to the quantity of nicotine actually introduced into the system and the idiosyncracies of the smoker. The secondary effects are not cumulative, but gradually affect the system. A man may exhaust the strength of his nervous system, and lower its tone, or he may impair his digestion by habitual excess in smoking, but these results are in no way cumulative. A young man should not smoke before his majority, and it would be well to wait till the age of 26, or the extreme limit of development. The dangers to be avoided are: Irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth and fauces, loss of salivary secretion and super-excitement of the nerves and nerve centers. Cigars are better than pipes, and far better than cigarettes, but not more than two-thirds of a cigar should be smoked, the last third containing the poisonous oil, which will be given off in smoke. The smoke should be taken into the front of the mouth and ejected as rapidly as possible.

The tobacco chewer is not referred to in this article of the Lancet; he is, we fear, says the Journal, "indigenous to our own country, a product of American soil. We have occasionally seen some old man who enjoyed a harmless quid was the happier for it, and his neighbors none the worse, but the average American chewer, with hydra-mouth, who penetrates into every phase and aspect of public life, is a national disgrace. As great as this evil still is, however, we believe that it has already lessened, and will continue to grow less as social refinement becomes more widespread. Our greatest danger now seems to be from the excess of cigarette smoking. The number of young men who smoke cigarettes is startling. It is not only students, but even schoolboys in their teens, who vigorously and openly indulge in this dangerous habit. A little cigarette, filled with mild tobacco, which lasts for only a few minutes, appears harmless enough. But the very ease with which these bits of paper can be lighted and smoked adds considerably to the tendency to indulge to excess. Then, too, young men and boys with vigorous and partly formed bodies do not feel the bad effects of tobacco, which, nevertheless, will eventually tell on the vitality of the nervous system, and, feeling no immediate bad effects, smoke on ad infinitum. One of the pernicious fashions connected with cigarette smoking is "inhaling." The ideal cigarette smoker is never so happy as when he inhales the smoke, holds it in his air passages for some time, and then blows it out in a volume through nose and mouth. If he realizes the force of the statement of the Lancet, that "the smoker who draws the greatest amount of smoke, and keeps it in contact with the lining membrane of the air-passages undoubtedly takes the largest dose of the oil," he might at least endeavor to modify his smoking in this respect. The dangers, then which are incident to cigarette smoking are, first, the early stage at which it is taken up; second, the liability to excess; and third, the bad custom of inhaling the smoke. These are dangers superadded to those attendant on the ordinary use of tobacco and should be carefully considered by all medical men.

Mechanic (to ploughboy)—"Well, my lad, how much do you earn a week?" Ploughboy—"I dunno what I earns, but I know what I gets."