POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Polk County in Particular and to the Pacific Coast in General.

VOL. VIII. DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882. NO. 20.

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

Rates of Advertising:

Transient and Legal advertisements per square for first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

A square is twelve lines of this type, or eight lines thereto.

A liberal discount on the above rates for quarterly business advertisements.

Local notices 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Office corner Main and Mill Streets, over H. J. Ball's store.

POLK COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Polk County Democratic Convention met at the Court House on Saturday, April 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. and was called to order by I. I. Dempsey, Chairman of the County Committee.

On motion, Ben Childers was appointed temporary Secretary.

On motion of T. G. Richmond a committee of three was appointed on Credentials. Chair appointed M. L. Pipes, Ira S. Townsend and T. G. Richmond.

On motion, Hon. N. L. Butler was invited to address the Convention, and made some well-timed remarks.

The Committee on Credentials made the following report:

To the Honorable Democratic Convention for Polk County, Oregon: We, your Committee on Credentials, would respectfully submit the following report of persons entitled to seats in this Convention:

Dover Precinct—W. E. Dalton, Z. T. Cole.

Buena Vista—James Alexander, James Prather, David Johnson, John O. Davidson, P. W. Haley, A. J. Hall, R. P. Hall.

Dixie—I. I. Dempsey, S. T. Burch, J. McDaniel, Wm. Tatom, A. Nelson, Cass Riggs.

Luckiamute—J. Harris, J. B. Price, by B. P. Tarter, proxy, Isaac Staats, by J. M. Staats, proxy, B. P. Tarter, J. M. Staats, R. J. Grant, W. H. Robertson, H. Simpson, N. Tarter.

Bethel—S. S. Gimble, P. C. Sears, J. E. Fenton, H. Alexander.

Jackson—Henry Byerley, Wm. Comegys, John Campbell, I. B. Gentry, Alex. Patterson, by Charles Saling, proxy.

Salt Lake—Ira S. Townsend, D. W. Sears, by Ira S. Townsend, proxy, James East, J. DeBerry, J. P. Holmes, Thomas Miller, Clarence Waller.

Bridgeport—J. W. Waymire, F. Waymire, D. M. Guthrie, S. R. Williams.

Eola—John Vernon, W. D. Jeffries, by A. B. Gibson, proxy, Wm. Jones, A. B. Gibson, H. Sterling, H. M. Brunk.

Douglas—James Morris, W. H. Kuykendall, Z. Hinshaw, W. R. Ellis, by John Veitch, proxy.

Monmouth—Joseph Craven, W. J. Mulkey, T. O. Waller, J. W. Leonard, W. P. Ireland, J. P. Dicus, Max Haley.

Independence—W. W. Williams, J. L. Williams, P. T. Johnson, L. W. Robertson, H. M. Lines, Johnson Davidson, M. Merwin, R. Nicholson, Thomas Bohanan, Ben Childers, M. L. Pipes, J. M. Lawrence, J. T. Ford.

Dallas—D. N. Barns, J. D. Smith, by E. T. Miller, proxy, E. T. Miller, T. G. Richmond, N. L. Butler, J. G. Brown, Benton Embree, John Groves, J. W. Edgar, Monroe Miller, by John Groves, proxy.

T. G. Richmond,
Ira S. Townsend,
M. L. Pipes,
Committee.

On motion, report of committee was adopted.

On motion, the Convention proceeded to the election of permanent officers. L. W. Robertson was elected Chairman, Ben Childers, Secretary, and Cass Riggs, Assistant Secretary.

On motion a committee of five, consisting of I. I. Dempsey, Ira S. Townsend, N. L. Butler, M. L. Pipes and W. J. Mulkey, was appointed on Order of Business.

On motion, Convention adjourned until 1 o'clock P. M.

Convention called to order at 1 o'clock.

The Committee on Order of Business submitted the following report:

We, your Committee on Order of Business, respectfully submit the following report:

First—The nomination of three Representatives.

Second—County Judge.

Third—Sheriff.

Fourth—Clerk.

Fifth—Treasurer.

Sixth—Assessor.

Seventh—Commissioners.

Eighth—School Superintendent.

Ninth—Surveyor.

Tenth—Coroner.

Eleventh—Delegates to State Convention.

M. L. Pipes,
I. I. Dempsey,
Ira S. Townsend,
W. J. Mulkey,
N. L. Butler,
Committee.

On motion, the report of the committee was amended by making the selection of delegates to the State Convention the first in order, and was adopted.

W. J. Mulkey and J. G. Brown were appointed tellers.

The Convention then proceeded to elect delegates to the State Convention and nominate candidates for the various offices, with the following result:

Delegates to State Convention—Ira S. Townsend, I. I. Dempsey, N. L. Butler, J. E. Fenton, T. G. Richmond, L. W. Robertson, W. W. Williams, James Tatom and James Morrison.

Representatives—N. L. Butler, J. E. Fenton and W. D. Jeffries.

County Judge—I. F. M. Butler.

Sheriff—J. W. Kirkland.

Clerk—G. N. Townsend.

Treasurer—E. T. Miller.

Assessor—W. J. Mulkey.

Commissioners—Joseph Craven and H. Byerley.

School Superintendent—P. C. Sears.

Surveyor—S. T. Burch.

Coroner—Dr. J. M. Connaway.

The following persons were chosen as members of the County Central Committee: Souver Precinct, D. W. Collins; Buena Vista, E. C. Hall; Dixie, I. I. Dempsey; Luckiamute, R. J. Grant; Bethel, W. M. Walker; Jackson, H. Byerley; Salt Lake, I. S. Townsend; Bridgeport, D. M. Guthrie; Eola, J. Vernon; Monmouth, I. F. M. Butler; Independence, M. L. Pipes; Dallas, M. M. Ellis; Douglas, John Ridgeway.

LETTER LIST.

Following is a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Dallas, Oregon, April 2, 1882. If not called for in one month will be sent to the Dead Letter Office:

Ballard, Lillie	Phipps, C. A.
Butler, A. R.	Puffer, W. H.
Cavith, K. P.	Parsons, John, 2
Clinkenbeard, Jos.	Price, Maggie
Clary, Wm. W.	Plummer, Wm., 3
Fields, Frank	Riley, Sinzilla
Handson, Christine	Shumaker, Joseph
Kramer, Mary	Stewart, W. W.
Kittrell, J. M.	Watford, Thomas
Miller, F. L.	Williams, Ed. M.
Watts, J. W.	Wallace, Mary.

J. D. SMITH, P. M.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the Democratic primary meeting in Bethel Precinct, March 31, 1882:

Resolved, That we favor the petition of the temperance men, and favor the election of men to the Legislature who will work and vote for a bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all spirituous and malt liquors, as a beverage, in the State of Oregon.

Resolved, That we favor the election of Senators and Representatives to Congress who will work for a bill to the effect that all vessels loading at our ports with wheat or cotton shall have all duties and taxes remitted. J. S. Hoopes, Secretary.

COUNTY COURT.

CIVIL.

C. Kennedy vs. E. Cox et al.—Judgment for plaintiff for $83.95.

IN PROBATE.

Estate of W. B. Prather, deceased—J. M. Prather appointed administrator, with bond fixed at $4,000.

Estate of M. W. Neally, deceased—Inventory filed. Ordered that personal property be sold.

Estate of S. Tetherow, deceased. Final settlement and administrators discharged from further liability.

In the matter of the guardianship of A. D. Davidson, H. Burford, guardian—Ordered that guardian be discharged from all liability on filing with the clerk the receipt of his ward.

Estate of Fred Williams, deceased—Ordered that final settlement be continued until June 4th, 1882.

Estate of John Holman, deceased—Final settlement continued until October 2, 1882.

In the matter of the guardianship of L. D. McClure, a minor—R. R. Boothby appointed guardian.

Estate of James P. Logan, deceased—Final settlement set for hearing May 6, 1882.

Estate of G. W. Teller, deceased—Ordered that citation issue requiring Marion Teller to appear in this Court May 6, 1882.

COMMISSIONERS.

Coroner's inquest in case of M. W. Neally—Fees allowed aggregating $39.50

Transcript from Justice Brown's Court in cases of State of Oregon vs. John Howard—Fees allowed aggregating $49.30

Transcript form Justice Lawrence's Court in cases of State vs. Oliver Smith and Ed. Bedwell—Fees allowed aggregating $16.30.

Bills and accounts against the county, aggregating $363 80, presented and allowed.

Voting place in Douglas Precinct changed from Stone's school house to Yocum's school house.

In the matter of the A. Yocum county road—T. R. Blair, J. L. Guttry and Zim Hinshaw appointed viewers, and T. L. Butler, surveyor, to meet on Monday, April 24th.

In the matter of the E. C. Keyt private change in county road—Report of viewers and surveyor presented and accepted.

ZENA ITEMS.

Master Grant Walling has returned from Portland.

We are in need of a hotel here, as there is a good deal of travel and no accommodations.

Mr. G. Shurtleff, of Bethel, has come back from Portland, and gave us a call on Saturday evening of last week.

Mr. DeLashmutt gave our village a visit of short duration. We should be pleased to have him call again when he is not in such a hurry.

The farmers are getting along very well with their spring work, and if the gentle showers of spring hold off they will be done in two weeks.

Our School commenced on last Monday and is getting along nicely. The scholars seem to be well pleased with the selection the Directors made.

The voters' pledge seems to be a terror to our Republican friends, as we have here a voters' pledge with one Republican to three Democrats. Make good the assertion that the Republican party is the temperance party.

We are informed that Mr. L. Abrams is about to sell the Lincoln Mills. Lincoln seems to be deserted. Rev. W. D. Nichols has moved to his farm near Dayton, Yamhill county, and Mrs. Witten has moved to Dallas. We saw John Walling the other day. He looked so lonely that we think that he will go to Dallas too, ere long.

We are glad that the Democrats of this precinct had the backbone to come out on the temperance question. It is to be hoped that our Republican friends will nominate to-day only temperance men; men that are temperance men from principle, and not on account of the coming election. It will be looked to hereafter that none but tetotallers will be elected to any office of trust.

HALLSTON ITEMS.

Warehouse boys busy shipping wheat.

Mr. Isaac Ball has been ill for a few days. He has about recovered his usual health.

Some of our citizens passed a very pleasant time Monday evening at friend Paris McCain's.

Friends from abroad within our domain this week were I. S. Townsend and J. H. Downing, Perrydale; and Messrs. Shultz and Guthrie, Dallas.

The Brass Band Boys have changed their time of meeting to Wednesday and Saturday evenings; they also practice every Saturday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The delegates elected from this precinct to attend the Democratic Convention were H. Byerly, I. B. Gentry, John Campbell, Wm. Comegys and Alex Patterson. J. M. Sears was Chairman of our precinct meeting.

We derived a very pleasant time last Sunday from a visit by those two genial Dallas friends Geo. N. Townsend and the editor of Itemizer. Boys, always drop in as "you go bobbing around." You know your'e always welcome.

Miss Ollie Maddox, having been engaged to teach the school in this place, began the term last Monday. As she has heretofore taught for us and given entire satisfaction, it is unnecessary to state that her patrons are assured of satisfactory results this quarter.

One of the delegates, since attending the Democratic Convention last Saturday, appears to be a colporteur, as we notice him handing around a temperance tract. Perhaps he has become converted and joined our "God and Morality" party. If so, we say bully for you, me boy.

EOLA ITEMS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Nothing of interest in the burg to record, only that the Democratic primary passed off satisfactorily, and Albert O. Yates is preparing an obituary.

Farmers are rushing things lively, as the fine weather is drying up the ground.

Who says that "Gentle Spring" has not come? Peach trees in bloom, and flowers decked in nature's bright array, speaks in language mute that "Spring hez come."

The wooing gronse,
The pheasant's drum,
The quail's call
Says "Spring hez come."

The blackbirds voice
In mellow note;
The larks rejoice
With tuneful throat.

Mosquitoes lay
In pointed tone;
The bees e'en warble
"Spring hez come."

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Riggs & Miller, Dallas.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

Following are the nominations made by the Democratic State Convention at Portland on the 6th inst.: For Congress, W. D. Fenton, of Yamhill; Governor, Joseph S. Smith, of Multnomah; Secretary of State, J. K. Weatherford, of Linn; Treasurer, Hyman Abraham, of Douglas; Superintendent of Public Instruction, W. L. Worthington, of Wasco; State Printer, Wilbur F. Cornell, of Marion; Supreme Judge, E. D. Shattuck, of Multnomah. W. H. Holmes, of Marion, is the nominee for Prosecuting Attorney in this District.

IMPATIENCE.

Darling! I am waiting thee;
Waiting till the setting sun
Dips behind the forest tree,
And his daily course is run,
Waiting till sweet Luna smiles
On all nature in repose,
And she in her turn beguiles
The wooing zephyr as it blows.

Bearing on its wings from me
Thoughts and wishes as I wait;
As I listen—watch for thee;
Oh, my darling, why so late?
Knowest thou not that as I love thee,
Patience is of all most tried
When one waits 'neath trysting tree
For the loved one to one's side.

Hush, be still, unquiet heart;
Soon thy darling will be here.
Soon the time thou ne'er will part;
Oh, cast away all doubt and fear.
Hark! she comes—expected love—
Music in her footstep's tread;
Hush! be still, elated heart,
Doubting from thy depths hath fled.

Oh, my darling; come at last;
And sweet Luna smiles on me;
Zephyrs whisper moments past,
But I think of naught but thee.
Bathed in Luna's mellow light,
Bird of Love, Oh, warble now;
Welcome to my "Queen of Night,"
As I 'fore her throne do bow.

February, 13, 1877. A. O. Y.

Committed Suicide.

Frank Wilson, who has been employed in the saw mills on the Luckiamute for some time, and who had lately been at work for Harris & Riley, committed suicide at Albany on Friday last. He came to Dallas one week ago last Saturday for the doctor when Mr. Martin's boy was shot, and remaining over night got drunk, a habit to which he was accustomed. He went from town to John Teal's on Monday and being boisterously drunk was requested to sleep in the barn, the body of the dead boy being in Mr. Teal's house. This incensed him and he returned to town, where it is said he tried to kill himself, but it is hardly probable that he took the laudanum he purchased here. He was locked up here and having paid his fine next morning left for Roseburg, but at Albany got on a drunk and ended his life by poison. Wilson has been about here for several years, but so far as we know had no relations in this part of the country. He was about 35 years of age.

New Goods.

J. D. Lee has already received a large quantity of New Fresh Goods, comprising latest styles of Dress Goods and notions, Ready Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, etc. More to arrive. Call early and secure your choice. The White Brick, as usual, will lead the trade. Look for big ad. next week.

Last of the Season.

The Band will give the last ball of the season on Friday evening, April 14th. Calico is expected to be the prevailing costume, although everybody is expected to come, whether prepared with a calico dress and corresponding neck-tie or not. A good social time is expected. Admission, $1.50.

McGREW & WALLER,

Perrydale, Oregon.

Believing in all things what was which is and what is to be, we conscientiously claim to sell the best goods at the lowest prices (for cash, or the first cut on time) of any store in the country, Portland not excepted. Just received, new and fresh stock, and daily receiving the freshest and latest out. Now, friends, think for a moment, and answer why (if you can) one can work cheaper in the city than we in the country. Humbug! They cannot; neither do they; the proof of which we ever stand ready to practically demonstrate. McGREW & WALLER.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last! No One Need Suffer!

A hure Cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian Remedy,) called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland has to say about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment; I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment.

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, $1.00.

Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

HENRY & CO., Prop'rs, Cleveland, O.

For County Clerk.

Albert O. Yates publicly announces himself as a candidate for the nomination for County Clerk of Polk county, on the Republican ticket. Being no politician, he cannot express himself differently, the least said being soonest mended, and so only appeals to the good will of his party principles to aid him to gain it.

Respectfully,
A. O. Yates.

Eola, March 6, 1882.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale by Riggs & Miller, Dallas.

EXTRAORDINARY ENDURANCE.

Leonard E. Spencer, of North Fenton, Broom county, N. Y., while out hunting squirrels in company with a friend on the 8th of October last, met with a singular and what has proved to be a fatal accident. The young man, his companion, discharged his gun and it exploded, the tube and the cylinder entered Spencer's skull near his temple. Drs. Burr, of Binghamton, and Green, of Chenango Forks, somewhat enlarged the external wound, and were able to insert the index finger its whole length into the cavity of the cranium, but were unable to find the fragment of the gun, although quite a quantity of brain matter exuded. They pronounced him in a very critical condition, but, contrary to their expectation, his general condition improved considerably, so that about the last of October, he was able to be about and visited a friend some distance from his residence, but from excitement and over-exertion brought on some bad symptoms. Dr. B. L. Houghton, of this village, was called the first of November, and was able to give him some relief, and from that time his general condition seemed to improve until nearly the day of his death, he being able to do some work, even working on the 20th of February, his death occurring the following day. Being anxious to know the real condition of his brain, Dr. Houghton was permitted, through the kindness of his friends, to hold the autopsy, assisted by Dr. Carr, of Chenango Forks. The autopsy confirmed the previous conclusions, that the cylinder and the tube of the gun was still in the wound, being found imbedded in the brain substance inside of the membranes and on the floor of the middle fossa of the skull, nearest the anterior portion. Dr. Houghton had the cylinder and tube, which are connected in one piece, and also the brain, in his possession. How a human being could live four months and fourteen days with a piece of iron weighing about three-quarters of an ounce in his brain is a mystery to us.—Ex.

HELPING A CONSTABLE.

One day a Michigan constable who had long been trying to collect a claim of $40 against a sharp citizen, went to a worthy burgher and said: "See here, Jones, I've got a plan to collect $40 of that sharper Perkins. All I want is a little help from you, and if you'll grant it I won't forget the favor."

"I'm willing—what's your plan?" replied Jones.

Why, I want you to bet him $20 that he doesn't weigh 120 pounds. If you'll do that I can fix the rest."

"Oh, I'll do anything to help you out," said Jones, and the two walked around to the grocery where Perkins was known to hang out. After a little talk, the constable keeping in the shade, Jones began bluffing, and when he stated his fiendish desire to bet $20 that Perkins wouldn't tip the beam at 120 pounds his greenbacks were covered before a mule could kick three times. As the money was put up the constable slipped out for a garnishee, and was back in time to serve it on the stakeholder. Perkins weighed 148 pounds, and the $40 in the hands of the stakeholder eventually paid a claim against him, but it has never yet been made plain to Jones how he ever made anything out of it. It has always seemed to him that he was $20 out, and fifteen long years he has refused to walk on the same side of the street with that constable. —Detroit Free Press.

There is a young editor wandering on the face of the earth who formerly published a paper at Storm Lake, Iowa. He left there the day after the issue of his last paper, and is supposed to be crossing the State on foot to get away from an infuriated female populace. It seems there was a concert given by young ladies of the city, and the gallant young editor wrote it up in splendid shape. The same day he had visited a herd of short-horn cattle, owned by a farmer in the vicinity, and he wrote up the cattle also. The cross-eyed foreman of the office got the two articles mixed as follows: "The concert given last evening by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and interesting young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest short-horns in the country. A few of them are a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers were fine-bodied, tight-limbed animals, and promise to prove good property."—Peck's Sun.

Henry was walking along the street one day, when he was accosted by a gentleman who had lost his pocket-book. Inasmuch as Henry had been seen by the gentleman twice before that day and because Henry's clothing was inelegant, the gentleman accused Henry of the theft. Henry was arrested, and upon being brought into Court, where the gentleman repeated the charge, Henry was sentenced to the State Prison. During the five years of his confinement Henry was happy not only in the thought that he was innocent, but also in the blessed reflection that he did not so far forget himself either at the time of his arrest or during his trial as to contradict. Henry had always been told never to contradict, and he never did.—Boston Transcript.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Riggs & Miller.

THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton gazed at with eyes of curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris; and if she had one ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs Morris set up a wall-basket, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a new ivy-box, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' piazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with urns until they looked like a stone cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her flounces, and made her own phylacteries broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleon for ladies to exhibit toilets—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disgust and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleon. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was reached, and her habits, her manners, and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha of worldliness, affectation, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravagance—his dear little harmless Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frank, child-like countenance, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, during the "Te Deum," just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her grey eyes. But Mr. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. "James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold out to-day," said his wife. "And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstone?—his wife's dress just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the lecturn for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual dance. A pretty place for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose she would. I should think, at any rate, she could have controlled her inclinations and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm-Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say," warming up with her husband's silence, "when I am without a single diamond to my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris who owes you $5,000 borrowed money——"

It was very week in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one can not be always on one's guard. "I understand Juliet, my love," said he, "that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings."

"Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether," cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately. "Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts! It is always Uncle Roberts. And you 'understand,' forsooth! Why didn't I understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every pot piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me trodden under foot by any little minx who chooses to toss her head above me——"

"My dear! my dear! just remember where you are; just remember the children," murmured Mr Templeton, floundering in a little farther.

"Where I am! I suppose you don't want all Carleon to hear how I am outraged. You'd like to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage——."

Here Mr, Templeton made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.

"What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?" asked the gentleman. "She looks like a thunder cloud full of lightnings."

"Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess," was the answer. "She had probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!"

"I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her."

"How can he be?"

"Force of habit, may be. And she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her."

"Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, I'll wager another pair. Take me up."

"Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty," said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, before they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on the sofa, and called for Jane to bring the ammonia, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one's would be, treated as she was. And she would not go up stairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she, at least, had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white night-gown, with her black hair streaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of the ceiling, and with the foam standing on her lips—ghastly, stiff, and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Simpleton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her so fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. "Oh, my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!" he cried.

"Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me that brandy. Heat those soap-stones. Where are the hot-water bags?" And he was bathing her lips and rubbing and kissing her forehead, and adjuring her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's step was heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the least indication, and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her long supple body, that had been stiffly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her foot to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloral between the teeth, and the sobs sank away into sleep and the hysterics were over.

"What could have excited you so, my dearest, and thrown you into such a terrible convulsion?" Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. ("Hysterics" was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it.) "It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace."

"The heat," sighed Mr. Templeton, faintly, "and the glisten of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. O, I'm afraid I was very cross yesterday, Jarius. I didn't know what I was saying. O, I never want to see any diamonds again."

"You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older," exclaimed the feeble husband.

"O, no, no, no! I should be so ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, Jarius, darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them." But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaires earrings as he could buy with the bond he sold glittered in a velvet case marked with her name.

As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach, and she ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself and turning to her husband for admiration, looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings is the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she had showered upon his lips and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once but twenty times that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pale-pink seashell of the ear, the curve of the throat, and the exquisite oval of the cheek; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. "I declare," she said, "the glistening of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds. I never thought I should have diamonds, Jarius."

Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening. Carleon was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's, a pair of enterprising burglars, who at that moment were not "burgling," changed to obtain a view of their opportunities, and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

Alas for Mrs. Templeton! It would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had not another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Gracchi could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.

"O, what do I care for jewels!" she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey with her big pittying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of ruin, where the burglars had left their matches, and eaten their cakes and cold coffee—"what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. O, Hetty, how thankful I am that they didn't take the children!"

"As if," said Hetty to her own husband afterward, "any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imps ever born of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been our children, Louis!"

"I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals," said Louis. "Pretty bits of glass, but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief."

"Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win her ear-rings—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter."—Harper's Bazar.

JOURNALISTIC ETHICS.

Bill Snort, of the Crosby Clarion, visited the Farmers' Vindicator, was in Austin last week. He was dressed up so fine that we had difficulty in recognizing him. Monday, Bill, where did you get all those clothes and that stove-pipe hat?" we asked. "Made a raise. I started a new feature in Texas journalism." "What is it?" "Well, you see, last week Major Penn, the revivalist, started a revival up in our country, and every body got religion. I got some myself. I wasn't asked to do it, but I took my hat and went around among the mourners and scooped in seventy dollars in five minutes. Major Penn wanted to take charge of the money and [illegible] trouble explaining to him his share take. I never said [illegible] money for the church. I have a right, I reckon, to take up a collection for myself." "Well, that is rather a new feature in Texas journalism." "Yes, I am an enterprising journalist. The rival editor up in Crosby county has turned green with envy. He says I have acted contrary to the ethics of journalism, whatever that may be, and he is going to bring the matter up before the Texas Press Association at its next meeting. Let us go out to a saloon and squander some of the effertory."—Texas Siftings.

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned. "Now, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger." —Punch.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The National Surgical Institute of Indianapolis, with branches at Philadelphia, Atlanta, Ga., and San Francisco, which has a national reputation, will permanently establish a branch at Portland, Oregon:

Two of the skilled surgeons of this institute, prepared with every needed apparatus for the successful treatment of cripples, will meet all the old patients and such new ones as may desire treatment this year at the following places: Portland, St. Charles Hotel, April 8th, 10th and 11th; Albany, April 12th and 13th; The Dalles, April 17th; Walla Walla, April 19th and 20th; and Seattle April 25th and 26th, and hereafter at Portland, Oregon, on the first two weeks of May and November of each year, commencing November, 1882.

Beware of all traveling doctors who may claim to represent any other institute, for this is the only surgical institute on this coast with facilities and experience for the treatment of deformities.

J. M. Hewitt, M. D.,
Geo. W. Hardy, M. D.,
Surgeons in charge National Surgical Institute, No. 319 Bush street, San Francisco.

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