COUNTY ITEMIZER.

EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

E E. GOOD.

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POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

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

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OLD WELL.

want to know if I ever nce?" said Aunt Mar- back in her easy chair , reflective look upon face. "Yes, something o me once that may to you, though I nev- of calling it by that

r it, auntie, please," I shing the velvet has- to her, and giving an to the bright coal fire. t was somewhat cold ring outside, but that Aunt Margaret's room. rn-hued furniture, its ned easy chairs, its and shaded astral lamp, more inviting.

a distant relative who pay us a long-promised rom my first glance at tely figure, and her no- countenance, knowing d never married, I got o my head that she must romance. Her hair was and abundant, while one clear and blue as a s. And yet Aunt Mar past fifty.

my dear," she began, tly, "once upon a time, y-books say, I was young, ered rather pretty—"

need to tell me that, rgaret," I interrupted, th unfeigned admiration dsome face, into which a se-color came so brightly mory of her girlish love- You might easily carry m of beauty from us now so inclined."

led again as she saw how s my tribute to her beau- esumed her story:

d, of course, my share of among the village youth, a great favorite at balls, parties, husking-bees, and her entertainments of vil- ety; yet I reached the age , heart-whole and fancy- keeping house for my father, as I had done al- m childhood and never make any change."

se the right one hadn't ng, auntie," I said, eagerly, of my "Bonnie Charlie," curly locks and lightsome d wondering how girls in of the world could have arried and lived happily ever having known the of his presence.

Madge, he came at last," Aunt Margaret, with a gh which seemed to waft ack into the happy past. manner of his coming I forget. Our house stood d of the street, and in the of the lot stood the old glected and unused for ve by us silly girls, who a romantic spot to try our by on Hallowe'en. But it dangerous, being unpro- curb or fence, and stand- t did, close to the public nd often begged my father it more secure, but he it until my prophecy of rom it was at last fulfilled. ark, starless night in Octo rning from a visit to a s, I was passing the old en suddenly a low groan of ught my ear. I instantly the awful truth that some had fallen into the dark gerous pit, and my heart ill with terror. But only uent. I saw the need of action, and, leaning over of the black, yawning hole, o the person within not to for I would soon bring him e.

rushing to the house, and wildly at every step for began an eager, trembling r a rope, which I soon had firmly round a crooked, pear tree standing near Then I called again to groaning victim within. him grasp the rope tightly me pull him up. But it se. My only answer was moan, so low and deep that t the poor wretch was dy-

to do I did not know. No come, and I feared to lose nt going after it. But I ng and strong and nerved courage of desperation, so ot hesitate long. How I it successfully I never ll, but I let myself down ope until I reached the bot- e dark abyss, and found less being, whom I thought ce had sent me to rescue, injured to move a limb. ntly and as quickly as I that awful situation I fast- rope around his body and in a more convenient po- be drawn up; then, hand d, like a sailor, and blister- kin as I went, I slowly to the top again, where I father and two or three neighbors just beginning what had occurred. they had come, for my gth, try as I would, could never have drawn that strong man to the surface; nor could he have lived much longer in the deadly gases of the old well.

He seemed more dead than living when he came up, and one arm was found to be broken. He proved to be a young merchant from a distant city who had come to visit a friend in the village, and who had met with his accident while walking from the station to his friend's house. But he was too badly hurt to be moved, and for weeks he remained an inmate of our house, where almost the entire care of the invalid devolved upon myself.

I need not give you the history of those weeks, Madge, but they were the sweetest I have ever known in my long life of half a century. Hugh Woodman was the hero I had dreamed of—handsome, noble-looking, polished in manner and conversation. Better than all that he was the soul of honor. Before asking my father's permission to offer me the life which he always declared I had saved, he told us frankly the story of his past.

He was a young man—only twenty-seven—yet he had already been married and divorced. His young wife had been unfaithful to him, and after bearing with her faults and the disgrace they had brought upon his name as long as he could, they were legally separated, and the care of their only child was entrusted to him. This child—his little Lily—was a theme of which he never tired. Hour after hour he talked to me of her, praising her goodness and beauty, and planning for her future with us, and begging me a thousand times over, to love her for his sake.

But he had no need to ask me that. Anything that belonged to him was dear to me. Even the faithless wife who bore his name was an object of interest to my mind, and many times I found myself pitying her for having cast aside the priceless blessing of Hugh's love. For I knew that his old love for her was dead and buried, and the whole wealth of affection in his heart and soul was mine—mine."

And Margaret paused, and the intense look which her blue eyes gathered in memory of long ago gave her face, I fancied, the same expression which it must have worn in the love-days of her youth.

"Yes," she resumed, "our happiness was perfect—far too perfect to last. Our marriage was to take place on Christmas, and after a short wedding tour, we were to settle down at once to housekeeping in the city. He had brought little Lily to see me, and she was to come to us for good the moment we returned from our tour. How I loved the child! Not only for her father's sake, but for the innate loveliness of her own sweet, childish nature.

She did not look like Hugh, therefore I knew that she must resemble her lost mother; and, if so, how beautiful that mother must have been. Lily was a blonde, as I was, but the fairness of my skin was snow white in hers, the blue of her eyes was more the intense brilliancy of the sapphire, and the blonde of her hair the shimmer of burnished gold. I can see Hugh now, as he stood with half tearful, half laughing eyes, watching me caress his darling child, and thinking to tease me by calling me the young 'stop mother.'

The week before Christmas found us all as bright and happy as a prospective wedding party ever could be; but it brought a new actor on the scene who was destined to change it all in the twinkling of an eye. Hugh's divorced wife, having in some way learned of the intended marriage, made her way to our village, determined to win back to herself the husband she had deserted. Had she appeared to Hugh alone, she never would have been successful, for she had utterly forfeited all claims to his love or confidence, and his heart was too entirely mine for her pleadings to have moved him. But finding him firm and unyielding, she sought me out."

"O, Aunt Margaret," I interrupted, in tearful amazement, "surely you did not voluntarily give up Hugh's love for the sake of that bad woman?"

"Yes, child, I did," she hastily answered, with a little choking sound in her voice. "And you could not have believed her bad, Madge, had you seen her, as I did, imploring with tears and sobs to be restored to her husband and child. She was so lovely—oh! a thousand times more lovely than I was, though Hugh had always called me pretty. In those days, Madge, a divorce was not so lightly thought of as it is now. A divorced wife, whether justly or not, was always regarded with suspicion, and the disgrace even attached to her innocent children. I thought of dear little Lily, whom I loved so well, and for the sake of her future I helped plead her mother's cause with Hugh.

It was long before he would listen to either of us, but at last he left his fate to me. Oh, child, I never can forget the anguish that filled his loving eyes as he did so. 'My life is in your hands, Margaret,' he said, in his wife's presence; 'you saved it once, and it is yours, both by right and my own choice. Do with it as you will.' So, Madge, I decided against myself, and that is why you see me an old maid to-day."

"And they married over again! How strange! But was she a good wife to Hugh after that, Aunt Margaret?" I asked, with a girlish curiosity, not thinking how my words might wound the noble heart, until I noticed the slight shudder with which she answered them.

"Yes, Madge, I heard of them years afterwards, a happy and united family. I have always found strength to be thankful that I helped to reconcile them to each other. My life is flowing peacefully on to the great ocean of eternity, so I am content. But Hugh's last loving kiss which he gave me so passionately beside the old well, where I risked my life to save his, has never been effaced by the touch of other lips."

Aunt Margaret's story was ended. She had never thought of this grand, unselfish act of her life in the light of a romance, but it seemed to me very much like one.

SEVENTY TWIN BROTHERS.

The following incident, which was related to an Independent reporter yesterday by a gentleman just arrived from the British possessions, is sufficiently novel to entitle it to a place in our columns. It occurred, we are assured, about one hundred miles from Fort Walsh last winter. A band of Cree Indians woke up one snowy morning to find that about a dozen of their choicest ponies had been taken during the night. Pursuit was soon organized and within a few hours a fresh trail was found in the snow. After following the trail some thirty miles it entered the Saskatchewan river, the animals evidently heading for the island in the middle of the river. Smoke was arising from among the rocks and trees on the island. After some reconnoitering an opening which seemed to be the cave could be seen in the face of the rocks. Presently a single Indian—a Piegan, the pursuers decided from his appearance—showed up in front of the opening. He was painted and arrayed gaudily. Pretty soon a dog at his feet scented the Crees and commenced growling and barking. The Piegan instantly turned and entered the cave. In a moment another Piegan came around the rocks also and went in, then another and another, there being but a few seconds between them. The Crees lay silently in the bushes watching and counting, until upwards of fifty Piegans had come around the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. What seemed remarkable was the fact that all these Indians were to all appearances exactly the same size, were dressed and painted exactly alike. Each carried a Winchester rifle and most remarkable of all, each one seemed a little lame in the left foot, limping slightly. They were a gaudy crowd and the Crees counted seventy of them. That seemed to be all, for no more came. As the idea of seventy twins was impossible the superstitious Crees naturally concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it, for there was no doubt that there were seventy Piegan Indians on the island who were all exactly alike. The Crees had counted them several times as they had filed in and out of the cave. So thoroughly were they filled with the idea that the devil was mixed up with the twin brother mystery that even when reinforcements arrived, which was within a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island. While they were debating what to do, one less superstitious than the rest, volunteered to swim over to the island during the night and investigate. He did so. On approaching the supposed cave he was surprised to find that it was no cave at all, but only an opening leading some ten feet into the rock where it made a crook and came out on the other side. The opening on this other side was out of sight from the shore, and here a fire was burning and a gaudily-dressed Indian was sleeping beside it. The stolen ponies were tethered near by. It required but a glance to understand what had passed so mysteriously before. The sleeping Indian was the only occupant of the Island, and the apparent presence of sixty-nine other warriors was caused by the sharp trick of the Piegan chief.—Helena Independent.

The Seventh Ward Young Republican Club of Philadelphia is social as well as political, and it gave a ball. The members are negroes. Miss Junior was there. She waltzed, and President Ball discovered that she wore no stockings. He said that the line as to style must be drawn somewhere, and he would permit no girl without hose to dance. He put Miss Junior out of the hall, and in consequence is the defendant in a suit for $50 damages.

W. Van Damme, the husband of the woman who was shot in the head, as detailed in another column, has been arrested, charged with committing the crime.

HOW TO SET A HORSE'S BROKEN LEG.

Many a horse with a broken leg is killed to put it out of its misery that might, with proper treatment, have been cured, and if not made as valuable as before, at least saved to many years of useful labor. Skilled veterinary surgeons are very rare, and in the country very seldom to be found. It is much to be regretted that physicians and surgeons generally think it beneath them to treat domestic animals. This is not the case, however, with a friend of ours who has had much success in treating the fractured legs of horses, and has had the satisfaction of seeing several animals that otherwise would have been killed made useful to their delighted owners. At our request he has written out his method of treatment.

Thanks to the application of common sense to surgery, we now have at our command a successful method of treating fractured limbs among our farm stock. For curable cases this new method will give a good percentage of fair results.

Here it is: Suppose we have a horse with his hind leg broken six inches above the fetlock. The first thing to do is to make him a firm narrow stall, not much wider than is absolutely necessary to enable the animal to stand, or a pair of stocks such as are used for shoeing refractory colts or mules. Arrange a windlass by which when a band of the strongest sail-cloth, or some similar material, is placed under the animal's belly, his hind quarters can be lifted clear of the ground. This belly-band should be one and a half to two feet wide, and long enough to allow its ends to be level with the horse's back. Thus it makes a snug cradle in which the patient can rest. Put now a collar on his neck, and to it attach a strap which shall extend from it between the front legs to the belly-band, and thus prevent that from sliding backwards and wrinkling into a band narrow enough to pain the horse, when his weight comes to be borne by it.

Now, having attended to the preliminaries we are ready to set the limb. See, first of all, that the leg is well clear of the ground, making sufficient allowance that when the belly-band stretches it will not allow the foot to touch the ground. Bandage the leg smoothly but not too firmly from the foot up to above the knee, with a flannel bandage two or three inches wide. Now take canton flannel, with a good nap, and wide enough to cover the entire bandage, cut it into such shape as will fit around the leg—then make five more just like it. Take six pounds of the best, freshest Plaster of Paris, not land plaster, but such as is used for hard finish, and stir enough of it slowly into two quarts of cold water to make a mixture thick as cream. Saturate one of your last made canton flannel envelopes for the leg in the mixture, then lay it on a board, nap side up, and pour on to and rub into it as much of the liquid plaster as it will hold. Next rub into the same flannel enough of the dry plaster to fairly thicken and toughen it.

Treat another piece of flannel exactly the same way and lay the two fairly together, one on top of the other, and promptly bandage them around the leg, which is now to be held in proper position until the plaster hardens. Meanwhile spread over the last bandage a thick coat of the wet plaster with your hands; and then prepare two more pieces of canton flannel as before; apply these over the first two and surround them with a bandage which is also smeared with wet plaster.

And, finally the last two pieces of flannel are treated as the others have been, and in turn are to be well bandaged, and the remaining Plaster of Paris rubbed into the last bandage. This, when it has set, which will be in a few minutes, will give not only a hard but a tough splint, that fits the leg so closely and keeps the ends of the bone in such exact position as to render displacement impossible; providing the leg has been properly held while the plaster was hardening. Everything must be in readiness before the plaster is mixed with water, and it must require less than half an hour to saturate and apply all the flannels and bandages, or the plaster will have become quite too hard to work. By the time that the last two bandages are to be applied it will be seen that the plaster has become thick and pasty, and is then in good condition for coating all over with the hand.

This would be my plan (as it has been, and successful, too,) for the fracture I have described.

The principle in any other case and with other animals would be similar; with such modifications as common sense suggest.

I contend that an effort should be made in almost every instance to save the unfortunate animal. I have cured a number by the method detailed above. The average time would be from six to twelve weeks before the belly-band can be removed and the limb tried. It may be necessary to renew the splint once, and it should not be finally taken off until some time after the leg is walked upon, as it affords additional strength to the point of fracture. What I have written may not be new to some readers. I am certain it will be for others and for them I have written.

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

The following list contains some of the more common poisons and the remedies likely to be at hand in common households:

Acids.—These cause great heat and burning pain from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies: magnesia, soda, pearlash, or soap dissolved in water; then use the stomach pump or emetic.

Alkalies.—The remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia.—Remedies: vinegar or lemon juice.

Alcohol.—First cleanse out the stomach with an emetic, then dash cold water on the head and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorne).

Arsenic.—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the whites of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

White lead and sugar of lead.—Remedies: alum cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts especially.

Charcoal.—In poisons by carbonic acid gas, remove the patient to the air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate the nostrils and lungs by hartshorne, at the same time rub the chest briskly.

Corrosive sublimate.—Give white of eggs and emetics.

Belladonna, night henbane.—Give emetics and then plenty of water and vinegar, or lemonade.

Mushrooms.—Emetics, and then plenty of water and vinegar, with doses, of either if handy.

Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic).—Give a strong solution of common salt, and then emetics.

Snake bites, etc.—Apply immediately strong hartshorne, and then take it internally; also give sweet oil stimulants freely; apply a ligature about the part bitten and then apply a cupping glass.

Tartar emetic.—Give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian bark or white oak bark.

Verdigris.—Plenty of white of eggs and water.

White Vitriol.—Give plenty of milk and water.

Opium.—Give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head of the patient.

Nux vomica.—First give emetic, then brandy.

Oxalic acid (frequently mistaken for epsom salts).—Give chalk, magnesia, or soap and water, and other soothing drinks.

Prussic acid.—When there is time administer chlorine in the shape of soda of lime. Hot brandy and water, hartshorne and turpentine are also useful.

A SLEEPING CAR EPISODE.

A comical scene occurred on board a sleeping car that left Cleveland, Ohio, the other night. Among the passengers was a plain, staid Western Reserve "schoolmarm," who was going west on a vacation. She had secured a lower birth, but when about to retire, discovered that a gentleman was to occupy the shelf above her. In the language of the porter she made a "holy kick" against this arrangement and flatly declared that a company that had no more regard for a lady's feelings than to make sport of them, was unworthy of the patronage of the public. The conductor was called, and after considerable trouble succeeded in inducing the lessee on the shelf to take a lower berth in another section. The gentle damsel retired without disrobing, and later in the night had occasion to get up and get a drink of water. Before leaving her berth she pinned a piece of paper on the outside of the curtain, in order that she might make sure of it on her return. Her movements were observed by the gentleman whom she had caused to remove, and he being a bit of a wag, bethought him now was his chance to get even. Hastily removing the paper, he pinned it on to the curtain of the berth of a Boston drummer, who was decidedly on the "mash," and then awaited developments. In a little while the lady made the best of her way to where the paper was affixed and got into bed. A moment later a succession of piercing shrieks issued from the berth, followed by the alarmed lady, and the now awakened drummer, who hopped out to see "what the devil all the racket was about." The scene that ensued beggars description but can be faintly imagined. It took the conductor an hour by the watch to pacify the enraged female, and even then she refused to be mollified until she was given a stateroom for her own use for the remainder of the night.

PROTECTED BY HIS CHILDREN.

Just about nightfall, Sunday evening, says the Boston Globe, the few loungers who chanced to be standing about the old Charleston bridge, became the curious spectators of a little scene. It was not much in itself. It was the mere by-play outside of a drama; but there was something in it so sad and pathetic, of such an intensely human interest, that the little audience, who unexpectedly observed it, watched it until it faded out of sight and hearing into that indefinite and confused ocean of humanity whence it came. A man of about 30 years, accompanied by two very young children, a boy and a girl, was observed coming from the Boston side of the bridge with that uncertain and irregular gait that attends intoxication. The man was well dressed, and of pleasant countenance. The little girl, attired in a short dress of youth, with her long hair making a halo about her childish face, was wheeling a toy carriage, containing the object of her motherly solicitude, a doll. The boy held his father's hand. When this interesting trio had reached the center of the bridge, the man stopped. He wanted to go back—just one glass more and he would be ready to go home. It was here that the matter began to attract general attention, for here was fought one of those conflicts between inclination and duty which are often fought, and—alas! that it must be written—so often won by the lower nature. The little boy began to plead earnestly, and there was something in his tone and manner which told of a sad experience. "Oh, come home, father! it is late," he said; and he spoke like a man to his equal. The man was perfectly good-natured in his resistance, but persisted in turning back. The child's remonstrances were redoubled. Then the little girl joined the plea. She cried in the depth of her distress, and the incongruity between the doll in the carriage and the womanly solicitude of her manner had pathetic drollness about it that drew tears to the eyes of the bystanders. There was a sudden hush in the conversation on the bridge. All eyes were turned upon the trio. They seemed utterly oblivious of everybody's presence but their own. The battle was fought by themselves, and the children won it. The grown child turned about and went as they would have him, toward home. Often, before he was lost in the crowd, the eyes watching him saw him stop irresolutely and then go on again. And thus the Sunday walk, in which the father went out to protect his children, ended in the protection of the father by the little ones. It is well for such men when they go out for a stroll that they take along with them a little eight-year-old to care for them.

TEXAS PREACHER'S TRIALS.

Texas preachers are said to be very eccentric, and their mild unnaturalness has given rise to a great many remarks and a few stories. The following narrative was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A minister arose before a large audience, took his text, and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water and was in the act of applying it to his lips when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest; "this is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate the matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who has just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber."

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and, drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out, there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more life-like, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and, placing an egg on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.—Little Rock Gazette.

The Boston Post thinks that we shall have next a coat tail flirtation fête. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER AND by virtue of and in accordance with the provisions of an act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, entitled "an Act to secure Creditors a just division of the Estates of Debtors who convey to Assignees for the benefit of Creditors," approved October 17, 1878, an assignment for the benefit of all his creditors has been duly executed by W. D. Cole, of Hoover, Oregon, and filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon, for the County of Polk, and the undersigned has been appointed and has qualified as assignee of the estate of said W. D. Cole. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and require to present the same, duly verified as required by law, within three months from this date, to the undersigned at his place of business, in the city of Albany, Linn County, Oregon.

MOSES STERNBERG, Assignee.

Dated this 25th day of July, 1882.

Be Warned in Time!

I have been appointed Receiver and Collector of the business of McGrew & Johnson, late of Perrydale. All persons owing the firm will save themselves trouble and expense by calling on me at Dallas and settling at once.

M. M. [illegible],

DALLAS, Oregon, July 7, 1882.