LK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

GEORGE 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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WOULDN'T MARRY A FARMER.

The old house at Stonecrest was e most ancient mansion in the unty. Its walls of dark gray one were almost entirely covered th ivy and climbing rose vines, ear after year Mr. Thornfeld reatened to cut the creepers down, it he failed to do it, until the roses ere over the second story window, d the ivy clear over the roof. Perhaps they were spared because rs. Thornfeld loved them. And deed they did give an air of auty to the square, gray old house, hich no one could fail to notice, d which resembled the pictures ivy grown English homesteads ry strongly.

When Edith Thornfeld, the uire's pretty neice, came down om the city for a long visit, she ose for her room the corner one the second story, the coolest room the house, wide, light and airy. here the windows were nearly vered with vines, and every eeze sifted a shower of rose leaves ross her floor.

Pretty Edith. Proud and pretty as Mr. Thornfeld's neice. Her ther was a rich business man in e city, who knew far more about ocks, bonds and mortgages than did about his only daughter. er mother died when Edith was a abe, but kind Aunt Rachel, Mrs. hornfeld of Stonecrest, had sup- ied her place as far as she could, d much of the girl's lady-like aring had been acquired from her. dith often came down for a long isit, and the old house was the righter while she remained.

Joining Stonecrest was another e estate, belonging, at present, to oung Robert Belton. A fine, holesouled specimen of a country uire was he, not without good ental cultivation and intelligence, d any girl might be proud of his avor. Even Edith admitted that e was a splendid-looking fellow nd good company, and she knew very well, the sly witch, that no one as fairer in Robert Benton's eyes an she. But when they rallied er upon the devotion of her cavlier, she declared that nothing on arth would induce her to marry a armer and compel her to live in he country for good. To do her ustice, she let Benton himself see he fact plain enough. That is, if e would have seen it. But he reused to take the evidence of her anners; perhaps laid it to the core of maiden modesty, and liked er all the better for it.

"Well, I am sorry for the poor ellow—he is nice, and if it wasn't he way it is, I might—possibly—ay yes," said Edith, when she saw, t last, that she could not keep im from speaking much longer, I dare say he'll soon get over it, nd forget all about me, when he narries some plump country girl who can take care of his pigs and hickens for him." And Edith aughed a gay, little laugh, and then felt as if somehow things were not fixed up quite right in this world, and she didn't know just how to straighten 'em. She tried no longer to keep him from speaking. "Just as well have it over and done with," she said.

He did speak one evening when she had been over to visit his sister. when he walked home with her. A few words, but right to the point.

"I wish you wouldn't," said Edith, more flurried than she had ever been in her life. "I'm very sorry, but indeed, Mr. Benton, I can't—"

"Do you mean you can't like me?" said Robert, turning a little white, but trying to smile.

"Oh, I do like you very much. But not in——"

"In the only way I wish to be liked. Is that it?"

"I'm afraid it is, Mr. Benton."

He was silent a moment. Then he said huskily: "If any amount of waiting would alter it, I could be patient, at least I'll try, if I might have a hope—" and here his voice failed.

"It wouldn't be of the least use," said Edith. "I'm sorry, but I'd have to say the same a year—ten years—from now."

"Then there's no use," said Benton, trying to be as brave as he could. "It's pretty hard on me—harder than I thought it would be. But if I can't bear it, I can go away and not trouble you any more."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so," said Edith.

"It isn't very manly, is it?" said the poor fellow. "Well, I won't. Forgive me, Miss Edith. And good-bye—I don't suppose I shall come to your uncle's any more."

They were just at the gate now, and Edith gave him her hand, saying, "Oh, yes, of course; I know you will come. We would all be very sorry if you didn't. And I hope you don't blame me."

"Not in the least. There's no one to blame but myself. I'll come if I can. If I find I can't, why I won't, that's all. Good-bye, Miss Edith; God bless you, my dear." He raised the small hand to his lips, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and was gone.

Edith ran straight up-stairs to her room, and took a good, hearty cry—and then scolded herself for crying.

"But I did feel awful sorry for him," she said. "Though I'm sure he'll get over it, and be back here in a day or two."

But Robert Benton did not come in a week or two. Uncle Thornfeld rallied Edith about sending him away, and though she declared she had not done so, they all understood very well how the case lay.

Edith met Benton in her rides sometimes, saw him at church and other places. He always bowed and spoke pleasantly, but that was all. He kept clear away from her. It was plain he did not mean to trouble her again.

"I never saw such a fool," said Edith, to herself. "He doesn't give one the least chance to reconsider, if one wanted to, which I don't, I'm sure."

But some way it provoked her dreadfully every time she met him, and he kept so distant. Now and then she stole a glance at him in church, when he was sitting quite still, and his pale, sad face touched her heart, though she wouldn't have owned it for anything. "I never did see such a simpleton. If I were a man, I'd be one, I would!" said she. But the very next night, when she was talking to little Lyons, at Mrs. Wishwell's social, or rather listening to him talk, she looked at his little, neat figure and his little, nice mustache and his little, white hands, and began to compare him with a big, strong, manly fellow like—like Rob Benton, for instance, and became so disgusted that she fairly ran away and left little Lyons terribly astonished and affronted at her rudeness.

One day, at the dinner table, Uncle Thornfeld gave them the news that Robert Benton was going to Australia. His sister felt dreadfully, he said, but Bob wouldn't give it up. Uncle said, also, that for his part he couldn't see any sense in a likely young fellow, with plenty of good land, and everything ready to his hand, rushing off with such haste to a wild country like Australia, "unless," said he, "unless there's a woman in the case. If there is, there's no knowing what a man will do. And it's my opinion she'll have something to answer for." This with a glance at Edith, who turned very red, and did not offer a single word. But she took to walking out very often. If she did so in the hope of meeting Benton, she missed it. He was busy arranging his affairs indoors, and had no time for walking.

One morning, Edith sitting at her window, saw him coming up the road with his long, free stride, straight to the gate. He opened it, he came inside; he came straight to the house, too. Edith drew back so as she could not be seen, heard him pass under the window, and waited to be called. Waited half-an-hour, and then heard him going away, and never once was called at all. Her face was red, and her eyes flashed, but she was only pretty and sparkling when she went down to dinner.

"Benton called this morning," said Uncle Thornfeld.

"Did he?" observed Edith, indifferently.

"Yes. He goes away Monday. He wants me to attend to a small business matter concerning some land, while he is gone."

"Well, you'll do it, I suppose?" said Aunty.

"Oh, yes. He'll call again to-morrow, to leave some papers, and I'll help the boy all I can. He's a good fellow. And it strikes me he seems to be very unhappy."

"That's a pity, isn't it?" remarked Miss Edith, coolly.

"I think it is. I don't know a man who deserves better than Benton. I daresay he'll get killed out there among the natives, and never get back any more." Which philosophical observation on uncle's part, Miss Edith did not answer at all, and nobody knew her thoughts.

To-morrow was Saturday. Benton was going away Monday. If anybody meant to do anything for him, it must be done promptly; that was all; and no shrinking.

The next morning Edith took pains to sit at her window again. By-and-by she saw Benton coming. But he wouldn't ask for her; not even to say good-bye. It couldn't hurt him to do that much, anyhow.

He came in, turned at the corner of the house, and was passing on to the door, when a fresh voice above him said "Good-morning."

He looked up. Edith sweet and blooming as the roses, which were all around her, was leaning out of the window toward him. But he couldn't know she was thinking what a fine, noble, handsome face he was turning up to her.

Instantly his hat was lifted. "Good morning, Miss Thornfeld. I hope you are well."

"Quite well, thanks. I hear you are going away, Mr. Benton."

"Yes. I go Monday."

"Without a good-bye to your friends?"

"I don't suppose any one cares much about saying good-bye to me."

"Perhaps not. You don't deserve it, running off so wildly."

"I daresay I don't, Miss Thornfeld."

"Of course you don't. However, some of them might have a word to say to you."

"I'd be very glad to hear it then, I know."

"Well, I shall be down at the three oaks at four this afrernoon. If you choose to come, I have something to say. If you don't choose, go to Australia or any other place, for all I care, Bob Benton."

The pretty head disappeared in an instant, the window went down among the roses with a bang, and Robert Benton walked into the house to see Mr. Thornfeld, feeling very queer.

At four that afternoon, a slim figure in buff cambric, with a white lawn hat on its pretty braids, tripped through the bit of meadow woodland down to the three oaks. A taller figure rose to meet her as she appeared.

"Ah, you did come, then?" said Edith.

"Certainly. Sit down, Miss Thornfeld," making room for her on the rustic seat.

Edith sat down, and sat silent. Her usual flow of words seemed to have deserted her.

"Did you wish to tell me something?" said Benton, at last, very gently.

"Yes—no—perhaps. Tell me something, Mr. Benton. Why do you rush off so, and make everybody miserable?"

"I must go. And I don't know of any one who is miserable."

"Not your sister?"

"Well, yes. But there are times in a man's life when even a sister, though a good, kind one, can't satisfy him."

A little silence. Edith broke it, desperately: "Mr. Benton, would you go if——I am sorry I once pained you. I am very sorry indeed."

"You were kind enough to say so. I don't blame you. And I believe you. But, you see, it don't cure—it don't help much. I don't want to seem ungrateful, but it's quite true that pity won't mend matters."

"My goodness, what would then?" cried Edith, losing all patience. "Can't you see anything, Rob Benton? Don't you know I don't want you to go?" Her face was red, her eyes full of tears, her mouth fluttering like a rose leaf as she spoke.

Benton was amazed. "Miss Edith! You don't—do you? What is it you mean? Do you ask me to stay?"

"Of course I do. You might see that much."

"What for, then?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, nothing. You needn't stay. Go if you like, I don't care. I can live without you!" she sprung up to fly, but Benton just gathered her into his arms. "But I can't live without you!" he cried. "I'll stay if you'll come and live with me. Say quick, Edith, yes, or no?"

"Yes—no—I don't care!" panted Edith, very red and embarrassed. But Benton gathered her meaning, and, instead of being the miserable fellow he came there, was as happy as a king. So was Edith, though she wouldn't have owned it for the world. She is happy yet, though she did marry a farmer, and lives in the country over half of each year.

And that trip to Australia has never been made, nor do I suppose it will be.—Indiana Farmer.

A LECTURE ON SLANG.

"Brudder Grant," continued the president, "You am a young man on de doah-step ob life; you w'ar wery tight pants an' a wery short coat, an' a wery narrer hat, an' you look decidedly wretch-er-chee. De great world am befo' you. If you begin right no man dares bet two to one dat you wont sit in a gobernor's cha'r befo' you am fifty. If you begin wrong it will be safe to bet one thousand six hundred to nuffin' dat you will bring up in state prison befo' you am ten y'ars older."

"Yes, sah, Ize tryin' to start right," said Pizarro, as Brother Gardner stopped to swallow a pint of water.

"I hope so—I hope so, but I doubt it, Brudder Grant. Ize had my eye on you fur some leetle time back. I doan fink you would lie or steal or burgler, or forge, but you has fallen into one wery bad habit. De odder day you met a friend in front ob my cabin, an' when he axed if you war gwine on de excursion you replied dat you would 'gasp to gurgle.' On anodder occashun I heard you remark dat you would 'mix to murmur.' Again you observed dat you would 'sigh to stifle.' Only an hour ago you advised Pickles Smith to 'bet his sweet life.' What all dese fings mean, Brudder Grant?"

STABBING HIS COAT COLLAR.

Some years ago a story came from Paris that a criminal condemned to death had been executed in a novel way, and without bloodletting. The culprit was blindfolded and laid on a marble slab, after being informed that he was to be bled to death. A needle was used with which to prick his arm, and, as the point touched him, drops of warm water were sprinkled so that they ran down his side, and, to the condemned, it appeared that he was bleeding to death. In a little while the experiment proved successful, and the man expired; such was the force of imagination. A case somewhat resembling this was brought to the notice of police officer Jones, the other day. As he passed the Vandalia building, he saw a man lying on his back in the entrance. The stranger's hands were crossed upon his breast, and his legs were close together. As Jones afterwards said, "he looked every inch a corpse." The face was bloodless. The eyes were closed as though in death. The handle of a jack-knife protruded from a point between the collar and the jugular vein. The blade was hidden. Jones jumped to the conclusion of suicide. He took hold of the knife and drew it out of its resting place. The blade was unsullied. Being aroused, the man said he had attempted suicide. Instead of wounding himself, he merely stabbed the collar of his coat. Then he felt that he was dying. Visions of father, mother and home passed through his mind, he said, only for a moment, and then he became unconscious. He was, perhaps, just entering the spirit land when Jones called him back.

WHAT A POOR SHEPHERD BOY BECAME.

Many years ago a poor shepherd boy, clad in an old plaid mantle, went into a book-store in Edinburg, and asked for a second-hand Greek Testament, being unable to buy a new one. The book-seller having handed him one, the boy asked the price. "For whom do you want it?" asked the book-selier. "For myself," answered the boy. "Can you read Greek?" "Yes sir," modestly replied the boy. Then, said the book-seller, "If you will read and translate a few sentences I will give you the book." The boy, highly pleased with the proposal, read the Greek text and then translated it into English. "Take the book, my boy," said the book-seller, "you are welcome to it." The boy thanked him, clapped the book under his arm, and walked off in triumph to the pasture to attend to the sheep.

Many years afterwards that same boy (ah, he has become a man now) stepped into the same book-store, entered into conversation with the book-seller; and asked him if he remembered giving a second-hand Greek Testament to a poor shepherd boy one morning? "Yes, I remember it well," said the book-seller, "and I should like to know what became of that boy; for I am certain he has risen to eminence in some profession or other." "Sir," said the man, "you see him before you." Now, who do you think he was?—the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, one of the most eminent authors and commentators of the Scriptures the world has ever produced.

SLAVE MARRIAGES.

A curious case relating to the marriage status of former slaves has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Alabama. The controversy was between two women, each of whom claimed to be the widow of Gus Washington and entitled to dower in his estate. One, named Edie had been married to him in 1847, when both were slaves of the same master. The ceremony was performed by a colored minister with the consent of the master. The two lived together as man and wife till the fall af 1866. At that time the husband, being then, of course, a freedman, took out a license and married another woman, with whom he lived till his death. Under these circumstances the court was called upon to decide which of the two had been the lawful wife. It was decided in favor of the one claiming by virtue of the slave marriage. It holds that slaves were not competent to enter into valid marriage contract or hold legal relation of husband and wife. But in September, 1865, the constitutional convention of Alabama declared that all freedmen and freedwomen then living together, and recognizing one another as husband and wife, should hold that relation under the law. The Supreme Court decides that this was a ratification of the marital relations then existing between Gus and Edie Washington, and that his subsequent marriage with the other claimant was void.

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck, he cannot hurt you, says a Western paper. To be perfectly safe, it would be well to let the hired man do the grasping.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

A rich man, in answer to the question how he became so successful, recited the following story:

I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me his permission to go with them, and I could hardly contain myself. I rushed into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out at the gate, when my father called me back. He took my hand, and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going to do?"

"To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you something. It is this: when you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a good deal of time and getting but few blackberries."

I went, and had a capital time. But it was just as my father had said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their newly-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a basket full of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered, I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe blackberries and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?"

He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the blackberry party. "I stuck to my bush."

When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months, seeking one I thought might be a little better. When other young men said: "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush."

Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had every thing I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and all I am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."

A RICH FIND IN GEORGIA.

Near Norcross there resides an old German geologist who loves to live among the peculiar specimens of mineral and vegetable matter which he has unearthed and housed. He is an elderly gentleman of little sociability, but of great mental acquirements. His physical endurance is simply astonishing. For days at a time he wanders over the hills and through the dales near his house, collecting rocks and stones, limbs and roots, the properties and qualities of which are unknown to all but himself. The room in which his collection is is wonderful. In one receptacle are arranged a number of stones whose bright rays remind the observer of diamonds. In the center of this long room there rests a stone half the size of a hen's egg, which was picked up by the owner months and months ago. It was found by its owner one rainy afternoon. For nearly a week he had been on a tramp through the hills and dales near his home, and, weary with ceaseless toil, he was wending his way home, when his eyes fell upon something from which the rays of the sun were scattered in a thousand directions. With little thought of what he was doing, the geologist stooped down and picked up the object. It was nearly half the size of a hen's egg, and of an irregular shape. It was covered in many places with thick, heavy clay, which was removed with great care. It was found to be exceedingly hard, and whenever struck with a hard substance gave forth but little sound. It was almost colorless, with here and there a tinge of green. Its form was that of an octahedron, but some of the faces or sides were inclined to the convex, while the edges were curved. It was subjected to acids and alkalies without experiencing any perceptible change. Some friend induced him to place it on the market, and only a day or two ago he received a letter from a diamond dealer in New York offering him $46,000 for it.

It has now been discovered, by aid of the microphone or sound magnifier, that flies have a language of their own. If the English scientist who made the discovery will drop round to our editorial rooms and delicately cross-examine one of the ten thousand brutes which roost upon us when we are writing, and find out how he got in, we will give him a diamond as big as a cut-glass inkstand.

A member of the North Carolina Legislature, dining at a Raleigh hotel, saw a pod of red peppers on a dish near at hand. He thought it was a new kind of fruit and took a bite. The tears streamed down his cheeks as he put the pod down saying: "—you! lay there and cool."

FISHING WITH RED-HAIRED FLIES AND MARRYING RED-HAIRED GIRLS.

"A most extraordinary story of trout flies, made out of human hair, was related to me some months ago by a friend of mine who is a manufacturer of sportmen's materials," remarked a jeweler to the writer the other day, while an amusing smile played over his features. "There used to be a gay young fellow in this city who made love to every young girl he came across. He must have been rather successful, for he always managed to secure a lock of hair from each of his conquests. This young man had another equally strong passion—trout-fishing. He loved to fish for the speckled beauties of the brook, and muse on the many beauteous maidens among whom he divided the treasures of his heart. An idea struck him; he would have a fly constructed out of each lock of hair he possessed. He took his collection of silky love tokens, gleaned from perfumed tresses, to the manufacturer of sportmen's materials and requested him to make the desired flies. When finished he placed them in his fishing pocketbook, each one attached to a card with the name of the girl and date of the gift. His subsequent fishing was a long dream of romance. Even in their broiled state the trout had a halo of memory around them which gave them a flavor for which Lucullus would have forfeited an empire. The young fellow was asked one day which colored flies he preferred. In reply he said that red flies were preferable to any other, and that in the future he intended to confine his attentions to young ladies whose heads glowed with flame-like hues. In proof of this he married a girl with red hair and had ten flies manufactured out of one of her tresses. For some little time after his nuptials his heart remained true to his fiery-polled bride and his red-haired flies. One day, however, he brought my friend a lock of hair of a far deeper hue than auburn, and instructed him to make two flies, as he found that the fish would no longer bite at his wife's hair. His better half discovered the change of bait and began to smell a rat. To make matters worse, he one day went to his office, leaving the key of his private desk at home in the lock. The lady examined the premises and discovered the album of flies, to which he had only the previous day added his latest conquest. The wife returned to her mother that very morning, instituted proceedings for a divorce, and gained her suit, the fly book being produced as evidence in court. If you search the court records you will find full confirmation of what I have told you."

THE BERESFORD GHOST STORY.

Many persons may be interested in a version of that strange tale known as the "Beresford Ghost Story," dear to all lovers of the supernatural, which is here given. It is warranted as correct on no less an authority than the present Archbishop of Armah, who as a great-great-grandson of one of the principal actors, and collaterally descended from the other, certainly ought to know all about it, if any one does:

Nichola Sophia Hamilton, who afterward became Lady Beresford, had made an agreement with the Earl of Tyrone of the De la Poer family, with whom she had been brought up, that which ever of them died first was to appear to the other if there was any truth in revealed religion; in which neither of them had any faith.

One morning Lady Beresford, who was paying a visit, came down to breakfast in a very agitated state, with a black ribbon round her wrist. When her husband, Sir Tristam, asked her what was the matter, she begged him to ask no questions, but told him that the post would bring him tidings of Lord Tyrone's death, and that he would in the next year be the father of a son. These predictions came true; the expected letter brought the news that Lord Tyrone had died the Saturday before and in due time a son was born. Lady Beresford always continued to wear the ribbon round her wrist.

Sir Tristam died, and his widow after a time married a Captain Georges, who turned out so badly that she had to separate from him. When she was living in Dublin she gave a dinner party to celebrate her birthday, and invited an old clergyman who had christened her. He was the first arrival, and she told him she was just forty-eight that day.

"No," said he, "you are only forty-seven; you were born in 1666."

She grew deathly pale.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Certain," he replied.

"You have, then," she said, "signed my death warrant. "I have only a few hours yet to live." She retired to her room, sent for her son Sir Marcus, for her daughter Lady Riverston, and, I believe, Henry, Archbishop of Dublin. She then told the story for the first time of Lord Tyrone's appearing to her, telling her of his death; that she would have a son who would marry his brother's daughter, and that she would make a most unfortunate marriage and die on her forty-seventh birthday. He touched her wrist to prove his appearance was real, and the flesh and sinews shrank, on which she always wore a black ribbon. She was buried in Lord Cork's vault under the communion table in St. Patrick's Cathedral.—Saturday Review.

An Oswego girl dropped one of her false eyebrows in a church pew, and it so badly scared the young man at her side that he fainted. He thought it was his moustache.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDERSIGNED 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 Sauver, 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 required 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.