

STOCK MARKET... BUTLER... POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER... GEORGE E. GOOD... Subscription Rates: One Year \$1.00, Six Months .75, Three Months .50, Single Copies 10c. TERMS: Payment in Advance.

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER. Notice of Assignment. Be Warned in Time! I have been appointed Receiver and Collector of the business of McGrew & Johnson, late of Perrydale, Oregon. All persons owing the firm will save themselves trouble and expense by calling on me at Dallas and settling at once. M. M. ELLIS, Receiver. Dallas, Oregon, July 7, 1882.

"CHIPS." Chips was hungry. Well, there was nothing remarkable in this, as he was often hungry. His bill of fare for the day was thus: For breakfast, one bone, with crust; dinner, nothing; supper, little, dessert, musing reflections. You see, the remarkable fact would have changed had he not been hungry. When Chips was thus carnivorously disposed, he became excited in rank, the height of his position depending upon the keenness of his appetite. If he was moderately hungry, he was lord; if he was hungrier, he became a duke; at the very hungriest, a prince. At this epoch he was a prince. When in this state, Prince Chips often held imaginary conversations with invisible individuals, wherein he was expected to be answering such questions as: "Will your lordship deign to parake of this salad?" or, "will your royal highness condescend to accept of this nut?" with the general news, spoken in all complaisance. "No, thank you, my good fellow, I have sufficiently dined."

Chips' palace overlooked the sea being at the foot of Liberty street. It was large—for Chips; however, it was well ventilated. "Well," soliloquized Chips, "folks need fresh air in winter, as well as in summer, and when they want things to keep, they allus put 'em in the cold." And again, "A fellow might grow, but Old Jack wouldn't let up on his toes, all the same." In addition to being a prince, Chips was also a philosopher. Very morning his royal highness merged from his palace with his elements of trade, his box and trunks. "A nice blacking boots!" You retain, in wonder. "Well, why not? When it pleases the noble lords of the present day metamorphose themselves into auto drivers, cannot a prince, with all his rights, be a bootblack?" Every evening he returned to his palace in bed of straw. "Stow, you cry. Stow, you cry, again? A few minutes ago royal personages received visitors of state, sitting on the floor. It was merely a revival of the ancient custom. Chips was not to a manor born; that is, he had always rejoiced in a title. He had remembered a time once, when he had slept under a roof and shared his face. Far off? Oh, very far off; down upon the shadows of that strange, stunted past, he could dimly trace a y of light. It was the thought of a noble face that had once bent down to him, eyes with their light of shining into his; lips with a tender curving, whispering low, "I fancied that he remembered, many times, how a strange, white in had settled upon the face, how a gleam in the eyes had been a gleam of tears, and the smile on the lips became sadder than any sigh. He was not quite sure of this, however. It might have been but a fancy of his, but there is one thing that he remembered—a picture of a darkened room, and a face resting upon pillows, whose whiteness was not purer, and a voice crying out, faint yet strong in its intensity of emotion: "My boy, promise me—me, your other, dying—that you will never, never, never take what is not yours." And seeing dimly the lids that rested above him, and veiled by the shadowy wings that rested near, he had promised. The row stood out amid the beddering clouds like a star that shined among the somber clouds of midnight sky, and he had kept it. Now, to-day it was not alone the light of a face that troubled Chips, although that was not such an ordinary sight, much less a prince, would be rebuffed. But, alas, some one had stolen his box and trunks. Yet his philosophy detested him not. "When a fellow's got property," soliloquized, "he must expect to be burglarized when he don't lock his safe."

It is not for us to stand and watch. What you will lose your train. So we will, if we do not make haste. What can be the matter of Christopher Memyu? Chips does not sit long on the old stone steps. Somehow he seems growing reckless. He thinks he will go home. Alas! the pitiful world. There—no. He will go back down Broadway, he thinks, and so he comes now down the street. Here is the restaurant at whose window he stood an hour before. He does not stop there now, however; he walks hastily by, with his head turned the other way in a very resolute manner indeed. Chips has almost decided to become a king. He walks on and stops right in front of the same counting house. The light shines out with genial warmth. It attracts the boy and he softly climbs the steps. The snug office looks cheerful. The man with his back to him looks comfortable. "He's a swell un," mutters the prince to himself, "he's—with a sudden in thought of happy compromise—at two dinners." The man turns about. Chips sees his face and recoils. What sadder sight does the world hold than the despair of a human face? Moved by that instinctive pity which one wretched mortal has for another equally miserable, Chips presses nearer the stove, as if thereby he was closer to the suffering. Suddenly the man flings up his arms. "Ruined, ruined!" he cries, and sinks down, his head buried in his hands, resting upon the desk. There is something sacred in misery. Chips felt it as he moved quietly away. Within, Christopher Memyu, banker, with millions slipping from his grasp; without, Chips, shelterless, superfluous. Of the human world to-night, these two, seemingly so far apart, measured by that great dividing rod, capacity for pain, were not, perhaps, so far distant after all. "Only a few weeks," muttered the man, "only a few weeks and I could safely tide this over, but now—"

Something comes to him just here—something that causes him to start and recoil with a shiver of horror, but something that keeps coming and coming and coming. In that drawer yonder lies \$50,000. No one knows it is there but him, for he holds it in trust for one who is on his way across the Atlantic by this time. If— "The devil, they tell us, tempted Christ in the wilderness once for thirty days, and in the end the Divine Majesty rose triumphant. Alas for us for whom the tempting is of thirty seconds, yet whose voice rings not out in the cry—'Get thee behind me, Satan!' But Christopher Memyu has been the soul of honor. Never before has he had cause to blush for any act of his. Shall he now?—no, no! He turns away. Then the devil takes a new departure. He knows his man's weakest point. "What of your wife?" he whispers—"she whom you have never permitted the winds of heaven to visit too roughly. How can she, exalted in luxury, bear privation and poverty? Think of the woman you love!" Christopher Memyu stretches out his hand. The devil has won. Chips walks slowly through the streets. Yes, his philosophy has quite deserted him. He struggles, but cannot regain it. A hard line creeps around the corners of his mouth, a strange light dawns in his eyes. "Damn it!" cries the boy, standing still on the hard pavement, "I'm hungry." And in this cry and the banker's groan there is equal pathos and equal despair. Somebody passes him here; somebody walking hastily and with a desperate look upon his face, too. It is the man whose head was bent above his desk an hour ago—the man who fought that terrible battle of a moment's space, and who is rushing now to ruin. He jests against Chips as he goes heedlessly on. A breath of wind blows open his coat; something falls, but either he is deaf or insensible to the sound, for he goes blindly on. The boy stops and picks up the packet. Is he dreaming? He rubs his eyes, pinches himself, stares. The amount is marked upon the wrapper. A wild joy leaps up in Chips' heart. The irresistible tide of hunger overwhelms him. Oh, what a dinner he will have! The old gobbler—he goes with a quick cry. He has no right to this money. The wary old Satan comes to him. The boy stands in the windy night. Up above him the stars shine; below the gas jets flare and flicker; within a tumult—a Waterloo. Napoleon or Wellington, which is he? He trembles in his excitement. His eyes shine like the lamps in the street. He turns partly toward the other side, the side on which is the restaurant. He is so hungry. There—hush! Through the night, just here, where the battle is fiercest, he hears his mother's dying cry, he remembers his promise. He looks up toward the stars—the stars that shine down upon him as if smiling a blessing. "You'll let Him know," he says in a choked sort of voice. He starts on a run; how he flies! The man is far ahead, but he gains on him at every step. "Say! hold up, Mister!" Christopher Memyu turns, for Chips has hold of his coat, panting, breathless. He crams the packet into the other's hand. "Yer dropped it," he says, answering the man's look of astonishment. Yes, he is amazed, bewildered, Christopher Memyu. "Boy," he says, with a sudden thought, "do you know what this packet contains?" "You bet; ain't it a pile, though? Golly, what a class I had. You're a walker, you are."

"Boy?" Christopher Memyu is trembling, "you are poor?" Chips waits a full moment. "I ain't had no grub to-day," he said at length. "I'm hungry." "Why—why—why the man can scarcely stand—'why did you not keep the money?'" Chips draws himself up. Did ever hero on ancient battle field look grander? "She's up there," he says, pointing to the starry sky. "I told her I never would, and she'd a known it. Besides, I know it's a known it. Besides, I know it's a known it." The next moment he is amazed, for Christopher Memyu has caught him right in his arms. "God bless you, boy!" he cries, his voice choking with sobs, "you have saved me." Chips sleeps in a bed that night. No king could have fared better. And there is another son in Christopher Memyu's happy home—happy, for honor dwells there. And, withal, he keeps his title; for of good fellows you will hear him oft declared "the prince."

LIFE IN A MONTANA FRONTIER TOWN. The following amusing description of a mixed life of a frontier town, is given in E. V. Smalley's third paper on "The North-west," which is a notable feature of the October Century. The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly clad men gather around the doors of the drinking-saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards or some other game, break up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and, horsed, scurries across her chest, and strides off, her meekness of foot being in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bed-quilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she has somehow managed to get a pair of high-top boots on her feet. They all go off to camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a couple of the boys, who have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in a blue woolsen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and with droll and humorous air, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter, the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them pizzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody. Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—"a buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes, and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first, they would have gone away without buying. The wealthiest city of its size in the United States is Portland, Oregon. A witty writer accounts for it by saying: "It rains for six months there and the women folks cannot get out to spend the money, and wealth necessarily accumulates."

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by Jap. E. Miller, Dallas. HUMOROUS ITEMS. Sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care, but she lets the worn out suit of poverty's pants take care of itself. A Whitehall claims he is entitled to a pension for an ankle he sprained while jumping a bounty during the war. The young swell whose pantaloons are so tight that he cannot sit down should hang out a placard above the seat, saying, "Standing room only." Tourists are sometimes suggestive. "Why, a donkey couldn't climb that hill," said one of them; and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it." When you hear a young man say "the world owes him a living," you can make up your mind that he owes the world's people enough to balance that. A Worcester man took a bean pole and stirred up a skunk to see what it would do. He came to the conclusion that there are some things a man had better not know. Sydney Smith said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement about St. Paul's: "All you have to do gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done." Up in the mining camps out West, when a visitor stays after his welcome has departed, they have a dialectic way of giving him a hint: "I hope you don't think anybody's a holdin' you? Well, they ain't." "Do you see that young man going along there?" "Yes, what of it?" "He's got a girl on the brain." "Ah; judging from his appearance the girl must have a soft seat." It is enough to make a Gorgon smile to hear the youth with nineteen hairs on his upper lip tell of the beneficial advantages of wearing a moustache, which strains the eye, and dust and impurities before it enters the lungs. Some modern time inventive genius has devised a plan which is certain to make a young lady pianist play smoothly. We have a little machine known as a stuffed-club, which if properly used, will prevent young pianists from playing at all, which is really a great desideratum. New Haven Register. "Edward, what do I hear—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down those steps?" "Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa; she only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys,' and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"—N. Y. Graphic. "But why did you leave so hastily?" asked a sympathizing friend who was trying to console a lover for his separation from the object of his idolatry. "O, it was a sudden impulse." "What sort of an impulse?" "I don't know exactly," returned the sufferer, thoughtfully, "but it must have been at least a No. 12."—Brooklyn Eagle. "I've stolen a coat," said a man to a lawyer, "and I want you to defend me. Think you can prove me innocent?" "Oh, yes; we can prove that you were in an adjoining township when the coat was stolen, and that the prosecution is malicious." "How much will you charge?" "What sort of a coat is it?" "Fur-trimmed; never been worn any." "Well, I won't charge you anything. Just give me the coat."—Arkansas Traveler. To a country parson, not more than half-way round the world from Boston, a rustic couple went to be married, accompanied by the aunt of the bride, an elderly female, with sharp eyes and nose, and a general air of intending to see that everything was done duly and in order. The aunt watched keenly during the ceremony, nodding her head vigorously at each emphatic word, and at the conclusion, she uttered energetically to her niece, saluted the newly-married couple with a business-like air, and then turned briskly to the clergyman. "Mr. M.," she said, "I never met you before, but I know who you are, and I must say how beautiful and how graceful you have married them two."—Boston Courier. A young man came into Justice Cary's court room in Carson City, Nev., with the rim of his hat drawn down over his eyes, and remarked, "Do you know me?" "I think," replied the court meekly, "that you're the chap I sentenced to stealing about a year ago." "That's the hair-pin I am," replied the other, "and there is twenty dollars for my fine." "But you served your term in jail," said the judge, "and owe no fine." "That's right, old boy; but I'm going to commit an assault and battery, and I guess I'll commence now. You're the man I propose to lick." "Oh, that's it," rejoined the court pocketing the coin; "then you can start in, and we'll call it square." The young man advanced to the judge and let out his left. The judge ducked his head, and rising up, lifted the intruder in the eye with a right-hander, and sent him over against the wall. In a moment the court was climbing all over the man, and in about three minutes his face was hardly recognizable. The man begged the court to let up, which he finally did. As the fellow was about to go out, Cary went after him with: "See here, young man; I don't think the fighting you did ought to be accounted for. You've got here a \$17.50 in change, I ain't charging you anything for the fighting, but just for my time. Next time I won't charge you a cent."

MURDER! MURDER!

HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE!

Assassins still at large, but their retreat and place of rendezvous well known to the citizens of Polk and vicinity. The unfortunate victim, fine, large, fresh and desirable, knocked down in its prime (just what everybody wants), will be laid out in the store of

McGrew & Waller,

For the public inspection and profit, on the first day of September next. We will positively commence our Clearance Sales on the above stated date, to continue up to October first, and as all goods will be sold without profit to ourselves, we have the consoling thought that the ill wind is doing our appreciative patrons a pecuniary good.

Now, friends, while it is not business to buy what you do not need, just because it is cheap, it is real business to buy cheap of what you do need.

Our stock is very large and complete, and promising to keep up an assortment for your benefit, we shall expect your patronage for all that you may need in our line.

McGREW & WALLER.

Perrydale, Oregon, August 4, 1882.

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 amend Chapter 17, 1878, an assignment for the benefit of 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. E. Cole, of Sevier, 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. E. 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, Lane County, Oregon.

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TRUITT & JOHNS, Attorneys-at-Law, DALLAS, OREGON. OFFICE ON HILL STREET, NORTH OF COURT HOUSE.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Jap. E. Miller, Dallas.