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, OCTOBER 21, 1882. NO. 47.

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

Rates of Advertising.

Transient and Legal advertisements, per square, $1 for first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

A liberal discount on the above rates for quarter, business advertisements.

Local notices 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Office on Mill Street, two doors west of Rothman & Rosenblatt's store, up stairs.

LK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

GEORGE E. GOOD.

Subscription Rates:

Single Copies One Year.....$2 50
" " Six Months.....1 25
" " Three Months.....75
Single Number.....10

SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

A STRANGE TELEGRAM.

I, Roscoe Anthon, am a bookseller. y friend, Arnold Percy, is a cash- in a bank. Our friendship dates ck to boyhood, and will last as g as life does. We are not very l; I am thirty and he is two years unger. We are both well-to-do the world. There is scarcely a eme for the material advance- nt of the city in which we live which we have not a direct money erest. We each own a little— very much—of the stock of the k in which my friend holds a ition. This is our oldest ven- e, and it pays well. We each stock—more, this time—in the waterworks and pumping ma- ery by which the city is sup- d with water. We are quiet steady in our habits. I have reputation of being a good buss s man—in books; he—in money. ut most men have some enthusi- outside of business. We have fact we have two. And they psychology and electricity. We in the same house, on the floor, and on exactly opposite s of the hall. My room is open him at any time, and his is to But in the interests of elec- l science we have each a tele- phic instrument of the most kind on our respective tables, a "line" between our rooms. le this we have telephonic com- ication. A queer freak, you So be it. We enjoy it, we afford it, and we have it. re books, old and new, which of electrical or psychological tions find their way to our s, and are read and discussed. e amuse ourselves for hours to- r with our instruments. Then ill meet in the room of one or ther to read, to smoke, to talk o—yes, let me confess it—to . For we are each at work book. Mine is not a book- 's catalogue. It is not a guide ad or study. I will confess ; it is a book on dreams. And d Percy, who will never write hing remarkable on finance, is g a very readable book on raphic communication. are too good friends to be . Arnold will talk an entire ng on whatever pleases me He records his dreams for me, elps explain them. That is, oes this when he has any ms. We are both too sound rs to dream much. I, on the hand, help him in every way power.

the preface of my book there wo fundamental statements I will copy here. They are ows:

may help in our study of dreams to that they are the results of definite, not understood, causes, and that dy of a dream should include the of the day before the night during the dream occurs.

it is difficult to tell just when sleep consequently dreaming) begins and we should study all events which sely connected with a dream in the of the science of dreams."

ill commence, then, with the ing of a certain day, and relate, nsiderable detail, some of the s of that day. Arnold had e the night before that he d rise early to write a few in his book. We had retired and had left our doors open in to get more air during the ight than was otherwise pos-

pened my eyes just before day- In the room, objects which lighted from the window alone in obscurity. But a flood of ght poured in at my open door the room in which my friend ard at work.

p with the birds, aren't you?" I. And certainly the birds singing in a most pleasant er outside.

hold on. I want to try an ex- ent. Look toward the door." ll right."

m my place in bed I could e into Arnold's room, but as I d the decrease in brightness ed me that he had turned his most, but not quite out. He d it on again, then off again, o on; sometimes slowly, some- quickly, the light would be t extinguished. I saw in a nt, although the idea was a one to me. Calling a slow cut- off of the gas a dash, and a one a dot, my friend was say- o me: "Good morning, my friend, Roscoe."

nswered him by a series of in the wall. He went on with riting. I rose and dressed.

lon't remember much about fast, but after breakfast we d down to the new pumping . We examined the system thoroughly, learned how "fire are," that is, the pressure when are used for fire pur- d be maintained, and the work of the day ased idea of the value est we had in the water-

as a busy one. Arnold's usy one. My day was her days, except in one iculars. I had a large books come by express, ded to them instead of to dinner. We lived far out on the edge of the city, and I could not spare the time to go.

Arnold's day was quite like other days, too, as I have learned since. He sent me a note from the bank after his return from dinner, saying that he would come to the book-store after banking hours—that is, after 3 o'clock, and asking me if I could possibly leave my work in the hands of clerks and take a drive with him into the country. I sent back word that I would go. I was glad he was coming for me, for the bank was a long distance from the store, and the day was terrible hot.

At 3 o'clock I was ready, but Arnold did not come. At 4 he sent another note:

"A mistake of a few cents somewhere is giving us lots of trouble. I shall let the rest go in a little time, but I must stay until the books are all right. Go without me."

I sent one of the clerks out for a carriage, and drove out into the country. I got away from the hot air of the city. I saw the green grass and the pure water, and the flowers and the blue sky. But I was too busy thinking to enjoy them much. I was running over in my mind the points which I intended to include in the next two or three chapters of my book.

I returned to the city at 7 o'clock, and saw one of those unfortunate things occur which are altogether too frequent in large cities. A large man, with a very peculiar face, which I need not stop to describe, stood on a street corner. Another man came up. Words passed between them. The large man knocked the other man down, and ran away just as the police arrived.

A window flew up, and some one inside (a woman, I judged, although the curtains hid all but the hands) stood with hands tightly clasped for a moment. Then, beating them up and down in the air in a frantic manner for a few seconds, the person disappeared with a shrill cry of "Help! Murder!"

It wasn't murder, though. The man was senseless for a few minutes, but before I drove on was well enough to walk away.

I went home. Arnold had not arrived yet. I ate my supper, went to my room, and spent the early evening writing in my book. I remember that I wrote on the remarkable sensibility of the ear in some dreams, and on the interpretation of a series of dreams. Arnold had not returned when I retired at about midnight. It is, perhaps, no wonder I dreamed. I remember looking out on the hot sultry night. I remember saying to myself that it would rain soon. I remember closing my window to guard against the coming storm. To help cool the room I opened the watercock. I remember looking at my watch, which pointed to five minutes to 12, and I am certain of nothing more, save the getting into bed, until I awoke again. To be sure, it seems as though I laid for a time in luxury of perfect restfulness, and then sank slowly asleep. But as my dream was of something happening in bed, I shall not attempt to say when it began.

I thought it was morning. I opened my eyes. I wondered why the birds were not singing. My door slowly opened. A flood of light poured in. It lessened and brightened, and I read from the flashes "Help! Murder!"

I awoke to find my door shut, no trace of there having been any gas lighted; and I saw that the storm was almost upon us. The thunder could not be heard yet, but the lightning was very vivid. With such flashes lighting my room at short intervals, I found no difficulty in accounting for my dream. My watch pointed to just twelve.

I slept again, and I had another dream.

There was a knock at my door. I opened it (in my dream) and found a note from my friend. It seemed as though I left my bed to go to the door; but once I was at the door, it was the door of my store. It seemed to be bright as day in the store, but dark night outside. Some of the darkness of the night seemed to drift in around me as I stood in the open door and read the note which the messenger had brought me. The note was an exact copy of the one which I had really received from my friend that day, when he made the appointment for the ride into the country. I said to the messenger:

"But he's being murdered! He wants help! I'll go to the bank!"

I sent for a carriage and drove to the bank. The shutters were closed in front, but a light shone out of a window on the side which opened on a narrow passage between the bank and an empty building next to it. I knew this window opened from the room in which my friend would work if at the bank at night.

I passed up the narrow passage, when suddenly a hand was thrust from the window. I recognized the cuff-button as belonging to my friend. Up and down, up and down, now with a long sweeping motion, now quick and sharp. And again the silent message was, "Help! Murder!"

I sprang down the passage to the front of the bank to call the driver, and when I looked up to speak to him I saw the face of the man who had struck down the one at the street corner that afternoon. And when he saw me he lashed his horses into a run and went down the street with a rush over the pavement that made a noise like thunder.

Yes, a noise like thunder. For I awoke, then, and awoke with the noise of real thunder from the storm outside sounding in my ears.

I lighted my gas, went to the watercock at my washstand and took a drink of water. I was not frightened. I was not more than startled. I studied my dream for a minute; certainly not more than two. Anxiety for my friend—needless, though natural; the blow I had seen given; the hands I had seen at the window; the situation of things at the bank; it was certainly an easy dream to explain.

I looked out toward the bank, a good three miles from where I stood, and sent out a wish for the safety of my beloved friend.

The storm was coming. Great gusts of wind roared around the house. The darkness was intense. I took another drink, thought of my stock in the waterworks, thought that there might not be another watercock open in the whole city at that time, and that the great pumps might be working for me alone in the silence of the night. I did not shut off the water, but looked at my watch, which indicated ten minutes past 12, and then got into bed again without turning out the gas.

I remember of thinking of some of the many incidents with which I meant to fortify my position and arguments with reference to the increased acuteness of the sense of hearing, during some dreams. Then I slept, and dreamed again. I dreamed I stood in the pumping-works and watched the ponderous machinery move. Only there was no regularity, now, as there had been in the day time. The great piston which I watched would make now a long sweeping stroke, and again a stroke like a flash of light. And the long and short strokes, translated into dashes and dots, said over and over and over again, "Help! Murder! Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

I could see the movement as I had seen the flashes of light, and as I had seen Arnold's hand, but this time I could hear it, too. A murmur or pulse, not unlike the noise made by a steam engine running almost silently, now long, now short, saying to the ear what the graceful movements of the piston said to the eye: "Help! Murder!"

I started wide awake in a moment. I hope no one will be cruel enough to joke when I say I seemed to be all ears. It is certainly no joking matter.

The storm had come at last, and was dashing in fury against the window and wall. I put the real dash of the rain for the movement of the piston I had heard in my dream.

But I heard a dozen mice in the wainscot in different parts of the house. I had not heard them before, and the noise of the storm seemed deafening. Over in the next street I could hear a man walking. I could not have heard him on a quiet day. Despite the thick walls between, I heard something fall in the next house. And above the noise of the storm—no, above it would be wrong—but in spite of the noise of the awful tempest there was a sound like a breath—a sob, or the thought of a sob—intangible almost, dream-like almost, but real for all that. Now like a memory of a long-drawn breath caught quickly, it pulsed on and on. I was never wider awake in my life. My mind was never keener. But I could hear, with my waking ears this time, the pulses and quaffs which spelled: "Help! Murder!"

For one terrible moment my heart seemed to stand still. After that I never failed in sense and courage during the whole of that terrible night.

I sprang from bed and dressed with a rapidity of which I should have thought myself incapable, and that terrible message was repeating itself in my ears all the time. I dropped my revolver into my pocket, took my heavy cane, put on my water-proof coat, shut off the water from the watercock, and the sounds stopped. I opened it, and the message began again: "Help! Murder! Help! Murder!"

I bent over and looked at the water as it fell into the basin. I half fancied that the stream was not steady; that it diminished a little and then increased again. I could not tell positively anything about it. I could not say that the plash it made lessened and strengthened, nor could I say that it did not. I found by several trials that the message came while the cock was open, and stopped when it closed. That was all I found out then, and it is all I know now.

I passed down stairs, noticed that the clock in the hall pointed to twenty minutes past 12, and stepped out. It was a terrible night. The wind was a gale. The rain was a torrent. The lightning was over and the sky was blackness.

A livery stable was within two blocks; a police station a block behind that. It was a terrible walk to the stable, but I got there at last. The owner knew me, but said I couldn't have a team on such a night; no driver would go on such an occasion. I was desperate, and asked him to name some price, any price, for which he would furnish me a team and driver for the rest of the night. I had no theory, no definite thought; I only knew that I must and would know why Arnold Percy was not home yet. I gave him twenty-five dollars the moment it was demanded, and I put ten dollars into the hands of the driver, when I ordered him to the police station.

I did not tell anything at the station, more than that Mr. Percy had not returned, and that I wanted to go to the bank and find out why. I could not relate a series of dreams as a reason for sending a police officer three miles in a terrible storm, and as for the message, I knew I had heard, who would believe it? And where did it come from?

I expected to make little or no impression on the officer in charge. I was disappointed. I asked for a policeman to go with me to the bank, and I got four, including the officer in charge at the station.

"Mr. Percy has not come home. There are suspicious characters in the city. We will take every chance."

I told the driver that if he got us to the bank within a certain time which I named, he should have ten dollars more. He got us there in less than the time I had mentioned.

The front of the bank was closed and dark. The officer in charge smiled as he thanked me for the trouble I had taken and the interest I had shown.

"Your friend has doubtless gone elsewhere to sleep," he said, "and we have come here for nothing. I don't mind that. The way for a man to rise is to always do his duty. The policeman who does not hesitate to go on the merest chance, is the one who will find baffled crime and personal promotion at the end of his road some day. I thank you again."

"Will you bear with me one minute more?" I asked. "I want to look at a side window."

We went together, and in another moment we knew that we had not come for nothing. The window next the empty building was wide open!

"Watch here," he said, and was gone.

He was back in a half minute with all the men but one, that one having been stationed at the front door of the bank.

"We must be ready and follow one another as closely as possible. Have your revolvers ready. Don't allow a man to escape, but kill no man unless absolutely necessary. All ready. One moment first," and he turned to me. "Do you suspect Mr. Percy?"

"No, sir; a better man never lived!"

"I think so, too," he said; "but there is this to remember; we are going to find something wrong in here. Keep your head, whatever happens."

"I will," said I; go ahead."

"All ready? Be quick and quiet. This window doesn't open at once into the main banking-room. We must enter that together if circumstances will allow. Remember, no one must escape. Follow me." And he sprang through the window.

In a minute we were all in and standing where we could see the door to the vault, and a little of the floor in front of it.

Four men, surrounded by a splendid outfit of tools, were at work at the door which held the wealth of the bank from them.

"Ready," in a whisper, "one, two, three," and we were upon them.

There were heavy revolvers on the counters and desks, but fortunately for all concerned not one was within reach of the burglars.

"We surrender," said a sullen voice, and I turned to look for my friend, leaving the officers to attend to the men they had captured.

He was fastened into his office-chair by a rope passed around his waist. His hands were fastened behind him with a cord slack enough to allow them some freedom of motion. He was backed up against the watercock which served to supply the officers of the bank with drinking-water. The whole arrangement was quite low; the catch basin was small; the water was let on by pressing down on a piece of metal which came back to its place when pressure was removed. Arnold was not gagged, but he did not speak. I saw why in a moment. He was under the influence of chloroform. I stopped just before I reached his side. This is what I saw:

Arnold Percy's hand was on the metal piece which I have mentioned, and he was using it as much as he would have used the key on a telegraph instrument. And while I watched him he was telegraphing over and over again: "Help! Murder! Help! Murder!

* * * * * *

Arnold Percy fell asleep late that evening, with the window open and his head on the sill. He knew no more until we had him free from the influence of the chloroform which had been given him while he slept, and again from time to time, as the robbers feared he would gain consciousness.

The burglars have more than ten years to serve yet before they will break open another bank. In answer to questions which I asked them, they said my friend "kept up an infernal racket with the watercock all the time." Your humble servant, Roscoe Anthon, dear reader, has his theory of this whole matter. He will not insult your penetration and intelligence by stating it at greater length than the story itself has done. Nor will he offend you by a solution which might differ from your own.

Two of the burglars were the two men who quarreled at the corner. To all questions that may arise because of the fact, I can only answer, coincidence.—Clarence M. Boutelle.

THE MAYOR'S ADVICE

A citizen called recently at the Water Registrar's office and introduced himself and his business by saying: "I'm Misther Jerry Muldoon, and I carries fifty votes. My cellar is full of water, and my hins will be drowned if it isn't fixed; so I want you to fix it." Mr. Muldoon was informed that nothing could be done for him there, when he again remarked: "I carries fifty votes, d'ye moind, and I want the wather out o me cellar." "But we have nothing to do with such matters," said the official; "you should employ a plumber to attend to it, Mr. Muldoon. This suggestion did not appear to strike the caller favorably, for he again declared: "I want you to understand that I carries fifty votes,—fifty votes, ye see—and I want you to fix me cellar. The wather is in it and me hins will be drowned if it isn't got out." There was some further conversation of this kind, and Mr. Muldoon was finally recommended to see the Mayor in regard to the matter, when he departed. Two or three days later he re-appeared. "I come again to see about that cellar," said he; "I'm Mr. Muldoon, you know, and I carries fifty votes. Me cellar's worse'n ever." But we told you the other day, Mr. Muldoon, that we could do nothing about it here." "Yes, but I carries fifty votes, and me cellar must be fixed. or me hins will all be drowned." "Well, Mr. Muldoon, did you see the Mayor about the matter?" "Indade and I did," replied Mr. Muldoon. "And what did the Mayor say?" "What did he say, is it? 'Misther Muldoo,' says he 'phy doant you kape ducks?'"

CATCHING A CITIZEN.

The proprietor of a Woodward Avenue store which had been finely decorated in honor of the Knights of Pythias, was at his door yesterday, when an old man lounged up and began:

"Such ignorance I never saw in all my life! You see that man across there—the one with the white hat on?"

"Yes."

"Well, he was having a good deal to say, and I asked him who Pythias was. Would you believe it, he couldn't answer me!"

"C-couldn't he!" stammered the citizen.

"No, sir, he couldn't. Think of such ignorance in this enlightened age! When I told him who Pythias was he called me a liar. Now, I want to prove that I'm right. You come over and tell him all about it."

"But, I—I can't leave."

"Then I'll bring him over here."

"No, you needn't—I'm busy."

"I see you are, but when a man calls me a liar I want to prove that I ain't. I'll have him over in a minute."

He hadn't crossed the street before the merchant slid into the store and hurried up stairs to keep out of sight for an hour, and it was only after he was certain that the old man had departed that he slipped down and consulted Webster's Dictionary to see if he could find out whether Pythias was a town, a man, or a temple on a hill.—Detroit Free Press.

"How is your son, who went to New Mexico, coming on?" asked Gilhooly of Colonel Yerger, whose son left Austin a year or two ago for that Territory. "Very well, indeed," was the reply. "I suppose he has helped hang many a desperado?" "On the contrary, he is the only man in New Mexico who never has anything to do with hanging criminals." "How's that?" "Well, you see, he's a Sheriff."—Texas Siftings.

Christian virtue can only be the virtue of a Christian. It can not be caught by imitation, but must express the character of a renewed heart. To follow Christ we need the spirit of Christ.—The Watchman.

TILDEN HIS OWN ARCHITECT.

Samuel J. Tilden has just done that. He has had his old residence on Gramercy Park and a building next door thrown into one and metamorphosed into the most elegant mansion, except Stewart's and the Vanderbilt houses, in the metropolis. When it is finished it will have cost more than either of them. If you were not looking for it you might pass it without knowing it was there. The park in front, however, displays it once you get away from it. Then its double pile of three-story bay windows, capped with a bronze rail, its gables and its carved chimney pots stand out in proud display. I will not attempt to describe the house. It is not of any set school of design. Mr. Tilden was in a great measure his own architect. He wanted two things especially—a front of his own choice and a library that should not have its equal on the continent. The front is, if I may use the expression, alive with carving—vases, flowers, wreaths and tracery follow the door and window frames, enrich the ashlar courses, hide the sills and lintels, and run along even the stoop rails and baluster posts. Between the bay windows in as many niches are life-size heads of Milton, Franklin, Shakespeare, Goethe and Dante. The main entrance—for there are two, one to each of the original houses—is a wonderful affair. Heavy columns of polished granite support a great porch of lavishly carved brownstone, from each side of which protrudes an ideal figure representing one of the seasons.

On one side of the double mansion is the library, a hall sixty feet long and a third as wide, the lower half of whose walls is hid behind carved rosewood bookcases that are to contain the thousands of volumes which go to make up the most valuable collection of legal and historica works and one of the most extensive private libraries in the States. The room that is most admired is the dining hall, which is left just as it was before the other parts of the houses were remodeled. The ceiling is formed by a blue-and gold canopy, which has for a centerpiece a miracle of carving in sandal wood, wherein flowers, leaves, reptiles, insects, birds and animals are heaped and tangled indescribably.

Behind and between all these objects is a ground of gold that produces a startlingly beautiful effect. The hall is palatial. Its walls are of polished granite and sandstone, lettered with carving. Its ceiling is a poem of color and design. The very elevator, which is of carved sandals and rose woods, cost $5000.

The improvements are to cost $500,000, and are to be completed next spring. Meanwhile the sage lives at Greystone, in Yonkers, where he has a magnificent country house, and where, despite the rumors that are insisting he is broken down, he tired a friend of mine the other day with running up and down stairs and through the park-like grounds.

A DESPERATE MOB KILLS HUME REDMAN

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 11.—The mob which took Hume Redman from the jail and lynched him last night, were opposed in every possible way by the jailor and sheriff, but were not deterred by the actual firing of pistols in their midst. They said when ordered to halt: "We are from Posey county, and come after Redman and we are going to have him." When the mob had full possession of the murderer, they placed him in a buggy, which was overthrown by a wagon running into it. They then decided to kill him on the spot, and one dealt him a powerful blow on the head, felling him to the ground. A large force of police arrived at this point, and opened fire on the mob, which retreated, firing. The fight was lively, and none of the lawless mob could be captured. The result of the battle was that Redman got killed. Over 24 balls were in his body. David Murphy, brother-in-law of the murdered woman, was also killed. The mob separated quickly when Murphy fell. Two men were arrested, but one, a heavy-set man, was released. It was learned later that he was the leader. Dave McFadden, the brother of the murdered woman, was also arrested. All were heavily armed. They numbered some fifty in all. The arrested will not be allowed bail.

A grave and dignified D. D. after listening to the recitation of the catechism by a class of children, was asked to make a few remarks to them, whereupon he arose and said: "I desire my young friends, to express an unqualified approbation of this exercise. I regard the catechism as the most admirable epitome of religious belief extant." The superintendent pulled his sleeve and asked him to explain the word epitome, which he elucidated as follows: "By epitome, children, I mean—that is—it is synonymous with synopsis."—Congregationalist.

No man is so poor that he has not friends whose happiness is linked with his fate, and whose hearts will be wrung with anguish at his punishment or his suffering.

HOXY'S EAR AUXILIARY.

Mr. Hoxy believed he had struck it at last. He had studied the thing for years, had spent no end of money in experimenting, and had heretofore only succeeded in turning his "study" into a junk shop, himself into the outward similitude of a remarkable seedy tramp, and Mrs. Hoxy's amiable disposition into a temper quite as uncertain as, and far more more dangerous than, the Vesuvian crater.

But that was all past now. Hoxy had struck it at last, or at least that is what he said and believed, and indeed he seemed to have good and sufficient grounds for the faith that was in him.

The thing that Hoxy had "struck" was nothing less than "Hoxy's Ear Auxiliary," which was intended to fill a long-felt want and the exterior human ear at the same time, and by means of which the wearer should be able to distinguish the slightest whisper in the largest apartment and hear with accurate distinctness all sounds made within a half-mile of him, either under cover or in the open air.

Hoxy had worked out the problem to his own satisfaction and had conceived and constructed his working model. All that remained was to secure his patents and count the ducats which of necessity must flow in upon him from the hands and pockets of an appreciative and grateful world.

But before filling his application, Hoxy thought it would be as well to give the Auxiliary a trial; a sort of dress rehearsal, as it were. So without saying a word to Mrs. H., Hoxy tucked the Auxiliary into his port ear and went down to breakfast. Aside from the fact that Mrs. H.'s shrill voice was magnified into the horrible potency of a steam whistle and the clashing of the knives and forks was painfully suggestive of a machine shop in the midst of the busy season, nothing remarkable occurred until Mrs. Hoxy stepped out into the the kitchen to whisper to the cook to gather up the fragments of Hoxy's meerschaum while he was at breakfast and bury them deep in the ash barrel.

Hoxy was sure, from what he knew of her, that Mrs. H. uttered this precaution in her softest whisper but, thanks to the Auxiliary, it struck Hoxy's tympanum with the force of an engine blowing off steam. He heard every syllable, distinct and clear. Under ordinary circumstances Hoxy would have been "up a tree" in a moment' but so pleased was he at this proof of the Auxiliary's power that he hardly gave his meerschaum a second thought. Indeed, if he thought of it at all, it was but to congratulate himself that to a man who had made such an astounding discovery as he had a meerschaum or a hundred meerschaums more or less were as nothing. He could buy a new one every day of his life and not feel it.

But Hoxy could eat no more breakfast. The meerschaum episode had so wrought upon him that his appetite was forgotten, and he hurried out for further experiment. He had not long to wait, for just as he emerged from his front gate these words came sounding through the Auxiliary: "I say, Bill, there's old Hoxy!" Hoxy looked around quickly to see whence came this slightly disrespectful language, but nobody was in sight excepting two boys some twenty rods down the street. "Another success for the Auxiliary," murmured Hoxy swallowing his vexation.

Walking down town, the successes were so frequently repeated that they began to grow monotonous. "Hoxy's failing fast." "I wonder how much longer he's going to wear that greasy old coat." Hoxy's still under petticoat government, I suppose." "Hasn't a cent to his name. Owes everybody in town who's fool enough to trust him." These were a few of the Auxiliary's revelations. It is safe to say that the success of the thing surpasses his wildest imaginings. Yet he did not appear to be happy, not consumedly happy. On the contrary he looked sad and dejected. More than once he raised his hand to his ear to pull out that long-felt want; but he restrained himself and walked on.

As he entered the post office—he always went to the post office because that is the thing for a business man to do—more evidence of the beautiful perfection of the Auxiliary revealed itself. "Hello!" whispered one, "here's Hox. He looks more like a baboon than ever."

"Wonder what's his hurry," said another; "'fraid the ragman'll get him, I guess." And the third remarked upon the benefit that would accrue to the earth were Hoxy out of it or under it.

Hoxy didn't tarry long at the post office. There was something in the air of the place that made him feel sick. So he sought the street again. But it was no better upon the street. From evey side came fresh evidence of the peculiar esteem in which he was held by his friends and acquaintances. The young ladies, whom he thought eaten up with envy of Mrs. Hoxy because of the jewel of a husband she had secured, now allude to him as "that old fool;" the married ladies wondered how "Mrs. Hoxy could live with that slovenly thing," and the street boys gave thrilling proof that they shared the universal contempt in which a party by the name of Hoxy was held in the community.

Hoxy was now decidedly miserable. He began to doubt whether the Auxiliary was a long-felt want, after all. He had about come to the conclusion that a man's happiness is not necessarily increased in direct ratio to the acuteness of his hearing.

As these thoughts were running through his head there came a fresh exhibition of the success of his Auxiliary. It was a female voice, and this was the awful revelation: "He can't live long, anyway, and I guess Mrs. Hoxy won't shed many tears. Charley Snowdon, who used to wait upon her, you know, stands ready to take her just as soon as Hoxy's gone."

This was the straw that broke the camel's back, the blast that sounded the death knell of "Hoxy's Ear Auxiliary." With one convulsive grasp he tore the hated thing from his ear, threw it to the pavement and ground it to dust under his heel. Then he turned about, rushed home, doffed his old clothes, washed, combed and dressed himself into an appearance of respectability, and quietly but firmly announced to his affectionate wife that he never felt better in his life and thoroughly believed that he should live to a green old age, as his father and grandfather had before him.

At last advices Hoxy had not applied for a patent for his Ear Auxiliary, but in his confidential moods he sometimes says the happiest man on earth is the deafest man.

A WITTY PARSON.

Yesterday's meeting of the Baptist ministers was opened with prayer by Father Stimson of Kansas. Father Stimson is 80 years old, and has preached for fifty years. Stories are told of him in which those who expected to raise a laugh at the old dominie found the tables turned against themselves in the most unexpected manner. One runs as follows:

Father Stimson owned a good horse, but the keeping of the beast was somewhat of a drain on the dominie's pocket, and he was in the habit of dropping a hint once in a while that a little hay would be accepted. One day a church member asked him to bring Mrs. Stimson to dinner.

"Certainly," said Father Stimson, "and, as its haying time, I guess I'll put some hay on the wagon when I go back home."

"All right, Father," replied the church member, "but bring a one-horse wagon."

Father Stimson took his wife to supper in a wagon with an ample hayrick that would hold a haystack.

"See here," said the parishioner, as he helped Mrs. Stimson out of the hayrick, "you said you were going to bring a one-horse wagon, and now you've appeared with the most capacious hay apparatus I ever saw."

"Oh, I've brought the one-horse wagon," said Father Stimson: "but the hayrick—that's a two-horse hayrick."

He drove away after supper with 2200 pounds of hay.

The preacher was Chaplain in the Ninth New York Cavalry in the war. The Colonel was fond of leading the soldiers through deep puddles at the regular drill, and the Chaplain one day rode around the puddle and thereby fell out of the regular order. The Colonel noticed it, and at the close of the drill, when the officers came together, said, with a sneer:

"If Chaplain Stimson is afraid to ride through muddy water for fear of soiling his clothing I will carry him across the puddles myself."

"Thank you," the Chaplain said; but, as the Government provides horses, I don't see any reason why I should ride on a jackass."—New York Sun, September 26.

HOW TO BUILD UP A PLACE.

Speak well of the place where you live; if you don't nobody else will. Encourage all public enterprises, and, if necessary, go down into your pocket-book to help foster them. Use your utmost endeavors to have good schools but do not expect them to come to you without an effort.

Patronize every man who is trying to build up his business in your midst, for it is like bread cast upon the waters.

Consider the cost of improving your town in appearance, as a private investment, for if your town does not present the appearance of thrift you cannot expect capital and enterprise to come to you. Patronize your home paper liberally, for every cent well spent in printer's ink will come back to you, and you thus build up an enterprise that has your good at heart. Nothing speaks so well of the prosperity of a place as the healthy appearance of your local paper.—Ex.

The incidents of Congressman Starin's only speech in congress are related by his friends as follows: A bill was under discussion for the sale of the Brooklyn Navy Yard for about $200,000. A syndicate of the politicians were to be the purchasers. Mr Starin rose in his seat, pale as a ghost, and said earnestly: "Mr. Speaker, I am not familiar with all your rules here, and I do not know whether or not I am in order; but you have a property here which you are going to sell for $200,000 and I will at this moment draw my check for it for $500,000." The bill was killed.

Two countrymen from Onion creek came to an Austin lawyer to consult about bringing a joint suit against a neighbor. The first granger began to tell the lawyer the cause of the trouble, embellishing it rather liberally. "Don't tell him any lies, Bill," interrupted the other. "It is his business to put in the lies. You will get him confused if you go to mixing your lies with his."—Texas Siftings.

Fly the pleasure that bites tomorrow.—George Herbert.