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Devoted to the Best Interests of Polk County in Particular and to the [illegible]

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[illegible]

grass, in the sparkling waters, in the singing of the birds, and, above all, the majesty and beauty of the cerulean skies."

"It is true," said he, and many a time have I stood upon this rock and gazed upon the dark blue waters of the Sound, lost in admiration and astonishment at the view presented."

"Many a time," exclaimed she, "I have watched the ships sail gaily by on their way to the open sea, and watched their sails until they disappeared beneath the horizon. The thought has then entered my mind how like to that ship is my life. I sail onward upon the open sea of life, beset with storms and calms, until eventually my bark will sink and disappear from view."

"Ida, I think you are very solemn and thoughtful, this evening, and I am at a loss to account for it. You are generally all smiles when I am near. Shake off these gloomy spells, and raise thy blue eyes to mine, and sing that sweet song, of which I am so fond."

"I do not wish to make you feel unhappy while everything appears bright and beautiful. But there is something that troubles my mind. I have retained the impression all day, and have striven in vain to drive it from my thoughts. There are times when impressions are made upon the mind which cannot be removed."

"Your strange remarks startle me. I never heard you talk so seriously and earnestly as you do to-night. I am almost persuaded to believe that you have been studying theology and philosophy, from the manner in which you speak."

Ida gave a hearty laugh at this light jest, but her brow darkened again, and the smile died from her lips, and she relapsed into silence.

"Come, come, Ida, sing a song while I play my accordeon, and we will make the rocks and hills echo with music and song as we did of yore."

Ida endeavored to brighten up a little, and she turned her earnest, wistful eyes upon her lover, and then sang a low, sweet song.

After singing this favorite song of Henry's, Ida ceased singing. Her lover bent forward and kissed her exquisite little mouth, and encircled her within the loving zone of his strong arm. Looking into the depths of her wondrous eyes, he eagerly sought to fathom the mystery which lay therein concealed.

"Henry, I feel that there is trouble for either you or myself in the near future; I feel it—I cannot think otherwise. I do not know the nature of the trouble, but it will certainly come."

"Come, now, Ida, you are getting very nervous, out here in this romantic spot. It is time for us to go home. Do you not see how the shades of night are fast chasing the twilight tints?"

Ida placed her arm within his, and the two walked toward the village. Their conversation need not be repeated, as it does not concern this story, and as lovers' words do not interest any one much but themselves.

Henry lingered longer than usual at the white gate that led into the yard of the little cottage where his sweetheart lived. The moon began to show her large silvery face before they thought of separating.

This advent seemed to awaken them to a sense of the time and place they were in. If a person had been near enough, he might have seen the good-night kisses given, and heard the farewell words.

After they had parted, Henry turned aside into the little path that led down to the road. He stopped and cast one admiring glance at the retreating figure of his love as she ascended the steps of the stoop and disappeared through the front door.

"What a picture of beauty; so kind, intelligent and graceful. I am almost tempted to believe that she is more of an angel than a mortal. Well, I wonder how my beloved step-mother will greet me on my return, as I am a little late. I will not bear this much longer of her; it has been only for father's sake that I have tried to bear it."

While thus musing to himself, he approached the house and home of his childhood. He was about to raise the latch of the door and enter, when he heard the high-strung key-note of his step-mother, in earnest conversation with his father. He soon learned by listening that he and Ida were the subjects of the conversation.

"Henry will leave this house, or I will, if he does not give up courting that prim Miss Ida."

At this moment Henry opened the door and walked in. He was no sooner inside than the old lady began vigorously lecturing him about his keeping company, and she told him that he must either give her up (meaning Ida) or she would leave the house.

Here was something entirely unlooked-for, and, to add to his discomfiture, his father united with his wife in her unjust request.

"Henry," said his father, "you have heard what your mother has said, and I agree with her, that unless you think of parting company with Ida Richards, you must forever leave my house, and never darken my doors again. I should think you would look for higher society than that of a factory girl."

"Father, I am astonished at the words you utter. Can your heart be susceptible to any affection or love? Have I not always strove to please you, and how can you be so cruel and unkind as to drive me from the roof that has sheltered me for so many years, and where I was born, because my heart and love has gone out to one who has reciprocated my love? I love her as I love my life. Now you ask me to give up all the bright dreams of the future and relinquish all that makes life enjoyable. Remember, I am your son."

At this point the step-mother again spoke and reiterated what she had previously said.

All the dignity of Henry's independence and manhood was stirred within him, and without saying anything more he proceeded to his room and packed up his trunk and valise, went to the kitchen where his father was standing, bade him farewell and left the house never to enter there again.

He went in search of a boarding place, and soon obtained one, in a very nice family. He passed a sleepless night, and consequently arose the next day feeling sad and depressed.

He told Ida of what had occurred, and she sincerely sympathized with him. All the womanly love which she possesessed went out to him in all its fervency and ardor.

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Time passed rapidly on and prospects appeared brighter for Henry. He was looking forward to a happy marriage and life with Ida. They were engaged, and were already making preparations for their wedding, which was to take place in a few weeks' time. Many happy hours were spent by them in making plans for the future. Neighbors and friends were calculating upon having an invitation to the wedding and having a good time.

How often we build beautiful castles by silvery lakes, and make gardens, rich with variegated flowers that fill the air with their perfume and sweetness. We seem to live in a kind of ideal land, created by the imagination. We neither see nor fear anything from our surroundings that are dangerous, but rest in perfect security.

But time passes, and the castles, lakes, gardens and flowers disappear. The perfume and sweetness no longer rise and greet our senses with delightful odors—and we find that they were but pictures of air, of the mind, built upon unsound foundations.

So it is in life. We discover that life is but the flower of a day, and withers and dies with the waning sun. The hardships and realities of life strip off the gold from the picture, and we behold the skeleton of our existence. We find that our lives are not our own; that man proposes but God disposes.

One day, while working about the factory, Henry's clothing was caught by the machinery and he was lifted up in the shafting, and before the machinery could be stopped he had sustained several fractures of his limbs. Word was immediately sent to his father that he was dying and would live but a little while, and that he should be brought to his home.

The cruel and inhuman father sent back this message: "If my son's bones are broken in ten thousand pieces, not one piece shall be brought to my house."

He was taken to a friend's house and a doctor immediately summoned, but no help could be given by the doctors, as the limbs were too much fractured to admit of resetting. He thus lingered on for a number of days.

Words cannot describe the horror and the anguish of Henry's betrothed when she heard of the terrible accident that had befallen her lover. She hastened to him as if borne on the wings of morn, and, reaching the place, dropped breathless by his bedside. During the long and weary watches of the night she never once forsook his bedside, but was ever near to bathe his burning brow and attend to his wants.

Then passed days of anguish, days of weary waiting, but the poor young man sank lower and lower. One morning the news was spread about the village that Henry Workhouse was dead, and that his funeral would take place on the following day. Great was the sorrow of friends and neighbors at his untimely fate in the springtime of his life.

At the funeral, Ida mourned as if her heart would surely break. And when she arrived at the grave, she trembled and moaned in all the agony and intensity of grief. The services at the grave were over, but still she lingered at the spot. Friends importuned her to leave the place and seek her home. She promised soon to follow and they left her alone.

She threw herself down on the grave and laid down her head. There she remained until the twilight shadows deepened into darkness—remained until the midnight hour—lay there, sobbing and moaning, until the last spark of life departed and she was dead.

In the morning, when the rosy tints flashed across the horizon and the sun began shining, and the flowers opened their eyes to the day, inquiring friends sought for Ida, and found her cold in death. Like a beautiful lily she lay there on the grave. Her eyes were open and a smile rested upon her lips, as if the thought of meeting with her lover had taken away the terrors of death, and made her last moments bright and happy. The intense inward suffering that she had experienced caused her to die of a broken heart.

This, my dear readers, is not a fictitious story, but a true incident that occurred in the fall of 1881, near the village of Norwalk, Connecticut. Ida Richards, it is full justice to say, defrayed the expenses of her would-be husband during his sickness from her own private purse. They are now buried on Pine Island. Travelers may see two graves there, side by side, with their names engraved on the tombstones. There they sleep, and will sleep until the dead are awakened and judgment entered there according to their deeds.

INGREDIENTS FOR NEW SONGS.

New York song writers will find the following of much service to them in their prosaic efforts:

A mother song.—The chief ingredients for this popular dish are mothers and tears. To one part of mother take two parts of tears, and sprinkle in regrets freely. The mother must be carefully separated from the father, and no flavor of him should be perceptible. Serve in three verses with chorus.

A sailor's song.—Soak a sailor thoroughly in brine until he begins to decompose; add a sweetheart who awaits his return; a slight taste of mother may also be added. Season thoroughly with prayers, and serve up suddenly, cold, with seaweed sauce. No chorus.

Another kind.—Take two lovers and grate thoroughly. Remove the male to northern seas, and allow him to become well frozen. Stuff the female with repentance and despair. Take the old affection and warm over. Now take the male, sweeten thoroughly, and serve both.

A child song.—This is one of the most easily prepared dishes. Take a child, young and tender, and kill it very slowly in three verses. Sprinkle freely with tears, and stir in as many golden bars and crystal stairs as possible. Turn slowly on a goldenharp gridiron, and serve garnished with angels' wings and plenty of gravy.

A temperance song.—To one tender child add a drunken father. Whip thoroughly. Serve the father in wine sauce, but the child must be battered.

DIABOLICAL REVENGE.

Down in Wilmington they have a law against the storage of nitro-glycerine and other explosive chemical compounds within the city limits. And so the other day a certain individual, who had a grudge against a man named Smith, informed the authorities that Smith had large quantities of congealed protoxide of hydrogen secreted in an outhouse in his yard. Two policemen immediately proceeded to Smith's to make an investigation. Smith denied the allegation. He said it was a sheer fabrication; the man who asserted that he had protoxide of any kind around his place was a sinner in whom the truth was not to be found. But the policemen insisted upon examining the premises. Smith said they shouldn't. A conflict ensued; and after Smith's head had been smashed into a jelly, and lumps had been raised on him, and his arm broken, and chops enough for a family dinner had been bitten from his leg by the policeman's dog, the officers laid him on the sofa to recuperate, and started for the yard. They found there only the ice-house packed full. It occurred to them then to go around to the drug store and ascertain the nature of congealed protoxide of hydrogen, so they could know it when they saw it. They learned that hydrogen in that shape is merely ice. And poor old Smith has brought six or seven suits against the city for damages—one suit for each ruined arm, leg, head, and nose. But all the policemen now are studying up chemistry.

"I've lost a patient," said a doctor, sitting down to a boarding-house dinner with a frown on his face as black as a gunpowder poultice. "I am sorry to hear it. Man or woman?" asked one of the boarders. "Man." "When did he die?" "Die? Hang him, he's not dead. He stopped taking my medicine, got well and ran away without paying the bill."

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills West for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked dead. Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked "Still dead."

REAL TO THEM.

[illegible] writer of a story which takes [illegible] of the popular heart must him[illegible] be sympathetic: for it is as [illegible] in writing as in speaking, that he who would move others to tears [illegible] first weep himself.

[illegible] met Thackeray while he [illegible] writing "The Newcomes," one [illegible] just as he was coming out of [illegible]. Seeing that the novel[illegible] eyes were red, as if he had [illegible] weeping, he asked: [illegible] is the matter, my dear [illegible]? Have you lost a relative?" [illegible] just killed Col. Newcome," said Thackeray, again wiping his eyes, "and I feel as though I had [illegible] my father." [illegible] scene in English literature, where the noble colonel, thinking himself back in the old schoolroom, answers Adsum (present) to Death's call, will sympathize with Thackeray's tears.

Charles Dickens used to say that his characters became real persons to him while he was creating them. He laughed at their pranks and wept over their misfortunes. It was long before he could bring himself to kill "Little Paul," in "Dombey & Son," though he knew he must. For, as a critic said, who saw that such a boy could not be carried into manhood, "If Dickens don't kill Paul, Paul will kill Dickens."

An incident associated with dramatizing of the "Christmas Carol," shows the tender sympathy of the author. Dickens, while attending one of the rehearsals, noticed that the managers had brought on the stage a set of irons and bandages. He intended them to aid in making the part of Tiny Tim, the poor little cripple, more effective.

"No, sir, no," interposed Dickens, taking the managers aside. "This won't do. Remember how painful it would be to many of the audience having crippled children."

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice: The fiat of death is inexorable. No appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to death. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day, having no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitudes that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones, whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise. We do not want to go down into the dark, damp grave, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful dream of "Ion," the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep repose in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asked if they should meet again, to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the stars among whose field of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. We shall meet again, Clemanthe!"

COTTON—BUTTER—LARD.

A gentleman interested in the oil trade informs us that of late the makers of bogus butter, known as oleomargarine, have found a method by which they can make use of cotton-seed oil, in preparing their imitation of butter, and that as a consequence the price of oil has appreciably risen. Another use of cotton-seed oil is, in the manufacture of bogus lard. Enough beef suet is used to give the needed firmness, powdered bark of slippery elm is added to give a pleasant odor, and to prevent rancidity, while an appreciable amount of water is worked in to give whiteness and add to the weight. So far as lard goes, if people would get over their prejudice against oil, and use the cotton-seed oil for cooking, they would get a very serviceable and excellent material.—Ex.

OREGON SHEEP IN CHICAGO.

Following is a dispatch: D. [illegible], of Umatilla County, Oregon, has driven through from Oregon to the Burlington and Missouri river railroad, in Colorado, one lot of [illegible] sheep, all wethers. These sheep, after having been driven [illegible] miles, and then enduring a ride of [illegible] miles by rail, appear in the yards as neat and clean as any [illegible] arriving, and averaging [illegible] pounds weight, ranging from [illegible] to [illegible] pounds per head. Mr. [illegible] said that they would cost him about [illegible] per head, and the clip of the wool paid for the sheep. The cost of shipping by rail averaged [illegible] per head, and the price obtained here was about [illegible] per head.

[illegible]

The introduction of the little plow upon the beam of a larger one (for which many years the State of Michigan had the credit) was a great step in advance—a radical improvement, in plowing. The expansion of this idea and the use of the little "skim plow" in the place of the coulter, marks an era in American agriculture almost as important as the introduction of mowing machines. There are still thousands of farmers who, if they read this, will not know what is alluded to; nor will they believe that a little plow set upon the beam can be of any special benefit to them.

The "skim" cuts, or should cut, not over two inches deep and turn a furrow half the width of the plow. The effect is, that the inner half of the sward of the furrow-slice is folded upon the other half, flat over, grass sides together, and, thus doubled up, the grass is turned into the bottom of the furrow and covered with several inches of friable mould. The sod is sure to rot. Thus folded together, even if on the surface, it would hardly live, but well covered with mould, as it is, even quack-grass and red-top roots are killed, and red sorrel may be thus exterminated. Strange as it may appear, the draft is actually lightened. It would seem from accurate tests that the same plow draws lighter with a coulter than without, and lighter with a "skim" than with a coulter.

The plowed ground in mellow land, no matter how firm the sod may have been, exhibits only indistinct traces of furrows, and is generally ready at once for sowing, marking out for corn, or for any other purpose; but if not quite even, a light harrowing suffices to put it in perfect form. For fall plowing for winter grain, the "skim" should be used, but for winter-fallowing stiff clays it may be best to dispense with it, and plow the ground in lap furrows, for increased exposure to the weather.—American Agriculturalist.

BOYTON AS A LECTURER.

Capt. Paul Boyton is planning another venturesome undertaking, namely, to float down the Colorado river from its source to its mouth. In describing his project the other day he talked so well that a reporter asked him why he did not enter the lecture field. "No, sir," he answered "I've had enough of that. My last experience was at Helena, Arkansas. I was forced by the people there on my voyage down the Mississippi to stop over for a lecture. I couldn't speak in my rubber suit. I hadn't my baggage. The Mayor lent me a dress-coat and a white handkerchief, which he tied very artistically around my neck as a cravat. The doctor procured me the trousers. He was called by a patient and didn't turn up. The stage was a small one; the people were howling. The Mayor fixed up a table covered so with red cloth that nothing below could be seen. I was forced on, I got to talking and was well received. When I came to tell about my encounter with a shark I became a little excited, forgot about my costume, stepped to one side of the table and—well, when the audience yelled with laughter, I made a bee-line for the green room, and I haven't lectured since."

ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1884.

The number of presidential electors for 1884, based on the new apportionment, will be as follows:

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	Nebraska	5
California	8	Nevada	3
Colorado	3	New H'mpsh're	4
Connecticut	6	New Jersey	9
Delaware	3	New York	36
Florida	4	North Carolina	11
Georgia	12	Ohio	23
Illinois	22	Oregon	3
Indiana	15	Pennsylvania	30
Iowa	13	Rhode Island	4
Kansas	9	South Carolina	9
Kentucky	13	Tennessee	12
Louisiana	8	Texas	13
Maine	6	Vermont	4
Maryland	8	Virginia	12
Massachusetts	14	West Virginia	6
Michigan	13	Wisconsin	11
Minnesota	7		
Mississippi	9	Total	[illegible]

It is estimated that if a man lives to [illegible] years old, he passes at least twenty-four years in sleep, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] grieved and [illegible] go to the stage. When her husband came home at night, he was greatly surprised, [illegible] been to buy [illegible] needed, with two dollars. [illegible] who, by the use of [illegible] his wife, had made himself [illegible] kept her always in poverty. [illegible] pain and the hurt, the sense of injury and the sense of loss, [illegible] to an early grave.

Possibly this selfish husband did not know how unjust and mean his conduct toward his wife was. But however that may have been, it is important for women to know that the old common law which gave all the property a wife had to her husband, no longer exists in all the Northern and Western States. Every wife may now retain possession of her property of every kind, and should do so. When the law is accepted and becomes common, a husband will no more expect to have the money of his wife than he will that of his brother or sister.

Now, and possibly for a long time to come, many men may be vexed if the wife retains her property, and the lesson will be slowly learned that the property rights of married women do not cease with the marriage. But when it is learned, the comfort that a sense of independence will give the wife will be like sunshine in the house.—Woman's Journal.

A [illegible] AND [illegible] CITY EVERY WEEK.

Eight Hundred Thousand People have come from other lands, during the twelve months past, to make their future home in this country. These alone, if settling together, would populate a city of nearly [illegible] inhabitants every week throughout the year. At the average rate of increase during the past decade ([illegible] per cent. per annum), over [illegible] million are now added annually. [illegible] this increase for the past year only 1,[illegible],000 aside from immigration, and adding the 800,000 newcomers, we have an increase of population during the past year of [illegible] or 40,000 for each week. [illegible] [illegible] N. Y., [illegible]; Oakland, Cal., [illegible]; Denver, Col., [illegible]; [illegible] 37,400; [illegible] O., [illegible]; St. Paul, Minn., [illegible] N. J., [illegible]; [illegible] 625; Wilmington, Del., [illegible] Reading, Pa., [illegible] Tenn., [illegible] Minneapolis, Minn., [illegible] River, Mass., [illegible] S. C., [illegible] tion of the twenty cities [illegible]

Again, in the American [illegible] [illegible] of each of the [illegible] Largest Cities in the United States, the [illegible] inhabitants. [illegible] 100 largest cities [illegible] —Still again: [illegible] of population [illegible] whole of the State of [illegible] enough left over to supply [illegible] of the State of Delaware, or all of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, with 30,000 to spare; or all of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut, with about [illegible] to spare; or it would people the whole of Iowa or Kentucky, with as many left over as [illegible] of Nebraska.—American Agriculturist.

A prominent politician [illegible] his colored man a few nights ago and told him to [illegible] as he was [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]