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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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"DAN."

forms of houses, some of which appeared to be nodding, they were so bent over, and once we passed under props, which looked like great crutches. There was a damp, musty smell of stale fish, old clothes and burnt leather in the air, and high above our heads flopped strange shapes to and fro, which, Dan informed me, were clothes a-drying, strung across the street from window to window.

"Turning into a house we mounted in the dark two flights of rickety stairs. Then Dan stopped and, opening a door, bade me enter. The flickering light of a tallow dip revealed a room from the walls of which the plastering had fallen in great blotches. Before the one window was drawn a soiled red curtain with a yellow brocade border, while a square piece of faded carpet covered the rough, uneven boards beneath. An old-fashioned easy chair, covered with chintz, stood in the center of the carpet, my flower pot close beside it, on a small stand. As we entered, a woman with shoes down at the heels, and a patch over one of her eyes, rose from beside the bed, saying:

"Good evening, ma'am; the poor little thing is out o' her head. Perhaps yer'll know what to do for her. Dan is dead set agin the doctors."

I crossed over to the bed and took one of the child's hot hands in mine. Dan was right. His sister bore no likeness to himself, delicately fair, with pretty, soft golden hair, many a one would have been proud to own her. Dan eyed me anxiously as I raised the little sufferer in my arms, and gave her some of the mixture I had brought with me. My father had been a doctor, and I had learned a good many things from him. He often laughingly told me that it was too bad I was a woman, because there was the making of a good physician in me. That night I remained with the child, Dan keeping watch with me. For three weeks I went back and forth between my home and Dan's. In that time I came to know something of Dan. How far, that vagabond, as he was his love for his sister was pure, unselfish, and without a flaw. In the little sister's eyes Dan was the noblest of brothers. Raising her sightless eyes (such pretty blue eyes as they were) to me one day after she was able to sit up, May said:

"It's real nice, having you here, Miss Haply; Mrs. Slack (the woman with the patch over his eye) is very kind, but then she isn't like you just."

"Oh! yes, and a smile rippled across the child's face as she added: "Dan is the goodest brother, but he can't be here all the time. Mr. Smith, where he works, is very kind, and lets him come home quite often, some days, and 'll raise his wages, perhaps, Christmas. I wonder what Dan'll give me, this Christmas. It'll be here pretty soon, won't it? He gave me this nice chair, last year. Just think—ain't it funny? You see Dan can't afford two rooms, so he makes believe this over here, where the carpet is, is the parlor, and the other part the kitchen. See, isn't this a pretty red curtain at the window, and Dan says the paper on the walls is real pretty too, all birds and flowers, and there's the picture over the chimney. Dan says the little girl looks like me."

might adopt little May. After her recovery she had spent one or two afternoons with me, and a happier little girl I never saw. As the holidays drew near, I did not see so much of the children as I had done, for I was kept pretty busy seeing to Christmas gifts for my many nephews and nieces. I was always in the habit of eating my Christmas dinner with my sister's family, or else I should have had Dan and May with me that day; instead I packed them up a hamper of good things, and among the presents I sent, was a picture of a fair haired girl, to hang over the chimney. It was New Year's eve. A thick fog had been hanging over London all day, and at night it settled down like a heavy, black pall upon everything. I was all alone in the house, May having gone to see the Old Year out and the New Year in, with some friends. It was getting late, and I had put away my sewing and placed my Bible near at hand to open when the clock struck twelve. I must have lost myself in a doze, for I was suddenly startled by a sharp cry directly beneath the window. Hastily rising, I looked out, but was unable on account of the thick blackness of the night to discern anything. I was about to close the window, thinking I must have been dreaming, when a faint moan reached my ears. In a moment I had taken a small hand lamp from the table and opened the front door. As I held the lamp aloft, its light flashed upon the white, upturned face of Dan, who lay upon the lowest step, a little stream of blood trickling on the ground beside him. As I stood thinking what I was to do, I heard a step which I recognized as a next door neighbor's, with a feeling of thankfulness, for he is a doctor. I ran hastily to the side of the hedge, which divided my garden from my neighbor's, and called: "Dr. Brown," whereupon the doctor turned and came toward me. Hardly waiting for me to fully explain, he vaulted over the hedge, and in a moment we had Dan in the house. The boy might live an hour or so, the doctor said, but he could do nothing for him; the wound, which was fatal, had been made with the butt end of a pistol, or something like one. Minute after minute passed as we sat watching the dying boy. All at once he opened his eyes and looked bewildered around; then, as his gaze fell upon me, an expression of relief crossed his face, and he said, so low that I had to bend my ear to catch his words:

"They didn't git it, did they?" "Get what, Dan?" I asked. "The silver. I'm so queer-like, I want to tell ye—a bout it."

"The doctor, who sat so Dan could not see him, motioned me to give the boy from the glass he had prepared for him. As I raised Dan's head and placed the spoon to his lips, he murmured: "Ye was allers good to me and little May, yer was, an' I swore onst if I got a chance to do ye a good turn I'd do it."

Here he paused a moment and groped about with his hands, saying: "Has the light gone out? It's so dark. You see, Miss Haply, I never told ye as how I belonged to a gang—burglars, ye call em. The first time I was out here a-spyin' round yer house, a-fadin' out the best way to crack the crib—break in, ye know. We'd heard ye had a lot of silver stowed away. When yer give me the flower pot, an' I was so good to little May, I ain't made up my mind to tell ye, but the gang they finds out 'll be friendly with ye, and swears they'd do for me if I peached; so I says nothin' and comes along of them to-night, and I peeps in the window and sees yer settin' asleep. Just as I was a-slowin' it up to wake ye, smoot hit me over the head, an' I don't know nothin' till I see ye a-sittin' here alone side o' me."

Great drops of perspiration stood upon the boy's forehead. As I wiped them away he asked earnestly: "Ye ain't hurt nor nuthin', are ye, ma'am?" "No, Dan," I answered, "I am not hurt. A look of relief crossed his face, as he asked: "Is it growing colder, ma'am?" "Dan!" I exclaimed, almost desperately, "did you ever say a prayer?" "Not as I knows on," came the answer, followed quickly by: "I ain't a dyin, an' I?"

"Dan, Dan," I cried, falling on my knees beside him, "to think that you should lose your life for me!" "Laying his brown hand in mine, he said: "Dyin' far ye? Then I 'll have done smoot far ye arter all. Perhaps the Lord 'll hear ye onest tellin' little May about, will kinder cut it as one agin the kindness. Little May—wot'll become o' her?" "May shall come and live with me and be my little daughter. I promise it," I replied. "Thank you kindly, ma'am. Ye was allers good." The words came fainter and fainter, as he added: "I should like to ha' seen May, but

perhaps it's all right. I allemant good to her. Wot's that?" and Dan, clinging to my arm, raised himself up. The chimneys were ringing for the Old Year out and the New Year in. "It's the New Year, Dan," I answered, with a smile he clapped my hand, saying: "A Happy New Year to ye, an' many o' em. Ye ha' promised little May—Happy—New—Year."

The Lord who judges all aright has judged thee, Dan.

HEUNTED AND HUNTED.

The Tragic Mystery in the Life of Old Jim Bridger.

The mystery of Jim Bridger's early life was explained to a writer during a recent visit to Oregon, by Col. James Applegate, of the Call of August 6th. Col. Applegate, who is now in Monterey County on a visit, obtained the following details of an almost forgotten tragedy from some of Jim Bridger's companions nearly 40 years ago. The story, says the Call, has never before been published and is peculiarly interesting, as it explains why this celebrated scout and guide sought a home and protection among the Indians in his early days, and why he was always avoided and shunned by the old French trappers and traders on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries.

A TRAGEDY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO. The story as related by old Jesse Applegate is as follows: When Jim Bridger was a young man he became identified with the American Fur company, which, more than half a century ago, kept a winter headquarters near the mouth of the Kansas river. This winter was in the charge of the Choctaws, of St. Louis, Missouri. Here the Otoes, Kickapoo, Osages and Kaw tribes came to trade, and here, also, the flatboatmen and fur traders, voyagers and others in the employment of the American Fur company passed their winter. This winter was in the charge of the Choctaws, of St. Louis, Missouri. Here the Otoes, Kickapoo, Osages and Kaw tribes came to trade, and here, also, the flatboatmen and fur traders, voyagers and others in the employment of the American Fur company passed their winter.

Some unknown genius has discovered the following "Rules for Spoiling a Husband." Snarl at him. Find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on wash day. Quarrel with him for trifles. Never have his meals on time. Let him sew the buttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him plainly you married him for a living. Get everything the woman next door gets no matter whether you can afford it or not. Provide any kind of a pick-up dinner for him when you don't expect strangers to come.

Let it out sometime when you are good and mad that you are sorry you didn't marry some other fellow you used to go with. If he has an extra amount of brain work and comes home with his nervous system all on edge—don't try to keep the children quiet. Tell them their father is nothing but a cross-patch anyway. HOW TO SPOIL A WIFE. How will this do? Snarl at her. Find fault with her. Boss her out of her shoes. Always have the last word. Quarrel with her for trifles. Never be on time for your meals. Make her clean the house untidy by your slovenly habits. Be extra cross when she is harassed by the work and worry of the day's work. Growl when she forgets through a multiplicity of duties to sew buttons on your shirts. Spend the price of several new bonnets for cigars and then skip the bonnets. Tell her plainly you married her to do your work. Raise a row if she bows pleasantly to an old time gentleman friend. Find never-ending fault if she happens to want anything she sees the way to get next door having. Grumble when she provides a pick-up dinner. Let it out sometime when you are good and mad that you wish you had married some girl you used to ran with. If you have had a hard day's work in the store or office, go home and let out your gall on the poor woman, who has baked and ironed, and mended all day. Don't try to hold your peevish disposition in check. Growl and fuss and fume and find fault with the little patient woman whose rosy cheeks you once kissed, and swore by all that was good you'd love and cherish her till death. The thing is just about as broad as it is long, brethren.

The late term of court at Fort Collins developed a remarkable case of love, jealousy and attempted murder—one which would afford a novelist abundant material for an interesting book. A young man named Earle loved a young lady. He had two relatives. One of them induced him to believe that rival No. 2 intended to kill him. He thereupon shot at No. 2. It now turns out that rival No. 1 was scheming to get one rival killed and the other hung for murder, so he would get the girl. But Earle made a poor shot and the plot did not succeed. The fair one clings to Earle and visits him in his prison cell.—Laramie Boomerang.

Hearing that Mr. Calvert, ambitious of parliamentary distinction, was going to canvass the borough, James Smith exclaimed: "I am very glad to hear it; I got wet through yesterday being Guy's Hospital and Tooley street."—London Society.

of meat, and then crawled back to the water. More than a month after this time the outposts at Fort Randall were astonished to see a strange object crawling slowly toward the stockade gate. It did not look like a human being, nor did it resemble any known animal, but it kept slowly crawling along, making neither noise or sign. It was picked up and carried into the fort, where, after being washed and cleaned, proved to be an animated skeleton of Tom Glass, the abandoned hunter. He had lived upon roots, reptiles and berries and even grass during the latter half of his terrible journey. What he suffered was known only by himself. His wounded arm was withered and dried; his words upon his body were partially healed, the fresh buckskin having almost grown to the lacerated skin.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

"Yes, sir," said the irate man, "I got even with that clergyman. I slurred him. Why, I hired one hundred people to attend his church and go to sleep before he had preached five minutes."—Boston Post.

Deborah's chickens, "minds me of certain men that I've heard of. He crows mightily loud, an' brags around 'mong de hens an' young chickens; but when a game rooster comes around, he's got business on de udder side o' de fence."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Detroit Free Press man says: "It costs money to be good." It is suspected that the last time he was in church he put a silver dime in the contribution basket in mistake for a cent. Such errors will occur, if a man is wealthy.—Norristown Herald.

Earning a livelihood: "You are a brute and if the law allowed me to do so I would have forty lashes put on your bare back. You not only refuse to provide for your family, but you beat your wife besides," was the language used by an Austin Justice to a burly negro. "Bosa, you has got dis head case mightily mixed up in yer head. I own up to beatin' my wife, but does it often pure kindness." "A strange sort of kindness, indeed." "Ye see, Judge, if I didn't beat her and make her howl like de mischief de kind-hearted neighbors would stop bringin' her good things ter eat an' gibben her clothes an' de like. Dat's de way I purrifies for my family, Judge."—Texas Siftings.

A good Connecticut deacon, Josiah Smith, having heard all about the New York confidence man who address strangers in the streets and pretend to know their names and all about them, knocked one of them down with his heavy carpet-bag, containing his bible and heavy boots, in the Grand Central depot, the other day for saying "Hallo, Cousin Josiah." "You can't fool me!" said the old man as he floored the young one in skin-tight pants and tooth-pick shoes. But when it turned out that the young man really was his cousin, who was at the depot to meet him, the old farmer was not a source of mortification. "Ye can't fool him."—Detroit Free Press.

Capacity of the Chicago stocking: "Peep," said a gushing young dandy of Chicago, "I want you to give me this Christmas a sealink snague and muff, a pair of diamond earrings, that beautiful writing-desk we were looking at the other day and bushels and bushels of French candy. Will you, papa?" and the dear thing's eyes danced with glee. "Well, my boy, while her feet beat a tattoo on the velvet carpet that sounded like muffled thunder. "Ah, my dear child," replied the proud father, as he gazed at his daughter with a pensive, upward-tendency in pork look, "indeed I will. Just hang your stocking up in your yard, and I'll let you know, darling, if I have to chuck in house and lot."—Rochester Post-Express.

A clothing store sign: Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival clothing stores on Broadway, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Isaacs was always to be found with his head out of the door soliciting custom from the verdant passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to this shabby manner of doing business, having found that the watchful eyes had captured several of his customers, and one day he went up to Isaacs and said: "Look here, Mr. Isaacs, you don't keep your ugly face inside? You might pester get a jackass to stand by do door. He would be a good improvement." "Ye," said Isaacs, "I did try do voice, and all de people as dey pass by say to him: 'Good day Mr. Blumenthal; I see you've moved.'"—The Judge.

A Detroit saloon keeper advertises that he has paid \$300 for a year's license to sell liquors, but that he means to voluntarily restrict his business within certain moral bounds. "To the wife who has a drunkard for a husband," he says, in an advertisement, "or a friend who is dissipated, I say, emphatically, give me notice of their cases, and all such shall be excluded from my place. Let fathers, mothers, sisters, do likewise, and their requests shall be regarded. I pay a heavy tax for the privilege of selling liquors, and I have no desire to sell to drunkards or minors or to the poor or destitute. I much prefer that they save their money and put it where it will do the most good to their families."

THE DECEMBER CENTURY.

Variety and freshness of illustration and literary features are the chief characteristics of the December Century. John Marshall, the great Chief-Justice, is the subject of the frontispiece, which, with character sketches of many portraits, belongs to E. V. Smeal's paper on "The Supreme Court of the United States." Besides giving a clear idea of the functions of the Supreme Court, the writer describes pictorially the routine of the business of the Court, and gives several anecdotes of the chief-justices. "My Adventure in Zuni" is Frank H. Cushing's first paper on the remarkable tribe of Pueblo Indians with whom he had been living as an adopted child for two years or more. His account of the family life and religious rites of the Zunis, and the humorous illustration, are both unusually interesting. William Elliot Griffis explains "The Origin of Japanese Art," and brings to the assistance of the text several interesting reproductions of old Chinese and "The Taxidermal Art" is the subject of several beautiful engravings of mounted birds and animals, and in the text, Franklin H. North writes with the pen of an artist, and the curious features of their art. A portrait of the late Dr. John Brown, the author of the inimitable story "Rab and his Friends," which includes a portrait of the man and his picture of the author's study, and some amusing grotesques by Dr. Brown, illustrate a charming paper on "Rab's Friend" by Andrew Lott.

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Editor of the Times:—The veterinary department in your valuable paper is always read by me with great interest, and I value the information received from it a hundred fold more than the small amount paid for the paper. One year ago you published a letter from Dr. John Bates, relating the wonderful success he had in curing spavins and splints with Kendall's Spavin Cure, and his allusion to using it now in his practice for several human ailments on account of the success he had always had with it. The above statement so prominent a physician gave me great faith in its efficacy, and as I had been afflicted for years with rheumatism and hip-joint trouble, I thought I would try it, and, as it has completely cured me, I wish to proclaim it to the world as the most wonderful discovery of the century for the benefit of afflicted man, as well as for the poor horse, for which it was first used. As this remedy must be of incalculable value to the world, I write this letter to express my thanks to you for mentioning it in your columns, and to ask another favor in behalf of my fellow-men who are afflicted in body, that you continue to make known to the world the great value of Kendall's Spavin Cure for both man and beast as well as horse.

Respectfully yours, ARNOLD ARNOLD. Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 1st, 1882.

A Cerebral Irritation. The surprising cures of Dr. King's New Discovery make a special request to all persons suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Stomach Troubles, Pains in Side or Chest, Night Sweats, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, Croup, Tickling in Throat, or any chronic or lingering affection of the Throat or Lungs, to call at J. P. Miller's Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle free of cost, which will convince them what a regular dollar they will do. It will positively cure the most serious cases, even when every other remedy has failed. Only give it a fair trial and see for yourself the success it has been cured by Dr. King's New Discovery who had given up all hopes of ever being cured.

Burkett's Arsenic Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Eruptions, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25c per bottle. For sale by J. P. Miller.

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