

GEORGE E. GOOD.

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POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Polk County in Particular and to the Pacific Coast in General.

THE
Transients and Legal Notices
A Board of Assessors on the above named
business places in Dallas, Oregon, will
be held on the 10th day of February next
at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of
assessing the same. A square is hereto filed of
the same.
L. B. CROOK, Assessor.
Office on Hill Street, two doors west of
a Ross's store, up stairs.

THE HOSPITAL MISTLETOE.

"What is that faded branch?" you ask. It is a sprig of mistletoe. It is the token of our love.
"How sentimental!" you exclaim. No; it is not culled from the bough under which I kissed her. Ours was not a match of the common kind; it was not inaugurated with blind man's buff and kiss in the ring. "The mistletoe hung in the castle hall" No, my friend, you are quite wrong. There were no merry guests going thither and thither under that treasured spig of the mysterious parasite. Tell you the story? I will. It happened in this wise:
I was the house surgeon of the Severnshire hospital. One autumn day a patient was brought into the accident ward. He was a gentleman. No one in the town knew him. He was traveling through the country. In the high street of the city he had been thrown from his horse. When he was picked up he said:
"Take me to the hospital; I am a gentleman and will pay for attention; but I prefer the hospital."
So they brought him to us. He was very seriously hurt internally. George Gregory Newbold was his name.
"I don't live anywhere in particular," he said, "a week after he was brought in. I am a traveler; I have been in nearly every nation in the world. I can refer you to the bank of England. I have property in Hertfordshire. I am very comfortable here, and grateful for all the kindness you have shown me."
He was a handsome man, with a tender, sympathetic gray eye and a soft, musical voice. There was something about him that excited interest at once. It was an honest, open, candid face, with lines of trouble about the eyes.
"Yes, you are right, doctor," he said to me one November day, when he appeared to have rallied considerably. "I have had a great deal of trouble; not the sort of trouble which usually knocks a man up; not money anxiety, nothing of the world's worry, in truth. Yet I have suffered tortures almost beyond endurance."
"Can I be of any service to you, Mr. Newbold, beyond the professional services which it has been your misfortune to require here?"
"No, thank you, I think not. I often think I shall never recover. If I could see my sister again, could I be happy, that is, happy as a man can die, when death separates him from the only being whom he loves, and whose protecting hand she may need. I will tell you my story, doctor; you are a good man; I know that by your face, and by your great kindness to me, a stranger."
"I trust I should be none the less attentive to any patient," I said, "although I confess you have interested me much."
"You are very good," said Mr. Newbold; "heaven will reward you. When I was an infant my father died, and left myself and my sister to the care of my mother. It is only doing the memory of my mother an ordinary justice to say that she was as good as she was beautiful. She died ten years ago. For five years we lived in the old house, my sister and myself. We had no cares, no troubles; life with us was a continued summer; to make each other happy was our only anxiety. It had occurred to me more than once—many times, indeed—that Lucy might marry and leave me. I have never regretted this for . . . not but I secured and perpetuated Lucy's happiness. One day—it only how low blind we men are—Lucy told me she was in love."
"You are faint, Mr. Newbold," I said; "rest awhile."
"No, no; I am stronger than you think," he said smiling and waving me to be silent. "It was a young fellow who had often been to the house. I ought to have known. When Lucy told me I could see how indiscreet I had been. He did not forbid the match, but I did. I contained it, expostulated with Lucy, and privately expressed myself in severe terms to her lover. If it were not that he believed Lucy would deeply feel his leaving her, he said he would go away, since I questioned his honor and his love. My selfishness was awakened; I urged him to go, implored him; gave him money; and he left Lucy to her brother in the old house that we had known since infancy. When Lucy discovered the cause of her lover's desertion, she upbraided me, called me cruel and selfish, and a month afterward she was missing. I have never seen her since."
Here my poor patient fell back upon his pillow. I gave him a stimulant; and by-and-by, when he looked up with his gray eyes expressing an apology for his weakness; I confess to sensations of sympathy I had never before felt. "I thought I was stronger," he said; "pray forgive me. Let me finish my story; it will do me good.

to tell you my troubles. I would give the world to see her once more, for the sake of my poor, dear mother, who loved her so much. I found traces of her. She had had a letter from her lover, bidding her good-bye forever. It was believed he had enlisted for a soldier. A detective officer whom I employed fancied he traced him to India. His name was not to be found on the list of any regiment at home or abroad.
"That is the story of my life; this is the story of my wanderings. I am in search of my sister, in search of them both—Lucy and her husband. What right had I to stand between her and the man she loved? Heaven forgive me!"
The season of Christmas came, with its kindly thoughts, its Christian-like feelings, its genial associations. We always decorated the hospital for Christmas eve. The patients all seemed to get better in presence of the little excitement of the time. Every ward had its bit of holly and mistletoe. The nurses rivaled each other in the making of festive wreaths. Friends of the patients brought in contributions from the country; winter evergreens from their little gardens, holly from rural hedge rows, and luxuries of mince-pie and plum-pudding which it was hard to interdict. There were some poor creatures whom nothing could injure. These had their beef and pudding, their pies and wine out of the hospital. Poor Mr. Newbold, who was among these hopeless cases. But no friend brought gifts to lay beside his bed. He had thanked me, however, for a handful of mistletoe and holly, which I hung up in his ward with my own hands, wishing at the same time all the best wishes of the season.
"I don't make a complaint, my dear friend," he said, "but I have a small request to prefer: I am very troublesome, I am sure, very; and it is very hard for my nurse and I to have a change to some other ward. Will you find me another nurse—a woman with a softer voice, dear friend, a softer voice?"
He was very ill; he had grown weaker and weaker; his end was drawing near. She was a querulous but most reliable woman, the nurse attached to his ward. She had replaced an attendant who had obtained leave to spend Christmas at home. Poor Newbold was sensitive, and the loud voice and somewhat demonstrative manner of the new woman jarred upon his nerves. I went to the matron.
"There is a young woman sent here through Florence Nightingale—a most respectable, kind looking person," said the matron. "She had only been here a week; but I don't doubt for a moment she will turn out to be the best nurse in the hospital. Shall I send her up to you?"
"Thank you very much; pray do," I said. "Send her up to the ward at once."
The Christmas bells were ringing; you could hear the music wandering up and down the streets, carried lighter and thither by the wind. Visitors had all left the wards for the night; the patients lay there listening to the melody of the bells, and thinking of other things; the light of the Christmas candles fell upon the dark leaves of the holly; here and there the white berries of the mistletoe reflected back the subdued glimmer. It is a sad picture, a hospital on Christmas eve; the shadows of the place seem so significant—such tender memories hover about the narrow beds.
The new nurse came into the ward while I sat there. It was a sweet face, as I saw it with the light upon it—a kind, sad, pitying face. Newbold looked at her curiously as she entered. Then he raised himself up suddenly, and before I hardly knew what had happened, he was locked in her arms.
"Lucy, Lucy, my dear, dear sister," he was saying, his voice nearly drowned in the sobs of the woman whose face was lying upon his shoulder.
The bell appeared to be gaining new strength at that moment. It was the wind which brought the sound close up to the windows on its way down the river.
"Thank God," I exclaimed; and my heart leaped with a strange joy. I felt like a child ready to weep. It was as if I had been reading some pitiful story.
I walked out into the corridor, opened a window, and put my head into the frosty air. The stars seemed to belong to their purity; I was never fit for a hospital surgeon; my feelings were always too little under control. When I went back into the ward, she was sitting by his side holding his hand. His face was full of peace and happiness. It was as if an angel had been there.
We buried him on New Year's day.
Her husband is soon told. She lost her husband in the Crimea. After that she joined Florence

Nightingale's band of nurses, and eventually came back to England. Providence sent her to the Severnshire hospital on Christmas eve—sent her, that George Newbold's last hours might be soled with her tender words and happy memories of the Christmas days that were gone. If it were not presumptuous to think that what befell afterwards were not accidental, I could fancy that some special consideration for the poor hospital surgeon also filled up the Providential design.
The spring came, also the summer, and the stars shone once more above the bell-nusic that the winds carried down the river. If we had been young people, and without a chastened sorrow in our hearts, the bells might have rung afresh in the summer that followed; for the house surgeon married the heroine of this sad story, and she sits by his side with her sweet sympathetic smile, while he tries to tell you, without faltering, the history of these wretched leaves.
And now let us put back the Christmas treasure. If you will rummage over the contents of old cabinets, you must come upon skeletons. Close the drawer, shut down the ancient lid, look out through the western window, and you may see the sun making a "golden sea" behind the towers of the county hospital, in Sabrina's classic valley.
A WEATHER SHARP.
On a Woodward-avenue car yesterday one of our solid citizens, whose weather predictions have never been disputed since he was rated worth \$50,000, remarked to an acquaintance that this was unusual weather for the last of December. He had hardly spoken when an old man with a bundle under his arm hopped up and replied:
"It is, eh? I'd just bet you an even dollar that you are mistaken."
"Isn't this unusual weather?"
"No, sir! I'll bet you two to one that we had just such a December week three, five and eight years ago. Put up your cash."
"Oh, I don't bet on the weather; still I think such soft weather at this time of the year is singular."
"Bet you three to one it isn't singular," cried the old man.
"I told you I wouldn't bet."
"Then don't be deceiving people with your weather talk! Bet you four to one you can't tell what the weather was in September."
The solid citizen was bluffed into silence for a moment, and then he remarked:
"Looks as if we might have snow."
"Bet you five to one we don't see a flake this week!" piped the old man. "How can you expect snow when the air isn't cold enough to congeal this moisture?"
"Then it may rain."
"No it won't. Bet you six to one you never saw rain with the wind where it is!"
"Well, the barometer indicates a storm of some sort," shouted the solid man.
"I'd take you on that, too, and bet you seven to one that it doesn't!"
The prophet seemed about to haul out a dollar, but he changed his mind and fell back in his seat and growled:
"Maybe my thermometer doesn't stand at fifty-four degrees above."
"No, sir! No, sir! I'd bet you eight to one that you are at least three degrees out of the way. Come, now!"
But the solid man came not—Free Press.
Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally illegible with his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be an answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but was likewise unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go, take it back. What does the d-d fool mean?" Yes, sir," said the boy, "that's just what he said."

A READING PEOPLE.
Their Breedy Frankies, Queer Names and Numerous Newspapers.
E. V. Smalley, in the February number of the Century, in the course of a very interesting article on "Features of the New Northwest," makes the following observations:
As a rule, however, the traveler from the East is more frequently surprised by the comforts and good manners encountered on the frontier, than by rudeness and bad manners. People who live in cabins will go to an extravagant outlay of money to bring over hundreds of miles of mountain roads, some articles of taste to remind them of their former homes in the East; an upholstered chair, perhaps a carpet, an engraving, or even a piano. Indeed there is not enough newness and roughness for picturesque effects; save for a certain breezy frankness of manner and a little carelessness in dress, and a more hearty tone in conversation, you remark no special Western stamp in the people. Such towns as Olympia, on Puget Sound, and Salem, Albany and Corvallis in the Willamette Valley, might almost have been transported bodily from Ohio or Northern Illinois.
The fecundity of the far Northwest in newspapers is remarkable. Towns which in the Middle or older Western States, would barely sustain a weekly, have one or two dailies, and more than two or three weekly, and more than two or three weekly to trumpet their advantages and aspirations. The proportion of newspapers to population in Oregon and Washington must be twice or three times as great as in Iowa or Illinois. As the town precedes the country in the development of this region, the papers must mainly subsist on such patronage as can be obtained within a radius of their offices. The four dailies of Walla Walla, for example, depend upon a town which, in the East, would perhaps sustain two or three weeklies; but there are no tributary villages, the surrounding country being an immense wheat-field, with three or four families to a square mile of Territory. The three dailies of Seattle depend upon a lumber town of perhaps 6,000 inhabitants with a wilderness on one side and the water on the other. The daily at Port Townsend is supported by a population not exceeding 2,500, including Indians and Chinese. The fact that newspapers live in such small communities argues a great deal of enterprise and liberality on the part of the people and a pretty high average of intelligence.
The general news field of the Pacific Northwest is monopolized by a single rich and prosperous newspaper, the "Portland Oregonian," which controls the associated press dispatches and sells them in condensed form to small dailies in the interior and on the Sound. There is no parallel case in the United States of a single newspaper having an absolute monopoly of so large a field of circulation, which is about 1,000 miles square.
An affection of odd and original names prevails among the journals of the Far West. "Salem Daily Talk," the "Reese River Reveille," the "Final Drill," the "Las Vegas Optic," the "Colton Semi-Tropic," the "Calico Print," published in the new mining town of Calico, and the "Tombstone Epitaph," of the town of Tombstone, Arizona.
In Oregon and Washington are many queer names of towns and streams that testify in some cases to the quaint fancy of the early settlers, and in others, to a blunt, rude realism still displayed in mining camps. In the Willamette Valley you can pass through the hamlet of Needy, and a few miles further on arrive at Glad Tidings, and then, in ten miles more, reach Solibilty. On Puget Sound are two neighboring logging-camp towns one called Arcadia and the other Hardscrabble. In neither of them does life appear to be Arcadian, and Hardscrabble is quite as attractive or unattractive as its neighbor with the poetic name.
A southern Oregon settlement, where the early gold-seekers met with disappointment, was called Humberg, and the name sticks to it to this day. Not far off are Louise Creek, Whiskeytown, and Jump-off Joe Creek, the latter named on account of an adventure of old General Joe Lane, who fought the Indians in that region. In Eastern

Washington a railway station is called Etopia—a euphemism for the Hell-to-pay of the first settlers.
TOOK HIS LAST DRINK.
"Henry, I wish you would give me a dollar or two," Mrs. Harris said to her husband as he stood in the hallway helping him on with his overcoat.
"What for?" he asked in a tone that was not encouraging.
"To get a doll for Edith. To-day is her birthday, and I would like to surprise her."
"A dollar for a doll what extravagance! Besides Edith is too old for a doll."
"Why, Henry, she is only ten, and she is so fond of her old doll."
"Can't help it; I can't afford it. You're enough to ruin any man."
"Henry," the wife said indignantly, "you could afford it, and a great many other things, if you would let Jones' liquor saloon alone."
The man winced. "You're always harping on that," he replied, going out and shutting the door violently. But he knew that what she said was true.
"Papa, papa," a childish voice called, and Edith flew across the lawn.
"You naughtily papa, going without a kiss for me, and on my birthday too!" she laughed and lifted her bright face to his.
The frown on his face faded. He stooped and kissed her.
"Here," he said, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out a silver half-dollar, "give this to your mother and tell her it is all the change I have. She may get what she likes with it."
"What did it mean?" the child asked later, as she handed the money to her mother.
"I wanted to get you a wax doll for your birthday present, but—"
"Oh mamma!" Edith interrupted, delighted.
"Papa cannot afford it. He has given this to buy a present instead. What shall we get with it?"
"I don't know, mamma. I do want the doll so much."
"Yes, dear, but you cannot have it now. I will ask Santa Claus to bring you one Christmas."
But when Edith came home from school her mother said to her: "Little girl, your papa sent me home more money, so I have bought your birthday present for you."
You can easily guess Edith was impatient for the return of her father, and while she is waiting for him shall I tell you how he came to send the extra money home to his wife?
With his wife's reproaches still in his memory, and his child's kisses yet warm on his lips, he did not enter a saloon on his way to his store, but about ten o'clock, being thirsty, he went out to Jones' liquor store and called for his usual dram.
While the bar-tender was preparing the liquor dealer's wife came in, and going up to Mr. Jones said in a loud voice, "Sam, I want \$20 to buy a doll for Katie."
"Twenty dollars?" he answered good naturedly, "isn't that a good deal to give for a toy?"
"Yes, but the child has set her heart on one with real hair and a kid body, and I want to get one all dressed. It is too much trouble to bother dressing it."
Without another word Mr. Jones opened his pocket-book, took from it a roll of bills, counted out the twenty dollars, and handed them to the wife, saying, carelessly:
"I forgot to order the ducks to roast for dinner; have Jim stop at Blander's and order them, and nice celery, and some apples for sauce."
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