THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

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—BY—

J. S. McCAIN.

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SANTA CLAUS IN THE MINES.

A California Sketch.

[By Kerr Adams.]

A California mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bound peaks of the Sierra Navada mountains.

The town was irregularly laid out, and was scattered along a creek which emptied into the Consumnes river several miles below. Both the dwellings and business houses—or, more properly speaking, cabins—were constructed of unhewn pine logs, the crevices between the timbers being "chinked" and plastered with mud. The town combined at least a dozen saloons, or saloons and gambling houses combind, and in these hells much of the hard-earned money of the miner parted company with him to take up temporary abode in the saloon till, or the pocket of the professional gambler. The dwellings of the town were scattered along the creek or built on the adjacent mountain, the majority of them being rough bachelor dens, for women were scarce in the newly discovered diggings.

In a small cabin near the upper part of the town sat a woman, in widow's weeds, holding upon her knee a bright-eyed, sunny-faced little girl, about five years old, while a little cherub of a boy lay upon a bearskin before the open fireplace. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. She was yet young, and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face they invested it with a weird beauty.

Mary Stewart was the widow of Alex Stewart, and but two short years before they had lived comfortably and happy in a camp on the American River. Alex was a brawny miner, but the premature explosion of a blast in an underground tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector, and in straightened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support, and now that he had gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs. Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them (all Western mining towns are called camps,) and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Her's was a hard lot, but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the thought that her daily labors stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation. Their clothes were patched and shabby, and their food plain, and sometimes scant, yet they were never reduced to absolute starvation.

Jack Dawson, a strong, honest miner, was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve, when the voice of the little girl attracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love for children, and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eaves-dropping, he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet prattling voice. The first words he caught were:

"Before papa died we always had Christmas, didn't we mamma?"

"Yes, Totty, darling, but papa earned money enough to afford to make his pets happy at least once a year. You must remember, Totty, that we are very poor, and although mamma works very hard she can scarcely supply us with food and clothes."

Little bright-faced Benny raised his curly head from its soft nest in the warm bearskin and cheerily said:

"Des' wait till I dit to be a man, mamma, an' 'oo won't have to wort. I'se doin' to be a dreat big miner, like papa was, an' dit 'oo ever so much money, but I wouldn't do near 'em hateful blastin' fings an' dit tilled like papa did."

(Jack Dawson lingered upon the outside. He could not leave, although he felt ashamed of himself for listening.)

"Why, bless my little man, what a brave future he has planned! I do hope and pray, darling, that you will grow up a strong and good man and one who will be a blessing and a comfort to mamma when she gets old."

"We hung up our stockings last Christmas, didn't we, mamma?" questioned the little girl.

"Yes, Totty, but we were poor then, and Santa Claus never notices real poor people. He gave you a little candy then, just because you were such good children."

"Is we any poorer now, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all now."

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words, and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings, mamma? I'm going to hang mine up anyhow; maybe he will come like he did before, just because we try to be good children," said Totty.

"It will be no use, my darling. I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse.

"I don't care, I'm going to try anyhow. Please get one of my stockings, mamma," pleaded the little girl.

"Your clean stockings are on the line outside, and I cannot go out and hunt for them this bitter cold night. You may hang up your old ones, but oh, darling, I fear, you will be so terribly disappointed in the morning? Please let it go until next Christmas, and then we may be richer."

"No, mamma, I'm going to try anyhow."

Jack Dawson's great, generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little feet upon the cabin floor as Totty ran about hunting hers and Benny's stockings, and after she had hung them up heard her sweet voice again as she wondered over and over if Santa Claus would forget them. He heard the mother in a choking voice tell her treasurers to get ready for bed; heard them lisp their childish prayers, the little girl concluding:

"And, O Lord! please tell good Santa Claus that we are very poor, rich children do, for dear Jesus' but that we love Him as much as sake. Amen.

After they were in bed, though a small rent in the plain white curtain, Jack saw the widow before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and weeping silently. On a peg, just over the fire-place two little patched and faded stockings, and then he could stand it no longer. He softly moved away from the window to the rear of the cabin, where some objects fluttering in the wind met his eye. Among these he searched until he found a little blue stocking which he removed from the line, folded tenderly and placed in his overcoat pocket, and then set out for the main street of the camp. He entered Harry Howk's gambling hall, the largest in the place, where a host of miners and gamblers were at play. Jack was well known in camp, and when he got up on a chair, and called for attention, the hum of voices and the clicking of ivory checks suddenly ceased. Then, in an earnest voice, he told what he had seen and heard, repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and children. In conculsion he said:

"Boys, I think I know every one of you, an' I know jist what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idee that Santa Claus knows jist whar' that cabin's sitiwated, and I've an idee he'll find it afore mornin'. Hyar's one o' the little gal's stockin' that I hooked off'n the line whar' I heard the widder say she'd hung 'em with the washin'. The daddy o' them little 'uns was a good, hard workin' miner, as he crossed the range in the line o' duty jist as any of us is liable to do in our dangerous business. Hyar' goes a twenty-dollar piece down in the stockin', and hyar' lays the stockin' on this card table—now chip in much or little, as ye kin afford."

"Hold them checks o' mine on the ace, Jack," said Brock Clark, a gambler, and leaving the faro table, he picked the little stocking up carefully, looked at it tenderly and when he laid it down another twenty had gone into the toe to keep company with the one placed there by Dawson.

Another and another came up until the foot of the stocking was well filled, and then came the cry from the gaming tables:

"Pass her around, Jack."

At the word he lifted it from the table and started around the hall. Before he had circulated round a half-a-dozen tables it showed signs of bursting beneath the weight of gold and silver coins, and a strong coin bag, such as is used for sending treasure by express, was procured, and the stocking placed inside of it. The round of the large hall was made, and in the meantime the story had spread all over the camp. From variour saloons came messengers saying:

"Send the stockin' round the camp, the boys are waitin' for it!

With a party at his heals Jack went from saloon to saloon. Games ceased and tipplers left the bars as they entered each place, and miners, gamblers, speculators, everybody crowded to tender their Christmas gift to the miner's widow and orphans. Anyone who has lived in the far western camps and is acquainted with the generousity of western men will feel no surprise, or doubt my truthfulness when I say that after the round had been made the little blue stocking and the heavy canvas bag contained over $8000 in gold and silver coin.

Horses were procured and a party dispatched to the large town down on the Consumnes from which they returned near daybreak with toys, clothing, provisions, etc., in almost endless variety. Arranging their gifts in proper shape and securely tying the bag of coin the party noiselessly repaired to the widow's humble cabin. The bag was first laid on the steps, and other articles piled up in a heap over it. On the top was laid the lid of a large pasteboard box on which was written with a piece of charcoal:

"Santa Claus doesn't always give poor folks The shake in This camp."

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. The night had been a stinging cold one, and when the rising sun peeped over the chain of mountains to the east, and shot its beams upon the western range, and sparkling frost flashed from the snow-clad peaks as though their towering heads were sprinkled with pure diamonds.

Mrs. Stewart arose, and a shade of pain crossed her handsome face as the empty little stockings caught her maternal eys. She cast a hurried glance toward the bed where her darlings lay sleeping and whispered:

"Oh, God, how bitter is poverty!"

She built a glowing fire and set about preparing the grugal breakfast. When it was almost ready she approached the bed and kissed the little ones until they were wide awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stockings only to turn away sobbing as though her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother, and clasping her little girl, to her heart she said in a choking voice:

"Never mind, my darling; next Christmas I am sure mamma will be richer, and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things."

"Oh, mamma!"

The exclamation came from little Benny, who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed.

Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card, and then causing the little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway, she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Jack Dawson's burly form moved from behind a tree a short distance away and sneaked off up the gulch, great crystal tears chasing each down his face.

The family arose from their knees and began to move the stores into the cabin. There were several sacks of flour, hams, canned fruits, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, new dress goods, and a handsome, warm, woolen shawl, for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, mittens, and clothing for children, a great big wax doll, that could cry and move its eyes, for Totty, and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside amidst alternate laughs and tears.

"Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, and that is all," said the mother. "Is not God good to us?"

"I can't lift it, mamma, it's frozen to the step!"

The mother stooped and took hold of it and lifted harder and harder, until she raised it from the step. Her cheeks blanched as she noted its great weight, and breathlessly she carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosened the string and emptied the contents upon the table. Gold and silver, more than she had ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort, and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking.

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness, but will leave the joyful family sounding praises to heaven and—Santa Claus.

The whole story soon reached Mrs. Stewart's ears. She knew Jack Dawson by sight, and when next she met him, although the honest fellow tried hard to push by her, she caught hold of his coat and compelled him to stand and listen to her tearful thanks. The tears shed were not all hers, for when Jack moved away there were drops of liquid crystals hanging to his rubby cheeks.

Four months from that "Merry Chrtstmas" Mrs. Stewart became Mrs. Jack Dawson, and every evening, when the hardy miner returned from his daily labor to his comfortable and happy home, Totty and Benny will climb upon his strong knees and almost smother him with kisses, while they lovingly address him as "our Santa Claus papa."

Jerry Lewis, an old teamster who has followed teaming from Prineville to The Dalles for several years past, was drowned last Saturday in a small stream just south of Fifteen-mile creek, on the Canyon City road. It seems that Mr. Lewis drove into the creek and that his lead horses turned down the stream and became entangled in the harness, and in attempting to cut the horses loose, Mr. Lewis was kicked and stunned, which caused him to fall into the water and drown. The water was not more than three feet deep, but ran very rapid.

A couple got married at Portland last Saturday, without the permission of the lady's doting father, who got into Portland just in time to note the fact that the fond young people were occupying apartments at a hotel. The old man could not help himself and so gave the couple the usual forgiveness, in such cases made and provided.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life—
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife—
We pause on the toilsome journey,
Glancing back at valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning
In all its freshness and light,
And before are the doubts and the shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night.
We remember the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And ask, with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain indeed is the asking;
Life's duties press us all on,
And who dare shrink from the labor
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And, it may be, not far on before us
Wait fairer places than then;
Life's paths may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin again.

For evermore upward and onward
Be our paths on the hills of life,
And soon with a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toil and the strife.
And our Father's hand will lead us
Tenderly upward, then
In the joy and peace of a fairer world
He'll let us begin again.

THE JERSEY LILY'S CHILDHOOD.

Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An amusing incident occurred in which our heroine thus early in life became the star. As our American readers can have but little idea of a Jersey pigsty, we will give a description of one. They are round and built of stone, several feet high, covered with a top or roof, and contain a huge flat stone trough. In the extensive grounds of Colonel Bishop the Jersey children were wont to gather on Saturday to play. In the rear of these grounds near a clump of trees was the renowned "sty" in which the Jersey Lily made her debut. Can you imagine her in such a position? These children, like all others, were in all places, out of order and in order; so ventured to climb on the top of the sty, when behold, the fair Lily disappeared and was found among the swine. Was this "casting pearls before swine?"

Her shrieks of "I'm killed! I'm killed!" brought the others to her rescue, and in attempting to regain her footing she grasped the cheek of one of the children, who rumor says was the Miss Price who became the first Mrs. Langtry.

It is to be hoped our fair readers will not come in contact with the nails of the "Jersey Lily," or they will long remember the "Langtry scratch." Years rolled on, and these children became men and women. Lily Le Breton spending her days in the old gray stone rectory under the shade of the noble oaks, amid the beauty and fragrance of foliage and flowers, Sunday after Sunday attending the ancient church of St. Savior, with its great, carved, high-backed pews—listening to the same words from her father's lips. The same walk home under the trees and down the village street, shunned by her childish companions who had grown to womanhood, and thereby arrayed in the armor of conventionality. Shunned, yet by no fault of her's, but by the blighting frost of scandal's venomous tongue, which hovered over her home since childhood. Mr. Langtry visited the island and married Miss Price, a friend of Lily Le Breton, one who had never forsaken her and for whom she was bridesmaid.

In one year's time Mrs. Langtry died. In the following year Mr. Langtry married the "Jersey Lily," who left her girlhood's unhappy home for the shelter and protection of the man whose name she bears. Mr. Langtry, whose means were only moderate, rented Noirmont Manor, which has since been rendered immortal by Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Deserted Wife." After a brief space of happiness at the "manor," Lily was left alone with nothing but the sea-beaten shore and rocks to contemplate, while Mr. Langtry went on a yachting tour with Lady——of——. Thus her weary life rolled on with little companionship, alone in this dreary place, with the monotonous waves ever beating against the shore. At last a young lady enlivened the manor with her cheering presence, and then their pranks began. The two girls decided to have some fun, so procured a donkey and cart, filled the cart with fruit and vegtables, and while one mounted the seat, the other walked alongside crying "Apples and taters for sale." They were so disguised that the townspeople were some time in discovering who these dark-faced gypsies were. They made a successful tour of the town, and drove home in the dark, filled with laughter and their purses with pennies. So ends the second act of the "Jersey Lily."

An exhibition of skill with the lariat at Austin, Tex., a few days ago, drew a crowd of 10,000 persons. Ten cow boys contested for a silver trimed saddle worth $300, to be given to him who roped, threw and tied down a steer in the shortest space of time. The winner accomplished the feat in one minute and forty-five seconds.

Astorian, 27th: Yesterday afternoon while Captain Rogers was sitting at his desk, just under the front window, reading, two bullets struck the building; one broke a hole in the glass, the shattered fragments falling on the book. The other struck the outside. He heard no report, and saw no one in the street. No explanation can be found of the affair, which is decidedly mysterious.

ALAS, IT WAS TOO LATE.

A month after his mother's death, Charle Giles came home drunk. Deacon Giles was terrible angry. A son of his in such a condition! It was shameful!

"Don't talk to me in that way!" Charlie cried when on the following day his father began to upbraid him for his conduct. "I wanted to to try and be a sober boy, but you wouldn't let me. Mother's gone, and there's nothing to keep me from being a drunkard now. I'm not strong enough to fight down my craving for drink alone. You can't blame me so much, for you gave me the first drink; and I've heard you say, time and again, there was no harm in drinking a little. Only I can't stop with a little. The moment a drop passes my lips, I'm lost. I can't stop—I'm so weak, and the craving's so strong. I'm ruined, and I know it; and I can't help myself."

Deacon Giles answered not a word. He went out with a strange altered face, and his eyes were full of trouble.

"I've been thinking the matter over," he said one day, when charley was recovering from the effect of a long debauch—"that p'r'aps I was wrong in not lettin' you jine the lodge. I can't bear to see you goin' on this way. You'd better try an' reform, an' mebbe jin'in' the lodge w'ud help ye."

"It's too late," answered Charlev, "I haven't any control over myself. If I joined the Templars to-night, I'd break my pledge to-morrow if temptation came in my way. I'm lost father.

Deacon Giles groped his way out of the room like one stricken with sudden blindness. At last he realized the fallacy of his arguments. All these years he had been fighting the truth with eyes that would not see and ears that would not hear.

Charley was taken sick in winter, and all through the dreary months and far into the spring he kept to the house. When the May winds blew, strength began to come back, and he was soon able to walk about the fields. One day he walked down the lane to the road. A young man was passing. He stopped when he saw Charley.

"Hello! Out again I see," he said coming up to the bars. "Glad of it old boy. I tell you what, we've had some gay times down to Blood's since you were sick. He's got the best saloon in town. He keeps number one liquors."

A hungry, yearning look came into Charley's eyes.

"I haven't tasted a drop since I was sick," he said. "They won't let me have any."

"I b'lieve 'twould do you good," said the other. "I've got some. Take a good drink of it and see if it don't strengthen you.

Charley clutched the flask eagerly. He did not take it from his lips until he had drained it.

"You must be able to stand a good deal when you're well, if you can stand that now," said his friend, with a laugh. "It's Blood's best. Hurry up and get down to see us as soon as you can."

And he went on.

Deacon Giles found Charley in a drunked stupor at the foot of the lane, when he came home. With trembling hands he lifted his boy into the wagon. When he stopped at the door his face was wet with tears.

"I found him down by the road, he said to his elder son. "Don't blame him too much, John. I'm the one that deserves it. I made an awful mistake, and I see it, now it's too late.

Charley came out of his stupor in delirium. It was torture to Deacon Giles to listen to his ravings.

"Father gave me my first drink," he would say over and over. "He said I ought to get used to it, and I can't stop. If mother'd lived she'd have helped me, maybe. Mother loved me. Mother, hold my head, mother, it aches so."

He died one day at sunset. Deacon Giles no longer the stern old man he had been so long, but a brohen-hearted one, brought in a cluster of the spice-pinks his wife had loved, and put them in the boy's hand. The flame of life was flickering into darkness, but the sweet scent of the flowers roused one lingering memory in the dying boy.

"So sweet, so sweet!" he said, faintly, holding them up to his face. "Mother loved them. She loved me, too."

Then the light flickered and went out, for his mother had called. Poor boy.

They don't have rains out west. A cloud just saunters up and examines a town, and then collapses right over it. Nobody escapes but the news paper reporter and the book agents.

SUICIDE BY CORSET.

Results of the very latest and most authoritative investigations and experiments by medical specialists would seem fully to warrant the generalization that the illhealth of Americans is due, four-fifths of it, to the sucking of cigars by men and boys, and the wearing of corsets by women and girls. Everybody, especially every person of the male sex who has an eye for feminine beauty, knows that about two-thirds of American women utterly spoil their figure by tight lacing. When the average corset comes in at the door, symmetry of form goes out at the window—and yet the blessed saints think they are improving upon nature by imprisoning themselves in a straight-jacket and reducing their waists from five to fifteen inches below the normal size!

Dio Lewis, who may not be the most eminent of physicians but who is certainly a high authority on the general subject of hygiene, has recently written both sensibly and forcibly on the corset as a principal cause of female invalidism. He calls attention to the fact that about every lady who is questioned will aver that she wears a corset simply to keep her clothes in shape, but it is so loose it "scarcely touches her," while as a matter of fact not one woman in twenty wears a corset at all without being injuriously compressed or injuriously restrained by it. Ordinarily the wearer of a corset has consciously, or unconsciously reduced the size of her waist from four to twelve inches. The inevitable result of this compression is to force downward many of the organs occupying the abdominal cavity, producing displacement, derangement of function, general weakness, and the thousand ills with which the feminine sex is afflicted. Dr. Lewis quotes, in the North American Review for December, a leading specialist in diseases of women and a professor in a medical college as saying: "I am sure, without being able to demonstrate it, that 90 per cent, of the so-called female weaknesses have their origin in corsets and heavy skirts. They not only depress the pelvic organs by their pressure and weight, but weaken all of their normal efforts." After declaring that a girl who has practiced tight lacing should not marry, Dr. Lewis thus sums up the four causes of the general breakdown in the health of American middle class women:

"(1.) The corset, which reduces the waist from three to fifteen inches, and pushes the organs within downward; (2.) Unequal distribution; while her chest and hips are often overloaded, her arms and legs are so thinly clad that their imperfect circulation compels congestion of the trunk and head; (3.) Long, heavy skirts, which drag upon the body, and impede the movement of the legs; (4.) Tight shoes, which arrest circulation and make walking difficult, with high heels, which increase the difficulties in walking, and so change the center of gravity in the body as to produce dislocations of the previc viscera."

Referring to the results of the physical training of girls at the well known Boston Normal School for Physical Education, Dr. Lewis declares that there, although the young women entered school greatly the inferiors of the young men in health, physical development, strength and endurance, they come out fully their equals in all these respects, and in every class the best gymnast has been a young woman. The very first requirement at the Boston school is that the girls shall throw away corsets and discard long skirts.

Doctors aside, common sense and a rudimentary knowledge of the human anatomy should teach anyone that a bandage made of whalebone, steel and canvas cannot be fastened about the middle of the human form and drawn together until it has greatly reduced the natural size of the body at one point, without producing mischievous and finally destructive results. If nothing short of coercion will work a reform in this direction the Tribune counsels the formation of Anti-Corset Clubs among the bachelors of America, whose members shall sign a pledge never to marry a woman who has not for at least one year last past discarded the death-dealing corset. If young women choose to get even by forming anti-nicotine clubs, and vowing never to marry a man who is willing to deteriorate and imperil posterity by demoralizing his vital forces with tobacco, so much the better, and a double advantage will result to the race.

The mortaging of growing crops, the great obstacle to better farming in the south, will, it is believed, be largely done away with another year by the large crop unmortaged the planter will be at liberty to plant a variety, and do a safer as well as more profitable business.

Gov.-elect Ireland, of Texas, started life as a hostler at $8 per month.

BREAKING UP A SCHOOL.

It was given out in church Sunday that school would be open on Monday morning. After the evening service the boys got together and talked it over, and decided to give the new teacher just a week. It had been thawing for a day or two, and the boys were tired of skating, and they thought they could afford to spend a week educating themselves how to break up a school. On that evening we were duly elected a member of the class of hard citizens, and we were to open the ball, and do something bad, get the teacher to lick us, and then the boys were to jump in and help. Monday morning the school commenced, and the teacher proved to be a sickly-looking, slim sort of a fellow. Every time he looked at one of the boys, there seemed to be an expression on his face as though he would say, "I hope you will be good." When he had anything to say to the scholars, he said "please," and gave other evidences of being pretty soft, we all thought. That morning the weather changed, and it froze hard, and at recess the boys got together, and said we would wind up the school before noon and go out on the ice. the big boys had to carry in the wood and lay it down quietly by the stove. We took in an armful, and dropped it on the floor so that it shook the building and loosened the stove pipe. The pipe came out of the chimney and filled the room with smoke, but it was put back, and the slim teacher only reprimanded us, and said that it must not occur again. We just ached to go after some more wood, but there was no opportunity. Pretty soon the teacher said we might go and get a pail of water, and while at the well we decided to stumble on entering the school-room, and spill the water all over the floor, and thus give the sickly looking teacher a chance to show what he was made of. The teacher was near the stove, and we stumbled, and the water went all over everything, wetting his boots, and making him pretty mad. In sizing him up we had not noticed before that his eyes were as black as coals, and that he seemed to be about eight feet high; but as he looked at us, we could see it very plainly. He seemed to read our thoughts and knew that it was done on purpose, and have always believed we heard the boys talking it over at recess. Any way, he jumped clear across the room, grabbed us by the neck, and sat us down in the water, then he lifted us up and shook us so that it made our teeth rattle, then he seemed to grab us all over and just maul us. We got a chance, once or twice, to look around to the back seats, as he was revolving us around on our own axis, to see if the other boys were coming to help us put him out of doors, but they were the most studious lot of big boys we ever saw. They had their heads down in their books, and their lips were moving in silent prayer. After the teacher had mopped the floor with us, he took us by the slack of the pants, just as a dog would carry a duck, and went to his desk and got a big hickory ruler, and proceeded to dry our pants. Well, it was the meanest way to dry pants that ever was, and while it dried them well enough, it left great ridges that made a corrugated chair almost a necessity. The boys did not fulfill their part of the programme, and when the teacher got through drying our pants, and said, "please return to your seat," we felt as though his politeness was a sham. We looked at the boys as we went to our seat, but they never looked up. We have witnessed contested seats in the legislature since, but never saw one that was so exciting as that one in the old white school-house at the foot of the hill. The teacher never spoke during the proceedings, and when it was over he looked even paler and more sickly than when he had one hand in the hair that once grew where we are now bald, while the other was at work in the vineyard. But none of the boys seemed to care to pitch on to a sick man, and he taught that school two terms, and never had to whip another boy. That was the last school we ever broke (?) up.

YOUNG MEN AND GIRLS, REMEMBER.

That clothes don't make the man.

That their fathers know more than they know.

That if once they get into debt they may never get out.

That they will need something more substantial than cigars, tight kids, and a comb to start housekeeping.

That an employer who hears of a clerk living in style above his means is very apt to show him the door when he least expects it.

That a girl who decks herself in the latest thing out, and parades the streets while her mother does the family washing isn't worth wasting much love on.

That they can't reckon on their father's fortune alone to bring them through life. Fortunes are slippery things—better have something besides to fall back on.

That if they wish to fall in love with a girl because she is pretty they ought to be sure how much powder and paint there may be in the question, and figure it up accordingly.

That a fellow that deliberately proposes matrimony to a young lady when he can't support himself is either a fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her hired man.

A BRAVE ENGINEER.

Not long since, a railroad train loaded with over six hundred passengers, was running across New Jersey. By some mishap to the machinery, a back draft drove the steam and flames into the cab and forced the fireman and engineer to retreat from the locomotive to the baggage-car. The tender was set on fire, and the train dashed along without control.

An attempt was made to get the air-brakes in the rear of the train, but the block of frightened passengers interposed an obstacle that could neither be passed nor removed. The destruction that threatened the six hundred lives, the engineer, Joseph A. Sieg, rushed through the smoke and flame back to the burning car.

Nearly a minute passed—which seemed an age to the paralyzed passengers, penned up, and swiftly rushing to a horrible death—and then the train stopped. The passengers knew that the engineer had succeeded in putting on the air-brakes and in reversing the engine.

The stopping of the train allowed the flame to shoot upward and to disclose the tender. A man's head was seen in the water-tank. Two men rushed forward and lifted out the half-consumed engineer.

He had jumped into the water to extinguish his burning clothes. His flesh was scorched all over his body, and from both hands it hung in shreds.

In three days he died, a martyr to duty.

Our railroads have developed a class of men as peculiar in manners and speech as the old tars of fifty years ago. And they are as brave too, when duty calls them to risk life or limb. Engineer Sieg was a type of a noble class of men.

The writer of these paragraphs knew an engineer who saved his passengers by deliberately running down, with his engine, into the yawning chasm. He was running on the Cincinnati and Marietta road, which was then made extraordinarious by the high trestles that spanned over wide ravines.

One day, he was descending a long downward grade, he saw that a trestle which bridged a gulf over a hundred feet deep had been twisted out of line. He could easily have saved himself, as his fireman did, by jumping.

But he whistled "down brakes," reversed the engine, and went down, with his hand on the throttle valve. He saved his passengers, for the cars stopped on the brink of the of the abyss. They found him at the bottom, with a broken thigh, arm, collar-bone and ribs. Thanks to the skill of American surgery, he recovered.

It is well for passengers to think of these facts when they see a grimy man, with soiled clothes looking out of the cabin-window.

SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED.

Chicago Tribune.

The Rev. Mr. —— was one of the most bashful men in the profession, and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn. "This world is all a fleeting show," and after clearing his throat struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly:

"This world is all a fleeting sh

Everybody smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confusion as he began again:

"This world is all a shou flow."

This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began once again:

"This world is all a floating

Then he slammed the hymn book down, and, wiping his clammy brow, said:

"Brethren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines, beginning:

"Just as I am, without one

A DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP.

The Jewish temple called "The Church of Hope," on 86th street, was dedicated recently in New York. The building was built by the Methodists and used by them for several years. It became too small for them, and was sold to the Jewish congregation who remodeled it. When the ceremonies began the lights were turned down and the shutters closed. Then Rev. Dr. Brown preached the dedication sermon one of the most remarkable in the history of the pit. He said he would address his hearers as business men. "The congregation," he said, "had taken a house that had been used by the Methodist Episcopal worshippers; the change, in business parlance, this is simply a re-opening. The old firm dissolved the Father, Son & Holy Ghost, and in the new partnership did business the Son and the Holy Ghost went down and out; but the business will be continued by the Father, the old head of the firm, and one you have trusted. The same goods will be offered for sale. We also intend to continue to deal in charity, brotherly love and all love and all virtues, and we appeal to all old customers to continue their trade."