THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

J. S. McCAIN.

Subscription Rates:

ngle Copies One Year	$2 50
" " Six Months	1 25
" " Three Months	75
ingle Number	10

UBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

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

VOL. IX. DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883. NO. 14.

THE POLK

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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Or, Two ways of Telling a Story.

Young people commit more faults from thoughtlessness than from intent to do wrong; and a want of reflection leads children astray oftener than want of principle. Indifference to the feelings of the aged, a proneness to make light of peculiarities, are, however, occasionly indulged in by the young, and in the excitement of the momentary gratification which such merriment may produce, all thought of the wrong, and all sense of the right are equally forgotten. The proverb of the wisest man saith: "The glory of young men is in their strength; and the beauty of old men is the grey head." The strength of the young should protect and defend the beauty of the old. The hoary head should ever be respected, whatever may be the outward condition of its possessor, and neither sport nor ridicule should be thrown upon him whose enfeebled strength scarce suffices to bear the weight of the many years with which time has burdened him.

The following narrative, which is strictly true, illustrates what has been observed, and proves that the just recompense of a thoughtless fault may be much more speedily repaid to those who commit it than may be either expected or desired by them. The common saying of "waking up the wrong passenger" is peculiary applicable to the case.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid establishment, drawn by six grey horses. The afteroon was as beautiful as any-body could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a common custom of the school to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them. Some engagement upon important business, however, occuping him, he was not at this time with them. It is quite likely, had it been otherwise, that the restraining influenae of his presence would have prevented the scene which is the main features of the present story.

On the day following the ride, as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped a while and listened, and in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads, a fine, frank and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, thought his love of sport sometimes led him astray, volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed, Oh, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. These we gave with a relish, and they produced the right effect and a little more, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an old fellow in the wagen, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out. 'Why do you frighten my horse?' Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and I believe almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats, and after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride, too."

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lod's Prayer, he commenced as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon. He was, as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thinned locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had periled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had lain heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed and even terrified by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of the wagon. In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy,'—'What'll you take for your pony, old daddy?' —'Go it, frozen nose,'—'What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ear.

"Pray, do not frighten my horse," exclaimed the infirm driver.

" 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous huzzas from the boys who were in it."

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in time to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walkins toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh, which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did; that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

"Aha!' exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed), 'do they, indeed? Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end; the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for.

"That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm man, that 'old fellew' and 'old boy' (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach), that 'old boy,' and 'old daddy,' and 'old frosen nose' was your master's father.' "

It is not easy to describe nor to imagine the effects produced by this new translation of the boys own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; some looked askance at each other and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets and acknowledgements without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

* * * * *

Years have passed by; the lads are men, though some have found an early grave; the "manly boy" is is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the 'school-house in Federal street,' and to their old friend and well-wisher.

"When a 'oman finds out dat her best fren' ain't got a good character she tosses her head an' says that she never did like her, no how, but when a man learns dat his best fren' has been sent to the penitentiary, he says: 'Poo' 'feller, I always did like him.' Dat is de difference 'twixt de friendship ob a man and a woman."—Arkansas Traveller.

Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks, acidulated with hydrocloric acid and then a gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

A WISE CHOICE.

"Cecile!"

"Yes, papa."

She arose—a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a rare grace and sweetness of manner—and approached her father. Mr. Deswood pushed aside the heap of papers on the desk before him, and turned to his daughter with a look of impatience

"What brings young Walton here so often?" he querried abruptly.

The girl's face flushed like a seashell.

"I—I—cannot tell exactly—not now, papa—but I——"

"Humph! I shall make it my business to find out! See here, Cecile; I want no foolishness. Remember you are my only child, and I depend upon your marrying well. I am not as rich as I was, daughter; another year like the last will ruin me quite; then I should like to know what will become of you, reared with luxurious tastes, and with no idea of the value of money. Heaven help you, for no one on earth could be of any service. The fact is, daughter, your only hope lies in a wealthy marriage."

"Papa!"

"It is quite true, my dear, and I am depending upon that hope. It rests with you to save your father from actual penury!"

"Don't, papa!" she sobbed, throwing her white arms around his neck. "I will do anything for you. I have no one else in the world, you know. But, papa, listen! I must tell you! I love Harry Walton! I cannot help it. He is good and noble and——"

"As poor as a church mouse!" sneered her father. "Never mention such a thing to me again, Cecile! It is impossible! Why, the fellow is only a beggarly newspaper writer, living on his wits! Cecile, I am ashamed of you! And there is Mr. Arden, who would give his eyes to win you. He is worth a cool million, and is——"

"Sixty years old," interrupted Cecile, indignantly, "and wears a wig, and takes snuff. Papa, there is no use talking! I can never, never marry Mr. Arden. I would die first."

She stopped short in sudden confusion. The door of the room was open, and there upon the threshold stoop a portly old gentleman—Mr. Arden himself. Mr. Deswood sprang to his feet.

"Why, Arden!" he cried, striving hard to conceal his own chigrin and embarrassment. "When did you arrive?"

"Your servant announced me," returned Mr. Arden grimly, "but you were so busily occupied that you did not hear. And how is Miss Cecile, this evening?" he added, advancing to meet her.

Cecile laid her mite of a hand in his for a moment.

"You look troubled, little girl," said the old man, kindly. "You must keep your smilee and sunshine. Clouds are not for the young and care-free. May I see you after a little, my dear Miss Cecile," he added in a low tone.

Her cheeks flushed and then faded. She grew faint and giddy, but with an effort she controlled herself.

"I may as well have it over!" she said to herself. "No matter what the consequences may be I shall tell him the simple truth."

Outwardly she was calm, as she answered, quietly:

"Yes, sir; I will see you in the drawing-room just as soon as you are ready."

The old man's thin lips were compressed tightly; he nodded his head grimly.

"Very well!" he returned; and then Cecile stole from the room.

It was nearly an hour later when Mr. Arden entered the drawing-room, to find the young girl standing at the window, pale and despairing, with her soft eyes full of tears. He came to her side, and took one of the passive little hands in his own.

"Cecile," he began, in a kind tone, "I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife. I am old; you are young and fair. You can think it over. If you consent I will settle upon you a handsome fortune, and give your father five thousand a year for his private income as long as he may live. I have not a living relative in the world. If you marry me, little one, you shall have everything that your heart can desire—money, costly dresses, rich jewels (the Arden diamonds are among the finest in the country), an elegant home; you can travel the whole world over, if you choose. And in return for all this, I only ask you to be my wife. I do not expect your love—if you can give me a little kind affection, that is all I could hope for. Tell me, Cecile, will you—can you consent?"

She stood thinking for a moment with downcast eyes; but never for a moment did her loyal heart waver in its love for Harry Walton. He was good and noble, upright and honorable; his only fault was—poverty. He was ambitious and talented; the uphill work of a daily newspaper—the toil and drudgery of it were good discipline for him, and the day was coming when Henry Walton would be known as one of the first editors and publishers in the land. But now, for the lack of capital, he was fettered and could only toil along, and hope for a brighter future.

"Mr. Arden," the girl's soft voice answered at last, "I know it is a great honor that you would bestow upon a foolith girl like me; but—but—I cannot marry you. I love Harry Walton—we are betrothed. We are poor but we can wait."

The old man's eyes were on her face with a keen, searching look. As she finished speaking he turned away.

"Do not be angry," she pleaded, "because I have told you the simple truth!"

He pressed her little hand to bis lips, and without another word he was gone.

Cecile stood silent for a time; then she went upstairs to the library, where her father was sitting. She told him all that had passed between herself and Mr. Arden; but to her unbounded astonishment, her father uttered not a word of reproof.

The next evening father and daughter sat alone in the drawing-room, when the door bell rang. A servant announced Mr. Arden and Mr. Walton, and the two gentlemen entered the room.

Mr. Arden bustled forward.

"I am a blunt old man," he began at once, "and I wish to get the business upon which I have called settled without delay. Cecile, did you think for a moment that I was brute enough to wish to drag a lovely young girl like you into a loveless marriage with an old man. My dear, when I found how nobly you stood by your colors, and told me to my face that you loved Walton here—no, no, child, you need not blush, there is no shame in honest love—I made up my mind that all your troubles should be set right. I laid the plan before your father; and with his approbation went to work. Mr. Harry Walton is to-day the sole owner of a large publishing house, and you, Cecile, are to be my heiress when I am called away from this earth. I see no reason why the wedding should be postponed; long engagements are usually pieces of folly, and delays are dangerous. When shall I dance at your wedding, Cecile?"

And the old man stooped and kissed the girl's snow white brow, but Cecile could not speak, so intense was her surprise and happiness.

The wedding took place not long after. Harry Walton is a flourishing publisher now, and doing a fine business; and old Mr. Arden died last week, leaving Cecile sole heiress to half a million.

Cecile's choice was between love and gold, and she chose the better part. For riches often taketh wings and flieth away, but true love—which is far better—endureth forever.

THE OLD-FASHIONED EDITOR.

We were grieved to hear the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors—almost the last man of the band who published weeklies in the State when a coon-skin would pay for a column "ad." and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor would pay for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short, even on them. One day, in the years gone by, this paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:

"You are a coward, sir——a——coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark as he busted the wrapper of his only exchange.

"I am going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cur, slanderer and body-snatcher, and I'll go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey?" querried the old man as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published."

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark. "I've got 200 more circulation than the Banner, and I'll publish your attack on me for 2 cents a line, and take it out in mill feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can help build up your town!"

Mark would have published it word for word, just as he said, and throw in a cut of a horse or a stump-puller free gratis, but the official cooled off.—Exchange.

WHY THAD STEVENS BECAME A TEETOTALER.

During the whole time of his residence in Lancaster Mr. Stevens was an uncompromising "teetotaler." This is the history of his resolution to abstain: While he was in Gettysburg he was a member of a select circle who were accustomed to meet around at each other's honses and spend the evening in playing whist and drinking wine and choice liquors. One evening one of the party, a great favorite, who was cashier of the bank in Gettysburg, becoming a little inebriated, was escorted home by two of his friends, who, finding his latch-key, left him in the entry supposing that he could find his way up stairs. In the morning his wife found him lying hpon the entry floor dead. He had had an attack of apoplexy during the night. When Mr. Stevens heard of it he went into his cellar with a hatchet, broke open the heads of his wine and whiskey barrels, and would never taste anything of the sort afterward.—Exchange.

When you see a prominent citizen, a bright and shining light in society and an energetic man in business, and all that sort of thing, pause in the middle of the sidewalk and gaze about him with a glassy look in his eye, you needn't think of apoplexy and paralysis. He is simply trying to remember an errand his wife told him to do.

THE SNOW FLEA APPEARS.

A Pleague of Siberian Wastes.

When the lamented poet-traveler, Bayard Taylor, wrote of snow-flakes as "the wild white bees of winter," it is doubtful that he imagined the poetry fancy contains a large amount of truth. Such, however, is the case, and from recent important discoveries made in this city by students and professors of the academies, it has been shown that the beautiful snow of poetry bids fair to become a reality. About three months ago there arived in this city a box which, on being opened, apparently contained about a pint of snow. A note which accompanied it stated that the contents had been collected from the deck of the British steamship Glencester, during a snow squall off the banks Newfoundland, while on a voyage from Hull to Montreal, and that the captain, Edwin Manning, had been advised to forward the specimens to the academy to be investigated. The matter was kept quiet, and only within the last day or so has the result become public, and as it undoubtedly is a matter of considerable importance we print it at length. The examination of the snowy-looking stuff under the microscope at once disclosed the fact that it was composed of thousands of very minute insects, covered with silvery scales, and nearly all in a vigorous state of health. A searching investigation was at once set on foot, and strict secrecy enjoined on all concerned, and it was soon proved beyond a doubt that the insects were no less than the dreaded snow fleas of eastern Siberia, which have never before been found in any part of the world more than a hundred miles from that country. A well-known professor of natural history, who formed one of the investigation committee, said yesterday: "The first specimens we received were sent from Montreal by a shipmaster named Manning, who discovered them on his ship's deck on the Atlantic ocean, but we have found large quantities of them about the city during and after all the snow storms of this season. The snow-flea, or, to give it its scientific name, the Bisti-Siberius, belongs to the family of Produride, or "Springtails," and, although very much smaller than the ordinary black flea, closely resembles it in form and habit, one great difference being that, while it is capable of leaping, it does so by means of its tail, and not as the flea does, with its legs. The leap, in the case of the snow-flea, is performed by doubling the tail up under the abdomen and suddenly throwing it backward, which results in a forward movement of the body—in fact it is from this characteristic that the name "Springtails" is derived. They are very tenacious of life and breed very rapidly, especially when the weather is cold and dry, damp weather seeming to throw them into a stupor. In Eastern Siberia the people have to use every precaution against the pests, and many legends speak of them as the "snow of Hade's," and say that the souls of the wicked are being tortured by being exposed to driving storms of them. "As yet," continued the professor, "we have found but few cases in this city where people seem to have been sufferers from the insects, but should a spell of cold, dry weather set in it will unquestionably be the signal for much complaint. The insects, which can only by the closest scrutiny be distinguished from fine snow, fasten to the clothes of pedestrians and cling there until the person enters a warm temperature, when they at once begin to bite in the most vicious manner, and, although the bite is not poisonous, it is for a few minutes even more painful than that of the ordinary flea. As a rule, the bites are mainly confined to the legs, for the snow flea does not seem to possess the power to climb and wander over the body of its victim. One gentleman, a resident of Frankford, was a few days since much annoyed by them, and his little boy, who was bitten at the same time, suffered great pain for several hours. Correspondence with scientific men in Montreal and Boston shows that the pests have also appeared at those points, and in the former city they created great discomfort. The strangest feature noticeable is the fact that it is never found more than eighteen inches above the ground, and servant girls have been forced to wear rubber boots while sweeping off the sidewalks in front of their masters' residence. Professor Jas. McArchfield of this city has prepared an exhaustive article on the subject, which will be read at the next meeting of the academy.—Daily News.

British Architects appear to concede that plumbing and other sanitary arrangements of American houses are far better than those of the English.

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war pray once, before going to sea pray twice, before getting married pray three times.

THE ENERGY THAT SUCCEEDS.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story, given by Judge P., strongly illustrates this truth:

About thirty years ago I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad.

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he. "Could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?"

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"O yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes; very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

To study, sir. I can't go to school. but study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will go ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a geography, then you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite so new for fifty cents.

"Are the leaves all in it, just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents toward buying some other books. I am glad that they didn't let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe in one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practicle seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, all the time, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood and with a voice I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "If you will be men."

He did land us safely; but, the vessel sank moored to the dock.

The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P——, do you recognize me?" I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you?"

"And God bless you, noble Captain Haverly."—[Youth's Companion.

A Philadelphia youth who has been to the Hub tells us that the intellectuality of the Boston girl begins at the breakfast table and lasts until the old folks go to bed. After that, if the right fellow is in the parlor and the light is turned low, she "acts like any other girl." News.

Ingersol thinks Moses made mistakes, but he is very sure Stephen W. Dorsey din't. In spite of Bob's assurances, the general public will believe that Moses would have been a better man in Dorsey's place.—Boston Post.

The average life of a farmer is fifty-six years, but it depends a great deal on how old he is when he purchases a mowing machine.

There is nothing like a molasses-candy pulling to make young people candid when giving taffy.

CHARITY THAT DID NOT BEGIN AT HOME.

How that north wind whistled and stung the other day! it was the first singal of a long dreary winter, and even men in over-coats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blasts. Two children, a boy and girl, neither over nine years old, stood shivering in a door way on Monroe avenue, wishing to go to their lowly home but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew ded as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed up and rown without care, but by and by along came a whistling, joval lad of fourteen, who was swinging his boot-blacks kit by a strap and picking up the steps of some thing dance. He saw the shivering bits of humanity where other's were blind, and halting before them with a "clig-jigger-rigger" of his heels and a toss of his box, he called out:

"Kin I berrow them 'ere chins o' yours about an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am," demurely replied the girl.

"I kin, eh?—ho! ho! That's a give away on me! Be you chickens cold?"

"Yes ma'am," she answered again.

"And that ere cub is your brother, I s'pose? Well when I'm cold I git warm. What do you do—freeze?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied.

"If I please—ha! ha!—'nother give away on me! Well, you autumn leaves, come along with me. I hant got no influence on the weather, but I can smell a hot stove as fur off as the next shinner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them when a man came in from a back room and said:

"What now you children want here?"

"Want some of this wasth hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These ere cubs is nigh froze to death and I brought 'em here to thaw out.

"And we won't even look at you, nor cough, nor sneeze!" added the little girl as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness; there's innocence!" laughed the shiner, and the man's face cleared and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n you chip in and buy 'em somepin' to stay their stomaches?" suggested shiner, all of a sudden. "Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any more'n you'n me wear diamonns. Little gal, are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'an, if you won't be mad at us," she replied

The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down in his pocket, rattled around and said:

"Here's ten cents that says they're hungry!"

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something and they can sit here and eat it.

Shiner bought crackers and cheese and the children ate until he felt obliged to say:

"Now you cubs go a little bit slow and save the rest for supper. Kin you find the way home alone?"

"Yes ma'am."

"All right then. We're dead to rights obliged to this man and I'll black his boots beside. You'd better run along home now. What's ye goin' to tell yer mother?"

"I'll tell her we come awful near going to heaven, and my little brother he thanks you too, and now we'll go, and—and thank you, ma'am, ever so many times, good-bye!"

The man looked after them through a window with softer lines in his face than had been there for months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched until they had turned a corner and then exclaimed:

"Phew! but I most feel that I was engaged to that gal!"

Mrs. Dawson Damar, an English lady of rank, who traveled extensively some years ago made an unique collection of locks of hair of prime nobilities. At Alexandria she begged a lock from Mehemet Ali, who said that in a collection containing Neilsen's, Napoleon's and Wellington's his was unworthy to be included, but that if she thought otherwise he would leave a request to Ibraham Pasha to present her with his beard (he had no hair on his head) and if she did not outlive him, it was to descend to the son or daughter who inherited her collection. His secretary took the names of her children. Mehemet was a grandoise figure compared to the pigmy Khedive of to-day.

Mr. Mahone, the Virginia senator, wears no rise waistcoat, but a river of gold chain tries to make up the deficiency. His customary headgear is a white sombrero. He has a very long beard, and his trousers are plaited into the waistband.

HOME POLITENESS.

Too many of us seem to act on the principle that anything is good enough for those we associate with at home. They are "our folks," and does not matter what we do, or how we do, or say it, while an outsider is present. We have our every-day clothes and manners for then. When some one calls we put on our company garb, and become different persons. We hardly know each other, so great is the transformation. We are polite to each other. We are a charming family, our visitors probably think, because of the harmony that exist. But when the doors close on our visitors we draw a breath of relief and feel at liberty to relapse into our old ways again. We are so unused to "company ways" that we don't feel at home in them.

But this is all wrong. We ought to consider home and the members of our household as entitled to our first consideration of all things. What are those we meet in society to us that we should take such pains to be polite and agreeable to them, and neglect those who have the greatest claim upon us? It all comes about because we have got into a wrong way of thinking. We have placed the house in the background when it should occupy the foremost place in our thoughts. We should strive to make ourselves such pleasant members of the houshold band that our absence is like the loss of sunshine from a Summer day. We can do it, and we will do it, if we enter into the right spirit—the spirit of home. The idea seems to exist that to be polite is foolish and like putting on airs. We must rid ourselves of this notion, and act on the principal that whatever helps to make our intercourse pleasanter with those outside the family circle should be brought into use there. We should bring any and everything that can be used to advantage in our daily intercourse. It is no exhibition of weakness or of "airiness" to say "thank you," or "if you please." These little courtesies are indications of refinement, and, costing nothing, they help to make the wheels of life turn more smoothly. It is not in elaborate attempts at politeness that true gentility consists. It is in the simple, honest expression of the genuine feelings of the heart which is interested in the welfare of others. Our company politeness is generally superficial, because we think little or nothing of those we try to be polite to. It is assumed. But if we are interested in those at home, and are anxious to make their lives happy, we will endeavor to give expression to that interest, and we will be doing a really polite thing, for such feelings cannot be expressed in an impolite way. The cultivation of this expression will be the best possible education in true politeness.—Standard.

MARRYING TITLES.

It is not long since that a French count in Paris, who married a wealthy and accomplished American lady, was detected recently pawning her diamonds and jewels to raise money to gamble with while she lay on her death-bed. He had spent immense sums of her money in betting and gambling and living a life of profligacy, and had treated her so cruelly during their short married life that she died broken-hearted. An accident recently happened in the kingdom of Wurtumburg which caused quite a ripple in the upper class of society there at the time. A German baron, who had started with his wife to visit her home in America, had got as far as the railway station when he was arrested by his creditors, who suposed he was fleeing the country never to return, for heavy debts which had been incurred through gambling and a dissolute life. He had no means with him to pay the demands, neither had his wife, and as their trunks had been sent on in advance, and the arangements all made for the journey, he told his wife to keep on and he would meet her in Liverpool before the sailing of their steamer after having made some arrangements with his creditors. This wife went on to Liverpool and this baron stayed behind, but it was four or five days before he was able to satisfy his creditors, either by promises or the interposition of some kind friend so as to be able to depart. While thus detained the pocket money his wife had given him to pay his expenses to Liverpool had disappeared, but another compassionate friend was induced to loan him $500, by giving security on his wife's furniture and silver-plate so that he was enabled to start on his journey. Passing through London he fell among gamblers at one of the clubs who could handle cards better than he could, and his $500 soon disappeared, with the exception of a small amount just sufficient to take him to Liverpool, where he at length arrived to find that his wife had left in a steamer three days previous, and himself without a dollar in his pocket. Representing to one of the steamship agents who he was, and showing papers that indentified him as being a veritable Baron he was permitted to take passage on the next steamer with the understanding that his passage would be paid at the other end of the route, where his wife or his wife's relation would come to his assistance which it is to be presumed they did. An American lady who married a title in Saxony, after enduring several years of cruel treatment, neglect and misery, recently fled in the den flight to her friends across the Atlantic, forsaking the luxurious board of her titled husband rather than to return to it.