

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

BEHOLD WHAT THEY SAY.

Don't worry or fret about what people think of your ways or your means. Of your food or your drink. If you know you're doing your best every day, with the right on your side, never mind what "they" say. Lay out in the morning. Your plans for each hour. Don't forget that old time is a power. This also remember. "More trouble and new, the world is too busy. To think much of you. Then gather the minutes. That make up the hours. And pluck in your pluperlunge. Honor's bright jewels. Such grumblers assure you. Your course will not pay. With conscience at "noon" say. Never mind what "they" say. Then let us, forgetting the massive through that justles us daily. While marching along. Press onward and onward. And make no delay. And though people talk, Never mind what "they" say. —Palmer Journal.

THE GIRL SOLDIER.

I was detailed on duty at the United States Hospital, Tullahoma, Tennessee, during the spring of 1863. We had an accession of new patients every day and was crowded to its utmost capacity. The troops in the vicinity had been augmented by three or four new regiments and an epidemic of measles was at its maximum and very fatal. It was a dark time, and many a youth who had always had the comforts of a well ordered home and the tender care of a mother, found here a hard couch, and with fevered brow and sad heart wandered in his dejected back to the associations of childhood with its innocent and happy sports. Our surgeon, Major Samuel Hart, was a noble man, who with his equally noble wife, resided in the town, while myself and two other assistant surgeons occupied a large tent in the vicinity of the hospital. Our tent was provided with a floor and well furnished. We had an abundance of books and papers, and had it not been for had health and the dark cloud of sectional strife which obscured our national sky, my duties would have been of the pleasantest episodes of life.

Our hospital was a large three-story building with porches, airy rooms, and broad fire-places, and had been designed for a tavern. My post of duty was number three in the third story, and I had an average of about forty-five patients. The regulations required me to see and prescribe for them once a day, but I always visited my ward twice a day, and sometimes oftener. In the morning attended by the ward master I examined each patient and prescribed. At 8 o'clock p. m. I returned to the ward to see that the attendants were faithful in the performance of their duties and prescribe for new patients, or make changes in the treatment of the morning if necessary. Some of our patients were very youthful—mere boys—who contrasted in a marked manner with men of large frame and brawny limbs, and strangely indeed with men in advanced life with whitened locks and the decrepitudes of age upon them. In this mixed and varied crowd, with nearly every extreme of life in years, habits, talent and culture, I observed with considerable interest a youth who appeared to be about eighteen years of age, very fair and very fair, a private soldier, from an eastern regiment. His name was Charlie H., and his disease was the measles. Like many others, he had progressed finely for a few days then grew worse, and commenced sinking, his case resisting all the appliances of medical skill.

There was nothing about him different from other boys except his extreme fairness—a feminine mould and charm—a something most delicate and spirituelle. His patience and address soon gained the good will and care of attendants, and his culture and refinement the respect and friendship of all. Everything done for him was always right, and he was grateful for the smallest attention and kindness. We became much attached to him without altogether knowing the reason why, and the anxiety for his recovery was general, and manifested in more than ordinary devotion and effort. Yet despite this, it was but too evident that we would soon be called upon to place him in a coffin, convey him to a dead house, and from thence, with reserved arms and strains of sad music, to his last resting-place among the honored dead.

I had visited my ward for the last time that day. My colleagues were in their beds, and I was preparing for rest when the orderly-sergeant presented himself and said: "The surgeon of ward number three is wanted, Charlie—is dying."

"I'm going to my rest."

"Very well, I'll be there in a few minutes."

I got on my bent, picked up my memorandum book and was soon at the bedside of Charlie. I was soon aware of some poor fellow's dying struggle to jump from twenty to forty feet at a single spring.

children. There was scenes in the hospital which I never shall forget. There were prayers offered that would melt the hardest heart. There were developments of friendship and love that no human affection can portray. I have seen a friend lingering over a dying couch, when the exhalations of disease were as poisonous as the breath of a simoon. I have seen a dying soldier cover the photograph of wife, sister or sweetheart with the kisses of fondest affection or more passionate love, that ceased only when the eye lost its lustre and the muscular grasp its strength in the stillness of the last long sleep.

I sought the bedside of Charlie. His pulse was weak and rapid, his breathing hurried and laborious. He roused from his fitful slumber, with an unearthly brightness in his eyes. He knew me in a moment, and a smile lit up his emaciated face. He caught my hand in both of his and said: "Doctor! I'm dying!"

"I know that Charlie, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said he with earnestness. He closed his eyes and relaxed his hold on my hand and lay for some moments still and silent. It was now quite late, and all the nurses, except the two on duty, were in their welcomed beds. The lights burned dimly, and the stillness was only broken by the low-muttering delirium of some one nearing the dark valley. "Doctor! I want to tell you something."

"Very well, Charlie, what is it?"

"I inclined my head that I might hear more distinctly. He put up his arms and encircled them about my neck, and drew me close to him. Then he put his lips close to my ear and whispered something that made me start.

"What?"

"Hush! I am not what you all take me to be; I am a woman!"

It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings. A thousand thoughts flashed through my brain, a thousand emotions filled my heart. There I had been for months, surrounded by the sick, the dying and the dead. I had mingled with suffering, disappointment and sorrow in every form and of every shade, and had patiently and faithfully done my duty, and kept my manhood in equanimity but now the hot tears ran down my cheeks and my heart seemed almost breaking. Never before had I realized the greatness of the calamity that the rebellion had entailed upon our once peaceful and happy country. It is true, I had seen and felt, but I had endeavored to comfort myself as became a dignified member of my profession, I looked on disease in the light of medical science, and endeavored to mitigate suffering with skillful treatment and gentle hands. I had cheered the desponding with words of hope and kindness, and had devoted myself entirely, fearlessly to my duties, but never until now did I feel fully the vastness of my responsibilities, never until now my heart thrilled with the anguish that filled a hundred thousand homes with sorrow bereavement and desolation.

"Doctor, I want you to do this. You know my secret now, and I do promise me that you will keep my secret. You swear to place me in my coffin. You swear to me—"

"But why? What is your name?"

"In the name of all that is good, what was your motive in joining the army? Tell me all!"

"I was left alone. When he returned I had 'Charlie' dressed. We lifted the body into the litter, bore it out to the porch and threw a blanket over the cold clay."

"Tom, don't move that boy till I give you permission, and get his coffin early."

"At nine o'clock next morning I helped carry the bier to the dead-house; helped put the inanimate form into the coffin and nailed down the lid myself."

We buried 'Charlie' with the honors of war, and for the time this sketch of the 'Girl Soldier' is given to the public."

HOW JENNIE MET THE CAT.

It was snowing hard when Jennie went to bed. It began about four o'clock, just as the sun had tucked himself close around with clouds before going to sleep. In the room where Jennie slept a bright fire was burning, and the flicker upon the wall kept her awake till long past the night-time. But by and by the little girl went fast asleep, and was just dreaming of a sleigh ride that was almost three weeks long, when she woke up as wide awake as ever. The fire was out and the tip end of Jennie's nose was cold as an icicle.

"Me-ow."

"O, dear, dear, dear," cried Jennie sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes to make them see better, "there's Mumpsy out in the cold as sure as I live."

Yes, indeed, poor Mumpsy, with her four little kittens down in the cellar on the shavings almost crying their eyes out, was out of doors without a single doubt.

Jennie slipped down from the bed and went into the hall. The lights in the library were out, so she knew papa was in bed.

But the hall gas was burning as it always did, and what would be easier than to run down and open the door for old Mumpsy? So the little feet pattered down the broad front stairs and across the hall.

"What lots of locks and chains," Jennie said to herself as she twisted the big key and the little one, and then pulled out the chain bolt. Then with both hands she tugged and tugged at the knob, and in another minute the door flew open.

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" Such a racket you never, never heard. It was the largest alarm, and in almost no time papa was standing at the head of the stairs with a real gun in his hands while mamma, with a candle was looking over his shoulder to see what a true burglar looked like. But they didn't see much to be afraid of—only a little girl about as high as the second step with ten little bare toes standing in a row. O, yes, they did see something else. It was a cat that came running in and scooted down cellar as fast as four legs would carry her.

Papa turned off the burglar alarm and came down stairs and took his little girl in his arms, carrying her lovingly up stairs.

"Mumpsy was crying for the babies, and I let her in," said Jennie. "Don't scold, papa."

"Do you suppose he did? Does anybody suppose he did? But I know a little girl that had a very big and sugary gum-drop before she really went to bed that night.—N. Y. Tribune.

A NICE YOUNG LADY.

Miss Hattie Crocker, who stands as the richest young lady in the United States, was dressed more simply than half the poor ambitious girls at the ball. Miss Crocker is tall and slender, with a fine clear complexion, blue gray eyes and auburn hair. Her expression is one of great dignity and sweetness, and her fine delicate features and modest and graceful bearing are indicative of anything but the superficial and flamboyant spirit that has brought so many of these Western heiresses into disfavor.

Miss Crocker is one of the most natural and unaffected young girls, a devoted church member, and given to many charitable works and serious pursuits. Miss Crocker wore a short dancing dress of pink satin, with high corsage, and drapery of white satin broadened with daisies. The pointed neck was filled with Valenciennes lace, and the elbow sleeves ruffled with the same fine web. A single strand of large pearls encircled her throat, and the richest young lady in the United States was as quiet and pretty a picture of maidenly grace as one could wish for.—(St. Louis Globe Democrat.)

There can be no doubt, says the Engineer, that the inventor who could supply in a really portable form a machine or apparatus which could give out two or three horsepower for a day would reap an enormous fortune. Up to the present time, however, nothing of the kind has been placed in the market. Gas is used to most houses now and I gas-engines are plenty enough yet they do not meet the want which a storage battery may be made yet perhaps to supply.

The retreat of vegetation from the Polar regions is attributed by M. M. Roy de Morando to the gradual decrease of the diameter of the sun. He thinks that the great center of our system was once large enough to send its rays at the same time over both poles.

TUTT'S PILLS.

Loss of Appetite, Drowsy cost vs. Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a distension of the bowels, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty. Vertigo, Disincline, Fluttering at the Heart, Dropsical Swelling, Yellow Jaundice, Headache generally over the right eye, Hemorrhage, with high colored, highly colored Urine, and

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TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAYS HAIR on Western clippings in a Chicago Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural coloring, and is never washed out by soap, or sent by express on receipt of the OFFICE, 257 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

A SURE CURE GUARANTEED. DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hypertension, Dimness of Vision, Nervous Headache, Impotency, Involuntary Emission, premature old age, caused by over-exertion, loss of sleep, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One bottle will cure recent cases. Each bottle contains one month's treatment: one dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for five dollars, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Circulars sent only by mail.

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Income for 1880, : : 340,641.00
Losses, paid since organization, : 1,635,202.84
Reinsurance Reserve, : : 174,989.60
Losses Paid in Oregon, : : 200,000.00

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The dryer can be seen at Mr. Paul Hiltbrand's on Luckiamute, or at Robert McLaughlin's, 13 miles north of Buena Vista. We guarantee satisfaction to any one who will purchase a dryer. Orders can be sent to the undersigned at Independence, Polk County, Oregon. I indulge in no boasting, but am willing for all to see and examine for themselves.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, January 26, 1882. E. COX.

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DALLAS, OREGON, Wilson & Holman, - Prop'rs.

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