The Polk County Itemizer.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. S. McCAIN.

**Subscription Rates:**

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| Single Copies One Year | $2 50 |
| " " Six Months | 1 25 |
| " " Three Months | 75 |
| Single Number | 10 |

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# 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, MAY 5, 1883. NO. 23.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road!

O little hands, that weak or strong
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## BURNING OF THE NEW HORN.

William Bontekoe, a Dutchman, who sailed from the Texel as Captain of the New Horn in the winter of 1618, has left behind him an interesting record of the fate of that unhappy ship. The catastrophe which destroyed it was all the more terrible as up to that point the voyage had been a singularly fortunate one.

The crew had suffered from sickness, it is true, but they found on the island of Mascarenhas, in the neighborhood of Madagascar, a natural health resort of quite a surprising kind. No sooner had they landed than such as were able "rolled themselves on the grass," from which alone they seemed to receive an immediate benefit. The blue pigeons overhead were so tame that they were taken by the first day, which to the seamen who had been so long used to salt meat was a banquet beyond expression. Other birds had only to be caught, and their cries brought whole flocks within easy reach. Turtle were so plentiful that as many as twenty-five were found under a single tree. They filled their casks at a fresh-water river, "with banks covered with trees in regular order, presenting such a beautiful view that nothing in the world could be more delightful."

"This "summer isle of Eden" was uninhabited save by the gentlest and most nourishing creatures, and even from the palm-trees there flowed a mild and nourishing liquid. The water around the island was so crystal clear that through seven and even eight fathoms they could distinctly see the bottom. All the sick were cured here in a very short time, and returned on board not without great unwillingness.

At St. Mary's Isle, a few days' sail from this, they met with some pleasant savages, who, understanding nothing of their language, imitated the cries of cattle, sheep and poultry, to inform them that such supplies were at their disposal. They brought them milk in baskets made of leaves so closely interwoven that it was drawn off by a hole pierced through. Among the crew was a man who played the violin, and who put these simple people fairly beside themselves with the delights of his music.

The crew of the New Horn had all together a very pleasant voyage until one evening, in the latitude of the Straits of Sunda, the dreadful cry of "fire!" was raised. The steward had gone below-decks with a candle to fill his keg with brandy, "that a small glass might be served out to each person in the morning, according to the Dutch fashion," and a spark from the wick had fallen into the bunghole. The flames blew out the ends of the cask, and set fire to some coal underneath it, the smoke from which was unendurable. Upon this the Captain ordered the powder to be thrown overboard, to which the supercargo, who was answerable to the owner of the ship, "would not consent." The launch and cutter were lowered to clear the decks, and into these many of the crew quietly slipped by the chain-wale, or swam to them, having dropped into the sea. Presently, while the poor Captain was battling with the smoke and flame one of the sailors runs up to him, and exclaims, "Dear Captain, what are we to do now? the launch and cutter have deserted us." Which indeed they had. For the moment he was transported with rage, and hoisted all sail in hopes of running them down, which, in truth, they richly deserved; "but within about three ships' lengths they got the weather-gauge, and escaped."

What a dramatic scene! The burning ship, with its tenants, within a few minutes of a horrible death, yet filled with the desire for revenge, and the miserable deserters, full of shame and fear, only escaping them by a hair's-breadth. Yet a few weeks before these people had been the best of friends, and fancied themselves in Eden.

Though little hope was left—for the oil which the ship was laden had taken fire—the crew now betook themselves, too late, to casting powder. "Sixty barrels had been got overboard, but three hundred still remained. The fire at length reached them, and the vessel blew up in the air with one hundred and nineteen souls. A moment afterward not a human being was to be seen. And believing myself to be launched into eternity," writes Bontekoe, "I cried, 'Lord have mercy on my soul!" On reaching the water, like a spent rocket, he "fetches a little breath," and perceiving the mainmast floating near him amid the other debris of the wreck, contrives to gain it. At the same moment he sees a young man rising from the water, who exclaims, "I have got it!" (meaning a spare yard). "My God!" cried I to myself, "is it possible that any one can have survived?"

With two wounds on his head, and bruises all over his back, he could do little to help another, but what lay in his power he did do. While seated with his co-survivor on the mast, the sun, the great hope-giver to all in calamity, "went down to our great affliction," leaving them destitute of all hope of succor. When morning dawned they found both launch and cutter beside them, "and I cried out to my people to save their Captain," which they were very willing to do, though in great amazement at his being in life. But being quite unable to move, a rope was tied round him, and he was dragged on board, and deposited in a hole in the stern, "which," says poor Bontekoe, he thought "convenient" to die in.

A few hours ago meat and cheese had been floating in such quantities about his legs that it had been difficult to get rid of them, but all that these stupid sailors had managed to pick up were seven pounds of biscuits. Without their captain they were indeed without their head. Their strength was exhausted with rowing, and when he murmured "sail," they stared at him. "Where," they asked "were they to get the sails from?" Then he told them to take their shirts, and to use all the cordage about the boat for thread; "but when I offered mine they refused it as necessary to my feeble health." A dressing-gown and pillow were also supplied him, and the surgeon applied chewed bread, "for want of better remedy," to his wounds.

There were forty-six persons in the launch, and thirty-six in the cutter. This ingenious Captain of theirs engraved a chart of the straits (of Sunda) on a plank, by which they steered, and also "constructed a compass." Each had a biscuit of the size of a man's finger daily, but nothing mid the scorching heat of the day to drink. Presently it rained, however, and they filled a cask, out of which they drank from a shoe. "They all besought me to drink as much as I liked, but I restricted myself to the same allowance as the rest."

As the launch sailed more quickly than the cutter, the people in the latter besought to join their fellows, and their entreaties were complied with. There were thus eighty-two souls crowded together on the launch, "a deck being made of the oars where some could sit, while others crouched below." Then as their miseries increased, and starvation set in, they began to murmur at their leader, whose only fault was the endeavor to inspire them with hope. The rage of hunger urging them beyond all bounds, they announced their intention to kill and eat the boys on board; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Bontekoe persuaded them to give them a respite of three days. If they did not sight land within that time, the boys were to be sacrificed.

Bontekoe had some confidence in his scientific calculations, but chiefly in his prayers that the Almighty would preserve them from a crime so horrible. No one could stand upright from excessive weakness, but the Captain crawled from one end of the boat to the other encouraging his men. On the third morning the quartermaster suddenly cried out, "Land! land!"

This land was inhabited by a barbarous people by whom many of them were killed, but the survivors escaped in their boat, and once more put to sea. In the end, as indeed throughout, they owed their safety to their Captain, for looking around him in all directions he discovered "two great blue hills," and calling to mind that he had heard from an experienced navigator that on the extreme point of Java there were two hills of this description, he steered for them, and found a haven and European help.

It is pleasant to learn from other sources that this intrepid fellow arrived in safety at his native town "where he led an exemplary life, and died in the esteem and admiration of all who knew him."—[Harper's Young People.

## THE DEVIL-FISH AS A TABLE DELICACY.

There is still another variety of fish taken which, while speaking of the fruits of the fisherman's toil, it would be wrong to overlook. It is the octopus, or devil-fish. There are, possibly, very few inhabitants of this city who will manifest much interest in this fish as a matter of food. But it is not so with the fishermen themselves, nor with the Italian and Greek population generally. To them it is as great a delicacy as is a truffled capon to a Frenchman or bird's nest soup to a Chinaman. To the Italian fisherman it is known as *folpi*. They give the preference to the smaller and younger "devils," but they by no means despise the larger ones. The favorite size is ten to twelve inches from the extreme point of one tentacle to the end of the other. At this size they are very nice and delicate. In preparation for the table they are first opened and all the black liquid, called ink, is squeezed out. They are then washed, put into a pot with sliced onion, carrots garlic, cloves or other seasoning, and boiled, and eaten with olive oil or a squeeze of lemon or lime. The consistency of the devil-fish cooked in this way is similar to the flesh of the clam—if anything, not quite so tough. To serve it to perfection it should be "deviled." In this form it is the *bonne bouche* of the Italian fisherman. Any one desiring to try a "deviled" devil, not already familiar with it, has only to pursue much the same process as that adopted in serving a "deviled" crab. The fishermen of the Mediterranean do quite a large business in these unsightly fish. In Italy and Austria they are worth as much as a dollar a pound. They are dried and used chiefly by rigid Catholics, who, from the fact that these hideous innabitants of the deep do not contain any blood, view them as the most proper food they can partake of on the days of fast prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. Only such flesh as contains blood that will not curdle is prohibited by the Church, but there are many Catholics who are still doubtful as to the blood of an ordinary fish. They are not sure whether the blood of a fish curdles or not. In order, therefore, to be on the safe side, they make preference of the devil-fish, which they are assured contains no blood at all. The turtle is the only other creature use in the same way for the same purpose.

A child that grows up in a family where the varied topics of interest discussed in the papers and magazines are dwelt upon and made plain to the juvenile comprehension, will have a preparation for reading intelligently and appreciatively that will be entirely wanting in a child where these topics are never discussed.

All history is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example.

## A SIMPLE STORY.

### Why the Wash did not Come Home.

### CHRISTINE AND HER LITTLE BROWN BABY.

The clean clothes had not come in yet it was Friday; and I must have them, that all might be mended, folded, and laid away before Sunday. "How provoking! These careless, idle, colored women! do they think because time has no value to them that everybody else regards it in the same way?" "Twelve o'clock: one o'clock; two o'clock! Well, I must find out where that woman lives, and go and give her a piece of my mind; if the clothes are not done yet, I will see that she gets no more washing from this house."

So without much ado I put on bonnet and gloves and inquire of the cook where Christine lives. As I go I put into shape the "piece of my mind," with which I intend to greet her; nothing rude or harsh, but a straightforward, sensible speech about doing what one undertakes to do, and doing it at the right time

I find the little house; it is like most of the houses of the colored citizens of the town—a little shell, one large room, weatherboarded on the outside and unceiled and unplastered within.

When I enter Christine is sitting idle by the fireside; her little girls are sitting by her, their kinky locks unusually straight, and with a general Sunday air about them. I am so much heated by my walk and my annoyance that I do not take in the scene just at first, until in answer to my question about the delayed clothes, Christine says very quietly and meekly, "I'm sorry, mistis, I'm mighty sorry; but my baby died last night, and I've been so busy until now getting ready for her buryin', I couldn't nohow get the time to do 'em." And as she turned her eyes toward the back of the dusky room, I turn, too, and there with a certain throb of the heart and a tightness in my throat, I see why the wash didn't come. There, in its little unpainted crib, dressed very neatly and cleanly in its white embroidered robe, lay the little brown baby. Its little hands were clasped on its breast, and underneath them was a little bunch of garden-violets and white hyacinth, whose fragrance came to me as I looked. Big black Andy sat by the crib-side, lessing his head against it fast asleep. His dray would have to rest to-day, until at sunset it would carry the little coffin to the "colored buryin, ground." Andy had been up all night, so Christian said, helping her, and going for the doctor and the medicine; and now he was asleep—"sleeping for sorrow," for there was a tender kindly heart in his big form.

I suppose I knew—I must have known—that washerwomen too had little cooing, babbling babies; that their babies sometimes got sick; that sometimes they did not get well, but had to be bathed and dressed in white, and laid in their little cribs, with straightened limbs and folded hands, and flowers upon their breasts. I suppose I must have known this, but somehow it seem to me then as if I had never known it before. It came upon me with a shock that "my washerwoman" was not merely a wash-board and smoothing iron; and when I sat by Christine and she told me all about it while the tears ran quietly over her brown cheeks, mine flowed in company with hers." I never thought I was gwine to raise her; she was such a knowin', lovin' child. She wa'n't but eight months old, but she was as knowin' and as good as if she had been twice as old. She ain't never been very strong; but she never gave me any trouble till the last three days, when she seemed to have a misery and a hurtin' all over her; and I couldn't hold her no way that was easy to her. She didn't cry much, but just kep' moanin' all the time that it was fit to break my heart to hear her."

She told all this, and more, as if she was afraid of waking up the little sleeper; and I think the telling of her tale, and the tears that flowed so quietly with it, did her sore heart good. I hope they did.

And now, why do I tell this little tale, which has nothing in it? I really don't know why it seemed to me worth telling; perhaps because it moved me to so much gentler and tender thoughts, I felt as if it might do good to some one else who may be fretting on Friday next because the wash has not come home.—[Christian Union.

## BEACONSFIELD'S WIFE.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield was greatly aided in his career by his wife, a lady of wealth, who, it is said, encouraged him to win and woo her. He always regarded her as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. The following anecdote illustrates the grateful affection with which he regarded her:

She was fond of traveling with him, and on his more public ovations witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honor which greeted him.

A friend of the Earl and of the present writer was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the viscountess with him.

"I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you."

Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively, and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it' B.: I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could even in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

All that is wise has been though already; we must try, however, to think it again.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

MOTHERS, FROM A SOCIAL STANDPOINT.—"She had completely effaced herself for her daughters. Everything is done to accommodate Helen and Julia, and Mrs. —— is superseded. It don't seem just right to me that a mother should be kept altogether in the background."

"Oh," said the sweet-looking lady to whom this was addressed, "self-denial is easy to mothers. What is a mother's life anyway but a sacrifice all through?"

I agreed with the first speaker. It don't seem right to me that the Helens and Julias, bright, beautiful, bewitching though they may be, should step to the front in selfish absorption and monopolize the best things, while "mother," a pale, colorless, worn-out figure, is wearing old dresses, reading old books or none at all, seeing few friends, and living a humdrum life of routine, chiefly enlivened by conflicts with Bridget's stupidity and Noah's impertinence. Indeed it is not right, and Helen and Julia, flashing like butterflies in the sunny morning of youth, would be the last to enjoy their warm and cosy home if they felt that they were responsible for the monotony of their mother's existence. Mother is herself the person most to blame. For self denial is easy indeed to a real mother. From the hour when her nature first over-brimmed with the tidal rapture which sweeps full-flooded into the heart that cradles a babe, through the weary watching hours of teething and whooping-cough, mumps and measles, on through school days and vacation days and courting days, the mother's life is poured out and given incessantly for her children. So it should be in a sense. In every child the mother renews her youth, and each son and daughter is an addition to the home wealth.

But some of you mothers, to whom I am talking, carry your self-sacrifice so far that you forget that you have any life of your own, for which you are responsible to God. You spend your strength so freely and so recklessly during the years of your children's childhood that you have no elasticity, no resources, no health left to spare by the time they are grown up. You so devote your skill and talents to the material side of the house that you have no time to keep up with the current of the world's thought, or to grow intellectually with young people. Society is not, in our cities, given up so wholly to the young as it was a few years ago. In fact, there can be no social success where only the crudity of early youth appears on the scene. Older people who bring to the front the tact, the experience, and the knowledge which they have gained through the years, must mingle in the social gathering, if it is to be witty, brilliant, and attractive. The mothers must be in the van, and the daughters, as befits their age, a little in the sheltering shadow, if we are to have the ideal social life growing out of the ideal home life.

I am very fond of the Helens and Julias. I like their sparkle, their vivacity, their esprit. But I do not like their want of consideration for mother if she is, perhaps, a little old-fashioned, a little tired, a little diffident and frightened in the blaze of their splendor. True and tenderly-loving daughters will never be contented to let mothers efface themselves, even though self-denial be an easy maternal duty.

APPLE FRUIT CAKE.—Soak one and one-half cups of dried apples in cold water over night. In the morning chop and stew until soft in one cup of brown sugar; when cold mix in two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in with it, one cup of butter, three well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one cup of raisins finely chopped, one cup of currants, one orange chopped fine. Bake one hour.

SPINACH WITH CREAM.—Boil the spinach very tender in salted water. Before boiling cut off all roots and wash thoroughly. When soaked drain through a colander and finely mince. Put a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoon of flour; blend together and boil up; season with pepper and salt; add a cup of heated cream; mix well together; pour over spinach; simmer a few minutes. Serve hot with crumbs of fried bread around the dish.

BROWNED TOMATOES.—Take large, round tomatoes and halve them; place them the skin down in a frying pan, in which the small quantity of butter has been previously melted; sprinkle them with salt and pepper and dredge them well with flour; place the pan on a hot part of the fire and let them brown thoroughly; then stir them and let them brown again and so on until they are quite done. They lose their acidity and the flavor is superior to stewed tomatoes.

## MODERN DEFINITIONS OF COMMERCIAL TERMS.

Bankrupt—A man that gives everything to a lawyer so his creditors will be sure to get it.

Assignee—Is the chap who has the deal and gives himself four aces.

A Bank—Is a place where people put their money so it will be handy when other folks want it.

A Depositor—Is a man who don't know how to spend his money, and gets the cashier to show him.

President—Is a big fat man who promises to boss the job and afterwards sublets it.

A Director—Is one of those who accept a trust that don't involve the use of either their eyes or their ears.

Cashier—Is often a man who undertakes to support a wife, six children and a brown stone front on fifty dollars a month, and be honest.

Collaterals—Are certain pieces of paper as good as gold, due and payable on the first day of April.

Assets—Usually consists of five chairs and an old stove; to these may be added a spittoon if the "bust" ain't a bad one.

Carrier pigeons often exhibit a remarkable love of music, and they are exceedingly fond of aromatic odors.

## THE ANACONDA.

### Tussle With a Serpent Twenty-three Feet Long.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF THE KEEPER.

The anaconda of tropical America is the largest of the serpent tribe, and sometimes attains a length of thirty and even forty feet. One which measured twenty-three feet, and whose girth equalled the circumference of a man's thigh, was received at the London Zoological Gardens.

A writer in *Chamber's Journal* describes a tussle that his attendants had with him. In a box, or cage, numbered 8, in the reptile [illegible] was placed. The floor of the cage [illegible] ment had been gravelled for him, and in it a tank of water placed and a stunted tree, such as large serpents like to climb. He was brought to the gardens in a cask. The top of this was unscrewed, and the huge creature found his way into the cage through the small aperture behind.

Roaming about in the full enjoyments of his new-found liberty, the monster presently turned round between the tree and the front of the cage—a space of several feet—in such a way that the bight of his body, to use a seafaring expression, lay within this space.

Here, feeling the contact of the glass on one side and the wood on the other, he suddenly expanded his coil, probably in the sheer luxury of being able to stretch himself, and pushed the front of the cage out.

The front of the cage was of glass, in a heavy frame, and the creature pushed not simply the glass itself, which was not broken, but the heavy frame-work in which it is fixed, was forced out. Several of the spectators saw this, and had presence of mind to rush forward and catch the sash before it could fall to the floor.

They supported it as well as they could with hands and knees until assistance arrived, for the weight was too great for them to lift it back into position again.

In the meantime, the reptile inside, excited by the shouting and commotion, was dashing about furiously in all directions.

This scattered the gravel, about, and it was then impossible to return the frame into its proper place, as the groove was chocked with the small stones.

Mr. Frank Buckland, aided by a number of men from all parts of the gardens, still kept the glass from descending.

The keeper and carpenter got into the cage from behind, and throwing some blankets over the snake, pushed him into a corner and then proceeded to scrape away the gravel.

But the anaconda, now thoroughly enraged, contrived to extricate his head from the covering, and before the men could escape, flew at the carpenter and seized him by the shoulder.

The keeper courageously turned, gripped the serpent by the throat and forced him to let go, but not until the unfortunate man's arm was terribly lacerated by the powerful lancet-like teeth.

Luckily, the door of the reptile-house had been locked so that no casual visitors were witnesses of the scene; otherwise, fainting women and horror stricken men would doubtless have added to its confusion.

By this time the groove was cleared and the frame temporarily secured, so that the carpenter made good his exit, while the keeper, watching his opportunity, flung the creature from him and jumped out.

Afterwards this snake became very tame and tractable, and I established very friendly relations with it.

Many a time I have stood at the door with Holland, the keeper, and allowed it to rear its great black-spoted head out of the tank till it flicked its tongue against my face, while I patted its shining scales with my hand.

Towards Holland it was most affectionate, and would always come to the grated ventilator to see him when he was sweeping out the passage behind, though it took no notice of the people in front.

## MAKING CAPITAL.

A farmer buys a section of land at a dollar and a quarter an acre, and has hard work to make a living from it. But in time a railroad passes by it, and with the increased facilities which this gives him for disposing of his product he becomes wealthy, and values his land at a hundred dollars an acre. It is the same land, and will not produce any more in the one case than in the other, but the extra value is given to it by its increased capacity for profitable operation. The farmer is commended for his shrewdness, and congratulated on his good luck. A railroad is built at a certain cost per mile, and for years finds it difficult to pay its way. But in time it prospers, and having facilities for making money fast,—facilities which it has been a long time accumulating, and at great cost,—it increases its capital stock 10 or 20 per cent; that is, it adds that amount nominally to its value. Is the railroad commended, or are its managers congratulated on the prosperity of the road? Not much. They are denounced for "watering their stock." To have a desire to reap the natural profit of their generous investment is something little less than criminal. Does the farmer, who was so much benefited by the road come to its defence? Not as far as heard from. He joins in the cry against monopolies, and, holding fast to the hundred per cent. or more profit which the road has added to his possessions, he does all that he can to prevent the road from prospering. Such is life, according to the Boston *Advertiser*.

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride's horses under treatment, and large numbers of men are something ruin for the groom.