POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

J. S. McCAIN, Publisher.

DALLAS, - - - - OREGON

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip,
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long-remembered one;
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, falling this, a prince may homeless live,
Though palace walls are nigh;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far-reaching as earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal soul
Is in God's wider love.

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

It was a 25-calibre, and carried a leaden pellet no larger than a pea. It did not look very formidable, and, in fact, was not, but when Eva put it in what she was pleased to call her pistol-pocket, in the rear of her dress, she felt as safe as if she had the escort of a regiment.

"What are you doing with that pop-gun?" said Cousin Jack to her one morning as he observed her putting her armory in her pocket preparatory to going out.

"That's my beau, if you please, sir; he sees me safely along those four dark blocks when I come home at night."

"Just let me look at that gun, will you?" said Jack. "Pshaw! you couldn't hurt a mouse. Come, I'll let you shoot at me all day for a nickel a shot. Hurt me? Not a bit. But why in the name of the guardian angel of all young women do you want to carry a pistol?"

"Well, Cousin Jack, you know that it is late when I leave the store, and I cannot always have company. It's a dark walk from the cars over here, and I thought I saw a sneaking fellow follow me one night. I shall be ready for him the next time. I don't intend to be bothered or robbed if I can help it. Don't think I can't shoot. I have been practising a little, and shall make it very uncomfortable for the coming sand-bagger as sure as my name is Eva."

"But you couldn't hurt anybody with that thing, you know."

"Couldn't I? Don't you get in front of it, that's all. Good-bye, I must hurry along."

Jack looked after her as she tripped down the steps, and laughing, said: "She's a dandy, and no mistake." Then as he caught sight of a dainty boot with a little glint of white above it, as she crossed the street, he repeated: "A dandy, well, I should say she was, and as pretty as a picture. What shall we do with our girls?"

Eva Barton was twenty-three, and a saleswoman in the great establishment of Herschell, Shield & Co. She was rather under than over the medium size, somewhat slight in figure, but compactly formed, every gesture and movement denoting energy and character. Her cheeks were like lilies, and her eyes of limpid blue, such as Solomon would have described as being "like the fish pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bathrabbin;" that divine blue, capable of expressing every passion of the soul.

It was more in her expression than in her features that she was beautiful. She knew how to dress, and the art of bestowing the simplest ribbon or her neck or hair in such a way as to lend elegance and refinement to her toilet. If she had been French they would have said she had chic. No English phrase can exactly describe what a chic is, but we know it when we see it. It is style and some thing more. It is the knack of doing or being in the best form. It is not fashion, but it is to fashion what poetry is prose. It is entirely a feminine attribute, but all women do not possess it. When a woman has chic, age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety; other women cloy the appetite they feed; but she makes hungry whom she satisfies.

Eva had chic.

She had come to the great city to make her way in the world, not that she was obliged to, but because she wanted to. Her mother was dead. Her father's second wife was her schoolmate. Her home was pleasant enough after a fashion, but a glimpse of the great world and business ways is good for a sensible girls. So Eva had come and took up quarters with Aunt Biscom. Having some knowledge of ribbons and dry goods she got a place in Hepschield, Shield & Co.'s, commencing at five dollars a week. She was now getting twenty, and was considered the best saleswoman in the store. She had such an art of displaying goods, of throwing them over her arm or shoulders that the ladies were obliged to buy. The could not help it.

Cousin Jack, or more properly, John Bascom, was teller in the Southwestern National. He was 25 and was perfectly loyal to one woman, and that was his mother. Whatever he did he did for her.

"I don't think I shall ever get married," Jack would say to himself. "They come too high, and, besides, I don't see any like my mother." Toward his cousin Eva he had always felt in a paternal sort of sort of way, and he would deal out to her large chunks of fatherly advice, fitted for almost any occasion.

The pistol episode amused Jack not a little. Every now and then he would mutter through the day, "She is a dandy, but I guess I shall have to give her a lesson of some kind;" and inward paroxysm of suppressed mirth would almost choke him. He went to bed that night with his head full of undefined practical jokes, but all having a sort of centerpiece in Eva and her pistol.

It was only at the breakfast table that the family met, for Eva took her lunch at the store and was always late to dinner.

The next morning, Jack commenced on Eva:

"Well, my Amazonian little saleslady, did you slay any sand-baggers last night?"

"I am not a saleslady, I want you to know, Cousin Jack."

"What! been promoted again?"

"No, I am not promoted and I am not a saleslady. I am a saleswoman. If there is one word I despise more than another it is saleslady. Do you say sales gentleman? I suppose you are a teller-gentleman in the Southwestern."

"No," said Jack, "I am a gentlemanly teller."

"You may joke, but I tell you I abominate saleslady. Why can't girls and women have as much sense as men? Are we to say kitchenlady, cooklady?"

"Every woman is a lady by her right of sex," said Jack.

"Doubtless that's true, but why should we American girls be so distrustful as to be constantly announcing ourselves as ladies? We are ladies if we act suitably to whatever place we are in. Others may call themselves salesladies, if they choose, but for myself, I am a saleswoman, and when it is necessary to refer to me in that capacity, I prefer to be called so. Think of a man advertising for a place as salesgentleman! He would get it, I guess!"

"Bravo! bravo! my belle cousin. An-other new departure. Here is a saleswoman, armed cap-a-pie. Well may the philosopher ask, whither are we tending? Are there any more young women in your store of your mind?"

"Yes, a few; but the great majority are and prefer to be saleslad-ies."

"I hope, coz, you don't consider yourself a woman with a mission?"

"No, sir. I am not a woman with a mission. The strongest points about my sex are their weaknesses, and one of their weaknesses is to be called saleslad-ies. I don't believe I could reform that out of them if I tried. I like the name lady. It implies dignity, refinement and good breeding. Don't let us drag it in the mire. Every saleswoman can be a lady if she chooses, but she is not a lady because she stands behind a counter and sells goods to customers. Saleslady! fiddlestick!" and Eva started up and off with an energy that almost made Jack's head swim. "My opinion is that she is a dandy," soliloquized Jack. "But the pistol idea is not a good one. She must give that up. She'll hurt herself sometime, and I should reproach myself. I can't argue her out of it, that's certain, but I shall find a way."

Jack continued in a brown study nearly all day. In the evening he came home to dinner, but strolled out immediately after. He had an idea and was going to work it out.

Eva left the store as night was falling. She had a long ride in a street car, and by the time she reached her crossing it was pitch dark, and the scattered gas-lamps only tended to make the darkness more visible. She was not a timid girl, but she never did like that long walk alone at night. Quietly adjusting her dress, and putting her hand in her pistol pocket, she started forward. As she did so she saw a figure stealing along the opposite side of the street and then crossing toward the path she must take. She hurried along, and so did the figure, now in front of her. When she slackened her pace so did the figure. The street was deserted, but Eva gave her pistol a tighter grip and moved on courageously. Just as they got in the middle of the darkest block the figure turned and came toward her. It loomed up in the darkness like a giant. She spoke quickly. "Out of my way, sir!" No answer.

Crack went the little pistol.

The figure never heeded it.

Crack again.

"Great Scott, Eva, do you want to kill me?" howled Jack, as he felt a sharp pain rush through his upper arm. "Great Scott! Put up that gun. Don't you know me? Jerusha! Whew! You've blown my arm off. Don't you know me?" and Jack capered around on the side-walk holding his arm, while the warm blood commenced to trickle out at his cuff.

Eva stood almost dazed.

"Oh, John, why did you not speak? Why did you act so? Have I hurt you? Are you killed? Are you dying? What shall I do? Come, hurry home; don't die here in the street; let me carry you; let me support you. It's only a short way home. Here, lean on me."

And Eva clasped him around the body and rushed him forward. Jack felt as if he was being wafted through the air by fairies. They hurried up the steps and into the house. Mrs. Bascom met them.

"Why children, what is the matter? John is as pale as a ghost. What is it, Eva? Look at John's hand, all covered with blood! Where have you been, and what has happened?"

They jerked off Jack's coat and rolled up his sleeves. Sure enough there was a little bullet-hole in the fleshy part of the upper arm. It had gone through, but touched no bones. It was not very serious, and Mrs. Bascom soon dressed and bound it up. As Jack marched off to his room he looked at Eva humorously and said:

"You are a dandy, and no mistake. But you can now see that pistol is of no account."

"There were four more charges in it, Cousin Jack."

"I believe I don't want any more of them to-night. I hope I can use my arm to-morrow."

Jack lay awake a long time thinking over the matter. He had been very stupid. He felt that. What would Eva think of him. And what a girl she was! What intrepidity and character! That girl is a treasure, thought Jack, as he floated off into the land of dreams.

As for Eva, she did not sleep a wink. She could hardly accuse herself of wrong, and yet she could not excuse herself. To think that she had wounded Jack was terrible. She might have killed him. Even now he might lose his arm. How dreadful. And on her sleepless pillow she upbraided herself the whole night through. One thing she determined to do. As soon as it appeared that Jack's arm was all right she would return home.

Jack appeared at the breakfast table, his arm somewhat stiff and sore, but not much more painful than if it had been newly vaccinated. He tried a feeble joke or two, but both Eva and Mrs. Bascom felt too serious for much conversation.

"Eva thinks she will go home," said Mrs. Bascom.

"What?" said Jack, a sharp pain running quickly through his breast, sharper than the pain in his arm.

"Eva says she will return to Blackwater in a day or two."

"I don't think you ought to, Cousin Eva."

"Yes, John, I think I must."

A little later Jack and Eva were standing side by side in the parlor.

"I suppose, Eva, it may be best for you to return home for the present; but do you know I am wounded incurably?"

"Don't say that! Oh, it can't be so!"

"Not in my arm, dearest, but in my heart."

"Oh! Jack."

"And if you go home now, may I come for you soon and make this your home?"

Eva looked up into Jack's eyes, her own full of light and love, and gently whispered:

"Yes, John."

"Then," said Jack, as he clasped her in his arms, "it was the luckiest shot in the dark I ever heard of."

The Negro Share Farmer.

The changes wrought by the civil war in the south have produced one character whom we found one of the most interesting studies in a recent trip through the south. We allude to the negro share farmer. At home, in his ramshackle cabin, among his lean pigs, his bony cattle and his always numerous family, or in the market place, with his spike team, often composed of a mule and a cow, which he has driven a long day's journey to sell a dollar's worth of wood or a couple of bushels of potatoes, he presents a grotesque and interesting type. It would be difficult, probably, to get down to poorer and less profitable agriculture than the share farmer practises. But he manages to scrape a living out of the ground, exactly how he would perhaps sometimes find it difficult to explain himself.

You come upon his cabin among the pine woods, with a patch of scraggy corn behind it, and the ground around strewn with faggots, among which pick a straggling crew of rusty fowls. A couple of curs bark furiously at you, and a couple of pigs, which look like dogs, they are so bony and long-legged, trot grunting away into the brush. The mossy roof is sagging on its yielding beams; there are great fissures in the mud-plastered chimney, and the wind finds ingress through the cracks between the slabs and logs of the walls, from which the mud has fallen. The commotion of your approach has aroused, brings a troop of children tumbling over one another out into the road, to watch you with wide open mouths and eyes, and shrinking back when you look at them. A sturdy negress, with a cob pipe, gives you a courtesy in the doorway; behind her you see a figure like the witch of a fairy tale, cowering in the big fireplace; the figure of some old grandmother or grandfather, carrying the weight of nearly a century on a bent back. As you ride on, you perhaps come upon the farmer, sturdy and uncouth, hoeing in his potato patch, or wandering among his corn or cotton.

The share farmer obtains his title from the tenure by which he holds his land. He rents it at the simpe price of half its yield. It is commonly a portion of some large plantation, often of the same on which he once labored. The system of share farming has given existence to another type besides the farmer himself. This is the banker, as he calls himself; the usurous money lender as he really is. This worthy, like the class he thrives off of, is a negro. He is in a small way a capitalist, and his business is simply lending money on the security of the share farmer's crop. Few of the thrift-less blacks can resist the temptation of anticipating their gains, and the banker is an obliging friend, when he considers it safe to be so. In business he is, by all accounts, desperately hard and grinding, otherwise he is eminently respectable, and not unfrequently a preacher of no little local fame. Between the money he owes this creditor and his store account for molasses, tobacco, etc., also secured by his crop, the share farmer is often saved the trouble of handling any money at all for it, when it has been gathered.

Such as it is, the existence of the negro share farmer is not devoid of elements of picturesqueness. His labor is hard and his fare coarse, but he is a tough, rude man, and has no craving for unknown luxuries. Among the fogs of early day he is at work; when night falls he fiddles or croons his simple melodies before the yawning fireplace of his cabin. He generally has an old gun and wages war upon such game as the woods around him shelter. What little leisure he enjoys he spends in sleep. In the scale of education he ranks very low. He cannot read or write. His ideas are frequently clouded by superstition, though quite often he exhibits a peculiarly native wit and cunning, which make him a great bargainer, and stand him in good stead in his dealings with men of better knowledge. His dress is a mass of patches and of rags. But he is as well dressed as his neighbors, and has no ambition to outdo them. His children wear a single garment, a shirt of coarse cotton, apparently never washed. The women folks own a dress of calico each, and a showy cotton handkerchief and shoes for state occasions. If the farmer has any money he ties it up in old rags and hides it in holes in his fireplace or under the hearth. Raking out his money at night and counting it by the firelight is his greatest, perhaps his only luxury.—American Agriculturist.

ALL SORTS.

In charity there is no excess.

Dullness will as surely be the result of prolonged abstinence as of luxurious ease.

A Jersey is a very handsome garment when the form under it is handsome, and vice versa.

The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself. The middle way is, justice to ourselves and others.

Great men undertake great things, because they are great, and fools because they think them easy.—Vauvenargues.

Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

The proud have no friends; not in prosperity, for they know nobody, and not in adversity, for then no one knows them.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

If thou hast done a wrong or injury to a other, rather acknowledge and endeavor to repair than to defend it. One way thou gainest forgiveness; the other, thou doublest the wrong and reckoning.

New York papers delight in speaking of Boston and its people and institutions as "provincial," but we haven't observed that they have applied that term to our John Sullivan.—Boston Globe.

A Worcester man has invented an arrangement for hotels which hot only calls a man at any given hour in the morning, but which keeps him "called" until he gets up.

The prevalence of suicide among farmers has never had its cause explained. May not the strain on the mind while serving as judge at county fairs have something to do with it?

When a Georgia girl found that her beau had taken another young lady to a circus she cried herself sick and put crape on the front door. Mighty generous of her to add so much to the other girl's enjoyment.

Dr. Crosby says "those who are engaged in amassing colossal fortunes belong to the dangerous classes." We do not care to be referred to in that pointed way, and the doctor had better stop it.

A mother can call "Johnnie, it's time to get up," for three hours without making any impression, but when the old man steps to the foot of the stairs and shouts "John!" Johnny takes his breakfast with the rest of the family.

"Where's all this gold I was told could be picked up in the street?" asked an immigrant of a citizen on Washington street. "It is in Devonshire street, but you will have to be a contractor before you can pick it up," was the reply.—Boston Globe.

Apples as Feed.

Mr. J. N. Bartlett, South Royalston, Mass., reported in the N. E. Farmer last winter the following satisfactory experience in feeding apples to cows and pigs: "In 1880, I, in common with other most farmers about here, had large quantities of apples to dispose of. As soon as the earliest varieties were fit for domestic use the imperfect ones were fed to my cow and pig, the feed of the pig being mostly apples, from the time it was about three months old until it was killed in the following winter; and I never raised a better shote. The apples were fed raw. I also began to feed them to my cow at the same time, but not regularly or uniformly until the commencement of winter. About the middle of November I began to give the cow, daily, all the apples that she would eat, which did not vary much from three fourths to one bushel per day, not failing to do so in any instance for one day, until the following spring. This resulted in the fine health and thrift of the cow, the production of excellent milk and butter, and a saving of about one-half of the amount of hay consumed by the same cow as compared with the winter previous. I can hardly attribute the one-half saving of hay entirely to an equal nutrition furnished by the apples consumed, but partly to the better digestion and assimilation arising from the admixture of the green and dry food so consumed. I have been feeding the same cow and another pig with apples in the same way with equal success the present season, the apples in every case being ordinary cider apples, and always used in the whole or raw state, without any mixture whatever, in feeding to my cow."

COURTING AS A BUSINESS.

A tasteful little sign creaked jovially in the wind in Union Square and Seventeenth street, New York, and the bright gilt letters blinked in the sunshine as they spelled out the queer inscription:

MARITAL CONSULTATION OFFICE.
Proposals brought about by a matrimonial expert.

Up two flights of broad stairs, a stained glass door opened into the ante-room of the consultation office. Through heavy damask curtains a glimpse was had of two large, handsomely furnished apartments. Wilton carpets covered the door, the walls were finished in Eastlake designs and Queen Anne furniture lent to the place more the air of a modern drawing room than of a business office.

The visitor's card was taken by a coffee-colored man in a dress suit, who disappeared for a moment behind the curtains, emerging again with the invitation to walk in, coupled with the reassuring assertion that the matrimonial expert was willing to see her visitor.

A young lady, heavily veiled and richly dressed, talked in low tones to her mother on a low divan just within the curtained entrance. In the farther apartment a lady of perhaps twenty-two years with an intelligent face surmounted by Langtry bangs and wearing a close-fitting black silk, rose in acknowledgment of the request to see the match-making expert. There was nothing of the catch-penny matrimonial bureau air about her as the details of her profession, as she called it, were explained at length.

"You see," she began, with a little laugh, "I call myself a matrimonial expert, which is rather indefinite. I should more properly term myself an expert in reading the symptoms of love. My business is not so much one of bringing about a marriage, which is a secondary consideration, as it is of deciding whether a lover means marriage or means only to while away a few idle hours in the company of his inamorata. So this office is in no sense a matrimonial bureau. It is simply a consultation office."

"But is there any demand for such a profession as yours?"

"Rather," was the laconic response. "New York is full of young men fairly well off, club men in good standing and men of old families, who, however, never mean to marry. These confirmed bachelors pay court season after season to the daughters of our richest and most highly connected residents. They become attached to a girl, after a fashion, and by assiduous attention and careful flattery drive other admirers from the field or relegate them to subordinate positions. With sublime impudence these young fellows assume an air of protection, of ownership towards their lady friends, which is as deceptive to the susceptible misses as it is to other marriageable male acquaintances. By these arts a well bred, well educated man easily establishes for himself a peculiar standing in the eyes of the young lady and her family. His devotion is marked, his attentions thoroughly respectful and apparently serious, and he is believed to be only waiting a favorable opportunity to ask the momentous question which is to unite two hearts as one. But the question is never asked.

"Week after week passes by, and a proposal is no nearer than at the beginning of their acquaintance. Of course," with an indignant toss of the head, "he is fairly lavish in spending money upon her. He acts as escort to concert, theatre and opera; he drives out with her, and is always ready to adjust her wraps at a ball. But he never proposes. That is what we object to, and because of that this office was established. Its object is either to compel a declaration or to leave the field open to admirers who are serious in their intentions," and the pretty expert rapped a determined tattoo with a French-heeled shoe upon the floor.

It was gently insinuated that American girls, and New York ladies in particular, were abundantly able to take care of themselves in this respect and could very soon tell whether an admirer's attentions would result in anything beyond soft-spoken words.

"Nonsense," was the emphatic response. "That is a piece of fiction invented by Henry James, Jr. American girls are as susceptible as those of any other nationality, and the absence of all restraint makes them fall more easily into the habit of accepting an escort without vulgar inquiry into his ultimate intentions. With the natural delicacy of a pure minded maiden, the American girl leaves that to time and circumstances, and the young man, knowing this, takes advantage of it."

"The majority of victims are"——

"Debutantes, of course," she interrupted with a disgusted wave of the hand. "It may sound amusing, but I assure you that the majority of young misses' opportunities are utterly ruined by these professional lovers, as I sometimes call them. The young lady, with her fresh complexion and girlish charms you can readily see has a better prospect of contracting a suitable alliance during her first season than at any other time. Everything is in her favor."

"And you propose to remedy this defect and to drive these young men into matrimony or from the society world?"

"Exactly. Through careful research and at the expenditure of infinite time and patience I have collected the names of all the best-known of these professional lovers. These I keep in this book," taking up a long, narrow ledger. "My clients are furnished with printed slips containing these names, to which they can readily turn for reference. But this is only a part of my business. The really arduous labor consists in determining from the actions of a young man, other things unknown, whether he really contemplates matrimony or is bent simply on amusement. That is why I call myself an 'expert,'" and the lady folded her hands in her lap and gazed complacently at her visitor.

"Then you claim to be really able to discover a man's ultimate matrimonial intentions from his actions in the presence of his lady love?"

"I do. Long experience in these matters, coupled with a natural faculty of reading the motives which inspire certain actions, enables me to accomplish, by a kind of intuition, what seems to be almost impossible. Then, too, I have studied the subject carefully, and have collected statistics upon which I base my conclusions. There are certain infallible symptoms which precede a declaration of love, and which must be present if marriage is seriously intended. These symptoms must precede the avowal," she repeated with emphasis. "Why, sir,"—turning to a heavy folio volume on the table—"I find that out of 3227 cases recorded by me up to the present season, in not one of them were three of the leading symptoms absent. Is not that sufficiently conclusive? Or, to be more specific, I find three different characteristics distinctly marked in 3227 cases, or in all on record, four characteristics I find present in 2903 of these cases; five symptoms are present in 2117 cases, and six are plainly outlined in 944 of the cases."

"What are the prominent symptoms?" was timidly asked.

"Ah, that I cannot tell. You would not have me give to the public the secrets of my business, which have cost me so much to learn. "No, no," with a wary shake of the blonde head, "I must keep some things to myself."

"But the manner of arriving at your conclusions—your method of handling a case; you have no objection to outlining that?"

"Oh, no. As you have no doubt already guessed, interested mammas are my best clients. They come to me, tell the story of their daughter's admirers, and I am asked to say whether anything is likely to result from the attentions paid. Meanwhile the daughter knows nothing of the inquiry instituted by a watchful mother. In many cases I am unable to determine without seeing the couple together. In such instances the mother introduces me as a personal friend into the household and I am allowed abundant opportunities for investigation. A few moments with the loving pair, a few adroit questions and my decision is reached. I have never yet been called upon to retract a statement once made. My advice may not be followed at once, but a short delay usually suffices to prove me to be right. Many a young fellow," she added, with a reminiscent smile, "has suddenly found himself cut off from a charming companion for no apparent cause."

"Mothers are now arranging the winter campaign for their daughters and are anxious to know which of the old watering-place acquaintances to drop. Dinners and parties are expensive and every undesirable person dropped is just so much gained. If it were not so, I could not afford to keep such elegant apartments," glancing about her.

"My terms are high, but I deal only with the upper classes and save to them many times the value of my fee. You can easily see how an extra fire and gas-light and an especial dinner now and then to a devoted admirer will mount up during a season," and with a grave inclination of the head she nodded towards the waiting attendant, and the reporter was ushered through the ante-room filled with waiting customers.—N. Y. World.

Some Causes of Headache.

Derangements of the heart and digestive apparatus are quite common causes of pain in the head. Headache is also provoked by changes in other organs, quite distant from the head. A characteristic headache is that in which the pain is felt most severely upon the top of the head. Reflex headache is a very good name for this pain. The way in which heart troubles cause headache is purely mechanical. An enlarged heart or one temporarily over-excited from some cause pumps an undue quantity of blood into the cranial cavity, which is an unyielding space. The unusual amount of blood now present in this space pressing upon the sensitive parts of the brain produces a pain in the head, which is called a congestive headache. This pain is made worse by any excitement, or by stooping, a fact that helps to indicate the nature of the case. The pain felt in the head after unusual libations, and also after some undue mental effort, is probably of this nature.

Headache from derangement of the digestive apparatus is probably the most frequent of all. Atrocious headaches these are. They generally happen like this: The victim rises from bed in the morning feeling a trifle off, with perhaps a sense of uneasiness in the stomach and a slight pain in one temple. As the day advances the pain in the head and general distress increase, and by afternoon the individual reckons that his head is fit to burst and doesn't care very much if it would do so; presently an attack of vomiting and perhaps a slight diarrhea occurs, and then the pain gradually disappears, to return again, however, when the necessary conditions are present for its existence. These are the typical sick headaches, some of the victims of which declare they have inherited the trouble. There is considerable likeness between the condition just described and seasickness.

The pain in the head very usually coincident with the onset of some febrile complaints is a very good example of headache from general systematic conditions. In this case the circulation of vitiated blood probably provokes pain, neuralgic in character. Individuals who have inherited strongly marked nervous tendencies and who from any cause may be in poor general health are very liable to have pains shooting up through the temples and back of the head. The pains are often followed with soreness of the scalp. They also are neuralgic in character, and are especially obstinate in the aged. Coincident plumbic (lead) or malarial poisoning increases the susceptibility of individuals to these pains.—Philadelphia Times.

Popular Sayings from Pope.

Shoot folly as it flies.
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
Lo, the poor Indian!
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
All are but parts from one stupendous whole.
Whatever is, is right.
The proper study of mankind is man.
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his growth.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mein, etc.
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Order is heaven's first law.
Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Look through nature up to nature's God.
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Mistress of herself, though China fall.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
A little learning is a dangerous thing.
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Damn with faint praise.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Welcome the coming speed and parting guest.
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

Literary Gleanings.

One copy of Mr. Ruskin's volume of "Poems" recently brought over $100 at a London sale.

It is gravely announced that Colonel Mike Sheridan will write a book on the Yellowstone park excursion.

Charles Dudley Warner will soon publish a record of his recent travels in Europe under the title "A Roundabout Journey."

Mr. Cross has made little progress with the biography of his dead wife, George Eliot, having been greatly interrupted by illness.

Miss Eleanor Arnold, the daughter of the poet, has shown her filial devotion in the preparation of "The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book."

Five additions of Bosworth Smith's "Life of Lord Lawrence" have already appeared, and a sixth—a popular edition in one volume—is on the way to publication.

Raillery is sometimes more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest.

Boldness is an ill keeper of promises.

THE STORE KEEPER'S PEST.

"Mornin'."

The speaker entered the store door and walking a few steps toward the proprietor, ventured the remark "Nice day, but a trifle hot."

"Yes, it is hot," assented the proprietor, as he took a position in front of a row of tobacco pails.

"Well, it's what we need," continued the first speaker, as he lounged against a show case on the opposite side of the store.

Just then the reporter of the Free Press called for half a dozen "two for's" and the proprietor, stepping to the front of the store, waited on his customer. Meanwhile the man who had commented on the weather stepped to the tobacco pails and from one of them took a good "five cents' worth," and stowing it away in his mouth, again remarked: "Mornin'," and walked out.

"I tried to, but I failed," said the store-keeper.

"Failed to do what?"

"Keep the 'sampler' away from my tobacco. He comes in every day, sometimes twice a day, and steals—although I don't suppose he calls it stealing—from two to five cents's worth of tobacco every time."

"Whydon't you speak to him about it?"

"Oh, he's a good-natured sort of a chap, and I know he has not any money, so I hate to speak to him."

"How many such customers have you?"

"I have three regular daily 'samplers,' and an average of half a dozen transients."

"How much per annum do you lose in this way?"

"Two hundred dollars a year is a low estimate, I believe."

Revolving the word "sampler" and its new found meaning in his mind, the reporter left the tobacconist and sought a dealer whom he found in front of his tempting array of fruits, and asked him if he knew what a "sampler" was.

"Do I? Just step in here and let me show you."

"Do not the placards: 'Don't touch,' 'Please don't pick,' and the like, have any effect?"

"Not the least. I have seen men take two or three bits of candy from a tray, after which they would take the placard, 'These are not samples,' and, turning to me, say, 'You don't think such a notice as this is going to do any good, do you?'"

"What would your answer be?"

"I couldn't say anything. It makes me too full for utterance, but I do a terrible lot of thinking."

The reporter visited the Central market, and upon inquiry there learned that every one of the dealers in fruits and green vegetables are constant losers by the cheeky raids of the "sampler," and that even the butchers lose raw ham, sausage and even raw beefsteak by a class who have the effrontery and palate for such articles.

"Shall I tell you how I cured a family of stealing my stuff?" asked an old market woman.

"If you please," said the reporter, as he "sampled" the tray of blackberries before him.

"There was a family kept a boarding house on Larned street, and every day the mother and father and daughters would visit my stall. They always came singly and never passed me without taking away a handful of berries, a peach, an apple or perhaps four or five pods of green peas. I stood it as long as I could, 'cos they bought of me nearly every day. At last I resolved to put a stop to their pickings, so I provided myself with a long-handled iron spoon and a quart pot full of thinned tar. Every time any of them came to my stall after that I busied myself stirring the tar, and the first move they made to sample I would, apparently without thought, reach out to them with the spoon, saying, 'Those are eight cents a quart,' or whatever they happened to be, and while doing this would drop the tar on their hands."

"Did you cure them?"

"Yes, they 'tumbled' after each one had been tarred, but I lost their custom."

"What do you know about 'samplers?'" asked the reporter of a grocery man who was found standing in front of his store.

"I know 'em all. The sugar sampler, the tea sampler, the cranberry sampler and fifteen or twenty other kinds of samplers."

"Is there such a variety of the profession?"

"You bet! But the funniest case I ever saw was that of a butter sampler."

"Never mind, I'll take your word for it."

"No, honest! I'm giving it to you straight. There was a man a year or two ago who used to come to our store about twice a week to look at butter. He kept a first-class boarding house and we didn't think strange of his visits. He would ask to look at two different kinds of butter, and explaining that he could not tell anything about butter unless he ate it with bread, would take samples away with him. As he was a regular and pretty good cash customer we often let him get his own samples. One time I had my suspicions aroused by discovering that the samples he took were the entire contents of a single bore into the jars (a roll of butter from ten to twenty inches long and about half an inch in diameter), and upon inquiry by myself and observation by numerous other dealers in butter, we found that the man made trips every day, visiting from ten to fifteen dealers a day and never calling on the same dealer more than once a week and in this manner obtained free of cost six or eight pounds of butter a week."

"He was a 'sampler' and no mistake."

"You bet! Samplers is rum critters."

The Society of Children.

Many good men have delighted in passing their hours of relaxation in the company of children. This betokens a pure and loving nature. Richter says the man is to be shunned who does not love he society of children. Henry IV was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and caprices. One day, when crawling around the room on his hands and knees with the Dauphin on his back and the other children about him urging the king to gallop in imitation of a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal party in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked: "Have you children, M. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sire."

"In that case I proceed with the sport," remarked the king.

Napoleon used to take the infant king of Rome in his arms, and, standing in front of a mirror with him, there make the oddest grimaces in the glass. At his knee, dip his fingers in the sauce, and daub his face with it.

The child's governess scolded, the emperor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of his father. Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the emperor were almost always sure of being favorably received.

Cato, the censor, no matter how ever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby.

Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them.

A great diversion of the Emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for this purpose, Moorish and Syrian children being his favorites. There was one little fellow of the name of Nucius, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who nevertheless had a prodigious voice. He was an especial favorite.

Rousseau said that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together. "I have always," said he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them."

Yet—inconceivable inconsistency!—Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them.—Bow Bells.

Who Discovered America?

James Wood, of Albany, in a recent lecturer, says Eastern exchanges, gave the following curious tradition as existing among the Welsh: In 1170, two brothers, David and Madoc, quarreled for the throne. The younger, Madoc, becoming disgusted, gave up the struggle, and fitting out a ship, sailed west. The next year he returned, said he had discovered a fruitful country, and called upon his friends to follow him. He had no difficulty in filling ten ships with men, women and children. They sailed away, and, according to the Welsh story, were never heard of again.

This would not be worth much as history were it not that it seems confirmed by evidence found on this side of the ocean. In 1670, five hundred years after Prince Madoc left Wales, a Welsh minister named Morgan was sent from New York to North Carolina to preach to some Welch people who settled there. One day he wandered far beyond the outskirts of the settlement, and was captured by the Indians. They took him many miles inland, and prepared to burn him at the stake. The fagots were piled around him, and his doom seemed sealed. Suddenly he exclaimed in Welsh, "Have I come so far to die like a dog at last?" To his surprise the Indian chief sprang forward, loosed his bands, and embraced him, crying in Welsh, "No; not if you speak in that language." Henceforth he was the honored guest of the tribe. Morgan's surprise deepened when the principal members of the Indian tribe gathered around him and began to converse with him in Welsh. He preached to them and they understood him. But what amazed him most was to discover that they had a manuscript copy of the bible in the Welsh language. Morgan relates this story in a letter sent to friends in Wales. This letter is well authenticated, but it is the only evidence we have in the matter. So far as we are aware nothing more was ever heard of this Indian tribe who spoke Welsh and had a Welsh bible. But fifteen or twenty years later an exploring party, returning from beyond the Mississippi river, relate, that they found a tribe of Indians who spoke the Welsh language. They, too, have a manuscript copy of the Welsh bible. None of their number can read it, and they keep it as a mysterious treasure, carefully rolled up in the skin of animals. And fifteen or twenty years later still another exploring party brings us back strange news from the Red river of the north. They have found there singular people with whitened hair and blue eyes.

Lastly, Catlin speaks of a tribe of white Indians dwelling about the upper courses of the Missouri. They are different from the tribes around them. Some have fair skin and blue eyes, and their language is strangely mixed with a great number of Welsh words.

"Now," says Mr. Wood, "here we have five independent accounts, which seem to tell one story. They are so strange that historians don't know what to do with them. But if Indians on the American continent can speak the Welsh language, they must have been taught at some; if there are manuscript copies of the Welsh Bible here, they must have come somehow. And you can put these facts together as you please."

Another new fact was stated by the lecturer. In speaking of the discoveries of John Cabot, he said in substance: "Here is a strange thing. John Cabot reached the shores of Newfoundland in 1497, only five years after Columbus set sail. He found that Indians were in possession of a number of French words, and even understood him when he spoke in that language. They knew the French terms for codfish and fishing. He learned that the Breton fishermen from the rock-bound coast of northern France were in the habit of coming to these bleak American shores in their fishing smacks, and catching the cod with which these shores abounded. Remember, this was only five years after the time of Columbus. So as these fearless fishermen in their frail vessels, had been traveling backward and forward across the ocean long enough to teach the Indians a good part of their language, who knows whether or not they saw the continent of America even before Columbus did?"

Won the Wager.

Fred Flasher and Miss Florentia Flounce were discussing the mental power of controlling thought. Said Flasher:

"I will give you a pair of gloves if you can think of positively nothing for five minutes and still be awake."

"Done," she responded.

Five minutes passed.

"I've won the gloves!" she exclaimed.

"How did you manage to think of nothing for the whole five minutes?" he asked, eagerly.

"I fastened my mind firmly on your mustache and kept it there," she replied, triumphantly.

The referee awarded her the gloves.—[Detroit Free Press.

AFTER THREE YEARS.—The disappearance of $1000 from a bank at Parsons, Kansas, three years ago could not be accounted for by the cashier, and as he had been living rather recklessly, it was believed that he was a thief. He lost his place, escaped arrest by paying $1000 to the bank, and remained ruined in reputation until lately, when a porter imparted to a companion in a moment of drunken confidence the secret that he had stolen the money. The porter has since made a full confession.

Tomato Figs.—Remove the skins and allow one pound of white sugar for every pound of fruit; place them in a stone jar for twenty-four hours; then pour off the syrup and broil, skimming until clear; return the syrup to the fruit, letting it remain another twenty-four hours; again boil and skim, pouring over as before. After a third time they are fit to dry; place on earthern plates and set in the sun. When well dried pack them in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between each layer.

Poor Penbecker, his joke.—"Why, my dear," said poor little Mr. Penbecker, with a ghastly smile, "why would the world without woman, lovely woman, be like a blank sheet of paper?" Mrs. P., who had just been giving the little man "a piece of her mind," smiled and "couldn't think." "Why, don't you see, love," said the long-suffering one, "it wouldn't even be ruled."

A young lady remarks:

For the sake of recreation,
Once I asked an explanation
From a young man (no relation)
What was meant by "osculation."
While I shifted my location,
To invite the sweet sensation.

Well, imagine my vexation
When he gave me the translation
And its Latin derivation,