VOL. IX.

W. P. WRIGHT.

AUCTIONEER

And County Surveyor.

DALLAR OREGON

FURNITURE, SPRING BEDS.

And all kinds of

PHOLSTERED WORK, ALBUM PICTURE FRAMES,

All kinds of Work in our line don on Short Notice.

We also keep a large and well selected stock of

om on MAIN STREET, two doors north

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

BURNS & MORRISON.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Dallas, Oregon.

HORSES, CARRIAGES AND LIVERY

At the Most Reasonable Rates

Conveyance of commercial men a specialty

THE BELT HOUSE!

PETER COOK, - . - - - PROPRIETO

Independence, Oregon.

a great deal better then those of the

try. A man cannot help being greatly influenced by his surround-

ings, hence the sooner each one comes to this conclusion, and strives

to improve his surroundings, instead of endeavoring to make himself dif-

ferent from others, the better it will be for him.-- Williamsport Grit.

THE MONOTONOUS ROAR.—She had a

little boy with her as she sat down in the street car beside a lady ac quaintance, and drawled out:

"So long as that!"
'Yes, indeed. You don't know how

1

monotonous the roar of the sea be comes after a week or two."

BURNS & MORRISON, Prop'rs.

Which we will furnish at Reduced Prices

DR. W. H. RUBELL, DENTIST. H. M. LINES & LAWRENCE.

Dallas, Oregon. A LL WORK DONE IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE
Office one door north of J.D. Lee's White Brick. N. L. BUTLER - JOHN T. DALY

DALY & BUTLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WILL PROMPTLY ATTEND TO ALL LEGAL business entrusted to them. Office on Mill St. opposite Court House, Dallas

E. J. DAWNE. AT TEGERNEY AT LAW, and Notary Pupile-

C PECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN ITO COLLECTING
3. and feeding memoy. Always prepared to loan from
Signature of the personal or real estate security. Office
in Griswold's building, opposite the bank, Salem, Ore-

J. H. TOWNSEND. ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Oregon. OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE

BELT & PIPES.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Office up stairs in Court House.

E

or M perice, & Co. protect

TS

R.

de.

de.

City.

15

105

ED.

CHAS. P. SULLIVAN, Attorney at Law. DALLAS, OREGON.

Prompt Attention Paid to Business

DR. J. B. JOHNSON, Dentist-

Having returned to Independence to permanently locate, is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Filling and treating a specialty.

Office in Vanduyn & Smith's new brick, up stairs. C. A. JOHNS

TRUITT & JOHNS,

Attorneys-at-Law. DALLAS, OREGON

OFFICE ON MILL STREET, NORTH OF COUR

DR. I. T. MASON, RESIDENT DENTIST, truth of this can be ascertained by a general observation of men, and the

Dallas, Oregon. (Late of Eugene City and Sherida

A. E. SCOTT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon,

· DALLAS, OREGON.

Will be found at all times at B. M. Smit

W. H. HOLMES. Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Salem, Oregon JOHN McDOWELL

Real Estate Agent,

PARTIES DESERING TO BUY OR SELL REAL estate, will do well to consult me office two doors west of Jap. R. Miller's drug store.

J. L. COLLINS. Attorney and Counselor at Law

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. HAS BEEN IN PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION in this place for about twenty-five years, and will II in this place for about twenty-five years, and will attend to all business. Office, opposite the Dallas Hotel, corner of Main and Court street, Dallas Polk County, Oregon.

WILSON & RAY,

Drugs. Patent Medicines.

STATIONERY, Perfumery, Fancy and Toilet Articles CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.

ROWELL & SON, Blacksmiths,

WM. STAIGER,

"I've heard so." "Ma, what sea are you talking about" sudddenly put in the boy. "Hush, child." "But Uncle George lives up in the woods in Isabe'la County, and it was Monuments, Tablets all woods and mosquitoes and snakes, and such old beds and poor living that you cried to come home. Is that the kind of roar you heard?"

HEAD-STONES.

Executed in Italian and American Marble.

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZ

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

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12-1883.

ON A LADY'S VIOLIN. Long, long ago, this priceless thing
Grew strong amid the feathered chorr,
In leafy shades whose whispering
Made all the tree tops seem a lyre,
Prophetic sang the forest breeze,
How from the heart of ancient trees
A violin should come to birth
And teach the tongues of heaven on ear

WILL ATTEND TO HIS BUSINESS IN Sad years have mellowed its long life To sweetness; built when Charle

To sweetness; built when Charle King.
'Mid discord of Italian strife
It dared high harmony to sing.
But after storm, what gentler rest
Than where its frame is fightly prest
A maiden's bosom, skilled to make
Its heart to tremble for her sake!

Its voice is whereso'er she stays, As Civily on organ plays,
Or as Opollo wears a lute,
Or as her wheel in paintings fine
Makes men discern pure Catherine,
So they who hear this viol play
Cry, "Nora is not far away!" WE KEEP A COMPLETE STOCK IN OUR LINE and will soll as chean as the same goods can be 20 in Portland. Do not take our word or other peoples word for it, but come and see our goods and learn our

Then straight in quest of her they go,
And gather round her where she stands
Quickening the nerves with quivering be
A realm of sound in her young hands;
One wields the sceptre, swift and fine,
The other moves from line to line,
Assessing with unconscious care,
The wolian tribute of the air. Caskets and Cases on hand.

If the maid mourns, when others fain
Would sit apart, and rock and cry,
These strains tell all the house her pain,
Setting her woe to melody;
And as the healing tones take wing,
They steal the tears that made them sing;
And sacred whereso'er it be,
Is music that sets sad hearts free!

Sometimes the maid rejoices so
That weak words fail, so glad is she!
Then is her pent heart's overflow
Released by music's ectacy—
Music that schools the maiden's mind
To passion, teaching it to find
High thoughts which make life holy grou
Enthroned within the world of sound. If I this jealous creature take,

And draw the bow across the string,
No demon shall such screechings make
As issue from my fingering!
In these my hands that lack the wit
To couple brain and heart with it,
'Tis but a dead and hollow toy—
In here it lives, a voice of joy!

I would I had her cunning art
To tune and play on living strings,
To seek and find the world's lost heart
And kindle charm in common things,
Till all life's ruined belfries chime,
And sunless dials tell the time,
As she makes worth their weight in gold
These vacant panels, centuries old. THE BELT HOUSE HAS CHANGED HANDS AND will be run as a first-class house in every respect.

"You are a Democrat because your father is a Democrat," and said it, til they are waterways of beauty. It til they are waterways of beauty. It is hard for an American to believe too, with a sneering lip and sarcastic voice, as though it was a disgrace for one to think as his father had new world a canal is a muddy ditch, new world a canal is a muddy ditch, with arid clay banks, from which all thought. Our friend admitted the vegetation turns with a shudder. Not even a weed will grow on the barren, truth of the gentleman's assertion, and then mildly asked to what party ugly dirt heap that lines the banks o his father belonged, and the gentle-man replied: "To the Republican an American canal. Perhaps time will change all that; and then again "Are you not then a Repubthere may be picturesque canals in older parts of America that I have not seen, but the canals I have any knowledge of are not sought after lican because your father is a Republican?" "No, sir; I am a Repub lican because I believe in the funda-mental principles of the Republican party." "Well, what are the funda-

on account of their scenery.

The Crinan Canal has had the admental principles of the Republican party?" "They are—they are—well, I can't just state them, but they are vantage of being blasted—I use the word with some uneasiness, for I have just had a letter from an English clergyman who once saw the word "blasted" in these columns, and he objects to it. He says that the use of democratic party." Thus he felt fully satisfied in his own mind that fully satisfied in his own mind that his father's influence had had no effect upon him. In religion the same fact is prominent. Men grow up, live and die in the ways of their fathers. A man surrounds his children with the influences of a certain branch, and in nine cases out of the last sentence. He thinks it is tain branch, and in nine cases out of ten the children will attach themselves to the same church. A man is tempted, he fails, we stand aloof from him. No matter how blameless his former life has been, he is now a say, he don't use it as a beverage—however, he claims that if a paper. rogue, and it behooves us to jeer him as much as possible, when doubtless in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is forced into his disgraceful position by a server in the latter of the word out in all its badness. I pre-sume he looks on the use of dashes as blanked cowardice, and the use of tion by surrounding circumstances. The surroundings of men in the "blasted" as a mean device for get "blasted" as a mean device for get ting the consolation that an emphatic word gives on special occasions with-out running the risk of the final pen-alty. As to the word "blasted" I be-lieve I learned it from Englishmen in America, who generally found everything "a blawsted bore, don't you know." Still, I seldom found the word used in England, and its use in America is even more rare, so enlist into the confederate service with as much zeal as actuated any northern man. The same surroundings led them previous to the war to believe that slavery was a divine in stitution. In the north different surroundings caused people to regard slavery as a blot upon our country.

use in America is even more rare, so I hardly know what its nationality is It isn't a pleasant word and I shall not require its services after I get through this blasted canal. As I was saying the blasting had left a bank of rugged rocks and these have now be come almost hidden by the most lux uriant ferns I ever saw. As the Lin net glides noiselessly through the smooth water the green branches of the trees that overhang the canal alsmooth water the green branches of the trees that overhang the canal almost touch the deck at places, and the deep recesses, filled with every kind of fern that are constantly passed make the voyage on the little steamer a most restful one for the tired eyes from the city. After a pleasant ride along the level, curving round at the foot of great mountains on the left and sometimes having extensive views on the right, showing country mansions snug among their.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—

Johnson.

He that calls a man ungrateful "Oh, you don't know how glad I am to get home again. We were away seven weeks," country mansions snug among their trees, the boat strikes into the hills

of the locks. There are nine locks and the moment we reached them a host of bare headed and bare footed thing for their own use, but merely The other lady was awful good. She looked out of the car window, and began to talk about the most of pare headed and bare footed thing for their own use, but to pass it to another.—[Steele. The other lady was awful good. She looked out of the car window, and began to talk about the weather

Never hold any one by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—| Chesterfield.

Cries of "Mulk, sirr!"

It was raining pretty steadily as we went through the locks, but those children kept running along with the boat pattering and splashing through the puddles, carrying a glass in one hand and a mink can in the other and their hair plastered down by the rain over their shining faces, and all to Sterne.

and begins climbing them by means of the locks. There are nine locks

OUR BOYS.

sell milk for a penny a glass. At the locks most of us men got out and walked. This is not because any of us wanted to walk, but because the guide book says that all passengers enjoy a pleasant walk while the boat is slowly getting a rise. As the boat steamed out of the first lock there

wet cheek against mine saying, "Oh, papa, I fought you was left."

"It's a cold day when your papa gets left, darling," I said, patting her on the back, for her little frame shook every now and then with a soh and calling, no matter whether it was to calling, no matter whether it was to make shoes or carriages, to raise cattle or to butcher them. Many a boy who might in time become a good farmer, owning a farm and home of his own, becomes an indifferent hand-to mouth salesman in a store at a salary that will only barely keep, soul and body together and provide no accumulation for sickness or old age. Many a boy who, by learning the machinist's trade could some day be at the head of a great manufacgasp, the remnants of a parting able of a struggle with the willful little miss. "If you cry like that again I'll give you away to some of those milk girls. Fine you would look peddling milk with no hat and and no feather either." be at the head of a great manufac tory, remains in obscurity and pov-erty because his parents thought the profession of book-keeper would be more genteel.

every now and then with a sob and

storm.
"Oh, you bad girl, said her mother, who looked on this exhibition of af-

fection with something of contempt, for she evidently had had consider-

that a man has with a handsome child—when he knows that the beauty

comes from his side of the house.

"Ah, yes—I see. Whenever 'ears the whistle. Oh, of course."

WORDS OF WISDOM

Obligation is thralldom, and thrall-

Sense shines with a double laster when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth

sums up all the evil that a man cabe guilty of. | Swift.

a kingdom.- | Penn.

And sunless dials tell the times.

MONEY TO LOAN!

We have momes to loan on approved Real Estate Security, in sums from a support Real Estate Security, in sums from a support Real Estate Security, in sums from the first prom one to five years; Terms Easy.

The Prom one to five years; Terms Easy.

The Influence of Manys surrounded Manys are related to the surround and the little Linnet were one's own have surrounded them through life, by force of circumstances. The truth of this can be ascertained by a general observation of men, and the man the man that he is, and acts as he does through life, by force of circumstances. The truth of this can be ascertained by a general observation of men, and the man the man the man that the large steamers, for it seems as if the little Linnet were one's own have surrounded them through life. An illustration occurs which may somewhat strengthen our affirmation. A gentleman once said to a friend many semination of the convey the same meaning that it does in America. Age, which does so in America a Democrat because your father is a Democ

BOILED SHIRTS.

comes from his side of the house.

I quickly caught up with the walkers and we tramped on together. As the steamer passed us on its way to the next lock, the woman of all the world whom I had a right to expect We would like to know what sort of an idiot the man was who con-ceived the idea of the boiled shirt. We would like to speak to him calm-ly and coolly and point out to him would aid me in difficulties, cried, "By by, pet, by by," and with what I shall always claim was pure feminine maliciousness she held up the innocent baby to take a farewell of where he was wrong. The flannel shirt is sensible, useful, warm and comfortable, but the boiled shirt is a

innocent baby to take a farewell of his sister.

The moment the latter saw the swift boat dividing the family she raised a storm, compared with which the first was but a summer breeze. She yelled and shrieked and kicked and bent back and doubled up and screamed and tried to fling herself from my arms. What was home without a Mother? Evidently nothing at all as far as the squirming child I held in my arms was concerned. A father didn't count for much on that occasion. As I restores her to her mamma at the next lock I was, perhaps, visibly annoyed, for I received this bit of advice:

"You ought to keep on hand a better stock of kind words. You use lock I was, perhaps, visibly annoyed, for I received this bit of advice:

"You ought to keep on hand a better stock of kind words. You use them up awfully quick."

By-and-by we came to the lion of "You ought to keep on hand a better stock of kind words. You use them up awfully quick."

By and by we came to the lion of Crinan. This is a huge rock that looks like a lion crouching. The likeness is most remarkable, and the rock seems like a model of Landseer's lions, of Trafalgar Square, rudely blocked out.

"Yes," said an officer seriously, "and whenever it hears the boat whistle it wags its tail."

This remarkable statement was solemnly received, and the officer was looked on as rather a talented fictionist, till the sharp little clerk in kilts said:

We don't know whether it was intended as an appropriate place for the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to the week if any thing should happen to the week if any thing should happen to the week if any thing should happen to the week if anything should happen to the week if any thing should happen to the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to the week if anything should happen to the owner to inscribe his name, so that if anything should happen to the wild the rit was merely ornamental. We judge it as merely ornamental, however, in consequence of the button hole, as the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the most careful research has failed to find a button to fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the most careful research has failed to find a button to f fill it. Then, look what a world of contingencies have arisen because of the creation of the modern boiled shirt. In our grandfathers' days the collars and cuffs were tacked on, and the sleeves were made of a length approximating to the length of the arms of the wearer. Now we have to buy separate collars and cuffs, and sleeve-buttons, and gum elastic bands to hold our sleeves up (as they are generally about six inches too long), and we have Chinese laundrymen to pay, and alto-

nese laundrymen to pay, and alto-gether it looks like working for a dead horse to own a boiled shirt. We do not want it to be understood that we desire the civilized world to retrograde and practice barbaric customs, but our society days are over; we care not what the world may say, and we believe it would be a relief to several millions of gentlemen in this country if the boiled shirts were barred (some of the flannel shirts are barred (some of the flannel shirts were barred (some of the flannel shirts are already barred), and the plain, go-as-you-please unbleached muslin shirts of our forefathers, with collars and cuffs attached, adopted.—[Gilhocley's

A young lady in Sheridan, Pa., was walking in the woods, when she suddenly felt a "peculiar and painful sensation around her waist, as if being tightly pressed." It was not until she had walked quite a little distance with blushing cheeks and averted eyes, that she discovered it was not a young man, but a black snake. And then she was so mad that she screamed.

THE ART OF PATCHING.

held recently one of those exhibit half market and half museum

At Aberdeen, Scotland, there wa

What Shall the Boys Do? -- A Question of Interest and one that is not Easily Ans-wered.

guide book says that all passengers enjoy a pleasant walk while the boat is slowly getting a rise. As the boat steamed out of the first lock there was a wild commotion on board. My young lady, seeing her papa apparently left behind, raised a wail of despair that put to shame the steam whistle of the Linnet. I saw my wife endeavoring in vain to console the little woman, while the sympathetic lady passengers who were left on board crowded around and offered condolence and candy. Every effort lady passengers who were left on board crowded around and offered condolence and candy. Every effort was quite futile, and the screams were kept up, although I saw with indignation that her mother was giving her a shaking, as if it were a crime for a little girl to feel badly at the thought of losing so excelfent a parent as I am. However, I approached the boat at the next lock with a certain proud feeling of indispensableness that a man rarely possesses when anything pertaining to woman's own spere is concerned. I was rather proud of the fact that all those woman were quite powerless without my aid to stem the tide of vociferous grief that had so suddenly overcome the child. When I came to the side of the Linnet, which was slowly rising in the stone lock, the little girl flung herself into my arms and clasped her chubby hands tightly at the back of my neck, placed her wet cheek against mine saying, "Oh, papa, I fought you was left."

Into tealizing in any proper sense, that it was that toil and that self-denial that made him the man he is. The mother has her foolish notions about the respectability of certain grades of employment which enable those following them to wear good of these and exhibit a few of the superficial evidences of retinement und culture. The boy, with his inexperical evidences of retinement of follow the well-intended but foolish purchase of employment which enable at the superficial evidences of retinement und culture. The boy, with his inexperical evidences of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddens of the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddents of the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddens of the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddens of the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddens of the surface of things, is easily led to follow the well-intended but foolish guddens of the surface of things, i ance. Then, when the garment is made, it is expected to last almost a lifetime, and an accidental rent is re made, it is expected to last almost a lifetime, and an accidental rent is regarded as something that calls for repair and not for renewal. Here, accordingly, is shown an India shawl in which a long slit had been burned. Skillful hands have worked carefully over the fabric, and so faithfully has the pattern been followed that at a distance of a yard the place where the shawl was darned could not be discovered. A fine swallow tail coat, in the skirt of which an obtrusive nail had made havoc, has a square patch so deftly inserted as to be invisible save to the keenest vision. Costly silken hose in elaborate patterns, darned in a hundred places, defy the closest inspection of the curious who desire to find where the holes really were. So in hundreds of diverse instances displayed in this exhibition the genius of Aberdeen housewives for economy has enabled them to rescur from the ragbag valuable material whose defects might be hidden only by dexterous patching. They cultivate this art as an incidental development of the same native shrewdness that [prevents their husbands and brothers from rushing hastily into any important enterprise and makes the thrifty Scot an exemplar of provident yet not avaricious economy.

plar of provident yet not avaricious The great majority of American women do not believe in this sort of thing. If in all the multitudinous thing. If in all the multitudinous country fairs that yearly possess our land there should be set apart a space for the exhibition of darning or patching there would scarcely be found any one credulous enough to believe that entries of meritorious work of this kind would be made. The matron of an American house hold manages thing for differently.

The matron of an American household manages thing far differently. Whatever shows signs of wear, or is accidentally injured in outward appearance, is too often ruthlessly consigned to the old-clothes heap, to be exchanged ere many days for a locent wash-basin or a sheet iron stewpan. So firmly fixed among American women has the theory become that a hole is better than a patch, because one may be the result of accident, while the other is a confession of conscious parsimony, that you may of conscious parsimony, that you may see almost any day on the streets young damsels, mature matrons—aye and gray-haired grandmothers as well—whose silken attire on close in

well—whose siken attire on close in-spection displays a tell-tale ragged-ness here or there which speaks in mute eloquence of a common care-lessness. To these women, be they which are so overcrowded that the majority who are dependent on them have no hope of more than the barest subsistence while they remain in subsistence while they remain in while a patch is dreaded as though it while a patch is dreaded as though it were a flaming bar sinister, telling of unspeakable disgrace.

The essential unsoundness of these

opinions, not only when held by the opinions, not only when held by the gentler sex with regard to the humble patch, but also when applied to that array of small economies by which the frugal-minded increase their store without decrease of comfort, is apparent when they are considered with reference either to immediate or prospective good. When achievement takes the place of carelessness there is always gain to the lessness there is always gain to the individual. The future has something certain and tangible in store, too, for those who waste not. There has taken root in the American consciousness a general conviction that independence of fortune can only be secured by some grand stroke, some brilliant conception which at ones discloses how the flower ease may be suddenly plucked from the nettle toil. suddenly plucked from the nettle toil. So fatal an error deserves only to be cast out, root and branch. To save, steadily, persistently, and with self-denial, will do better for the master of an American home than to live up to his income, expecting meanwhile that some scheme will be hit upon that will bring returns unparalleled. And the American housewife may amply commend her own wife may amply commend her own judgment if, in studying the manifold phases of household economy, she imitates the example of the Aberdeen women, who have put into such skill-ful practice the despised science of HE HUMORED HIM.

A New York stock broker, who was on his way to Buffalo last week, ob-served that one of his fellow-passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and

asked:
"Didn't I see you in Chicago in The broker wasn't in Chicego tha

year, but, thinking to humor the stranger, he replied in the affirm "Don't you remember handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of the Tremont?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth \$25.000."

"Ah! glad to hear it."
"And now I want you to take \$5

"And now I want you to take \$5 in place of that fifty cents. I can't feel easy until the debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally just to humor the man he took his \$20 bill and gave him back \$15. The stranger soon withdrew, and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty" was a counterfeit and that he was \$15 out of pocket.— Wall Street News.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the strongest.—[Emmons.]

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or healthful.—[Hall.

What All Haif Believe—The Popular Superstitions that Somehow Keep Alive —Unlucky Friday.

not flattering to human sagacity in the tenacity of old superstitions. It is a usual thing for intelligent per sons to declare that they are not suproclaims their belief that they are a notch above their fellows. Yet these same persons like to see the new moon over their right shoulders, and regard the incident with especial satisfection.

The wide-awake business man's lot is not a nappy one.

A brilliant wedding—The marriage of a red-headed couple.

Rowing is a if they happen to have silver in their pockets. Maybe they are adverse to starting on a journey on a Friday or to beginning an important piece of work on that unlucky day. They will carefully pick up pins if the right carefully pick up pins if the right end lies toward them and as carefully avoid them if the wrong end is nearest. Other persons who scorn the lucky moon and unlucky Friday superstitions have a peculiar regard for the magical number seven, or any number which may be divided by seven or added so as to form seven. They prefer to live in a house which is numbered seven, with seven steps.

They prefer to live in a house which is numbered seven, with seven steps. If the house is the seventh in the row, and there are seven members in the family, the charm is complete. The seventh hour of the day, the seventh day of the week, the seventh month of the year, are by them regarded as especially lucky. Others have a special aversion to the number thirteen. The finding of buttons is by some considered a lucky omen. Other persons are superstitious as to dreams, and still others as to the wearing of certain charms or amulets to ward off disease. Thus, a horse chestnut in the pocket is considered a safeguard against rheumatism, and a string of peculiar sea-beans will carry a child safely through the diseases incident to teething. Peacock's feathers are unlucky; the howling dog foretells disaster to his master's household, and to pass between the carriages of a funeral procession is a portentous

and to pass between the carriages of a funeral procession is a portentous omen. To meet a colored person, a cross-eyed woman or a white horse betekens good or bad luck as the case may be. In fact, the most trifling things in life are conjured into prophetic symbols.

Perhaps one of the oldest saperstitions, and one that smacks somewhat of sorcery, is the belief in the divining rod. This rod, or twig, is thought to enable certain gifted persons to discover hidden springs of water. Reliable persons declare that they have seen the rod successfully used in search of water, the twig often turning so quickly in the hands as to ing so quickly in the hands as to break it in two. What seems remarkable is that the rod never turns except where the water is concealed. There have been many attempts to explain this mystery. Some believers claim that the wand is inspired, others hat the rod is only an index, and that young ladies begin to play on the that the rod is only an index, and that the physical sensations of the searcher communicate themselves to the wand. The most sensible solution is that of Paramelle, who wrote on methods for discovering wells. He concluded that the wand turns in the hands of

Paramelle, who wrote on methods for discovering wells. He concluded that the wand turns in the hands of certain individuals of peculiar temperament, and that it is very much a matter of chance whether there are or are not wells in the places where it turns. The twig was also used in ancient times to point out where stolen goods were concealed, to answer questions a la planchette, and to indicate crimes sud criminals. A Biblie suspended like a pendulum has been thought in some parts of rural England to serve the same purpose. The credulous say that the wide distributions of these and other popular superstitions is proof that there is something in them. In the meantime houses go on being haunted; ghosts continue to appear; tables to tip; houses go on being haunted; ghosts continue to appear; tables to tip; chairs to move without the aid of visible hands, and the periodical resurrection of half-forgotten bogies is unceasing, notwithstanding the declation of the average nineteenth century man and woman that they at least are not superstitious.—[Philadelphia Record. NOT A SHYLOCK.

A day or two ago a man who was at the Cenrtal Depot to take a train suddenly cried out that some one had stolen his valise, and he began such a hullabaloo that everybody had to be interested.
"I sot that 'ere satchel right down

thar and stepped to the door," he explained to Officer Button, "and when I returned it was gone."

"Well, you should have been care fol. We are not responsible for such

"You ain't, eh? Whar's the Presi

"Out of the city, sir."
"Whar's the Gineral Manager?"
"He's sick abed." "Whar's the Superintendent)"
"Won't be here till 4 o'clock."

"Wall, now, somebody's got to make good that loss or about a dozen men will go to the hospital for six months "What was the value?"

"What were the contents?"
"I had twelve shirts, a new suit of ings!"
"Was it a carpet-sack?"

"She was."
"One handle gone and the lock "Yes, one handle was gone, and and her tied with a string."
"Is this it?" asked the officer, as he

took the baggage off a bench not, six feet away.
"Great snakes! that's her?" chuckled

In handing it to him the string pure and sweet, an broke, the bag flew open and out to a faint wine he rolled two old shirts, a pair of sock as potent a medic and five or six paper collars—all there famous watering ginia "mountain" was in it.
"Then these are the duds you want-

Transient nod legal advertisements per for first, and 50 cents for made subsequent to the former IN ADVANCE and the latter ALL SORTS.

The yellow fever-the love of gold. The watering cart saves many sain from biting the dust. Died in the wool-Mary's fame

All topers are not near-sighted, but they all use their rye glasses. The man who is beaten at loo in a bar-room never suffers a Water-loo Only girls giggle.—[Yonkers Ga-tette. The captain's gig'l go with a

A kitchen joke. The flour of the family—that which turns out the best bred.

An underground passage—that which the Italian grinds out beneath

It is believed in Boston that Prof. Slugger S. Sullivan is the inventor of the reversible cuff. Charlestown has a shoemaker named Gum. He should be able to make some good chews.

Vesuvius threatens another "alarming eruption." It is high time for Vesuvius to be vaccinated. "They say there's a seed time and harvest," remarked a tramp, "but with me its a hard time and—see

A man of wide views-The sailor. A man with an arrow view—The archer. A man with deep views—The diver.

A young woman who was fright-ened by a little dog until she was yellow, said it made her a terrier caught her color.

"You see that young gentleman opposite? You should know him. He comes from a very old family." "Indeed! and he is so fresh!" Junior Alley, who is sweet on Flora, hearing some one say she was cold and stiff in her manner, says; that is natural, because she is an ice

To call a base ball player who has made a home run a brick, is some-thing everyone can appeciate, for we have all seen a brick-bat.

There may not be much music in a horse, but he generally knows when he strikes the keen-oat.—[Yonkers Gazette. And when he had enough

piano many of the andience com-mence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chin. "Will there be a hop to-night?"

The Dismal Swamp, says an exchange, is not a vast bog sunk low into the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is, in reality, an immense reservoir that, in its vast sponge-like into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is, in reality, an immense reservoir that, in its vast sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into five different rivers, which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charnel-house that spread its miasma throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is formed entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood: one sees large trees lying all around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone to the ground like other trees; but, instead of the wood decomposing, it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air and water for ages, perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fra grant woods in May, when the sweet odors of the flowers mingle with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all the planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp, on account of its health. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting

SUPERSTITIONS. All roads lead to roam Lo life-in an Indian car Over candid—a sugar coated pill.
Too much luncheon hampers the There is something remarkable and