POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

J. E. McCAIN, Publisher.

DALLAS, - - - - OREGON

AT SUNSET.

Mark how the golden sunbeams quiver—
So they shone in the days gone by,
When arm in arm by the quiet river
We wandered at sunset, she and I.
Oh! what a beauty was in the island,
Oh! what a glow on the distant sea;
What a hale of glory o'er vale and highland
That summer evening she walked with me!

The sky was bright, for it shone above her;
The earth was fair that she walked upon;
And life was sweet—could I aught but love her,
As arm clasped arm as we sauntered on?
Has she forgotten the golden glory,
That path of life on the distant sea,
And the waves that murmured their lasting story,
That summer evening she walked with me?

Well, Well, God bless her! 'Tis mine forever,
That image of her in the days gone o'er;
I see it still by the quiet river,
It walks by my side on the peaceful shore.
I hear her voice in the low, soft sighing,
As comes the tide from the rolling sea,
Like her whispered words to my words replying,
That summer evening she walked with me.

SELMA DICKERSON'S FOLLY.

In a woody retreat a few yards from her own door, sat the spinster Selma Dickerson. Her life had been made up more of shadows than sunshine, and as the scenes of the past were called up in review, she covered her eyes with her hands and sighed audibly. She was thinking of her folly twenty years ago when Farmer Jones came wooing. As the memory of his generous face reminded her of what might have been, it is no wonder that in her loneliness her heart cried out for companionship and comfort.

Listen! She is talking softly to herself. "What a fool I was! To think of my being flattered into the hope that 'the wealthy squire would condescend to marry me! And yet," her eyes flashing, "I am as good, yes, better than he! Jerry Jones I knew to be honest in his love for me. I knew he wanted me for a wife and companion rather than a slave and household drudge. I knew he would be kind, considerate and loyal, while the squire might prove exacting, dictatorial, and even untrue. Oh, it was that boarding school education, or rather lack of education, that was to blame! My head was filled with false notions of life. I had never been shown the value of real worth. My ambition for wealth and the position which it brings was fostered, while my aspirations toward the good and real were crushed and kept down by my associations and surroundings. My mother was poor, but vain and proud. She lived upon the surface, striving to grasp the baubles and glitter of life. All my young days, which should have been so full of innocence, were made up in lessons in worldly vanity. From my earliest recollection my mother's aim was to gain for me an alliance with some wealthy family. I see it all now. I was not so much to blame after all, and yet how could I have been so blind and foolish?"

After a silence of some minutes, with her hand pressed to her heart, as if to still its wild beating, she murmured, "In the white house over there, silence reigns, for Theresa Jones is dead. Did she love him as I have loved him all these years? Has she been to him what I might have been had it not been for my pride? Was his heart filled? Does he bend over her dead form and kiss her white lips as in deep sorrow as he would if I were in her place? The world calls me hard and cynical, says I am intellectual and cold; that all I care for is to place the ballot in the hands of my own sex, that we may rule the world! How little I am understood! If the world knew that all these years I have loved, and hopelessly; that my heart yearned toward every little child from whom I have turned almost harshly to hide my true self; if it was known that my close study of social life, as represented in matrimony, has been prompted by the earnest desire to help other women to avoid the rocks upon which my ship of happiness was wrecked; if people knew that beneath my cold exterior—"

Approaching footsteps roused Miss Dickerson from her soliloquy. Farmer Jones was startled to see the tears which Selma tried to hide. Extending his hand, he said with emotion:

"I am sorry to find you in trouble too. Has any thing happened?"

"No, no," she answered, "I was only thinking."

"Does thinking have this effect upon you?"

The emphasis upon his words showed too plainly that he, too, had the opinion of other people as to the flinty nature of Miss Dickerson's heart. He continued, "I have come to ask a favor. You know Teresa is dead. I have no near friend to come and look after things, or even to be kind to my motherless girls. I thought perhaps"——

Rising abruptly, Miss Dickerson said, "I will come in an hour;" and hurried into the house, leaving her friend grateful but perplexed.

In Farmer Jones' home Miss Dickerson was truly an angel in disguise. By degrees the little girls learned to love her. As time wore on, their father became silent and thoughtful, even absent-minded. In the early days of his grief he had been frank and open in his manner toward Selma. A change was coming over him which even the children noticed, and commented upon to "dear Miss Dickerson." Poor Selma! She felt that the crisis was approaching, the time when she must leave this lonely man, and his children whom she had cared for so tenderly. She could no longer endure the false life which she was compelled to lead. Misjudged by all the world, it was bitterness indeed to be misjudged by him. And yet she had the sweet satisfaction that in her life of weary loneliness she had been able to rouse many women first to thoughtfulness, then to steps toward the freedom and happiness of true womanhood; that she had been instrumental in qualifying many young mothers to train their offspring properly; that even young girls came to her for advice, and that from them she commanded the respect which gave weight to her sage, practical words.

Thinking all had retired, she lingered late one night by the falling embers of a long fire. Her mode was much the same as that with which our story opens.

Farmer Jones had been sitting silent, but full of thought, in the room where two years ago Theresa Jones left her earthly form. Wearied at last, he rose, and fearing to wake the household, stole noiselessly through the room where Selma sat in the abandonment of her grief. She was rocking to and fro, silently, while the tears coursed down her cheeks.

For a moment he stood astonished, and somewhat awed—for a moment only. Approaching, he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder and said, "In tears again, Selma? What does this mean?" Startled and abashed at being thus surprised, she hid her face in her hands, making no reply. Bending over her, and forcing her hands from her face, William Jones, with eager trembling tones, questioned:

"Is your life lonely? Has the noble effort on your part to help women to health and freedom failed quite to fill your life?" and then sadly, bitterly, he asks, "Can it be that you still grieve for that easterly fellow who won your love only to throw it back in your face?"

These words roused Selma, and rising, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, William, for all the past, and for this strange scene. Try to understand me when I tell you that I love you to-morrow, and that henceforth our paths must lie apart."

"No, no," he cried; "that must not, shall not be, until at least you have once more listened to me, as on that bright autumn day so far away in the past. I loved you then—I have never ceased to love you, and I love you now with a holier, truer love than ever before. I do not wrong my dead wife by these words. When I wooed her I was honest, and told her that my heart was loyal to another. She married me, and we lived peacefully, quietly together. After years had passed, I fancied that my old love was conquered even by its hopelessness. I did not know then, as I know now, that it was smothered for a time only to rise in greater strength in this hour. Upon your decision hangs my destiny for weal or woe. Can you, will you give me mine own?"

No response. Strong-minded Selma Dickerson had fainted!

When the quiet wedding was over, the townspeople shook their heads and said, "Woman's suffrage and reforms in general have lost a quiet but efficient advocate." But they were mistaken. William Jones warmly seconded his wife's wishes to continue in the good work, and better still, he joined hands with her in striving to elevate and redeem humanity from the thraldom and attendant miseries of ignorance and consequent indifference.

In thinking it all over, although we regret the sufferings, we cannot forbear the conclusion that out of "Selma Dickerson's folly" came much good both to individuals and to the race.

A Feathered Shepherd.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barnyard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck, it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on its breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel blue to a red gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In the wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and though very jealous of his affection endeavors to please him by a solicitude for the well being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are; but, with a well deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to the feeding ground, and if any should presume to wander they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given to the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep, and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal time it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been satisfied.—St. Nicholas.

Stranger Than Fiction.

On Monday evening, October 24th, Mr. T. G. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda Phillips were married at the latter's residence on Division street. This is their second wedding with each other, and the story of their separation and final reunion after twenty years, is equal in point of romance, to that of Enoch Arden.

Mr. T. D. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda Taten were first married in their native county, Franklin, in 1856, and lived together until 1861, when the husband joined the southern army in response to a call for volunteers. Soon he was made prisoner by the enemy, who kept him for awhile in St. Louis, and finally sent him to Alton, Ill., for keeps. After sixteen months of captivity he was exchanged, and resumed his duties as a southern soldier, remaining in the army until the close of hostilities in 1865, when, like a dutiful husband and father, he returned to his wife and little children; but sad changes greeted him where all had once been contentment and happiness.

The husband had been reported killed in the terrible struggle of Vicksburg, and his wife, after long and tearful waiting, was forced to give credence to the story, and subsequently found solace in the love of Mr. Phillips, whom she had known from childhood. True to vows of long ago, she was loth to bury the first love. Still she was a woman, and therefore to be won, and so it was the soldier husband returned from the dangers and privations of war to find her whom he had vowed to love until parted by death the wife of another. It was an ordeal more trying than any he had experienced during all the bloody conflicts through which he had passed. Yet there was no remedy save to suppress the affections so fondly treasured, and trust in time, whose easy flight corrects all errors, softens grief, and rocks sad memories to sleep.

He married again in 1866, but his second wife died three years later. In 1875 he married a third time, but was again robbed by death of his consort one year afterward. About a year ago Mr. Phillips died, leaving Childer's first wife in widowhood.

Mrs. Phillips has a brother residing in Franklin, whom she visited not long since, and at whose house she chanced to meet Mr. Childers, her first husband. They met as friends, but their friendship quickly warmed; the love of twenty years ago returned, and though not so fervent as in the earlier dream of youth, it was not wanting in earnest devotion. Their second marriage to each other occurred on Monday evening, October 24th, in the presence of their families, respectively and collectively. The event was celebrated with music and dancing, and the bride and groom though sprinkled with the silver of time, seem happier for the sorrow they have known.—(Springfield (Mo.) Herald.

The English Free-Lunchers.

"Deadheads and free-lunchers," says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, "are the names by which the British guests of the Northern Pacific Railroad are beginning to be designated in the American press, in allusion, we may suppose, to the inexpensive nature of their autumnal tour. Is not this a sign that the proverbial patience of the American shareholder is giving way? President Villard, whom you picturesquely style 'the sumptuous Mæcenas of the American rail,' is sumptuous, be it remembered, not with his own money, but with that of others. The objects of his bounty, moreover, are not entirely journalists, though, to judge by the pages of your contemporaries, a good many of them are turning an honest penny by describing their experiences and puffing their host. It was well known in town at the end of last season that anybody who was either a peer, a member of parliament, a government official, or connected with the press, could have an invitation for the asking. About fifty seem to have gone, a good many of whom were neither journalists, officials, nor members of either house or parliament. The tour, according to the twelfth and final letter of the "Free Luncher" of the Times, covered 6000 miles and occupied a month. Their 'personal conductor' was a certain Mr. Rufus Hatch, 'Uncle Rufus,' as his 'cousins from across the sea' affectionately called him, who is described in the Times as a northwestern 'boomer' of great earnestness, equally at home, in Wall street or among the Yellowstone geysers. The 'Free Luncher' of the Times candidly admits that some of Uncle Rufus' boom 'may have got to some extent into this correspondence.' Of this there is no doubt? Still, if a president of a railroad spends £240 of his shareholders' money in giving one a free autumn tour, one is morally bound to 'boom' a little in his honor. The more interesting moral question is how far those who have not 'boomed' are justified in accepting that sum of money from shareholders who are evidently not unanimous in the desire to give it to them."

Engagement Rings.

Engagement rings are the natural sequences of the summer campaign of the watering places, and many a young man is at his wits' end to raise the necessary wherewith to secure the preliminary token of future domestic bliss. Ice cream, drives, boating and pleasures excursions generally have depleted the pockets of the devoted beau, and in many instances when the question, the momentous question, was asked, it was with fear and trembling that the expected answer was received. On leaving, the happy girl generally says: "When you get me my ring get me a nice one, Charley, for I want to be proud of it, you know. Get a solitaire with a skeleton setting, so the diamond will show nicely. I think a pure white stone is the best. That hateful Laura has a colored one, and I believe it is full of flaws. She is always showing it, anyhow, and if she hasn't a scratch on her finger she is continually fixing her hair or arranging her collar. I want a better stone than hers. Won't you get it, dear?" "I will, darling; I'll get you the best in the market," and he departs with a sinking heart. The next day he makes an arrangement with some jeweler by which he gets an inferior stone at a high price, which he pays for in weekly installments. Visits to his girl and the usual presents and theatricals take the remainder of his salary, and when the wedding day approaches his or her fond parent is obliged to hand over the necessary funds to unite the twain and send them off on their bridal tour. On their return they generally settle down, and the question of the engagement ring and the attendant incidents form a subject of jocular conversation between them.—New York Morning Journal.

A Lucky Miner.

A miner in the hills near Socorro, New Mexico, made a lucky strike in a wonderful manner lately. A few weeks ago, while tramping over the rocks, the prospector suddenly discovered that his haversack was on fire, caught probably from the condensation of the sun's rays by a prospector's glass which he carried in his kit. Now, that haversack contained about six pounds of blasting powder, and our hero dropped the bundle and got out of reach as fast as his legs would carry him. The bundle of traps fell into a crevice in the rocks and the powder soon exploded. The prospector turned mournfully to gather up such of his effects as were uninjured by the explosion, when something in the appearance of the shattered rock struck his eye, and he examined it closely—it was horn silver. The now jubilant miner located a claim at once, which he called the "Close Shave," and in less than a week disposed of one-third interest at $13,000. The name of the "honest son of the pick and shovel" is John Quincy Adams, and he hails from Western Ohio. John is well known in Socorro county, and receives the congratulations of his friends in a modest manner. John Adams' "close shave" is a by-word now in the mining camps.—Las Vegas (N. M.) Gazette.

A Mule Well Provided For.

Lieutenant Kobbe, stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama, reported to the war department that a white mule which had been at that post 45 years, was about to be sold and the officers asked permission to buy him and keep him at their own expense. The petition went through the regular channels, and General Sherman submitted the case to the secretary of war, with the following report, and whether true or false, the soldiers believe it was left at the Big Spring, where Mount Vernon barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army camped there about 1819 or 1820. Tradition says it was once sorrel, but now it is white from age. The quartermaster's department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold, or the maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise it to be kept in the department and fed and maintained until death. I think the mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile point, when I was there in 1842." The secretary of war thereupon made the following order: "Let this mule be kept and well cared for as long as he lives."

Getting Even with Mrs. Brown.

Two ladies tete-a-tete.—"That Mrs. Brown is just as mean as she can be! Why, would you believe it, she told me to my face that I dressed too young for a woman of my years. The idea!"

"She did? Well, if she talked to me in that way, I believe I'd have told her just what I thought of her."

"Oh, no, dear; that would be rude."

"Possibly."

"But I did better. I told Mrs. Smith what my opinion of Mrs. Brown was, and Mrs. Brown will hear it soon enough. And then, you know, it won't lose anything in Mrs. Smith's mouth. It is one of my principles, love, never to do anything disagreeable when I can get somebody else to do it for me."

The trade dollar nuisance is certain to attract the early attention of congress. The president and cabinet have had the matter under consideration. It is now certain that Secretary Folger will discuss the question pointedly in his report, and strongly recommend the redemption of all trade dollars, and that, instead of issuing additional standard dollars to take the place of trade dollars, the retired trade dollars will be received as bullion and used in coining standard silver coin.

If Charley Ross is living he is 14 years of age.

NEWS ITEMS.

Silk culture is on the rapid increase along the Gulf coast from New Orleans to Mobile.

A devil-fish caught recently at Port Royale measured sixteen feet across and weighed two tons.

The pearl fisheries of Lower California have turned out a pearl the size of a dime, one inch long and three fourths of an inch thick.

A man named Radcliff, just dead at Sheffied, had for years pretended to be a bearded woman, and was a great attraction to the curious.

The largest oyster shell in the world is in the church of St. Sulpice in Paris. It weighs over 500 pounds and is used as a baptismal font.

Belgium has erected a Palace of Justice about half the size of St. Peter's at Rome, and one fifth of the entire revenue of the country will not pay for it.

Uncle Billy Sherman will find the peace of retirement disturbed by an Ohio town, which has started off with a Tecumseh club as a presidential boom.

California is the second State in the union in point of size, but her population when compared with her area, is that the best of her lands are held by land-grabbers.

The dancing masters of the United States are to hold a convention at Philadelphia, December 27th. The position of chairman will be interesting as all will want for the floor at once.

The comet of 1812 is coming back again. It is understood it will put a claim on the government for a pension, with arrears, on the ground of having been present during the last war with England.

Fifteen years ago an Alabama man who killed a peddler told his wife in a moment of confidence, and since then has been splitting wood, building fires and rocking baby. Now as a relief he asks to be hung.

An old Nimrod down in Texas fired at a fine buck. This aroused another, and the two flew toward each other under full steam. They collided, one of them springing twenty feet in the air, and then both fell dead.

An Albany peanut vender discovers that he loses 400 peanuts a day by the people who take one as they pass by. As members of the legislature have annual passes to everything in Albany, the inference is plain.

Poker has a strong hold on Nashville. One young blood bet his clothes on a flush and his adversary demanded his garments on the strength of a "straight flush." He reached home looking like a statue in the Louvre.

Payan Bob Ingersoll at the close of the war borrowed $90 from a confederate surgeon for some new clothes. Last week he paid it back with a check for $200. Bob may scout at eternity, but he evidently believes in time.

The Female Form.

Given a small, straight, flat figure, with a face delicate in its features, and the problem of making a girl look like fifteen until she is past her teens is not exceedingly difficult. It can be very simply done by refusing to let her petticoats grow to a mature length, eschewing all devices of bodice that produces artificial undulations, and then enjoining an innocent simplicity of carriage and manner. That was what had been done with the bride whom I have mentioned. There was in her family the usual incentive for thus retarding her apparent growth from childhood to womanhood. Two older sisters wished to matrimonially place themselves before their ages were emphasized by the youngest daughter becoming an adult. Why, I remember that one evening at a reception the dear girl came down to the parlor in a lovely costume of white tulle, as simple and infantile as a christening robe, and with a hem no lower than the tops of her high boots; but she had presumed to give a slight roundness to her corsage. That was an amendment to the family resolution which was instantly voted down, though she pleaded hard to carry it.

"I m a woman, and I want to look like one," she pleaded.

"You may be a woman, but you've got to look a child as long as nature will let you,' was the maternal mandate.

So she had to go back to her room and flatten the bosom in which indignation was swelling.

"I'll develop all of a sudden, the first thing they know—see if I don't," she said to me on that occasion.

And she did on her wedding day for certain. The dignified little creature who dragged a train up the center aisle of a fashionable church was no longer childish. Her babyish braids of hair had become an elaborate coiffure; the ankles were out of sight, and, instead of their stockinged display, there was a charming disclosure of bare arms that were far more plump and tapering than anybody had expected, and as fair as eighteen years of seclusion could make them; her bodice, for the first time, was shapely—by exactly what means is none of the public's business. Improved? I should say so. If the bridegroom had fallen in love with her former aspect he had every reason for augmenting his passion as he beheld her in bridal robes. —Clara Belle, in the Courier Journal.

Lark-Hawking in England.

The Field contains a brief account of a small but successful attempt to revive one of the most ancient and honorable sports known in this country. A gentleman has, as it appears, taken two or three merlins—the smallest of hawks—to Salisbury plain, and in the short space of a month, during part of which the weather was bad, has killed, or at least caught, considerably more than a hundred larks. This does not, perhaps, sound a great achievement when it is remembered that the same number is often caught by a bird-catcher in twenty-four hours. But then every lark brought down by these small falcons means a more or less long flight, in which much skill and speed are displayed on both sides, and much running is necessary in order to keep the chase in sight. Lark-hawking with merlins used to be called "heron-hawking in minature," and those who have seen the two declare that they are much alike. And some of the most renowned falconers of ancient times, including, as it is said, Louis XI. of France, declared that no sport in the world was more worth seeing than a flight at a skylark. The fact that it can still, in some parts of England, be practiced with so much success suggests a question why more men do not engage in it, as in former times. These little hawks are not very difficult to get, and are said to be easily trained, and thus, at the cost of a small expenditure of time and money, a sportsman living in an open country might indulge in a pleasant experience of a kind not novel, indeed, but certainly unusual.—London Globe.

The prince of Wales plays the banjo, the Princess Louise the guitar, the princess of Wales has accompanied Nilsson on the piano, the duke of Edinburg plays the violin, and the duchess is able to turn the pages of a full score, while the duke of Albany is a musical genius.

Claus Spreckles has ordered two new steamers in the east. These two, with one of the two now running between San Francisco and Honolulu will be placed on the China trade in opposition to the Pacific Mail steamers.

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