Are you aware
That the ITEMIZER has the Largest Circulation of any Paper Published in Polk County, and is Read by Nearly Every Family within its Boundaries. If you wish to Reach Everyone, patronize these advertising columns, and
Profit by it.

POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

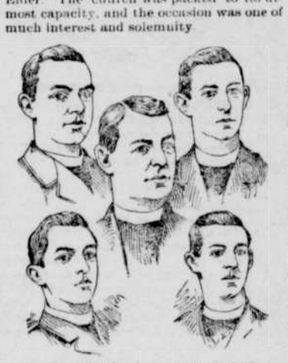
Do you know
That this Paper has the Largest Staff of Correspondents, all precincts being represented; that its locals are the newsiest and its miscellany the choicest. In every way a reliable family paper. You should subscribe
For a year.

VOL. XIX. DALLAS, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893. NO. 3.

A FAMILY OF PRIESTS.

Five Brothers Participate in Ceremonies at a Cincinnati Church.

At St. Edward's Catholic church, Cincinnati, was presented a few days ago a scene never before witnessed in this country and only paralleled once in England. Five brothers took part in the religious service, all priests, the occasion being the first celebration of mass by the Rev. George Hickey, recently ordained by Archbishop Elder. The church was packed to its utmost capacity, and the occasion was one of much interest and solemnity.



E. P. HICKEY. C. A. HICKEY
W. D. HICKEY
GEORGE HICKEY JOHN F. HICKEY

The five priests are sons of the late Patrick Hickey, a prominent citizen. Rev. William D. Hickey, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Dayton, was the assistant priest. Rev. Edward P. Hickey, pastor of St. Mary's church, Piqua, O., was the deacon at the mass. Rev. Charles A. Hickey, pastor of the Sacred Heart church, Dayton, was the subdeacon, while Rev. John F. Hickey, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Cumminsville, officiated as master of ceremonies. Among the other clergy present were J. C. Albrinck, vicar general; P. H. Cusack, of Cincinnati; M. L. Murphy, of Springfield, O.; R. H. Walburg, of Cincinnati, and many others.

Some years ago five brothers took part in one service in England, which is the only similar instance in this century.

The father of these five priests died but a few weeks ago. One daughter is a nun in the Order of Notre Damé, and at present is teaching music in a convent of that order in Philadelphia. The other daughter, Miss Martha Hickey, is a stenographer. The mother of this remarkable family is still living in Cincinnati. Father George Hickey will go to the Catholic university at Washington city for a few years. He is the youngest of the five brothers, has a remarkable flow of language and a voice both powerful and pleasing. After the services all the clergy present went to the Hickey residence on Clark street and partook of an elegant repast.

When I Go Home Ag'in.

I uster to be a country chap with freckles on my face,
But sarcumstances drove me to this distant city place—
This rattlin, noisy city where you're lifted off your feet
By a keerless, hussilin multitood an kerried down the street.
But soon, for two short weeks, I'll leave this nerve prostratin din,
For outin time
Is in its prime,
An I'll go home ag'in.

"When I go home ag'in"—oh, jinks! how good that sounds to me—
I'll straddle every high rail fence an shin up up every tree;
An after havin one square meal of milk an applesass,
I'll go down in the medder lot an woller in the grass.
Then I'll take off my coat an shoes an race around like sin,
An chase the cows,
An spill the house,
When I go home ag'in.

Then I will dam the babblin brook that idles hour by hour,
An run dad's grindstone an his saw by lightenin power;
I'll rig a thing for churnin an turnin over hay,
An other schemes so dad can do three times as much per day,
Because, you see, I hardly care myself 'bout pitchin in,
So I'll invent,
To great extent,
When I go home ag'in.

When I go home ag'in—O Lord, keep me alive till then—
I'm goin in a-swimmin with Erastus, Zeb and Ben,
An we'll dive an duck each other in the mill pond near the flue,
But our mas won't "titrevate" us same as they uster to do.
An 'fore I get quite home—te he—if courage stays within,
At Sue's I'll stop
An—an mebbe pop,
When I go home ag'in.

—Joe Cone in Boston Courier.

He Still Has It.

He wrote a little poem
That in his heart had burned,
And he called it "The Umbrella,"
So it would not be returned.

—Boston News.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

How Larry Whalen Started a Saloon and Kept the Trade All in the Family—A Policy That Was Pleasing, but Ruinous.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

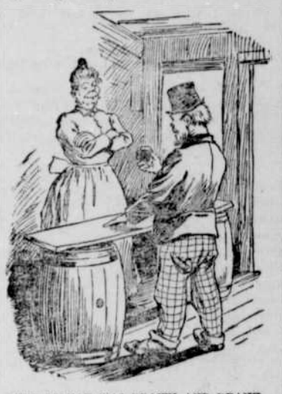
Larry Whalen was a railroad laborer and lived along the line in a clapboard shanty with his wife, Kitty. They were honest enough people. Both had a fondness for a glass of whisky and an intense yearning for some occupation that would enable them to live without hard work.

Larry Whalen and his wife believed, whether rightly or not I must leave the reader to judge, that there was no calling that paid as well for the time that it took and the money invested as buying whisky by the barrel and selling it by the glass.

"It's a foine, afzy loife thim barkeepers does be havin," said Mr. Whalen one evening as he and his wife sat before the red-hot stove in their shanty smoking in concert and listening to the sleet beating a tattoo on the shingles overhead.

"Yis, Larry," responded Mrs. Whalen, "and I do be thinkin that if we iver do start in the business it's toime we was at it. Sure, we've got enough on hand now to begin, not in a grand way, to be sure—that'll come later on—but quiet and sure loike."

An examination of their working capital revealed the fact that they had on hand enough money to buy a barrel of whisky and a box of cigars, and just ten cents over. As work was slack with Larry, and there were many of his companions out of employment, they decided that the time of beginning was opportune.



THE LIQUOR WAS DRAWN AND DRANK.

Larry bought the whisky and cigars, and then extemporized a bar by laying a plank between the heads of two barrels. And now, with Kitty behind the bar, the establishment was ready for business.

As the day was stormy and the opening had not been extensively advertised, customers were not forthcoming at once, so Larry recalled that he had a working capital of ten cents in his pocket by way of encouraging trade, and quenching his thirst he decided to get his money into circulation.

He and Kitty had ciphered out that if every customer who bought a ten cent glass of whisky were to fill his glass they would still make five cents clear on every glass.

By way of doing the thing up in good form, Larry went outside, then re-entered, wiping his lips with one hand and grasping in the other his working capital of ten cents.

"The top of the mornin to you, Mrs. Whalen, and how's business in the bar today?" asked Larry as he took an admiring look about the establishment.

"It might be betther, and it might be worse," was Mrs. Whalen's guarded response.

"Well, I don't mind helpin an honest business along. Let me have a drink of your best whisky, and if tin cints is the price of the same there's your money," and Larry laid the coin on the plank.

The liquor was drawn and drank, and as Mrs. Whalen looked at the money she said:

"Begorra, Larry, there's five cints made clane on that little dale. Now, avick, do you stand behind the bar and let me play I'm a customer."

Larry stepped behind the plank, and his wife went out and re-entered and delivered herself of the regulation speech as to business and the weather. She ended by laying down the ten cents and getting a glass of whisky.

"Hoop!" shouted Larry as he regained possession of the working capital. "Five cints more made without lettin the thrade or the money git out av the family. Let us keep it up, Kitty; let us encourage what thim politicians does be callin the home market."

The day was cheerless without, but there was the joy that accompanies remunerative work in the cabin of Larry Whalen.

That coin alternated between him and his wife so long as they were able to stand up and drink, and we may be sure that as they were clearing five cents on every glass they kept their feet as long as they were able.

The next day they continued the business "at the same old stand in the same old way." Entirely satisfied with the profits of the home market, they became indifferent to the commerce of the outside world and highly delighted with this phase of home consumption.

At length there came a day when the barrel was empty and only the ten cents remained, and with the exhaustion of the liquid Larry and his wife may be said to have gone into liquidation.

The poor fellow died in an insane asylum a year afterward. His neighbors said that he lost his mind in a desperate effort to fully understand the mysteries of a home market and how it came about that he grew steadily poorer while he and his wife were making five cents a glass on the whisky they consumed.

A Slight Come Down.

"I like a manly Englishman as well as I do a manly American, or a manly man of any other nationality, but an Englishman who puts on airs of superiority is to me the most disgusting specimen of the genus fraud."

This was said by the purser of an ocean steamer on which I was recently taking a voyage, and after refilling his pipe he went on to illustrate his meaning:

"Last year, on our way up from Samoa, we took on at Honolulu an Englishman with side whiskers, a single eyeglass and the loud clothes and impudent stare that distinguish this creature the world over.

"That he was an Englishman and could not by any chance be mistaken for a Russian, or a Prussian, or an Italian was evident at a glance. But for fear that he might by some chance be mistaken for a foreigner, as he called every one not born in England, he announced himself as having been born within sound of Bow bells. He growled about the table, he growled at the attendants, and he was continually contrasting things in England with things outside of it, to the great disadvantage of the latter.

"The fellow made himself so disagreeable that I, who am an Englishman, felt ashamed of the fact for the time being, and had the man been worth kicking some of the Americans on board would have eased their feelings in that way.

"This fellow called himself Captain Robinson—he pronounced the name 'Wobinson'—and he informed the favored few with whom he endeavored to talk that he was the son of Colonel Sir Charles Robinson. He never forgave an American who on hearing this asked:

"'Are you the natural or the legitimate son of Sir Charles Robinson?'

"Captain Robinson as we neared San Francisco made special inquiries about the estates of such men as Baldwin, Fair and Leland Stanford, with a view to buying them out.

"'I want, you know, to try California for a few yeahs, but out heah in this barbarous land a fellow must have some fun, you know, so I'll get a place where I can sail a yacht or have a bit of steeplechasing now and then. Of course I shall have a lot of friends from England to cheer me up a bit, and I shall import all my wines. I am sure I could never accustom myself to those beastly American drinks, such as "cocktails and corpse revivers," and all that kind of thing, you know. The fact is, I propose to give these Americans some points on civilization, and if they take my advice kindly, as I'm afraid they won't, I am quite shuah we shall get on famously.'

"This howling and nauseating cad left us at San Francisco, and I felt there was a disgusting load off the ship and off my mind as soon as he passed down the gang plank.

"I forgot all about Captain Robinson till about four months ago, when I took a run down to the famous hotel at Del Monte. I took my place at the dinner table and became aware that an obsequious waiter stood behind my chair.

"'Be pleased, sir, to give your order, sir,' said the waiter as he placed the menu before me.

"The voice sounded oddly familiar. I looked up, and my surprise may be imagined when I tell you that that waiter was none other than my old Captain Robinson."

The Last Smoke.

If smoking is excusable in any man, it is in the soldier who drops down his arms and lays aside his haversack and rolled blanket after a hard day's march or a long watch of a wintry night out on picket.

Men began to smoke during the war who never smoked before, and even army chaplains of the rigid type were forced to confess that tobacco was quite as essential to the soldier as his rations of bread, meat and coffee.

I had a friend and fellow staff officer named Dearborn, as gallant a young soldier as ever drew a sword, and, excepting that he did smoke immoderately, a model of all the proprieties.

Again and again Captain Dearborn told myself and his many other friends that as soon as he could "get good and ready," which meant when the war was over, he would give up smoking, for he believed it was "telling on his nerves," though there was nothing in the splendid fellow's face and manner to indicate that he knew what nerves were as a source of annoyance.

The night of the June assault on Vicksburg Captain Dearborn and I were lying side by side out in the advance, waiting for McPherson to give the signal that was to launch the crouching blue lines on the fortifications of the enemy. It was a dark, stormy night, the rain pouring down in torrents, with now and then a flash of lightning that lit up the landscape and magnified the danger of the awful work that lay before us as soon as the gray dawn began to show in the direction of the Union campfires.

It was a trying situation, and if a man had nerves it was the time of all others when they would assert themselves. The clouds overhead began to show opal streaks along their edges, and we knew that day was coming, and that within a few minutes the cannon would open on the right, and that the assaulting column would leap forward like unleashed hounds.

"I think I will try a smoke if you've got a match," said Dearborn as he nudged me with his arm.

I handed him my matchbox, and as he lit a cigar he said, with a little laugh I shall never forget:

"I think I shall call this my last smoke."

I saw the momentary glow of the light. Then there came the roar of the signal guns for which we had been so long and so eagerly waiting.

I sprang to my feet and drew my sword. I looked down, wondering why Dearborn had not followed my example.

I touched him with my foot, but he did not move; I called his name, but he did not answer.

In the half minute that was left me I knelt and removed his cap. A bullet had pierced the top and entered his brain.

The striking of the match had attracted the attention of one of the enemy's sharpshooters and directed the fatal bullet.

The signal to advance was given. The bugles sounded the charge, but before I was swept forward by the blue line I caught the curl of blue smoke rising from the cigar, still held between the lips of my dead comrade. ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Quinine of Fruits.

People who require a gentle tonic to stimulate the system and the digestion should try the grape fruit, which is attracting attention and becoming gradually better known. It is sometimes called the "quinine of the fruits," and has, it is claimed, even more beneficial qualities than the orange. To enjoy the grape fruit, however, one must know how to eat it. The white portion covering each section is intensely bitter, and it is necessary to peel this off and eat only the juicy inner sections.

Character in Girls' Dress.

A bishop recently addressing a high school prize class spoke of the pretty toilets of the young girls composing it. "There should be self respect," said he, "both with regard to mind and body. I am grateful to any one who dresses well and prettily. Character is shown by the dress; it reveals the ladylike, the vulgar and the conceited woman."

Sleeping Habits.

A book which claims to contain the secret of beauty condemns the habit of double sleeping among young women. If it is only the narrowest cot occupy it alone. The result on awaking will be bright eyes, rested body and sweet breath. When a bed is occupied by two people the stronger most inevitably saps the vitality of the weaker.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Minding the Baby.

The accompanying picture is from the book entitled "The Children of the Poor," written by Jacob A. Riis. The illustration is made from a photograph and depicts a scene common in the poorer quarters of the great city of New York. Both father and mother are away at work, trying to earn a living for themselves and their little ones, and the baby is left all day to the care of its brother, who is not more than eight years old himself.

Mr. Riis, in his investigations among the poor of New York, came across hundreds of cases much more sorrowful than the one here illustrated. What he tells in his book about the hardships of the children of the poor should make the little boys and girls who have comfortable homes very thankful that their lives have been cast in such pleasant places, and at the same time it should make them feel as if they want to do something to brighten the lives of the unfortunate little ones upon whom poverty has laid its cold hand.

Blind Rats.

Stories are often told of the kindness of animals to those of their companions that are blind. Dogs and cats and horses and cows will lead their comrades away to their food or bring it to them, and the smaller animals also seem able to understand that the helpless are to be cared for. Not long ago an English watchman in a warehouse saw two rats moving slowly along close to the basement wall. The other rats had quickly scampered away at a slight noise that he made, but these were side by side and hurried along in a clumsy manner. He turned the bullseye of his lantern full upon them and saw that each rat held one end of a straw in its mouth. The movements of one showed that it was blind.—"Our Animal Friends."

Saved by a Faithful Dog.

The other morning a number of children were playing on the towing path of the Thames near Barnes railway bridge, England, when a girl fell into the water. A gentleman happened to be passing at the time with a large retriever dog, and being himself unable to swim at once persuaded the animal to jump into the river to the girl's rescue. The dog seized the child by the dress, and notwithstanding the strong current caused by the receding tide succeeded in holding the girl above water for some minutes, until a waterman had put off in his boat, when the animal released his hold. The child was brought ashore by the waterman in an unconscious condition, but she quickly recovered.

How Swiss Children Go to Sleep.

The Swiss people are very artistic in their tastes, and even the poorest Swiss is neat and tasteful in his home life. Many of the ways of the Swiss are as pretty as their fanciful ideas of building houses. A Swiss mother believes that her child will have bad dreams unless it is crooned to sleep. And so, bending low over the drowsy little one's couch, she sings soothing songs of green pastures and still waters until the little child has breathed itself peacefully into the land of Nod.—New York Ledger.

Three Polite Little Girls.

A gentleman who offered his seat the other day to one of three little girls who were standing in an elevated railroad car had the unexpected pleasure of providing seats for all of them. Two of the little girls squeezed in side by side between the arms of the seat, and the third sat upon the laps of the other two, and when they were all comfortably seated the gentleman received as a reward for his politeness a combined smile from this small but animated human pyramid.—New York Sun.

The Snowball Battle.

Winter sport has now begun;
Snowball battles are the fun;
Fast and thick the snow shot fly;
Both sides for the vict'ry try.
The besieged in snowy strife
Battle fiercely for dear life;
'Tis a most good natured fray;
Friend and foe are but in play.
When at last the battle's done,
What's the odds which side has won?

—Christian at Work.

Pennsylvania Farmers.

The celebrated Farmers' club of Pennsylvania have just been eating their annual dinner. At this feast the talk presumably was confined to the practical phases of agriculture, to a comparison of methods of farming, to a discussion of the result of the year's work and to speculations touching the prospects of the crops of next season. Perhaps a sonnet on ensilage was read. It is stated that among the well known hayseeds present were George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger; George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company; A. A. McLeod, president of the Philadelphia and Reading; Charles Hartshorn, second vice president of the Reading; Joseph Wharton, John Fritz and Robert H. Sayre, Sr.

Their fellow agriculturists the country over can scarcely hope to receive any useful hints from the wisdom which flowed at the dinner, because it is also stated that "the proceedings of the club meetings are never divulged." Why "never divulged?" Can it be possible that if they were divulged it would turn out that some of these experienced and sagacious farmers—as was once said of Farmer Samuel J. Tilden—have so little true genius for their occupation or such uncommon hard luck that they are unable to pick out the cow which gives the buttermilk?—New York Tribune.

The Largest Monolith.

The enormous pillar of stone that will be the wonder of thousands upon thousands of people who will visit the World's fair was broken from its bed at the Houghton quarry, Ashland, Wis., amid the cheers of the throng who visited the quarry to witness the breaking of the monster. The stone had been sawed at each end and side, and but the bottom remained to be broken from the bed of which it was a part. On the bottom wedges to the number of about 200 on each side had been entered and only the signal to drive them farther remained.

At 11 o'clock Frederick Prentice, donor of the monolith, from a place on the rock gave the signal to drive the wedges, and fifty workmen began at the lower end to drive them. Then, like clockwork, the fifty mauls of the men rose and fell as they moved from the base to the apex of the stone step by step. Slowly a crevice appeared at the lower end of the stone, which, with each succeeding blow became larger and larger, until the stone lay broken from the mass of which it had been a portion. The huge stone lies at the bottom of the quarry, and weighs in its present state 600 tons, but when dressed down will weigh about 420 tons.—Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Few Points on Boston.

Here is a scrap of conversation I heard in walking down the street the other day.

Two men were back of me. One said: "Yes, of course Chicago is a very enterprising city. It will probably make a success of the fair. It will always seem to me, however, that we should have had it. Boston is really the historical center of our country, you know."

"Boston have the fair? What has Boston ever done for the country? It has turned out a few pointed toed shoes; parted its hair and its name in the middle; started the fashion in eyeglasses; worn its overcoat shorter than its undercoat; got its pronunciation up to the limit of broadness; stocked up in conceit and culture, and it has an undercrust and uppercrust of brown bread and baked beans. What has any one of these things to do with the growth of the country?"

They turned a corner, and I couldn't hear the answer.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Electric Sleigh.

Mr. C. J. Schminskey has applied for a patent on an electric sleigh. Stored electricity concealed beneath the seat of the sleigh furnishes the power which is to propel the vehicle. This power is transmitted to a single wheel in front of the sleigh by means of an endless chain. The face of the wheel is furnished with cutters, which imbed themselves in the snow and prevent the wheel from slipping. Mr. Schminskey says that a speed of twelve or fifteen miles an hour can be attained by his motor. A lever to control the steering gear and another lever to regulate the speed of the sleigh are placed near the occupant's seat in the sleigh.—Baltimore Sun.

Democratic New York City.

For the first time in the history of politics New York city will be represented by a solid delegation of Democrats in congress, the state senate, the assembly and board of aldermen. Why, even the veteran Colonel Thomas Dunlap, who voted for Andrew Jackson, cannot remember when such a thing ever happened. Think of it—not a Republican congressman, not a Republican senator, not a Republican assemblyman, not a Republican alderman to represent the G. O. P. of this city!—New York Herald.

The Difficulty of Becoming a Dutchman.

The second chamber of the Dutch legislature has passed a bill which will make it more difficult for a foreigner to become a Dutchman. Naturalization will no longer be a personal matter, but will concern the entire family, who will, however, only receive acknowledgment as Dutch in the second generation after the settlement. Ten years' absence from the country without a declaration of the intention to remain a Dutchman will cause the loss of the nationality.

All on Account of a Five Cent Cigar.

George Smith is to be tried at Valparaiso, Ind., for the third time on the charge of having stolen a five cent cigar. About $1,000, it is asserted, have been expended in lawyers' fees.

Center county, Pa., has a natural curiosity in the shape of a 20-acre pond which appeared in a single night on ground never known to be covered with water before.

The area of the coal vein discovered at Fairhaven, Wash., is estimated at 100 acres, and believed to contain about 10,000,000 tons of coal.