

YAMHILL REPORTER.

A. V. B. BREWER. PROFESSIONAL.

McMILLVILLE. OREGON.

MY GOOD FOR NOTHING.

What are you good for my brave little man? Answer that question for me if you can!

Over the carpet the dear little feet Came with a patter to climb on my seat.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEGACY.

My grandfather was a sea captain—not a mere claimant of the title, like the watermen of the lakes and the coast skippers who never got out of sight of land, and who, if they got there, could never get back—but a genuine "old salt," trained from boyhood under a tarpaulin hat, and as familiar with the "paths of the sea," as a shepherd is with those of the sheepwalk.

Of course his history was crowded with curious accidents. Most of these, at which my childish tears tingled and my eyes dilated, have become so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration.

During the calm between the Old French war and the American Revolution, a large ship was lying at a wharf in the town of New York, loaded with a valuable cargo and ready to sail for Liverpool, and thence to whatever part of the globe the chances of commerce might dictate.

This was my grandfather's ship, only waiting for her papers and a fair wind. The papers were soon ready, and shortly after them came a breeze. Presently everything on board was in active motion—the casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfastening of canvas and the running up of sailor boys along the ratlines like spiders on their webs; while the sharp, imperative orders of the mate and the hearty "ye-ho-ye!" of the cheerful crew echoed over the rippling waters of the harbor, which looked in the rays of the setting sun as if it was covered with a cream of liquid gold.

Just before the last plank was hauled in a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the captain's stateroom. Being conducted thither he entered, and with a slight bow, accosted the captain, who sat writing at his desk.

"You are for Liverpool, I believe, sir?" "Yes, sir."

"I am in poor health, and, intending to spend the winter in Italy, wish to get passage in the first ship that sails for Europe. Will you take a passenger?"

"Yes, sir, if my accommodations will suit you?" "No matter about accommodations, captain. I am an old sailor and know how to accommodate myself. Besides, the trim of your ship suits my eye."

The illusion to his ill health attracted my grandfather's scrutiny, and the introduction of himself as an old sailor touched his heart. On noticing him more particularly, he was struck with an undefinable feeling of curiosity and sympathy at his appearance. Tall, straight and rather slender, he was dressed in fine black broadcloth, with a sort of Spanish cloak of the same color and quality. A two-edged sword, common on ship-board at that time, and improperly called a cutlass, was partly covered by his cloak and hung by his side without a sheath. His hair was quite gray, and his many features would have been handsome had they not been so ennobled as to give unpleasant prominence to half a dozen deep scars on his face. His eyes were blue and full of expression, but restless at times, showing a sudden abstraction. The looseness of one of his black gloves gave evidence that he had lost a finger or two from his left hand. These observations were made by the captain while the stranger was looking at a beautiful sextant on the table. Turning, as if startled at his forgetfulness, he resumed:

"Name the price, captain, and I will pay it now." My grandfather had already fixed the price in his mind, and replied:

"You are a sailor, sir, and sick. The accommodations of my ship, as well as my services, are at your free command."

The language of a sailor's heart cannot be misunderstood, and knows no interpreter, and the stranger knew that remonstrance would be ungenerous on his part. He made no reply, but eagerly extended his hand, and my grandfather, as he shook it, thought he saw a tear in the stranger's eye. But noble hearts are impatient of exhibitions of gratitude, and he quickly added:

"I am ready to sail, sir. Is your baggage on board?" "This is all my baggage, sir," he replied, showing him a small black satchel under his cloak.

Leading him to a stateroom the captain left him and went on deck, and found the ship already under

way, the sails filled with a stiff breeze, and wharves, warehouses and spectators fast growing small in the distance. At length, the darkness shut in the view, the wind increased to a gale, and from a gale to a tempest; and for ten days and nights the noble ship, which had plowed the seas of every latitude, from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, underwent such a conflict with the elements as she had never before encountered. During all this time the stranger had been confined below with an apparently rapid consumption, which rough weather had swiftly matured.

During the storm the duties of the captain were so urgent that he could only make snatched and hasty visits to the sick man; and although they could have been spared from their quarters, he could have hoped for little aid or sympathy from any of the crew, who, with the easy tendency to the superstitions peculiar to their class, had associated his presence with the perils of the ship.

It would have required but slight encouragement from their officers to induce them to pay him the same compliment that the sailors of Joppa paid to Jonah, on a similar occasion, when "The sea wrought and was tempestuous."

But on the tenth night, just as the captain was ready to answer a summons to visit the sick man's berth, the storm ceased with a suddenness that was startling; the wind was entirely lulled; and no evidence of its fury remained except the long swelling billows of the sea—the deep after-sighs of its mighty passion.

The sudden stillness of the tempest, and the mournful creaking of the spars, now audible for the first time for many days, forced a shade of melancholy over my grandfather's spirits, as he hastened down the gangway at the call of the stranger.

As he seated himself beside the berth, the sick man fixed his brilliant eyes upon him and said, calmly: "Captain, I am dying!"

"I hope not, my dear sir; this dreadful gale has weakened you. It is over, now, and you will soon be better."

"No, Captain," he repeated, "I am dying! The tempest, I know, is over, so is that other tempest in my breast! The ship has long been tossed and beaten about by the fury of the waves, but it has been sunshine and calm compared with that tempest, captain! But it is all over, now—for I have forgiven him—he has long been in the grave—but I have forgiven him!"

My grandfather thought he was delirious; but a second look at the deep intelligence of his eye, and the smiling calmness of his features, forbade the conclusion. He gazed at him a moment with mingled compassion and curiosity, anxious to learn something of a history, the closing scene of which was so dark and mysterious, but was unwilling to ask it. His look was interpreted, and the stranger continued:

"I told you I was a sailor. Of thirty-five years I have not spent one upon land. But this was not my choice. Like a ship, captain, my supports were knocked from under me, and I was launched upon the ocean. My father was an English merchant in Cadiz, extensively engaged in navigation. He lavishly provided for my education. Having traversed the halls of science, I left Oxford and returned to Spain at the age of twenty. The first year of my freedom from school I spent in rambling over the mountains of that enchanted country. In a deep island well, shut out from the world, where the earth was always green and the sky always blue, I met, one day, a beautiful shepherdess—and loved her."

"I will not describe her charms, captain, for you have been young, and a heart that has loved need not to be told that to the eye of true affection its object has no defects."

"My father learned my secret—but I knew it not. I had a life-long secret afterwards which he never learned! He came to me one morning, smiled and said:

"My son do you want to go to Cuba?" "I eagerly answered in the affirmative; for it had been a cherished, but hitherto forbidden passion with me to travel."

"One of my vessels sails to-morrow," he said, "and you may go."

"This short interval allowed me no time to bid farewell to my shepherdess, who was fifty miles distant, nor even to inform her of my departure; but I said aloud: 'I'll soon be back,' and many other consolations I whispered to my heart the next day while bounding over the Atlantic."

"The ship arrived in good time at Havana, discharged her cargo, re-loaded and sailed for—Calcutta! I was a prisoner on my father's ship; and for five long years I was kept from home as if all the water of the ocean could wash out my love!"

"I escaped at length from the prison-ship, while lying at Rio, and took passage in a French bark for the Guadalquivir. No circumnavigation of the globe was ever so long as that voyage. I strained my eyes every day watching for Gibraltar, which I knew was thousands of miles off, and every night I dreamed of mountain rivulets, snowy flocks, and flocks."

"Arriving at last at Seville, I hastened over the Nevada, and sought the sunny dell where my affections had so long nestled, and there found that the idol of my heart was the wife of an Andalusian shepherd! She had been told that I had deserted her, and afterward that I was dead. I did not weep, for my heart was turned to stone. 'My father,' said I, 'shall never know of his victory!' I did not go to see him; it was wicked, I know, but, burning with the spirit of revenge, I turned again to the sea, and never saw him more. I am faint, captain, and cannot prolong my tale. In six months I was master of a fast sailing vessel—you have seen that vessel, captain, but never in port, and I have often seen you, and knew your name twenty years ago. But no matter about that. My father continued to freight his ships and send them to different parts of the world—but he never knew that I superintended a large part of his business, and that many of his cargoes found a sale in ports to which they had never been consigned. His agents sometimes failed to report."

"I have said enough, captain; before to-morrow's sun sets, I shall be in the caverns of the deep. But I have forgotten him and do not complain. I have a fortune in the Bank of England, but with it is deposited a will, and the orphan son of Ina is my heir."

"You have been kind to me, captain, and in token of gratitude I beg of you to accept my watch and cutlass, and this paper, which you will carefully preserve." So saying, he held out a folded scrap of paper, which my grandfather put into his pocket.

"Morning dawned—but the stranger's eyes did not open upon it—they were closed forever. In the afternoon the "burial service at sea," that most solemn of sea scenes was performed—and the shrouded body of the pirate, with a gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface of the ocean, and sank swiftly into its mysterious depths."

It was many hours afterwards that grandfather bethought himself of the paper in his pocket. He opened it and read as follows:

"Capt. Lane: On the eastern point of Nantucket, at high water mark, is a tall, sharp cliff. A quarter league due west from that cliff is a large, round stone, and near the stone a thorn-bush. That bush grows in a very rich soil."

The duties of his station kept my grandfather a long time abroad, and when he was in Boston about two years afterwards, and having a few days of leisure, he was thinking about acting upon the hint of the enigmatical paper, when his eye happened to fall on the following paragraph in the old Boston Messenger:

"WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—As Mr. John Rodgers was breaking a piece of pasture ground on the east shore of Nantucket, about a month ago, his ploughshare turned up a stout thorn-bush, sticking to the roots of which Mr. Rodgers spied several Spanish dollars. Upon this he went to digging lustily, and did not give up till he had hauled out coins, chiefly Spanish doubloons, of more than \$25,000 value. No doubt it was buried by Capt. Kidd or some of his pirate kin."

"No doubt," thought my grandfather, as he put down the paper with a slight nervousness. In a week he was again facing the storms of the ocean, enriching his employers by his skill and toil, till infirmities finally drove him high and dry on shore. There, in due time, he died of old age, leaving little to his family, except the pirate's cutlass which three generations of boys have used in their juvenile "training," and which rusted and blunted, may now be seen in the office of his great grandson, a lawyer of New York.—New Bedford Standard.

A SUBMARINE BALLOON.

The International Exhibition of Nice is reserving some wonders for the foreigners who may propose to pass a portion of the winters of 1883-84 upon the borders of the Mediteranean. One of these wonders is a balloon which its inventor, M. Toselli, calls "the observatory under the sea."

It is made of steel and bronze, to enable it to resist the pressure which the water produces at a depth of 120 meters. This "observatory under the sea" has a height of eight meters, and is divided into three compartments. The upper is reserved for the commander to enable him to direct and to watch the working of the observatory and to give to the passengers the explanations necessary as to the depth of the descent, and what they will see in the depths of the sea. The second apartment, in the centre of the machine, is comfortably furnished for passengers to the number of eight, who are placed so that they can see a long distance from the machine. They have under their feet a glass which enables them to examine at their ease the bottom of the sea, with its fishes, its plants and its rocks. The observatory being almost complete at seventy meters of depth, the observatory will be provided with a powerful electric sun, which sheds light to a great distance in lighting these depths. The passengers have at their disposal a telephone, which allows them to converse with their friends who have stopped on the steamboat, which transports the voyagers to such places as are known as the most curious in the neighborhood. They have also handy a telegraph machine. Beneath the passengers an apartment is reserved for the machine, which is constructed on natural principles—that is to say, as the vessel of the fish, becoming heavier or lighter at command, so as to enable the machine to sink or rise at the wish of the operator.—[London News.

Circumstances do alter cases. A telegraph boy has been known to actually run with a message, when there was a fire in the direction of its destination.

A hirsute but hasty Pittsburger felt aggravated when told that he "was bearded like the parid." He savagely replied that his pard was his own son and had no more beard than a school girl.

RATS AT SEA.

Unhappy Experience of a Passenger on the Mediterranean Steamship—Several Sailors Badly Bitten.

A passenger on one of the small steamers engaged in the fruit trade and touching at various ports along the Mediterranean, tells the following story of his experiences on the voyage from Leghorn to New York city:

"Coming on board at Leghorn I was favorably impressed by the general appearance of the steamer, though somewhat surprised to find so few passengers, only five or six staterooms being engaged. For some days all went well and the voyage along the shores of Italy with a glassy sea and perfect weather was all that was delightful. But my pleasure in the dreamy languor of an Italian summer, the heat tempered by the fresh sea breezes, was soon to receive a check from what at first was simply an annoyance, but which finally became so intolerable that sleep became almost impossible, and safety could only be found at the cost of unceasing vigilance. The secret of all our trouble is given in one word—rats. On shore, if a house is filled with these beasts there is some remedy at hand, or at least there is always the last resort of flight. But at sea there is no escape, and for a person cursed with an unutterable loathing for this class of vermin, the knowledge that he is shut up and helplessly consigned to their tender mercies is simply intolerable."

"As we passed down the coast, stopping at half a dozen different ports and never at sea more than a day or two, there was comparatively little trouble, though it was noticed that traps were continually set, and one of the sailors, on being questioned, said they had caught a great number of rats since leaving Leghorn, and he added that he thought the rats were increasing in numbers, more coming on board at each port. However, beyond occasionally hearing them at night and a general feeling that the ship contained more than her fair allowance, the passengers—two ladies only being included in the number—look little notice of the matter, and nothing serious occurred until we left Gibraltar. Then the trouble began. The cargo, which consisted almost entirely of oranges and lemons, was of course almost untouched; and when we were three days out, the rats, becoming bolder by hunger, began to make their presence known in a manner which was decidedly unpleasant. To give some idea of the number, it was not unusual for from thirty to fifty to be caught and drowned in a single day, and this made no perceptible difference in the number. At first they confined their voyages to the hold and fore-cabin, but finally invaded the saloon and staterooms. Going to one's room at night was at last a feat requiring some nerve and courage—the more so as it had generally to be done in pitch darkness. It was not at all unusual to step down into the saloon and hear a sound as if hundreds of rats were scampering away at your approach. Sleep became a luxury to be enjoyed only by day, for the staterooms were unbearable finally. Soap, shoes, trunks, clothes, everything in fact was eaten and destroyed by this ravenous horde, rendered wild by famine and bold by countless numbers. Several of the sailors were severely bitten in their sleep, and a good sized dog that had shown intense hatred for the pests, at the beginning of the voyage, became shy of going below at night, and the last ten days before reaching New York passed his entire time on deck. He could not be induced to go below even in the day time."

"It would not be possible to estimate the number of rats on board, but it must have reached well into four figures, and many of the sailors said they had never known in all their voyages a ship so overrun with vermin, many being of the large Norwegian variety. When we reached New York, for days rats were seen leaving the ship at all hours, many hundreds escaping to the docks in this way. The reason for the presence of so unusual and fierce a horde was said to be the nature of the cargo carried out from America, which consisted largely of provisions and grain."

EMERSON'S FAME.

The continuance of Emerson's fame and power as an author will depend upon the verdict of posterity as to his art. No one can authoritatively predict what that verdict will be. But it is not presumptuous to discuss the point and to give one's own convictions. It seems to us that Emerson's thoughts, expressed either in prose or verse, are packed tight for a long journey. Especially does this seem clear with regard to this poetry. Harsh and limping as much of his verse may be, there are lines, couplets, stanzas and whole poems that have about them the flavor of immortality. Hating jingle, he sometimes stumbled into discord—but for all that there is no poet that has written on this side of the water who has produced so many lines of poetry not only weighty with deep and novel thought, but beautiful in form and texture—with a beauty like Shakespeare, like Shelley (whom he underrated), like Keats. When Emerson's line is good, it is unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound; the vowels, the consonants, the syllable are exquisitely musical. It may be said of Emerson as of Michael Angelo, when he "deigns to be beautiful" how piercing the quality of beauty!—[Emerson's Fame.

A TERRIBLE SPIREE.

"You're looking pretty fresh this morning," observed the managing editor, as the religious editor strolled into the sanctum, and put his feet up on the desk to tie his shoe.

"Don't feel very good!" growled the religious editor. "I got off with some of the boys last night, and we had a racket; now your her me shout."

"Who was in the party?" inquired the managing editor, enviously. "A lot of clergymen were showing a stranger around," replied the religious editor, stretching out full length. "We went from one church to another to see how the prayer meetings were getting on, and then we called on several old fellows who were too superannuated to get around with us. They all set 'em up—"

"Set up what?" demanded the managing editor, rather startled. "Lemonade and biscuits and doughnuts," continued the religious editor. "By that time it was nine o'clock, and all hands were getting excited, and somebody said he knew a man who had cider in his cellar. After we had downed a quart or two of that, we began to get reckless. So we went to the house of one of the brethren and sang hymns till half-past ten. I got a notion how things were coming out, and wanted to jump the game; but they wouldn't have it, and the most hilarious man in the crowd said if we could come around to his house he would cut a pie. That made 'em all fairly wild, and away we went. After the pie we had some more hymns, and finally, to wind up the whole business, I sent out and bought a watermelon. That busted the racket. They got to throwing seeds at each other, and they laughed so loud that you could almost hear them in the next room."

"Anything else?" inquired the managing editor, dryly. "No," responded the religious editor. "When we had finished the melon we all went home, but you bet some of those dominies have got a head on 'em this morning!"

"Shouldn't wonder," assented the managing editor. "And I don't suppose you feel much like work?" "I might be braced up to it," grinned the religious editor, with an eye on the closet door.

And the managing editor pulled out the demijohn and the religious editor washed down the last recollection of the night before with a copious draught of fourth proof forgetfulness.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

"What kind of a place is this?" asked a traveling man of a native the first time he landed in a far Western city.

"Oh, it's a h— of a place," was the reply. "Much business?" "Well, I should bust a hamstring." "Natives all high toned?" "You're knocking at the right door now."

"Any evidence of metropolitan civilization?" "Woods full of them and more expected." "What, for instance?" "You want a straight lay out, do you?" "Yes."

"Well, sir, six months ago there wasn't nothin' here but the timber to make houses out of; now we got 3,000 people, one cashier skipped the town with \$25,000, a preacher bounced for gettin' too sweet on the women, two city officials short in their reckoning, a jury bringin' in a verdict of 'motional sanity in a killin' case, ten men failed and paid ten cents on a dollar, a dude on a stump at the street corner, ballot box stuffed at the last election, woman run away with another one's husband, and soforth, et-settery. Civilization? Well, if you can get a civilized town than this 'un, you just send her out here and I'll buy it for a show."—[Cheek.

What is summer without a thermometer? ONE OF THE ELECT.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Plain Dealer reports that Hon. Martin A. Foran, congressman elect from the Cleveland, Ohio, district, has used St. Jacob's Oil in his family and has always found it safe and reliable and it afforded him great relief to a lame knee.

The telegraph wires are kept down because the agents lie on them so heavily.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

The bear that will do no harm on 'Change is simply a big bear.

Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequaled for brilliancy.

August weather is playing in with the sea-side resort keepers.

From North Hampton, N. H., Mrs. L. B. Tarlton, writes: "Samaritan Nervine cured my son."

Emerson says "all healthy things are sweet tempered."

DECLINE OF MAN. Impotency of mind, limb, or vital functions, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by World Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

The household detests water. If it must die by drowning it prefers death in a bowl of milk.

FILES! FILES! FILES!!! A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Files, itching of the private parts and for nothing else.

It does not take much of an artist to do this. Lydia E. Pinkham's... is shadowed in almost every paper we pick up. It appears to have discovered what... The grand elixir, to support the vitality of human nature. It is quite evident that... has the patent and has secured the contracts for making over and improving the invalid ones of American womanhood.—Globe.

Ammen's Cough Syrup cures colds, coughs, bronchitis and consumption. "What is bred in the bone, will never out of the flesh." But rheumatism, piles, constipation and all other conditions from the arrangements of the functions of the liver, kidneys and bowels will "out of the liver," with out fail after the thorough use of Ammen's Cough Syrup for all such diseases.

"Buchu-Palpa." Quick, complete cure of annoying kidney and urinary diseases.

Many persons who seemingly have consumption have perfectly sound lungs, and their distress originates altogether from disordered liver and liver. Now there are a number of remedies that will relieve kidney and liver diseases, but there is only one that can be depended upon for effecting a permanent cure, and that is Brown's Iron Bitters. Its efficacy has been satisfactorily proven in thousands of instances after all other remedies failed.

St. Jacob's... THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BRACHIALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Sprains, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other localities and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Instructions on Label. The Charles A. Vogel Co., (Incorporated in A. T. GERMANY), Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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TUTT'S HAIR DYE. GRAY HAIR ON WITHERS changed to Glossy Black by a single application of this DYE. It is sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of Office, 25 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK. (TUTT'S PILLS of various kinds on application.)

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