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MODERN COURTSHIP.

They were sitting close together
In a pleasant, shady nook;
They looked at one another
With a loving, longing look.
Then Edwin broke the silence,
And with emotion shook,
As he softly, softly whispered,
"Angelina, can you cook?"

His anxious face grew tranquil,
Angelina whispered "Yes;"
His thoughts (of well cooked dinners)
No language could express.
His hand sought Angelina's
In a lingering caress;
Then he said, "Oh, Angelina,
Did you make or buy that dress?"

Edwin's heart grew—oh, so joyfull
For she always made her frocks,
And lightly strayed his fingers
Over Angelina's locks
While they gazed upon the roses,
The pinks and hollyhocks.
Then again he summoned courage,
"Could you—knit a pair of socks?"

Poor Cupid near them hovered
And he listened in dismay.
Sighed he, "I'm out of fashion,
I am only in the way;
Out of print's the old, old story,
Self holds universal way!"
Then he wept as Edwin whispered,
"Angelina, name the day."

—Boston Courier.

MY FIRST DUEL.

"Who is that pretty girl who bowed to you?"

"That is Carmen Ellauri de Garcia." As he spoke an amused smile passed over the face of Carlos Gonzales.

This short conversation was held between two young men one afternoon as they stood under the arcade of La Confiteria del Aguela, in Calle Florida, in the city of Buenos Ayres.

Both young men belonged to the gilded youth of our city, and having very little to do were amusing themselves by watching all the pretty girls pass along the Calle Florida.

"Why do you smile?" asked Dr. Federico Pinares, who had been the first one to speak.

"You would also smile," answered Carlos, "if you had made a fool of yourself about a woman, sent her enough flowers every day to adorn a church, stayed awake all night to write a few lines of poetry to send her; danced with her so often that every one said, 'Oh, yes, they are going to be married;' fought a duel for her, and then had that very same woman pass you in the street with a cool bow and completely ignore you otherwise."

"You fought a duel, why?" asked Federico.

"It is a long tale, and it happened while you were in Paris studying medicine. I presume you never heard of it?"

"If I did, I do not remember now," answered Dr. Pinares. "Now, Carlos, tell me all about it."

"It is nearly half past 6. Let us go to the Cafe de Paris and have dinner. There, after dinner, I will tell you the story."

The two young men proceeded toward Piedad street and entered the brilliantly lighted restaurant of the Cafe de Paris.

After a costly dinner, for in Buenos Ayres everything is costly, they asked for their coffee and chartreuse, and Carlos Gonzales commenced his story:

"Three years ago I would have gone fighting windmills, a flock of sheep, or worse, like Don Quixote, had any one told me that Carmencita Ellauri was not the prettiest girl in Buenos Ayres; but for that matter I could name you half a dozen men who thought the same thing, and among them was Ernesto Frias.

"You perhaps remember what great friends Ernesto and I once were, but when we both began courting Carmen all our friendship flew away upon the wings of the wind.

"Carmen certainly gave me reason to think that she was serious, and I suppose she did the same to Frias, for many people believed she would marry him.

"One night—it was really 2 o'clock in the morning—we were playing cards at the Club del Progreso, when between two games one of the men remarked, 'By the way, Frias, when does the wedding come off?'

"'What wedding?' he asked.

"'Why, your marriage with Carmencita Ellauri.'

"'Now, don't be foolish,' Frias calmly said; 'go on; give me my cards.'

"All the men laughed, and one of them said:

"'Silence gives consent, and so we may believe that you are engaged to her. Well, let me congratulate you.' And so saying he slapped Frias on the shoulder.

"Frias only smiled complacently, and they continued their raillery until I could stand it no longer, inasmuch as I had been on fire during all the conversation, so I lifted my head and said as calmly as I could:

"'Gentlemen, it is in very bad taste to thus use the name of a lady, and any one who does it or allows it without resenting the insult is a coward.'

"Ernesto turned pale, and pushing back his chair rose to his feet.

"'Am I to understand that this insult is directed to me?' he asked.

"'I care not what you understand,' I answered; 'I expressed my sentiment.'

"'And do you know what my sentiment is?' he asked. 'I think that you are the greatest coward for daring to take that lady's name as a basis for a scandal and a quarrel.'

"Blind with fury, I advanced toward Frias, and with my open palm smote his cheek lightly. Ernesto clinched his fists and made a move toward me, but some of his friends held him back, as others were holding me. Ernesto took out his cardcase, and with trembling fingers opened it, got a card, threw it on the table and said: 'I hope that Senor Gonzales will not be coward enough to refuse to meet me. Tomorrow, or rather today, at 10 o'clock in the morning, I will send him my seconds.'

"'Mine will be ready to meet those of Senor Frias,' I ceremoniously answered.

"'Well,' I thought on leaving the club, 'here I am engaged in a duel, but I don't care; I was defending her; besides I shall have the choice of weapons, and certainly I shall choose swords.'

"I was an expert with the sword, as I had taken lessons from the celebrated Italian professor, Signor Spadachini, so my mind was perfectly at peace.

"When I reached home I wrote two or three letters to friends of mine, who I knew would be my seconds, ordered my servant to take the letters to their respective addresses as soon as it became light, and then went to bed and slept calmly until 8 o'clock.

"At about 9 I saw my seconds and gave them my instructions. I was rather excited until I saw them again, nearly four hours later, when they acquainted me with the result of their interview. We were to go to Montevideo to fight, for, as you know, dueling is forbidden on Argentine soil. The meeting would take place next day at 2 o'clock p. m. in the country house of a friend of one of my seconds.

"In the meantime the story of our quarrel had become public property and the afternoon papers were full of it. I managed to elude all the reporters, and, safe from annoyance, took the steamer bound for Montevideo that evening. Next morning I landed in that city very much the worse for a terrible storm that we had encountered in crossing over.

"I slept nearly all the morning, and at noon they called me to dinner. I could not eat a mouthful of anything, and by a quarter past 1 I stepped into the carriage that was to convey me to the meeting place.

"We arrived there all too soon, it seemed to me; but no, Ernesto Frias, with his seconds, was there, and also a physician ready for whatever emergency might arise.

"When all the usual formalities had been observed we began our duel.

"Ernesto is a good swordsman and so am I. We both went through the forms of attack and defense with such skill that it would have made glad the heart of our teachers had they seen us.

"One mortal hour elapsed and not a scratch had either of us received. The thing was getting to be, to say the least, slightly monotonous, and so I began to charge more impetuously. Frias defended himself in a masterly manner. I began to lose my head. Presently I felt something cold and sharp pierce my upper arm. In drawing out the sword blood followed it. Our seconds immediately stepped between us, and the doctore tore off the sleeve of my left arm and disclosed to my eyes a small wound between the elbow and the shoulder.

"Frias declared that he was satisfied, and so was I, so our seconds solemnly said, 'The honor of both gentlemen is vindicated.' Our courage was now unquestionable. We shook hands, and so ended my first and only affaire d'honneur."

"Yes, but what of the rest, the lady, etc.," asked Dr. Pinares.

"Oh, the papers were full of it—some praising, a few censuring, but on the whole it was very flattering to Frias, and a little to myself. As for her—well," laughing, "that is what amused me. She would not see either of us after the affair, and a month later she married Don Pablo Garcia, a very wealthy merchant. It seems that she was engaged to him during all the time when she was making fools of Frias and me."—Translated from the Spanish of Paul A. Tebareo for Romance by Amalia Solano.

Shyster Lawyers.

J. L. Reese, of Brooklyn, holds in special detestation the shyster lawyer and his methods for obtaining business. Mr. Reese is at the Grand Pacific and said that some weeks ago while crossing a street in New York city he was knocked down by a wagon that was going at a rapid rate, but which he could have avoided if he had been more careful and not in such a hurry. He was carried into a drug store, and the driver, almost as scared as he was, was one of the first by his side. He gave his name and address to a policeman, who constituted himself the first judge in the case.

In a few hours he was not much the worse for the accident and went home. He had hardly finished breakfast the next morning when a lawyer called who insisted that he knew all about the case and dilated at some length on reckless street driving in general and the carelessness of the driver in this case in particular. He was informed that if Mr. Reese determined to prosecute the case he would be informed. Before noon four other lawyers called, and each tried his best to induce the injured man to go to law about it. Mr. Reese finally gave orders that if any one else asked for him to find out if he were a lawyer before admitting him. If any more called he didn't hear of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Loss of Teeth Affects Length of Life.

The loss of the masticating teeth before the thirtieth year means a shortening of the life of the individial of from two to five years. To know the extent to which many of these teeth are lost, even before the fifteenth year, one has only to turn to the reports of the examination of the teeth of children in the schools and orphan homes of London and elsewhere. If some effective measures are not adopted for combating the ravages of dental decay it looks very much as though another half century would find the poorer classes of English people practically edentulous before the twentieth year.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Yearning for City and Country Life.

The man who lives in the country yearns for the city, the man who lives in the city yearns for the country. The farmer would seek pent precincts of the town and bend over ledgers; the clerk, already bent double over his ledgers, craves the free air and the unconfined horizons of the farm, the distant hills and the broad acres between. Variety, is it not, which they both seek?

In opposite currents, doubtless, but both continually by immutable tendencies. Such is certainly the optimistic theory of the situation implied by these "abandoned" farm pamphlets. Is it the true one?—Appleton Morgan in Popular Science Monthly.

A FORTUNE FOUND IN SOAP.

How a Brakeman Discovered a Swede's Hoarded Gold.

Mr. Raney, in conversation with a number of travelers, told the following story, which he says actually occurred in his presence while en route on a Great Northern freight train near Morris, Minn.:

I boarded a freight train at Hancock, (he began) en route to Breckenridge. There were about forty hobos on board the box cars. I arranged with three brakemen to make the rounds and see if they couldn't be made to put up for their ride. I acted the part of the conductor, while the trainmen followed out my instructions. We went from one car to another until we had visited all but one. Few failed to comply with our request, but showed hostility, and would doubtless have taken the advantage of our small number had I not provided myself with a gun, which protruded in full view from my coat pocket.

The last car we visited was partially loaded with lime, and between the barrels we found two Swedes who handled the American language in the most humorous manner. We informed them they would necessarily have to pay for their ride or get off at the next station, to which the spokesman replied: "Vwe don't gat no muny. Vwe bane com from Nort Docota, und vork purty hard and gats no muny."

"Where do you want to go?" asked a brakeman.

"Vwe vant tu go to Mainopolis."

"You are headed in the wrong direction," returned the brakeman.

"Val, vwe go tu Brekenridge und vwe den go ast. Vwe no mane dare ho ba gude faller und let us rade."

The brakeman was not satisfied with the Swedes' statements that they were moneyless, so they were searched. While the searching was going on one of the Swedes said again:

"Vwe don't gate nu muny. Sopuse vwe ly 'bout laddle ting like date?"

The brakeman, being satisfied that there was no money on their persons, was about to withdraw from the car when he discovered a small bundle in the corner of the car tied up with a handkerchief. The bundle was examined. A pair of old socks and several rags were tightly wrapped around a piece of soap about three by six inches in size. The brakeman said he guessed he would take the soap anyway, as he could use it himself. Here the Swedes made a robust protest, saying, "No, vwe don't vant you tu take dote sope."

"What good is the soap to you?" asked the brakeman.

"Vwe vant da sope for vash wid bafur vwe gate in Mainopolis."

"What do you expect to do in Minneapolis?" said the brakeman.

"Vwe tank vwe ville gate leddle vork tu du dare, as a ba prutty gude toun."

The brakeman then said he would do the fair thing and only take half the soap, to which the Swedes begged earnestly for him to leave the soap. The brakeman took the cake over his knee and broke it through the center, and lo! to the amazement of all, a twenty dollar gold piece rolled out. By this time the Swedes were nearly wild, and their ejaculations were side splitting in the extreme.

The soap was then cut into bits and $200 in gold coin, consisting of twenties, tens and fives, taken out. The Swedes had adopted this strange method of safely disguising their possessions; but, as misfortune had it, their novel idea failed. It is needless to say that the brakeman appropriated one of the shining pieces for his own use, to the heart-rending dismay of the sons of Sweden, and departed for the caboose.—Fargo Argus.

Dress Goods from Spirit Land.

"A conductor on the International and Great Northern once told me a queer story," remarked Ezra Morgan at the Lindell. "His name was Painter, and his run was from Galveston to Willis, Tex. He said that shortly after his marriage he made a compact with his wife that whichever died first should appear to the other. She only lived about a year, and shortly after her demise, while he was sitting reading one evening, she walked up to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. She talked with him a few minutes as freely as though in the flesh; then, picking up a pair of shears that laid on the table, said: 'After I am gone you may doubt that I appeared to you. You may think it a dream or a hallucination. Keep this as a souvenir, and doubt not.' She cut a piece from her dress, laid it on the table and vanished. The goods resemble white silk, but the textile experts confess that they do not know what it is; that if any such goods were ever woven in an earthly loom they do not know it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese Officials.

In China there are two officials for each post, in order that one may spy upon the other, the rule being that no official shall report what he has done, but only what the other has done.

From the highest official to the lowest all practice a system of unblushing robbery, called "squeezing." The salary of a viceroy in some cases is £60 a year; he regularly draws not less than £8,000. The salary of a judge is £40 a year; he regularly draws at least £2,000. There are 1,200 police in Canton, not one of whom receives wages, and yet the office is much sought after. The fact is, we are assured, that the police are on excellent terms with the guild or fraternity of thieves, and they work harmoniously together.—Jesse Herbert.

About Two English Poets.

A cottager near Farringford said one day to his clergyman, "They tells me that this 'ere Lord Tennyson's a great poet." "Certainly he is—a very great poet." "And I've been readin a man named Shakespeare—he was a great poet too?" "Indeed he was." "Well," said the rustic critic as he struck his spade deep into the soil, "I don't think nothing o' neither of 'em!"—New York Tribune.

Two Ways of Taming Horses.

What is announced as being a trial of the relative merits as horse tamers of Leon, of Australia, and Sample, of America, was commenced in the theater adjoining the Westminster aquarium the other evening. A committee of between forty and fifty gentlemen, including military men, veterinary surgeons and others, has been formed to supervise the affair, and it is intended to award the winner a prize of £100. A number of intractable and vicious horses, or horses suffering from other defects of temper, will be submitted to the rival tamers, and the committee will decide as to which, in the words of Professor Atkinson, most nearly conforms to the requirements of simplicity, humanity and practicability. Owing to various causes last night's demonstration was of a rather restricted character.

Each man "handled," as the term is, two horses, and with, from his own point of view, success. Leon's system of "taming," as is perhaps generally known, consists in the subjection of the animal to be operated on by an ingenious and most effective arrangement of bits, gags and cords, while Sample, after securely boxing up his patient, brings him into close proximity with a steam engine, and having familiarized him with its noises while under restraint, afterward drives him right up to it. Both men gave demonstrations of their respective methods with a fair amount of success, and it is understood the committee will award points nightly and give their decision at the end of the fortnight.—London Telegraph.

Slavery Still Exists.

A slave dhow, captured recently by H. M. S. Blanche, has just been condemned. She was on her way to Pemba when the attention of the officer of the watch was attracted by the unusual number of Arabs in a dhow standing in toward the land. On boarding her the dhow was found to contain thirty-three slaves and to have come from Pangani. Three of the slaves were selected by chance to be examined in the prize court.

Of these two came from the neighborhood of Mombasa. One, a male, said that he had been sold by his brother on account of famine prevailing in the district; the other, a young woman, said that a year ago she had been sold by an Arab of Mombasa, and had eventually been sold to the captain of the dhow; the third slave was a little boy, and when examined he said he came from Unyamwezi with a caravan. The captain of the dhow said it was the business of the people on the coast to sell slaves and that he had paid for every one the thirty-three slaves and had not stolen or kidnaped any. The slaves were turned over to the missionaries, and the captain and Arab crew have been dealt with by the sultan of Zanzibar.—London Army and Navy Gazette.

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To Taxpayers.

NOTICE is hereby given to the taxpayers of Marion county, that the law requiring the sheriff to visit each precinct for the collection of county taxes has been repealed by act of the last legislature, which took effect February 27, 1893, consequently all taxes are required to be paid at the sheriff's office in the county court house in Salem, and the sheriff will not visit the precincts as advertised by notices.

JOHN KNIGHT,
Sheriff Marion Co., Or.

February 28, 1893. 3-1-4w dw

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