

IDAHO WORLD.

A WANDERER FROM THE FRONTIER—WHAT WAS FOUND ON HIS BREAST.

He sat on the steps of the City Hall, head in his hands, and one could not help but notice him. He wore a coat of Wolf skins, a bearskin cap, buckskin breeches, and his grizzly hair hung down on his shoulders in a tangled mass. He had drifted East from the wild frontier, and he had fallen sick. No one knew for a long time what ailed him, as he would not reply to inquiries; but finally, when a police-man shook his arm and repeated the inquiry, the man slowly lifted his head and replied: "I'm played!"

His face was pale and haggard, and it was plain that he was going to have an attack of fever. He was sent to the hospital for treatment, he making no inquiries and answering no questions. This was a month ago. He had his personal effects in a sort of a sack. These were a breech-loading rifle, a hatchet, a knife, and several other articles, and when he had been laid on a bed in one of the wards, he insisted that the bag be placed under his head. They offered him medicine, but he turned away his face, and no argument could induce him to swallow any.

"But you are a sick man," said the doctor, as he held the medicine up. "Cuss sickness," replied the old man. "And you may die!" "Cuss death!"

He grew worse as the days went by, and was sometimes out of his head, and talking strange talk of Indian fights and buffalo hunts, but not once did he speak of family, friends, or of himself. He would not let them undress him, comb his hair, or show him any attentions beyond leaving his food on the stand. A raging fever was burning up his system, and when the doctors found that the old man would not take their medicine, they knew that death was only a matter of days.

He must have had an iron constitution and a heart like a warrior, for he held death at arm's length until the other day. When it was seen that he could last but a few hours longer, the nurse asked him if a clergyman should be called.

"Cuss clergymen!" replied the old man, those being the first words he had spoken for three days.

However, two hours after his mind wandered, and he sat up in bed and called out:

"I tell ye, the Lord isn't going to be hard on a feller who has fit Injuns!"

He was quiet again until an hour before his death, when the nurse made one more effort, and asked:

"Will you give me your name?"

"Cuss my name!" replied the old man.

"Havent you any friends?"

"Cuss friends!"

"Do you wish us to send your things to any one?"

"Cuss any one!"

"Do you realize," continued the nurse, "that you are very near the grave?"

"Cuss the grave!" was the monotonous reply.

No further questions were asked, and during the next hour the old man dropped quietly asleep in death, uttering no word and making no sign. When they came to remove the clothing and prepare the body for the grave, what do you suppose they found carefully wrapped in oilskin and lying on his breast? A daguerreotype picture of a little girl! It was taken years and years ago, and when the child was five or six years old. The face of the little one was fair to look upon, and the case which held it has been scarred by bullets. There were a dozen scars on the old man's body to prove that he had lived a wild life, but there was not a line among his effects to reveal his name, or the name of the child whose picture he had worn on his breast for years and years. Who was she? His own darling, perhaps. He would not have treasured the picture so carefully unless there was love in his heart.

No one would have believed that the wolf skin coat covered a heart which could feel love or tenderness, but it did. He might have been returning home after years of weary wandering, or he might have left the frontier to be sure of a Christian burial, and hoping that no unsympathetic eye would fall upon the picture.

Some said keep it, hoping to make it identify the old man, but others laid it back on the battle-scarred breast which had preserved it so long, and it was there yesterday when they buried him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Mr name is somerset," writes a punster. "I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how could I prevail on a young lady, possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

PATTERSON'S BOY.

It is a true saying that "there are no days like the old days," and, indeed, there is no fiction so laughable as the real, humorous incidents of our boyhood days, at least to us, who can so vividly remember every look and gesture of some comic adventure or incident, over which at the time we so nearly split our sides that we can't bear to have a woman's finger poking us in the ribs even to this day without getting us excited. With this prelude, I will introduce "Patterson's Boy." Now it has always been an unanswered question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" but I am fully prepared to answer for "Patterson's Boy," and solemnly declare that it wasn't I who pulled the string.

In my young days "Patterson's Boy" and I used to go for a swimming bath every Sunday morning, during the summer, in the Ohio River. We would go at an early hour, before sunrise, and, as he was a sleepy-headed youth, it required a voice of thunder to rouse him from his snoring. I got tired of the strain on my lungs, and of seeing so many indignant night-capped heads poked out of the neighboring windows, so I suggested to "Patterson's Boy," that he tie a string to his big toe every Saturday night, with the other end tied to the fence, and I could just quietly and gently pull the string, and wake him without disturbing the neighbors. This plan worked well for a time, but one night, "Patterson's Boy" could not find any other string to attach to his toe but a strong, closely-twisted cotton cord, called in the west a troll-line, strong enough to hold the largest fish in the river; so he tied the string securely to his toe, and, with the other end fastened to the fence, he went to sleep in all the sweet security of innocence, and soon his child like snore was mingling with the joyous music of katechisms and jar bugs. There was also another innocent youth who lived across the street from the paternal mansion of "Patterson's Boy." "The course of true love never did run smooth."

Now of course these boys loved each other, but a little unpleasantness sprang up between them, owing to a little game of marbles, in which "Patterson's Boy" came out so far ahead that the other boy never could understand it; and it had been a puzzle to him ever since, although he never cast any imputation on the honor of "Patterson's Boy," and, generously overlooking it, he loved him as well as ever, and would go over and eat pie with him whenever they had a baking at Patterson's.

One morning, however, this boy got up early to solve the problem of that game, and, seeing the string tied to the fence, he thought that he might throw some light on the subject, especially as he knew the other end was tied to the toe of "Patterson's Boy." Now Patterson's calf was lying down by the fence near the string, so the boy went up quietly, and patted the calf on the head, and petted it until he had gained its confidence by false pretences, and then he unfasted that string from the fence and tied it on over the little snubby horns of the calf; then he went over and sat on the gait-post to watch the result. In a few minutes I came along to wake "Patterson's Boy" for our swim, and when I approached the fence the calf jumped up in fright, and started on a run across the lot. I heard a terrible racket inside, and the tumbling over of tables and chairs, and then a yell from "Patterson's Boy," as he came through the window with nothing on but his shirt, and, with a kind of "half hammon" hop, step and jump, he went after that calf, while the tail of his shirt sailed out on the breeze and flopped like the banner of liberty.

Away they went around the yard, over the wood-pile, through the garden, over beans, and peas, and tomato vines, and then disappeared in the corn, where the rattle of the dried corn blades and the yell of "Patterson's Boy" was all that indicated any thing interesting down there. But, rackets clack, they came back again, and "Patterson's Boy" had taken a death-grip on that line to relieve the unpleasant strain on his toe, and as the calf had got warmed up to its work, they were making better time than ever.

They made all the near cuts and sharp turns and curves around that yard; they upset barrels and pans, and broke down all the pretty flowers in the front yard; they knocked down a shelf and smashed all the jars of preserves, and then they disappeared for a moment under the woodshed, where "Patterson's Boy" could be heard thumping his head against the old traps piled up there.

But it never got really lively and interesting until the calf upset the beehive. Then the buzzing of the bees, on that sweet Sabbath morning, was so suggestive of the land where milk and honey flows that it was strange if

"Patterson's Boy" didn't appreciate it. I think he did from the way he hopped, and danced, and yelled.

By this time Patterson came out, and got an old sythe, and mowed around with it until he cut that blasted old string, and got his only son in the house, and by that time the neighbors began to come in to look at him. They had to put some more clothing on him, however, as that shirt he started out with was all gone. You couldn't expect a shirt to last that boy long, scolloping around as "Patterson's Boy" did that morning. I went in to look at him, too. It was interesting to see him. His nose stuck out like a large, full-grown tomato; his ears were as large and thick as your hand; his mouth looked like a hole in a huckleberry dumpling, and his eyes—well, he didn't have any eyes; at least you could not see any.

It was not an extraordinary occasion to the family, but when I asked him if he was going swimming with me, and that other boy wanted him to play marbles, the Patterson family thought we didn't appreciate the situation, and old Patterson lifted us with his boot.

WHAT AILED "UGLY SAM."

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Sam, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him couldn't make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole-in-the-Wall saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking, smoking, and playing cards when I walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw that it was Ugly Sam they uttered a shout and leaped up.

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.

"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.

"Let's roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing which made him hesitate. The whiskey had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him.

"Why, what ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there.

"I've come down to bid you good-bye, boys!" he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"What! Hev ye turned preacher!" They shouted in chorus.

"Boys, you know I can lick any two of ye, but I hain't on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of whiskey which is ever to go into my mouth! I've switched off. I have taken an oath. I'm going to be decent!"

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell ye all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been rough, and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The police hez chased me around like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers has said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this boys, but ye didn't know I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body, living up here in the valley, and if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food, she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—didn't see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother he's a gittin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday! I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pete, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys as Sam hesitated.

"That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went in she reached out her hand to me, and, says she: 'Samuel, I'm going to die and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away!'"

I sat down, feeling queer-like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all

that, but says she: "Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to you, and have prayed for you a hundred o' nights, and cried about you till my old heart was sore!" Some of the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell you boys I felt weak!"

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and bye-and-bye she whispered: 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the last of our family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you'd turn over a new leaf, and try and be good, it seems as if I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?' And I promised her boys, and that's what ails me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit this low business, and go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you won't see me on the Potomac again. I've bought an ax, and am going up to Canada to winter."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all around afore I go. Good-bye Pete—good-bye Jack—Tom—Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling any at any of ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm."

The men looked reflectively at each other after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner and said:

"I'll lick the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't level!"

"So'll I!" repeated the others.

COULDN'T FOOL HER.—A certain Lincoln county bachelor, who has reached the declivity of life, after manifesting in many intelligible ways his devotion to a plump and sprightly widow of his acquaintance, without eliciting any amatory responses on her part, determined to secure by strategy what he had failed to gain in an open engagement. The buxom widow has a son named Ephraim, living in a neighboring county, and the venerable suitor, upon some flimsy pretext, visited the young man recently and remained with him several days. On his return, having previously arranged his plans, he called on the widow, and assuming an expression of countenance that would have done credit to an undertaker of thirty years experience, thus addressed her:

"It is my melancholy duty, madam, to inform you that Ephraim has given up the ghost."

"You don't say!" complacently replied the lady. "I allers knew that Ephraim was fond of sperrets, but I had no idea he was running a ghost. I am glad he has given it up though."

"You don't understand me, my dear madam," continued the somewhat disconcerted suitor, his face growing sadder and sadder; "Ephraim is dead—he's exdired in my arms after a brief illness, and the last words the poor boy uttered were, 'Kiss mam for me, Mr. Ricketts.' And now my dear madam, permit me to obey your departed boy's sad, but affectionate command."

Not a muscle of the widows face quivered, but an ominous light flashed in her eyes as she retorted:

"You can't fool me you heartless old wretch; Ephraim ain't any more dead than I am, and even if he had taken it into his head to die he never would have sent an agly, snaggle-toothed, knock-kneed old Judas Iscariot like you, to kiss his mother for him. So, take yourself off before I set the dogs on you!"

The baffled suitor sloped.—*Fayetteville Express.*

WORTH RETELLING.—A good story is told of an old farmer, whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy.

The farmer not being perfectly satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him: "Now Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and cart; what do you call them in Latin?" "Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus." Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

—*Figaro.*

"C-o-c-can that p-p-p-parrot talk?" asked a stuttering man of a German.

"Ven he don't talk so gootes as you, chop, by tam, his head off."

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher continues to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled the bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, the publisher are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

Miscellaneous.

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