

A LITTLE ANECDOTE.—Ex-Senator Nesmith, in his speech at Eugene lately related the following anecdote illustrative of Elisha, and of Radical philosophers generally: Some twenty years ago, when Elisha was in what may be truthfully, if not elegantly, termed his "big uglies,"—those acquainted with his awkward appearance and ungainly manners at present may possibly imagine what they were at that interesting period of his life, but description is impossible—in his travels came to a mill somewhere in Polk county owned by Mr. Nesmith and an illiterate Miss Owens. Elish had at that time promiscuously stowed away in his mind a mass of vague scraps of history and faint ideas of philosophy, a fault still prominent in his character, which he was exceedingly anxious to display, especially in the presence of strangers, more particularly those whom he suspected to be illiterate. But his awkwardness of manner and appearance were only exceeded by his crude attempts at pedantry. Mr. Owen was standing out side feeding chopped wheat to his hogs, when Elisha appeared, his feet looking like two leather trunks and his body like a whip stock. and after the usual greetings, the following conversation ensued:

Elisha—Stranger, don't you know that you are doing wrong feeding wheat to your hogs, eh?

Owen—I don't know; they appear to be thriving.

Elisha—See here, I have been investigating that subject lately, and I find that pumpkins are things for hogs. Yes, sir, pumpkins! I have studied all the ancient philosophers on that subject, and especially Socrates, Diogenes, and Cantharides, and they agree perfectly with my theory. Cantharides in his biographical, and other treatises on the rearing of swine says: "Corpusculum aggregare swinibus tika saccharinum pumpkinabus, momook him glease, which being translated means, "The saccharine substance of the pumpkin, by neutralizing the gastric juices of the stomach, largely increases the adipose ponderosity of the hog."

Owen—Come out here, Nes, and talk to this fellow, you've got him; he's either a d—d fool or so learned that common folks can't understand him.

MARRIAGE OF THE BERRIES.—We find the following amusing "wedding notice" in an Eastern paper: Married, at Strawberry, Mass., by the Rev. Mr. Cranberry, Nehemiah Blackberry, and Miss Catherine Elderberry, o. Danbury. We wonder what kind of berries that make-up will produce? Subscribe for the News.

A Short Story With a Moral.

An English writer says: "That night I was out late; I returned by the Lee cabin about eleven o'clock. As I approached I saw a strange-looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling; it was autumn. I drew near, and there was Millie, driven her out some hours before, she had lain down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to bed. Before she could get into a troubled sleep, with the rain drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me and returned to the now silent cabin. Things went on this way for weeks and months, but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-enslaving child; and one day, when he awoke from a slumber after a drunken and found her preparing breakfast for him, and singing a childish song, he turned to her, with a tone almost tender, and said, "Millie, what makes you stay with me?"

"Because you are my father and I love you."

"You love me," repeated the wretched man, "you love me!" He looked at his bloated lips, his soiled and ragged clothes, and said, "Love me!" he still in mercy.

"Millie what makes you have me? I am a poor drunkard, everybody else despises me; why don't you?"

"Dear Father," said the girl with swimming eyes, "my mother taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed, and says, 'Millie, do not leave your father; he will get a way from that ruin and find some of these days, and then how happy you will be.'"

The quiet, persistent love of this child was the redemption of this man.

WESTERN DIVORCES.—A Western man got a divorce from his wife, six or eight months ago, and married again. His second wife, a young lady from an excellent family, going home from her parents a few weeks ago, had that the first wife had been dead. She in turn got a divorce, and the man got a license, a few nights since, and married his first wife again. In view of such farcical proceed-ings as this, one can appreciate the witicism of the great American humorist, Josh Billings, when he says that "We lock out West (near the grate gran in the Chicago) 'iz one ov them kind ov folks that almost enny body 'kan pick."

The New York Tribune contains a paragraph that "your hired men in Washington show a great disinclination to attend to business."

FROM OCHOCO.—We learn from a gentleman who has just arrived from Ochoco Valley the following information in relation to that section of country:

The population numbers seventy-five to one hundred. As a community they appear very thrifty and all their improvements have a permanent appearance. They have from six to eight thousand acres of land fenced in, and a considerable amount under cultivation. Wheat and oats are the principal crops being raised, and these appear to be in a fine condition. They have from four to five thousand head of stock, consisting of horses, cattle and sheep, that are looking splendid the grass being excellent for at least five times as many more. They have an excellent school in the valley, taught by Mr. Erawford, the average attendance being about fifteen scholars, and also a flourishing Sabbath School that everybody appears to take much interest in. A saw mill has been completed and is now cutting lumber for ten dollars per thousand, and another sawmill is on the way. There are two stores and two blacksmith shops situated in different sections of the valley.

Our informant tells us that for a new settlement it is the most thrifty and enterprising and go-aheadative that he has ever seen in a new country.—Democrat.

HAPPY.—We haven't seen a particularly happy man of either party since the election. Most everybody look as if they had been running a funeral as chief mourner. We are in hopes that cheerfulness may return before another week rolls round.—Register.

Happy over here "in the forks" Van, you bet. Some time ago you published "Honesty in the forks," but that's played out now—honesty is no go—all happy "in the forks."

Why are good women like ivy? Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.

A codfish breakfast and an Indian rubber overcoat will keep a man dry all day.

There is one lash that no man objects to having laid on his shoulder—the eyelash of a pretty girl.

Wyoming nurses calm the rising generation by singing: "Nice little baby, don't get in a hurry. Cause mamma's gone to sit on Salt Lake City some time ago."

Brigham Young, on his return to Salt Lake City some time ago, received by a procession of several hundred school children, all come out to welcome pappy home.

J. M. JOHNS.

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