

# The Albany Register.

VOL. 1.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

NO. 22.

## The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**COLLINS VAN CLEVE.**

OFFICE OF CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.,  
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

### TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year, Three Dollars;  
Six Months, Two Dollars;  
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,  
\$60; Quarter Column, \$35.  
Transient advertisements per square of ten  
lines or less, first insertion, \$2; each subsequent  
insertion, \$1.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

#### ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-  
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity  
that he has taken charge of this establishment,  
and, by keeping clean rooms and paying  
strict attention to business, expects to suit all  
those who may favor him with their patronage.  
Having heretofore carried on nothing but  
**First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,**  
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.  
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and  
shampooed.  
JOSEPH WEBBER,  
sept 19-2

**GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,**  
GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-  
tal College, would invite all persons desiring  
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,  
to give him a call.  
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate  
linings, and other new styles of work, may be  
seen at his office, in Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up  
stairs) Albany, Oregon.  
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

**D. B. RICE, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,**  
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN  
street,  
Albany, September 19, '68-21f

**E. F. Russell,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Solicitor in Chancery and Real Estate Agent.  
—Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,  
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme  
Court of Oregon.  
Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third  
door west of Ferry, north side of First st. 11  
Special attention given to the collection of  
Claims at all points in the above named Districts.

**Powell & Flinn,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
and Solicitors in Chancery.  
(L. Flinn, Notary Public).  
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances  
promptly attended to.

**Hiltabedel & Co.,**  
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PRO-  
visions, Wood and Willow Ware, Confection-  
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.  
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,  
Oregon.

**W. W. Parrish, J. C. Mendenhall,**  
**W. W. Parrish & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS  
in General Merchandise, Albany. The  
best Goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-  
chantable Produce taken in exchange.

**E. A. Freeland,**  
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books,  
Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc., Post-  
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered  
from New York and San Francisco.

**S. H. Claughton,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE  
AGENT. Office in the Post Office building,  
Lebanon, Oregon.  
Will attend to making Deeds and other convey-  
ances, also to the prompt collection of debts con-  
trusted to my care.

**J. Barrows, L. Blain, S. K. Young,**  
**J. Barrows & Co.,**  
GENERAL AND COMMISSION MER-  
chants. Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy  
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery,  
Boots and Shoes; Albany, Oregon.  
Consignments solicited.

**C. Mealey & Co.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS  
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet  
Ware, First street, Albany.

**Albany Weekly Register**  
**JOB PRINTING**  
**OFFICE,**  
First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store).  
**Albany, Oregon.**

HAVING a very fair assortment of material  
we are prepared to execute, with neatness  
and dispatch, all kinds of  
**PLAIN AND FANCY**  
**JOB PRINTING**

such as  
**Hand-bills,**  
**Programmes,**  
**Bill-heads,**  
**Cards,**  
**Ball Tickets,**  
**Pamphlets,**  
**Labels,**  
**Blanks**

of all kinds,  
at as low figures as a due regard to taste and good  
work will allow. When you want anything in  
the printing line, call at the Register office.

### You Kissed Me.

You kissed me! my head had dropped low upon  
your breast,  
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,  
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not  
speak.  
Flushed up, like a flame, from my heart to my  
cheek,  
Your arms held me fast—O, your arms were so  
bold—  
Heart responded to heart in that passionate hold;  
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through  
mine eyes,  
As the sun draws the mists from the seas to the  
skies;  
And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my  
bliss  
They might never unclasp from that rapturous  
kiss!

You kissed me!—my heart and my breast and  
my will,  
In delicious joy for the moment stood still;  
Life had for me then no temptations or charms—  
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms:  
And were I this instant an angel possessed,  
Of the glory and peace that are given the best,  
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,  
And take from my forehead its beautiful crown,  
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,  
With your lips upon mine, and my head on  
your breast.

You kissed me!—my soul in a bliss so divine,  
Reeled and swooned like a fool-h-mad man drunken  
with wine,  
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death  
Would come while my lips were still moist with  
your breath,  
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow  
cold  
While your arms wrapt me close in that pas-  
sionate hold.  
And these are the questions I asked day and night:  
Must my life taste but once such exquisite  
delight?  
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as  
then,  
And if you were here—could you kiss me again?

**A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.**—Bachelors  
are styled by married men who have  
got their foot in it, as only half-perfected  
beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a  
pair of scissors, and many other ridicu-  
lous titles are given to them; while on  
the other hand they extoll their state as  
one of so perfect a bliss that a change  
from earth to heaven would be some-  
what of a doubtful good. If they are  
so happy, why don't they enjoy their  
happiness and hold their tongues about  
it? What do half the men get married  
for? Simply that they may have some-  
body to darn their stockings, sew but-  
tons on their shirts and trot babies;  
that they may have somebody, as a mar-  
ried man said once, "to pull off their  
boots when they are a little balmy."

These fellows are always talking about  
the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness  
indeed! Who is petted to death by lad-  
ies with marriageable daughters—invited  
to tea and evening parties, and told to  
drop in just when it was convenient?  
The bachelor.  
Who lives in clover all his days, and  
when he dies has flowers strewn over his  
grave by the girls that could not entrap  
him? The bachelor.  
Who strews flowers over the married  
man's grave—the widow? Not muchly;  
she pulls down the tombstone that six  
week's grief had set up in her heart; she  
goes and gets married again, she does.  
Who goes to bed early because time  
hangs heavily on his shoulders? The  
married man.  
Who gets a scolding for picking out  
the softest part of the bed, and for wak-  
ing up the baby in the morning? The  
married man.  
Who has wood to split, house hunting  
and marketing to do, the young ones to  
wash and lazy servants to look after?  
The married man.  
Who is taken up for whipping his wife?  
The married man.  
Who gets divorces? The married man.

Finally, who has got the scriptures on  
his side?—the bachelor. St. Paul  
knew what he was about when he said:  
"He that marries does well, but he that  
marries not does better."  
The chief brewer of Dubuque, Iowa,  
is a woman. The latest about the Prince  
of Wales is that he is a ritualist. Chi-  
cago gets antelope meat from Omaha  
for six cents a pound. Fifteen different  
towns are anxious to be the Capital of  
Kentucky. A Springfield youth has  
been named "U. S. Grant Dandurand."  
An "American Club" has been started  
by American residents at Rome. A  
paper has been started in Madrid to  
advocate the abolition of slavery.

A Connecticut paper of a late date says:  
At a wedding party, during the fore  
part of the week, not one hundred miles  
from Norwalk, a young lady remarked to  
the bride, just after the happy couple  
had been united: "Well, the worst is  
over with." The bride blushingly re-  
plied, "I'm afraid not."

Fisk, Jr., has started \$1,000,000 worth  
of suits, and has sued Vanderbilt for  
\$4,500,000. He is considered the big-  
gest suer in New York city.

Men look at the faults of others with a  
telescope—at their own with the same  
instrument reversed, or not at all.  
"What's the use," asked a ragged fel-  
low, "of a man's working himself to  
death to get a living?"

### A STRANGE STORY.

Late one night in June two gentlemen  
arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths  
of Lucca. They stopped the low britzka  
in which they traveled, and leaving a  
servant to make arrangements for their  
lodging, linked arms and strolled up the  
road toward the banks of the Lima.  
The moon was checked at that moment  
with the poised leaf of a tree-top, and as  
it passed from her face she arose and  
stood alone in the steel-blue of the un-  
clouded heavens—a luminous and tremu-  
lous plate of gold. And you know how  
beautiful must have been the night—a  
June night in Italy, with a moon at the  
full!

A lady, with a servant following her  
at a little distance, passed the travelers  
on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped  
her veil and went by in silence. But  
the Freyherr felt the arm of his friend  
tremble within his own.  
"Do you know her, then?" asked  
Von Leisten.  
"By the thrill of my veins, we have  
met before," said Clay; "but whether  
this involuntary sensation was pleasurable  
or painful, I have not yet decided.  
There are none I care to meet—none  
who can be here." He added the last  
few words after a moment's pause, and  
sadly.

They walked on in silence to the base  
of the mountain, busy each with such  
coloring as the moonlight threw on their  
thoughts; but neither of them were  
happy.  
Clay was humane, and a lover of na-  
ture—a poet, that is to say—and, in a  
world so beautiful, could never be a prey  
to disgust; but he was satisfied with the  
common emotions of life. His heart,  
forever overflowing, had filled many a cup  
with love, but with strange tenacity he  
turned back forever to the first. He was  
weary of the beginnings of love—weary of  
its probations and changes. He had  
passed the period of life when inconstan-  
cy was tempting. He longed now for an  
affection that would continue into another  
world—holy and pure enough to pass a  
gate guarded by angels. And his first  
love—recklessly as he had thrown it away  
—was now the thirst of his existence.

It was two o'clock at night. The moon  
lay broad on the southern balconies of  
the hotel, and every casement was open  
to its luminous and fragrant stillness.  
Clay and the Freyherr, Von Leisten,  
each in his apartment, were awake, un-  
willing to lose the luxury of the night.  
And there was one other under that  
roof walking, with her eyes fixed on the  
moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand  
and looked outward, toward the sky, his  
heart began to be troubled. There was  
a point in the path of the moon's rays  
where his spirit turned back. There was  
an influence abroad in the dissolving moon-  
light around him which resistlessly awak-  
ened the past—the sealed but forgotten  
past. He could not single out the emotion.  
He knew not whether it was fear  
or hope, pain or pleasure. He called  
through the open window, to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr, like himself, and like  
all who had outlived the effervescence of  
life, was enamored of the night. A mo-  
ment of unflattering moonlight was  
dearer to him than hours disenchanted  
with the sun. He, too, had been look-  
ing outward and upward, but with no  
trouble at his heart.  
"The night is inconceivably sweet,"  
he said, as he entered, "and your voice  
called in my thought and sense from the  
intoxication of a revel. What would  
you, my friend?"  
"I am restless, Von Leisten! There  
is some one near us whose glances cross  
mine on the moonlight and agitate and  
perplex me. Yet there was but one on  
earth deep enough in the life-blood of  
being to move me thus, even were she  
here! And she is not here!"  
His voice trembled and softened, and  
the last word was scarce audible on his  
closing lips, for the Freyherr had passed  
his hands over him while he spoke, and  
he had fallen into the trance of the spirit-  
world.

Clay and Von Leisten had retired  
from the active passions of life together,  
and had met and mingled at that mo-  
ment of void and thirst when each sup-  
plied the want of the other. The Frey-  
herr was a German noble, of a character  
passionately poetic, and of singular ac-  
quirement in the mystic fields of knowl-  
edge. Too wealthy to need labor, and  
too proud to submit the thoughts of his  
attainments to the criticism or judge-  
ment of the world, he lavished on his  
own life, and on those linked to him in  
friendship, the powers he had acquired,  
and the prodigious overthrow of his daily  
thought and feeling. Clay was his su-  
perior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity  
had driven him to develop the type of  
his inner soul and leave its impress on  
the time; but he was far inferior to  
Von Leisten in the power of will, and he  
lay in his control like a child in its moth-  
er's. Four years they had passed to-  
gether—much of it in the secluded castle  
of Von Leisten, busied with the occult  
studies to which the Freyherr was se-  
cretly devoted; but traveling down to  
Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and  
dividing their lives between the enjoy-  
ment of nature and the ideal world they  
had unlocked. Von Leisten had lost, by  
death, the human alter on which his heart

could alone burn the incense of love;  
and Clay had flung aside, in an hour of  
intoxicated passion, the one pure affection  
in which his happiness was sealed—and  
both were desolate. But in the world  
of the past, Von Leisten, though more  
irrevocably lonely, was more tranquilly  
blissed.

The Freyherr released the entranc-  
ed spirit of his friend, and bade  
him follow back the rays of the moon to  
the source of his agitation.  
A smile crept slowly over the speaker's  
lips.  
In an apartment flooded with the sil-  
ver luster of the moon, reclined, in an  
invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a  
woman of singular though most fragile  
beauty. Books and music lay strewn  
around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone  
of moonlight by an orb of alabaster,  
burned beside her. She lay bathing her  
blue eyes in the round chalice of the  
moon. A profusion of brown ringlets  
fell over the white dress that enveloped  
her, and her oval cheek lay supported  
on the palm of her hand, and her bright  
red lips were parted. The pure yet pas-  
sionate spell of that soft night possessed  
her.

Over her leaned the disembodied spirit  
of him who had once loved her, praying  
to God that his soul might be so purified  
as to mingle unstartingly, unrepulsively,  
in hallowed harmony with hers. And pre-  
sently he felt the coming of angels toward  
him, breathing into the deepest abysses  
of his existence a tearful and purifying  
sadness. And with a trembling aspira-  
tion of grateful humility to his Maker,  
he stooped to her forehead, and with his  
impalpable lips impressed upon its snowy  
tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of  
the past that brought the blood suddenly  
to her cheek. She started from her re-  
clining position, and, removing the ob-  
scuring shade from her lamp, arose: and  
crossed her hands upon her wrists and  
paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips  
murmured inarticulately. But the  
thought, painfully though it came,  
changed unaccountably to a melancholy  
sweetness; and, subduing her lamp  
again, she resumed her steadfast gaze  
upon the moon.

Ernest knelt beside her, and, with his  
invisible brow bowed down on her hand,  
poured forth, in the voiceless language  
of the soul his memories of the past, his  
hope, his repentance, his pure and pas-  
sionate adoration of the present hour.  
And thinking she had been in a sweet  
dream, yet wondering at its truthfulness  
and power, Eve wept silently and long.  
As the morning touched the east, slum-  
ber weighed upon her moistened eyelids,  
and, kneeling by her bedside, she  
murmured her gratitude to God for a  
heart relieved of a burden long borne,  
and so went peacefully to her bed.

It was in the following year, and in  
the month of May. The gay world of  
England was concentrated in London,  
and at the entertainments of noble houses  
there were many beautiful women and  
many marked men. The Freyherr Von  
Leisten, after years of absence, had ap-  
peared again. His mysterious and un-  
deniable superiority of mien and influ-  
ence was again yielded to, as before, and  
again brought to his feet the homage and  
deference of the crowd he moved among.  
To his inscrutable power the game of  
society was easy, and he walked where  
he would through its barriers of form.  
He stood one night looking on at a  
dance. A lady of noble air was near  
him, and both were watching the move-  
ments of the loveliest woman present—a  
creature in radiant health, apparently  
about twenty-three, and of a matchless  
fascination of person and manner. Von  
Leisten turned to the lady near him to  
inquire her name, but his question was  
arrested by the resemblance between her  
and the object of his admiring curiosity,  
and he was silent.

The lady had bowed before he with-  
drew his gaze, however.  
"I think we have met before," she  
said; "but at the next instant a slight  
flush of displeasure came to her cheek,  
and she seemed regretting that she had  
spoken."  
"Pardon me," said Von Leisten, "but,  
if the question be not rude, do you re-  
member where?"  
She hesitated a moment.  
"I have recalled it since I have  
spoken," she continued; "but as the re-  
membrance of the person who accompan-  
ied you always gives me pain, I would  
willingly have unsaid it. One evening  
last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima,  
you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon  
me; but, though I left Lucca, with my  
daughter on the following morning, and  
saw you no more, the association, or  
your appearance, had imprinted the  
circumstance on my mind."  
"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von  
Leisten, musingly gazing on the beau-  
tiful creature now gliding with light step  
to her mother's side.

But the Freyherr's heart was gone to  
his friend.  
As the burst of the waltz broke in up-  
on the closing of the quadrille, he offered  
his hand to the fair girl, and, as they  
moved around with the entrancing music,  
he murmured in her ear, "He who came  
to you in the moon light of Italy will  
be with you again, if you are alone,  
at the rising of to-night's late moon.  
Believe the voice that then speaks to  
you!"

It was with implacable determination  
that Mrs. Gore refused, to the entreaties  
of Von Leisten, a renewal of Clay's ac-  
quaintance with her daughter. Resent-  
ment for the apparent recklessness with  
which he had sacrificed her maiden love  
for an unlawful passion; scornful ubel-  
lief of any change of his character; dis-  
trust of the future tenacity of the powers  
of his genius—all mingled together in a  
hostility proof against persuasion. She  
had expressed this with all the positive-  
ness of language, when her daughter  
suddenly entered the room. It was in  
the morning after the ball, and she had  
risen late. But though subdued and  
pensive in her air, Von Leisten saw at a  
glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said  
Eve, letting her hand remain in Von  
Leisten's; and bending her deep blue  
eyes inquiringly on his.  
"And with no argument but tears and  
caresses, and an unexplained assurance  
of her conviction of their repentant purity  
and love of him to whom her heart was  
once given, that confiding and strong-  
hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will  
that forbade her happiness. Her mother  
unclasped the slight arms from her neck,  
and gave her hand in silent consent to  
Von Leisten.

The Freyherr stood a moment with his  
eyes fixed on the ground. The color  
fled from his cheeks, and his brow moist-  
ened.  
"I have called him!" he said; "he will  
be here!"  
An hour elapsed and Clay entered the  
house. He had risen from a bed of sick-  
ness, and came, pale and in terror—for  
the spirit-summons was powerful. But  
Von Leisten welcomed him at the door  
with a smile, and withdrew the mother  
from the room; and left Ernest alone  
with his future bride—the first union,  
save in spirit, after years of separation.

**VICE PRESIDENT COLFAX.**—Our Vice  
President elect, Schuyler Colfax, recently  
made a speech at a New England dinner,  
in which he referred to the growth of the  
United States as the result of the grand-  
eur of American citizenship. In the  
course of his remarks he said:  
"It is the shield of American citizen-  
ship which shall make us proud and  
potential and lift up our country to a  
prouder position among the nations. It  
is that which is to teach those who are  
clothed with the solemn trust of repre-  
senting this great realm of freemen, who  
rule here not by divine right but by free  
institutions, that when they stand speak-  
ing for us at the bar of any civilized na-  
tion in the world they shall not, on the  
one hand, disgrace us by boastful gascon-  
nade, nor, on the other, dishonor us by  
bowing the knee. Then, when with that  
self-reliance, that calm, that dignified  
American nationality, we command the  
respect to which our great resources  
and unequalled trials, which we have sur-  
vived so gloriously and auspiciously, en-  
title us, then we need not go into markets  
of the world to get gold and silver to  
induce those islands of the sea and ad-  
jacent States and provinces to cast in their  
mite with us, to share with our future.  
I feel ashamed as an American when I  
hear of proffers of soil and sovereignty to  
men and women and children with gold  
and silver from our national treasury, to  
share with us in the magnificent future. As  
you would spurn a bride that is bought  
with silver as a fair woman would spurn  
a husband who had been lured to her  
side by her wealth instead of her heart,  
so we, as Americans should devote our  
nationality to win those who are near to  
us in territorial congeniality to cast in  
their lot with us. When voluntarily and  
in a body they ask to share with us in  
our destiny and our future, we should  
then welcome them into the fold of  
American citizens."

**DEATH FROM SWALLOWING A PIN.**  
A London paper gives an instance of  
death resulting from the swallowing of a  
pin. The deceased was a girl of eleven  
years of age, and had been ill for a year  
and a half, during which time she had  
become subject to fits. After her death,  
a post mortem examination of the body  
was made, when, in removing the liver  
for examination, something pricked the  
operator's finger, and, on further search,  
he found a pin, which had penetrated  
the liver, the head of it being still in the  
stomach. The pin had been swallowed  
at least two years before, and had taken  
an inward course, producing the fits, con-  
comitant pains, and eventually death.

Beethoven said of Rossini, when his  
sensual, seductive strains invaded Vi-  
enna: "If his master had boxed his  
ears oftener, he might have made a great  
composer."  
During the month of December the  
County Clerk of San Francisco issued one  
hundred and ninety-six marriage licenses.  
The Idaho Tidal Wave tells of seeing  
a man Christmas morning sitting im-  
mersed in a water trough, sound asleep.  
Maine sent 1,171 Smiths, 777 Browns  
and 385 Jones into the war.  
Isabella, of Spain, is the last distin-  
guished "carpet-bagger."  
Typhoid fever prevails in New York.

### Mark Twain's Visit to General Grant.

Mark Twain went to see General  
Grant on his return to Washington, the  
other day, and this is what Mark writes  
about it:  
"I had said to him: 'Sir, what do you  
propose to do about returning to specie  
basis?' To which he made no audible  
reply. Then I said: 'Sir, do you mean  
to stop the whisky frauds, or do you mean  
to connive at them?' To which he re-  
plied as before. I now said: 'Do you  
intend to do straightforwardly and un-  
ostentatiously what every true, high  
minded Democrat has a right to expect  
you to do, or will you with accustomed  
obstinacy, do otherwise, and thus, by your  
own act, compel them to resort to assas-  
sination?' To which he replied: 'Let us  
have peace.' I continued: 'Sir, shall  
you insist upon stopping blockaded at the  
South, in plain opposition to the Southern  
will, or shall you generously permit a  
brave but unfortunate people to worship  
God according to the dictates of their  
own consciences?' No reply. 'Sir, do  
you comprehend that you are not the  
President of a party?—that you were not  
elected by your own strength, but by the  
weakness of the opposition? That, con-  
sequently, the Democrats claim you, and  
justly and righteously expect you to ad-  
minister the Government from a Demo-  
cratic point of view?' Riotous silence.  
'Sir, who is to report the customary,  
necessary, coherent, and instructive inter-  
views with the President,—Mack of the  
Enquirer, J. B. S., of the World, or my-  
self, of the Tribune?' General Grant  
said: 'Let us have peace!' I resumed:  
'Sir, do you propose to exterminate the  
Indians suddenly, with soap and educa-  
tion, or doom them to the eternal annoy-  
ance of warfare, relieved only by peri-  
odical pleasantries of glass beads and  
perishable trinkets?' No response. 'Sir,  
as each section of the Pacific Railroad is  
finished, are you going to make the com-  
panies spike down their rails before you  
pay? Which is to say, are you going to  
be a deliberate tyrant?' A silence undisturb-  
able from the preceding was the only  
response. 'Sir, have you got your  
Cabinet all set? What are you going to  
do with those Blair's?' 'Let us have  
peace!' 'Sir, do you comprehend who it  
is that is conversing with you?' 'Peace!'  
'Sir, am I to have Nasby's postoffice, or  
—Go to the—mischief! I have a thou-  
sand of your kind around me every day.  
Questions, questions, questions! If you  
must ask questions, follow Fitch, and in-  
quire after the Erie rolling mill—you'll  
have steady employment. I can't stand  
it, and I won't stand it—I must have  
peace!"

**NEWS PARAGRAPHS.**  
Terre Haute and Indianapolis want  
public libraries.  
New Albany (Ind.) Advertisers have  
fixed the end of the world for the 10th  
of July next.  
Knox county (Ind.) is to have a new  
\$100,000 court house.  
The American ship Webster has been  
totally lost at Antwerp.  
Dunkirk (N. Y.) has a sensation in  
the shape of a haunted house, with raps-  
ings, pale blue lights, etc.  
The other day an Augusta (Ga.) editor  
was cowhided on the street by a rival  
quill driver.  
The principal of a public school in  
Paterson (N. J.) has been censured by  
the Board of Education for beating the  
scholars.  
An anti-swearing society has been  
formed among the operatives in a shoe  
factory in North Adams, Mass.  
In Boston, recently, a lady fell down  
stairs and broke her arm, and the surgeon  
who set the broken bone fell and broke a  
rib while leaving the house.  
First-class New York residences now  
contain a billiard room, a chapel, and a  
theatre or concert saloon.  
Under the head of College Intelligence  
an exchange says the Cornell University  
"consumes six head of beef weekly." It  
takes something evidently to furnish  
brains for this college.  
A correspondent is anxious to know  
when America will have a race of public  
men who will be able to tell their thoughts  
in documents of less length than seven  
newspaper columns each.  
Tandem teams, hitched to two-wheeled  
vehicles, are the style on Central Park.  
Norwich (Conn.) used velocipedes sixty  
years ago.  
Most of the Michigan lumber mills  
have stopped work for the season.  
A fox was killed recently in the streets  
of Charleston, S. C.  
Chicago hopes soon to have direct  
trade with the West Indies.  
Montana has a capital of \$1,913,000  
invested in manufacturing pursuits.  
The Upper Mississippi navigation  
season of this year has been the longest for  
ten years. It lasted 258 days.  
St. Albans, the famous Vermont but-  
ter market, is to have a musical Con-  
vention this month.  
The great question now is, "Who got  
the Alaska bribery fund?"  
Five thousand hogs are daily packed  
at Chicago.  
The "Mayor of Larimore" is the last  
person lynched.