

The Albany Register.

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

NO. 11.

The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.
One Year.....Three Dollars
Six Months.....Two Dollars
Single Copies.....Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements per square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent insertion, \$1.
Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon Jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner and at a cheaper rate than ever before offered in this city.

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The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and accept for subscription, advertising, etc., for the Register:
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Attorney and Counselor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Main street, opposite Foster's Brick.

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DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon.

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WILL practice in the superior and inferior courts of Marion, Linn, Lane, Benton and Polk counties.
Five per cent. charged on collections when made without suing. 119-69.

F. M. REDFIELD, P. W. SPINK,
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CONSTANTLY on hand and receiving a large stock of
Groceries and Provisions,
Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, &c., Wholesale and Retail, opposite R. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon. 5c-69

W. KNIGHT,
House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Paperhanging, Glazing, Kalsomine, &c.
Country orders punctually attended to. First street, next door to Tweedale & Co.'s. May 8, 1869-25f

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY 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 favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but First-Class Bathing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and shampooed. J. JOSEPH WEBBER, sq 10-2

E. F. RUSSELL, JAMES ELKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC.
RUSSELL & ELKINS,
(Office in Parrish & Co.'s block, First street.)
Albany, Oregon.

HAVING TAKEN INTO CO-PARTNERSHIP JAMES ELKINS, Esq., ex-Clerk of Linn county, we are enabled to add to our practice of Law and Collections, superior facilities for Conveyancing, Examining Records, and attending to Probate business. Deeds, Bonds, Contracts and Mortgages carefully drawn. Homestead and Pre-emption Papers made, and claims secured. Sales of Real Estate negotiated, and loans effected on collateral securities on reasonable rates. All business entrusted to them faithfully and promptly executed. RUSSELL & ELKINS, Albany, Oct. 10, '69-5f

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!
I WILL GIVE FOR
EGGS, 37 1-2 CENTS PER DOZEN!
From and after this date, until further notice.

R. CHEADLE.
October 20, '69-5

The Welcome Home.

We may travel all over the world,
As far as the billows may roll,
Where they northward or southward are hurled,
Against ice-fields that girdle the pole;
We may wander wherever we list,
We may journey earth's confines all o'er,
But the joy which we cannot resist,
Is the grasp of the hand at the door.
For at length when our holiday's past,
And we gladly return o'er the foam,
The one joy that's not least, although last,
Is the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

There's something electric that thrills
In the touch of the hands that we know,
Which nor absence—the longest—e'er kills,
Nor distance—where'er we may go.
It speaks from the heart to the heart,
From earth's farthest—the uttermost shore;
We may remember, though oceans apart,
The warm grasp of the hand at the door.
For wherever our fortunes are cast
'Neath Heaven's serene dome,
The one joy that we look for at last
Is the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

In the silence of African wilds,
When sleep closes the traveler's eyes
In a slumber as soft as a child's,
The dear visions of home will arise.
But of all the best dreams of delight
That around him kind fancy can pour,
For the happiest fiction of night
Is the grasp of the hand at the door.
In the wilderness lonely and vast—
Ay, wherever on earth we may roam,
It is the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

But we need no longer absence to show—
Ay, we need no wide distance to teach,
That the dearest of all things below
Is the home-love in waiting for each—
Is the home that he cannot forget!
For his heart is not sound at the oar,
Which breaths his not least when it oar,
The warm grasp of the hand at the door.
Heat and cold we endure, storm and blast,
Weaves we forlorn, and mountains we climb,
Are forgotten completely at last,
In the hand-grip that welcomes us home.

Though for long or little we part—
Lined affection all count is above,
For you can't plumb the depths of a heart
Till you measure the lengths of a love.
Birth and beauty, and riches are nought—
'Tis for birth, beauty and riches in store—
'Tis never a welcome away brought
Like the grasp of the hand at the door.
Ah, how dear when the holiday's past,
When we gladly return o'er the foam,
The one joy that's not least, although last,
Is the home-love in waiting for each.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.
NEW GOLD METAL.—The Oroide Watch Company have an advertisement in our columns this morning. The Oroide watch looks precisely like gold, and stands all the gold tests. They are much cheaper, keep as good time, and for all practical purposes are as good as watches manufactured from gold. Read their advertisement for yourself.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Standard brands of flour in Portland quoted at \$5 per bbl.; good country brands at \$4@4.50; wheat, hard white, 70@72c; red, 65c; oats, 40c; bacon and hams, 16c; lard in tins, 16c; in kegs, 15c; eggs, per dozen, 40c; Butter, 25@30c. Wheat, 19@24. Salem quotations: Wheat, best white, 60c; oats, 30c; butter 30@37c; eggs, 33c; bacon, 16c; hams, 17@18c; shoulders, 10c.

NEW SUPPLY.—Messrs. Redfield & Co. have received a large supply of fresh groceries and provisions during the week, to which they call the attention of purchasers. They are determined to keep a complete supply of everything in their line needed in this community, and that of the best quality, and at the lowest rates.

PERSONAL.—Mr. R. H. Markham, son of our respected citizen, S. S. Markham, Esq., and Mr. Geo. Bartzges, left this city on Saturday, en route for the East. Mr. Markham goes to Oberlin, Ohio, to attend the celebrated college of that name, and will probably be absent four years.

COLLECTOR, ETC.—Read the card of Wm. Davidson, Esq., of Portland. This gentleman enjoys an enviable reputation as collector of claims and dealer in real estate. Business entrusted to him will be transacted "right up to the handle," on reasonable terms.

FROM THE ROSEBUD ENIGMA: On Saturday last, a son of Thos. Smith, of Winchester, was kicked in the face by a horse, bruising his face and breaking his nose. The broken bones were removed from his nose and the wound dressed, and it is thought when it heals up he will not be much disfigured.

PLAIN FACTS.—Senator Morton, in a recent speech in Wilmington, Ohio, made the following remarks, which are as true as gospel, and is a line of argument that is perfectly unanswerable:
And is there any good reason why the Republican party, after having preserved the republic, should be required to turn over the care and custody of it to the Democracy? When the flames of your burning houses have been extinguished, would you hire the incendiary as a watchman to protect it from fire in the future, or when your child has been rescued from the waves, would you deliver it over to tender nursing and resuscitation to the monster who threw it in? And yet you might do these things with as much propriety as to turn over the control of the government to the Democratic party.

MORE VENISON.—Messrs. John C. Mendenhall, Dr. Alexander, Lew and Walter Ketchum, who returned from their hunt on Saturday, report securing fifteen deer during their absence.

Subscribe for the REGISTER.

THE LAW OF SUFFRAGE.

The first clause of article 5 of the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:
The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on application of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof as one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress.

Amendments incorporated into the Constitution in strict accordance with the provisions of the said first clause of article 5, are binding upon all the States, the State Constitutions to the contrary notwithstanding.

In strict pursuance with said 5th article, the so-called 14th amendment became a part of the Constitution of the United States, section first of which reads as follows:
All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

This first section of this said 14th amendment provides how those who are not already citizens may become citizens of the United States, and secures to the citizen, and to every person within its jurisdiction, equal protection before the laws. It contains two provisions by which persons may become citizens of the United States:

1st, "All persons born in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof."

2d, Or, "all persons naturalized in the United States, are subject to the jurisdiction thereof."

By the first, all persons born (whether negroes or Chinamen, or any person of any race whatever) in the United States, are subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the same, and can enjoy all the rights and immunities provided in said section of 14th amendment.

And by no other means can any person whatsoever, not native-born, become a citizen, except as by said second provision—"by naturalization." Here the question naturally arises, Who can be naturalized? Can negroes, Chinamen, and any person whatsoever coming to the United States become naturalized?

A clause of section 8 of the Constitution of the United States provides: "The Congress shall have power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States." In pursuance of this article in the Constitution, section first of the laws of the United States, in relation to the naturalization of aliens, reads as follows:

Any alien, being a free white person, may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States or any of them, on the following conditions, and not otherwise.
Consequently under our naturalization law, no negro, Chinaman, nor any person not white, under the legal interpretation of the word white, and free, can be naturalized and thus become a citizen; and not being a citizen, cannot vote, even if the proposed fifteenth amendment becomes a law.

Section first of the proposed amendment not yet ratified, provides that, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This fifteenth amendment simply and only provides that the citizens of the United States shall not be denied the right of suffrage on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and as no foreign born negro, Chinaman, or Kanaka, is a citizen or can become a citizen, according to the naturalization law as above quoted, the idea apparently entertained by many that vast multitudes of different races, many of whom are slaves, will be thrown into our country, become citizens and control and degrade the ballot-box, has no precedent in law, either enacted or proposed to be enacted.

SWEET CIDER.—The following is said to be one of the very best recipes for keeping cider sweet: When fermentation commences, draw the cider off into another vessel, and strain through a flannel cloth. Put into the cider three-fourths of an ounce of the oil of sassafras, well shaken up in a pint of alcohol. Cider prepared in this way is so palatable that it won't "keep" worth a cent.

COST OF COLLECTION.—It costs the Government 1 1/2 per cent. to collect the internal revenue in the State of Oregon. The cost of collection in the State of Nebraska is greater than any other State, being nearly 22 per cent. In Rhode Island and Massachusetts the cost is less than 2 per cent.

Sheridan's troopers have captured an Indian chief who boasts of having taken one hundred and five white scalps.

Female Jockeyism—An Exciting Race Between Young Girls at a Western Fair.

The most exciting horse race that ever took place in America, and probably in the world, came off very unexpectedly on the grounds of the Illinois State Fair Association at Decatur, on the 1st of October.

Four premiums of \$50, \$40, \$30 and \$20 each had been offered for the best lady equestrianism, and at four o'clock twelve ladies put in an appearance, all mounted on gaily caparisoned and highly mettled steeds. The exhibition commenced by the ladies riding to and fro in front of the Grand Stand, displaying their skill and management of the horses before a delighted audience, numbering nearly thirty thousand people. As each displayed some peculiar skill, she received rounds of applause; and this excited the others to greater exertion.

One young lady, Miss Sallie Winkerson, Nyatic, Macon county, Illinois, not content with having already received more applause than any other, dismounted and had her saddle removed, and mounted the bare back of her black horse from the ground with the ease of a circus rider.

The cheers of the multitude had already produced its effect upon the riders, causing an abandon and recklessness peculiar to the sex under such circumstances. While the confusion and excitement was at its apex one of the track marshals, with more lungs than discretion, shouted out at the top of his voice: "Go clear around the track! go! all of you! go! go!" In an instant every horse was in full run; the ladies were plying their whips, and the air was filled with hats, ribbons, laces and "fixins."

On they dashed, four leading the crowd, and running as near "a neck and neck" as could be. At the start the black steed with the Maid of Nyatic on his back was about one hundred yards in the rear, as no such thing as a race was contemplated, but she leaped forward like a regular jockey, gave him the whip, and soon passed the other horses, and then the middle group, and was in the act of taking the lead, when her horse stumbled and fell upon the grass at the edge of the track.

She was up before him, however, and had hold of his bridle, when four or five men sprang over the guard and held him while she again mounted from the ground. She then applied the whip vigorously, and was soon clearing the racers in front. Coming in on the ladies' quarter, a gray horse had the lead by a length, and now every whip was in play; every horse, with lengthened neck, straining every nerve for the lead. As the horses were nearing the Grand Stand the history of the track fails to furnish a parallel to the intense feeling and excitement, heightened by the frailness and recklessness of these daring lady riders.

They cut the air with such swiftness that their long skirts floated over the backs of their horses. For some distance now no change had taken place, each doing her level best, except with the Nyatic maid on the bare-back steed, who quickly took advantage of the clear space on the pole side, and rapidly passing one after another, came under the string neck and neck with the third horse, and only a neck of the lead. If Pandemonium had broken loose, it could not have exceeded the wild hurrahs and the cheers given the Nyatic girl by that excited multitude.

The young men cheered and yelled; the young ladies applauded with their fans and handkerchiefs, while tears ran down their pretty cheeks; the old people, in many cases, embraced each other in their joy, while the thick tongues in their choking throats murmured in broken syllables "Nyatic! Nyatic!" As she rode back to her starting point, all covered with dirt by her fall, and her clothes almost torn to shreds, the grand stand resounded with the cheers of thirty thousand voices, and the surrounding groves prolonged the echo.

The committee were over an hour in coming to a decision, and finally gave her the third premium. The committee tied two red ribbons on her arm, amid her hisses and curses of the multitude, but they were scarcely there before some one leaped into the arena, cut the ribbons off and trapped them into the dust. And thus ended the most exciting race of this or any other age.—Correspondence of New York World.

ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE.—We are informed by parties from Lafayette, that last week two young fellows about fifteen years of age, succeeded in obtaining a quantity of chloroform, and in administering it to a young lady of about the same age, with the intention of stupefying her and then violating her person. They were fortunately discovered before their villainous design was accomplished, and we learn that they are supposed to have absconded; probably they have been helped off to California by the steamer Oriflamme, perhaps to avoid any disagreeable consequences that may follow the action of the grand jury now in session.

These young fellows come of respectable families, but have not been a credit to their connections for some time. If they reach San Francisco, where they can pursue their career, so unfavorably exempted, free from restraint, we may expect to hear from them again through the criminal courts.—Statesman.

NOR SO FUR.—San Francisco is to be the great fur market of the world. Which is true enough, but it is so far now as it was before the railroad was built.

FITTING.—It is fitting that the limbs of the law be clothed in breeches for promise.

The Quakers are going to remodel their system of shoving and theing, with a view of rendering it more grammatical.

A Noted Duelist.

From an article on "Duel Fighting," in All the Year Around, we take the following account of the death of the notorious French duelist, known as the Count de Larilliere, who had fought upwards of forty duels, and killed eleven individuals, before the death of one of his victims was avenged in the manner described below:

On the evening of a masked ball at the grand theatre at Bordeaux, Larilliere was seated in an adjoining cafe, which he was in the habit of frequenting with the members of his own particular set. It was eleven o'clock, and our duelist, who had been for the moment abandoned by his ordinary companions, feeling in no particularly quarrelsome humor, was imbibing pensively a glass of punch. Suddenly a tall young man, wearing a black domino, and with his face concealed behind a black velvet mask, entered the cafe and strode up to the table at which Larilliere was seated.

None of the ordinary habits of the cafe took any particular notice of the new comer on his entrance, as the masked ball which was to take place that night sufficiently explained his costume; but, no sooner was the mysterious visitor observed in the vicinity of Larilliere's table than all eyes were turned toward him. Without a single observation he seized hold of Larilliere's glass, threw away the punch it contained, and ordered the waiter in loud voice to bring a small bottle of orange in its place.

Witnesses of the scene say that at this moment, for the first time in their lives, they observed Larilliere turn pale. It was the belief in Bordeaux that during the fifteen years this man had been applying himself to the task of destruction, he had never allowed his countenance to betray the slightest emotion.

"Scoundrel!" he exclaimed to his masked adversary, "you do not know who I am," making, at the same moment, a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to remove the mask from the stranger's face.

"I know who you are perfectly well," coolly replied the unknown, forcing Larilliere violently back with one hand. All present started to their feet, and though no one among them ventured to approach the disputants, they contemplated none the less anxiously the issue of this strange provocation.

"Waiter!" again exclaimed the unknown, "be quick with that bottle of orange!"

At this second command the bottle was brought, whereupon the masked man still standing immediately in front of Larilliere, who was foaming at the mouth with rage, proceeded to draw a pistol from his right hand pocket. Then addressing his adversary, he said:

"If in the presence of this company, and for my own personal satisfaction, you do not at once swallow this glass of orange, I will blow out your brains with as little compunction as I would those of a dog. Should you, however, perform my bidding, I will then do you the honor of fighting with you to-morrow morning."

"With a sabre?" asked Larilliere, in a paroxysm of rage.
"With whatever weapons you please," replied the stranger disdainfully. Whereupon Larilliere swallowed the orange with an expression of countenance as though it were to him the dregs of a bitter cup indeed, while every one present preserved a death-like silence.

The masked man, satisfied with the effect produced by his provocation, now retired, saying to Larilliere as he did so, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the lookers-on:

"To-day I have humbled you sufficiently to-morrow I intend to take your life. My seconds will wait on you at eight in the morning. We will fight on the spot where you killed the young Chevalier de C."

This was the name of the Count's eleventh victim.
The following morning Larilliere found himself in the presence of a man no longer wearing a mask, and who appeared to be some twenty-five years of age. The seconds by whom he was accompanied were two common soldiers, belonging to one of the regiments stationed in the citadel of Blaye. The bearing of the unknown was collected and dignified, and singularly resolute. His seconds had brought weapons to the ground, but Larilliere's seconds took exception to them, at which a scarcely perceptible smile passed over the stranger's face.

On taking his position Larilliere turned toward the second nearest to him and said in an undertone, "For once, I believe, I have found my equal."
The combat commenced. At the first passes the Count was confirmed in his opinion that he had to deal with a skillful adversary. However his courage did not fail him, though there were times when he seemed to lose his composure. Lunges and parryings succeeded each other with rapidity on both sides. Larilliere, desirous of bringing the affair to a close, had tried his finishing thrust two or three times, only to find his sword turned aside by his adversary's blade. Harassed at finding his efforts unavailing, he insolently remarked to his opponent, "Well, sir, at what hour do you intend to kill me?"

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the clash of the two swords.
Then the stranger, who seemed to have profited by that slight interval to assure himself that the advantages of the encounter lay decidedly with him, quietly said to Larilliere's last question, "Immediately." Saying which he thrust the point of his sword between the ribs of his adversary, who sprang backward, tottered, and sank into the arms of his

nearest second.

Putting his right hand to the wound, he said, with difficulty: "That, sir, is not a sabre cut—it is a thrust with the point—with the sabre I feared no one." In a few moments he fell back dead.

The stranger now advanced politely toward the seconds of his victim, and inquired if he was at liberty to depart.

"You will at least tell us your name?" asked they in reply.
Larilliere's opponent proved to be one of the young officers of the garrison at Blaye.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—While at Jacksonville this week I made myself acquainted with some facts relating to one of our prairie farmers, who occupies a princely estate near that beautiful city, and also has a mammoth cattle farm of 26,500 acres in Champaign county. It cost him \$400,000, and is styled, with much appropriateness, "Broadlands."

It is nearly seven miles from north to south, and six from east to west, and its cattle capacity, for summer pasturage, when fully grass-stocked, is estimated at 10,000 head. On the west side of the farm are two pastures one and a half by three miles, that contain nearly 8,000 acres each. To the east of these is a "patch" of corn half a mile wide and three miles long. On the farm there are 5,000 acres in corn which, it is calculated, will yield, at a low estimate, 250,000 bushels. Of course such a farm as this is worked by the most approved machinery of all descriptions applicable to agricultural labor, much of which is made on the place, as there is a blacksmith shop, as well as a harness and carpenter shop in constant operation.

The working stock consists of fifty yoke of oxen and fifty spans of horses and mules; and the working force of a superintendent, a general foreman, six assistant foremen, a book-keeper, a carpenter, a baker, a butcher, and about one hundred and fifty other operatives. The head-quarters are in the center of the farm, and there are six out-stations fully equipped. The average cost of boarding is 35 cents per day.

The farm is divided by two roads, two miles apart, north and south, and one through the centre east and west.—These are lined by fifty-four miles of hedge, which was mostly set four years ago. Hedges have been or are to be set on every section line. Seventy-five miles were set in the spring of 1868, and twenty-five last spring. These hedges are to supersede the post and board fences, of which there are now eighty miles. This has required about 50,000 posts, 640,000 feet of lumber, and eighty cents per section line.

Mr. Alexander is the owner of this farm, and his operations are stated to be as nearly as practicable every year, as follows: His first purchase 4,000 head of Texas steers, which cost him \$140,000; cost of handling, interest, etc., \$47,000; making an aggregate of \$187,000. His average sales are \$70 per head, or \$280,000, leaving him a net profit of \$93,000. The profit upon the grain and other crops of the farm bring the whole up to nearly \$200,000, after paying all expenses and including a rent or interest of \$4 per acre on the land.

It will thus be seen that large farming in Illinois pays. His neighbor, Mr. Sullivan, farms even more land, with like profitable results.—Correspondent N. Y. Times.

A few days ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, an old lady and a young one found themselves in Court, charged with disturbing the peace. The office's statement was clearly given, and certainly disclosed an equal culpability in both. It was evident, however, that the Court inclined favorably toward the youngest, and the scales of justice were rapidly tipping in her favor.

"Why did you abuse this young lady?" the magistrate demanded of the old one.
"I had a right to," was the calm reply.
"What was she doing?"
"Keeping company with a very improper character!"

"And what is that to you?"
"She's my daughter!"
"Oh, indeed! and you think the person was an improper character?"
"I do, sir!"
"Do you know who he was?"
"I don't know his name. I've seen him frequently prowling around after night."

And then, as if actuated by sudden impulse, the old lady adjusted her spectacles, peered curiously at the Court from under her green sunbonnet, and then exclaimed:
"Good luck! good luck! Why, you're the man!"

"Me! me!" exclaimed the astonished Court.
"Again the spectacles were adjusted, and the curious gaze prolonged, while the old lady nodded her head at intervals.
"Yes, yes, it's the same ugly face. I'm sure of it; but I'll forgive you this time; I'll forgive you." And the old lady hobbled away, leaving the Court gasping with astonishment, and unable to interpose an objection to her departure.

Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe for services rendered. The latter looked it over and expressed much surprise at the amount. "Why, Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible that it is a round one," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of making it square."

"Please, sir," said an Irishman to a traveler, "would you be so obliging, as to take me a great coat here to Boston with you?" "Yes," said the man in the waggon; "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's mighty easy, so it is," said Pat, "for shure I'll remain inside of it."

A Romance in Real Life.

That "truth is stranger than fiction," was forcibly illustrated by the brief history of two persons which culminated Wednesday last at the Astor House in New York, and is thus related by the Evening Mail:

"About 22 years ago Mr. M., a Northern gentleman, married a Miss N., of this State. To all appearances it was what the world denominated 'a happy marriage.' About one year after this union, Mrs. M. presented her husband with a fine boy, whose appearance seemed to be an additional living and breathing bond of affection. The 'happy couple' lived together for about ten years, when by reverse of circumstances in Mr. M.'s business, over which he had no control, he became quite poor. Passing over details, suffice it to say that a divorce, originating neither party, was easily obtained in a court of one of those States, whose loose laws now offer inducements to the discontented to violate the solemn ordinances of marriage with impunity. But this was not a trap sprung by one party without the knowledge of the other. It was a mutual divorce.

Mrs. M. was a healthy, fine looking woman, and in a few years became the wife of a well-to-do gentleman. This was a happy marriage throughout. The second husband died a little more than a year ago, leaving the widow a small fortune of twenty thousand dollars.

During these eight or nine years of life with her second husband, the lady did not forget her first born; nor did the son lose sight of the mother. The affection in both was strong. The boy was the divine magnet which attracted the divorced and widowed mother and the wandering father from his search for business in distant Costa Rica. At the death of the second husband the son had reached the manly age of twenty. Imagine his feelings as he came to realize the situation of his father and mother. One a single man! the other a widow. One an unhappy wanderer still without sufficient worldly goods to make life worth living for; the other the occupant of a husbandless house with a plentiful larder. Ever present was the thought that one yet lived whom she had sworn before God to 'love and cherish.' He was the father of her son. The son, who loved his mother, loved his father not less. The mother could not gaze into the face of her only born, without beholding the image of his father. Time passed. The son brought his divorced father and widowed mother together. They talked over the past. They agreed upon the future. The boy was the center of attraction. He was flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone. The nature were too strong for resistance. Like two drops of quicksilver the two hearts united. Yesterday, in this city, the son had the happiness to celebrate the anniversary of his twenty-first birthday by witnessing the extraordinary scene of the marriage of his own father and mother! This was joy enough for one day. History probably does not afford the parallel of this truthful picture.

Mr. and Mrs. M., accompanied by their son and several friends, dined at the Astor House, and afterwards left for Boston on their bridal tour to enjoy his second and her third 'honeymoons.' The son, who is a promising, fine looking young man, is a telegraph operator of excellent ability, and is employed in this city.

After the 'honeymoon,' Mr. and Mrs. M., with their son, will visit Costa Rica, where the past business experience of Mr. M. in that country, with the little capital of Mrs. M. and the profession of the talented and enterprising son will undoubtedly prove the foundation for a greater and more permanent fortune. May happiness and prosperity go with them.

No dog to love, none to karass, how can I my sadness express? Chuck is defunct, dead as a nail—hushed is his barking and still is his tail. Oh! I such a tail—while on the end, oph'd he chase it with hope twining round, till overcome he reposed on the ground—now he's bark-stung, dead as a nail—where am his bark and wag of his tail? In dreams alone poor Chuck I see, swigging his milk or else scratching a flea—'tis but a dream, waken I weep, for under two feet of ground he does sleep. Oh! beautiful pup, wunst full of pla, haven't I fed you day after day? given you milk, given you bread, given you many a pat on the head? Now yer extinction, dead as a nail, where am the bark and wag of yer tail? No dog to love, none to karass, vainly I strive the sad tears to repress. Why did you dy? sadli I mourn—was it from pisen or swallerin a bone? No waggin tail, no boamin eye ansurs a question or gives a repli. Was it a fit—or stoppage of breath—or eatin 2 much the sad cause of yer death? Still not a word, Chuck is defunct, dead as a nail, dim is his eye, stilled forever, his tale.

JAW-BREAKERS.—An Indiana naturalist enlightens the Fort Wayne Gazette in potato-bug nomenclature. He says the correct name of this bug is Gynacantha Tetradymia, of the class Siphonura,