

The Albany Register.

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

NO. 13.

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 the type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon Jobber, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner and fifty per cent. cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

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The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and remit for subscription, advertising, etc., for the Register:

- HIRSH SMITH, Esq., Harrisburg.
- Judge S. H. CLAUGHTON, Lebanon.
- PETER HUME, Esq., Brownsville.
- W. R. KIRK, Esq., Salem.
- E. F. WHEELER, Esq., Salem.
- T. H. REYNOLDS, Esq., Salem.
- Geo. W. CANNON, Esq., Portland.
- J. P. FISHER, Esq., Trilico.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. WHEELER,
Notary Public.

LEGAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS made and attested. Conveyances and collections attended to. 12'9

J. HANNON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—On Main street, opposite Foster's Brick.

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

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.

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

S. H. Claughton,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Office in the Post Office Building, Albany, Oregon.

Will attend to making Deeds and other conveyances, also to the prompt collection of debts entrusted to my care.

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Solicitors in Chancery and Proctors in Admiralty. Office over the Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

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

J. QUINN THORNTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.

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 & CO.,
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. 50c97

W. KNIGHT,
House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Paperhanging, Glazing, Kalsomine, &c.
Country orders punctually attended to.
First street, next door to Tweedall & Co.'s.
May 8, 1869-354f

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 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.
89, 1072

E. F. RUSSELL, JAMES ELKINS,
ATTORNEYS 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, '68-35

JOB WORK!

ALL DESCRIPTIONS, at fair prices, neatly executed at the REGISTER office.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

A Poetical Dun.

Those of our readers who have read Longfellow's "Hiawatha" will recognize the closeness of style in the following humorous dunning appeal, which we find reproduced in an exchange: Should you ask us why this dunning, Why these sad complaints and murmurs, Murmurs loud about delinquents Who have read the paper weekly, Read what they have never paid for, Read with pleasure and with profit, Read of church affairs and prospects, Read of news both home and foreign, Read the essays and the poems, Full of wisdom and instruction; Read the table of the markets, Carefully corrected weekly, Should you ask us why this dunning, We should answer, we should tell you, From the printer, from the mailer, From the kind old paper-maker, From the landlord, from the carrier, From the man who taxes letters, With a stamp from Uncle Samuel— "Uncle Sam," "the services he has! From them all there comes a message, A message kind but firmly spoken, "Send us pay what you owe us." Said it is to hear such counsel, When our funds are all exhausted, When the last bank note has left us, Would you lift a burden from us, Would you drive a spectre from you? Would you taste a pleasant slumber? Would you have a quiet conscience? Would you read a paper paid for? Send us money—send us money, Send us money—send us money, SEND THE MONEY THAT YOU OWE US!

OUR LEBANON CORRESPONDENT.

LEBANON, Nov. 20, 1869.

THANKSGIVING

Was observed by the citizens of our beautiful little village in good New England style. Labor was generally suspended, we repaired to the sanctuary and listened to a very appropriate discourse by Rev. E. H. Judkins. We suppose the usual amount of chickens, turkeys, etc., were discussed at the different dinner tables.

A SERIES OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

Have been held at the Academy during the past week by the pastor of the M. E. Church at this place. The congregations have been small, owing to the storms of wind and rain; yet we think some good has been accomplished. There have been no conversions or accessions to the church, yet the membership seem to manifest more zeal and a greater degree of solemnity than usual seems to pervade the congregations. We understand that the pastor of the M. E. Church, South, will commence a protracted meeting next Sunday at their usual place of worship, in this place. May his efforts be crowned with success. Every man, of whatever branch of the Christian Church he may represent who endeavors to persuade men to conform their lives to the rules of morality—religion of the bible—has our sympathies and our prayers; but we have no patience with the man who endeavors to substitute anything else. Mr. Editor, do you not believe that man would soon be a complete wreck if deism, universalism, spiritualism, or any of the various isms of the day were to supplant the Bible?

THE LATE RAINS.

Have rendered the roads quite muddy; but our energetic John, who carries the mails from Salem to Springfield, continues to make the trip on "short time." We now receive the mail four times a week.

We would like you, Mr. Editor, to visit our beautiful little village, for we are sure you would admire its beautiful buildings, neat fences, pleasant walks, etc.; but do not come until we get a side walk along the left side of our street. I say street, for we have but one. Our old side-walk jumped a deep ditch, which was dug by the side of it, and the late rains have made the street so muddy that communication between the upper and lower part of the town has ceased. It would be very unfortunate, indeed, if you should visit one part of the town and not be able to visit the other. Therefore, do not come until we get a side-walk.

DR. ODELL.

Has postponed his visit to Philadelphia till next Spring, much to the satisfaction of many of his old patients. He learned that the course of lectures, which he wished to attend, was already considerably advanced, and, as he wished to attend a full course, he concluded to wait until next year; therefore he will remain at Lebanon in partnership with Dr. Helm. They may be found at their old office ready at any time to minister to suffering humanity.

PERSONAL.

Major Adams, of the Vancouver (W. T.) Regiments, paid us a visit the first of the week. The Major is a brick, and of course gets up a live paper

Another Turn of the Tax Screw.

The following telegram appears under the above heading in the Democrat of the 19th of November:

WASHINGTON, November 12.—The Internal Revenue Bureau decides that farmers who go to market and sell produce are to be considered brokers, and must pay a special tax. Those who sell at the place of production are exempt from paying a special tax.

This telegram affords the Democrat a text from which it proceeds to harp upon the "growing tyranny of our tax system," invented by our "ingenious Yankee law-makers." If our contemporary had taken care first to "post" himself with regard to the meaning of the telegram, he might have saved much time and sweat, consumed in getting up his half column of sympathy for the "Republican farmers of Oregon." A farmer is not required to take out a license when he sells his own produce, and is only compelled to take out a produce broker's license when he buys and sells the produce of others. A farmer may sell from his wagon, butter, eggs, onions, lettuce, radishes, or other products of his farm, without license; but if he buys those articles from his neighbors, and then re-sells them, by that act he becomes a bucker, a produce broker, and is compelled to pay the special tax.

In answer to an inquiry upon this subject, one of our merchants, Mr. Julius Gradwohl, received the following communication, which will, we hope, satisfy and set at rest the anxiety of our contemporary for the "Republican farmers":

PORTLAND, Nov. 27, 1869.
MR. JULIUS GRADWOHL.—In reply to your letter of the 24th inst., I have to say that when a farmer sells only the produce of his own farm from his wagon, he is not required to take out a license. If he sells the produce of other farmers than his own, he is then a produce broker, and must pay the special tax. Respectfully,
GEO. H. BELDEN,
Dept. Col. for Oregon.

MORE ABOUT SAN DOMINGO.

Late dates speak of the departure of General Babcock, accompanied by Gen. Ingalls, for San Domingo. Gen. Babcock has sealed instructions from the President directing him as to what course he should pursue, pending negotiations with the Baez Government. These instructions are not to be opened until the steamer is at sea. The proposition for annexation from Baez, he having assurance previously of favorable consideration by our government, was to be submitted to the votes of the Dominican people, thus obtaining popular endorsement of the measure. This election will occur immediately after the arrival at San Domingo of Babcock and Ingalls, and after the election, supposing the result favorable to annexation, Baez and the Commissioners will visit the United States and present a petition for admission. The terms of the annexation will be the assumption of the debts of the republic amounting to less than \$1,000,000, and the purchase of the public buildings, etc., which will not amount to more than \$1,000,000.

SCARED BY A PICTURE.—The Portland Herald gets sight of a cutting in Harper's Weekly representing "Uncle Sam's Thanksgiving Dinner," which scares it nearly to death! The editor immediately orders copies of the picture placed on the Herald's bulletin board, so that the portion of the Democratic party who are unable to read may see the awful sight for themselves—a negro and Chinaman, with representatives of other nations, assembled around Uncle Sam's table! The Herald sees in this frightful picture a forecast of what the Democratic party is coming to under the operations of the Fifteenth Amendment, and in his terror calls on Democrats everywhere to "procure copies and post them where they can be seen by the people." To the uninitiated, the ignorant portion of the Democratic party, this latter and foam may go down, but people who read and keep themselves posted in the many "tricks of trade," will only see in all this a "big puff" for Harper—a new dodge to increase the already heavy circulation of that journal. But the Democracy couldn't do better than to adopt the suggestion of the Herald. By all means circulate healthy reading matter, such as is contained in Harper among Democrats, and the Fifteenth Amendment won't scare 'em a bit.

FINE LOT OF HOGS.

Last week we noticed a fine lot of porkers, brought to Messrs. A. Cowan & Co.'s packing establishment by Uncle Johnny Powell. These have been eclipsed by Mr. F. S. Powell who, on last Friday week, brought to the same establishment six hogs that aggregated 1,872 pounds—an average of 312 pounds each. One of the six weighed 413 pounds—a very fair hog.

PERSONAL.

Major Adams, of the Vancouver (W. T.) Regiments, paid us a visit the first of the week. The Major is a brick, and of course gets up a live paper

COMMISSIONERS.—Through the recommendation of Senator Williams, the President has appointed Rev. E. R. Geary, Hon. Jesse Applegate and Thos. A. Savier, Commissioners to examine and report upon the completion of the first twenty miles of the Oregon Central Railroad. The road will be in running order as far as Aurora early next month.

PEARS.—In the hurry and rush of business last week, we forgot to mention a bucket of nice pears left at our office by Mr. A. H. Baltimore. The pears were excellent, and Mr. Baltimore has the thanks of the office for the present.

SEVERELY WOUNDED.—A. D. Richardson, for a long time correspondent of, and at present connected with, the New York Tribune, a few days since was shot and severely wounded by a Mr. McFarland, in New York city. The difficulty grew out of an alleged intimacy on the part of Richardson with McFarland's wife. Richardson denies the allegation. McFarland has been committed to prison to await the result of the shooting.

ON FR.—A terrific affray occurred in Johnson county, Arkansas, last week. A planter named Johnson had an altercation with three hands in a cotton field who attacked him with knives. Johnson drew a knife to defend himself, killed two instantly and mortally wounded the third. Johnson received more than twenty wounds, but will recover. He bears the reputation of being a quiet citizen. A large number of citizens are constantly coming into Arkansas, principally from Alabama, Tennessee, Missouri and Illinois.

COLORADO.—Miss Wormly, daughter of a well known restaurateur of Washington City, is to be united in marriage to Paul Gerand, brother-in-law of the Portuguese Minister—a wealthy gentleman of position, with distinguished relatives in France. Miss W. is spoken of as being well educated and of pleasing manners. This event promises to disturb the "social circle" considerably.

A MISER DEAD.—At Jersey City, on the 25th ult., Lyman Allen, was found dead in his bed at Taylor's Hotel. He lived in a miserly manner, had taken but one meal per day for five years past, and his wardrobe was valued at just twenty-five cents at his death. He was a merchant, and his estate is valued at \$600,000.

WAGES FALLING.—Late dates from San Francisco state that employers demand at the hands of printers a reduction in their wages ranging from 20 to 33 per cent. Printers have resolved to resist the attempt to reduce wages, and should the proprietors insist upon a reduction, a strike will probably be the result.

DISAGREE.—The stockholders in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Company disagree in relation to increasing the capital stock of the company—598 shares for, and 344 against. The matter had not been amicably settled at latest dates.

DUKE OF GENOA.—The following is a sketch of the Duke of Genoa, now talked of for King of Spain: Prince Thomas Albert Victor de Savoy, Duke of Genoa, is now twenty-five years old, having been born February 6, 1844. His father was Prince Ferdinand Marie Albert Amadeo Philibert Vicent, younger brother of King Victor Emmanuel, and his mother the Princess Marie Elizabeth, daughter of King John, of Saxony. His father died when he was but a year old, and when her year of mourning had passed, his mother married morganatically the Marquis Rappallo. The youthful years of the Prince were passed in England, and the rudiments of his education acquired at Rugby and Harrow. For the last several years he has been the friend and pupil of Matthew Arnold, with whom he is now living.

On the night of the 26th ult., the store of George Weineke, seventeen miles from Stockton, Cal., on the Mariposa road, with its contents was entirely destroyed by fire. The bodies of two persons, named John Boone and Richard Sager, were recovered next day. The evidence shows that the two men were murdered, a bullet hole being through the head of one, and a bandage over the mouth and the hands tied of the other. Boone was a Canadian, and Sager an Englishman.

Two Americans at Baden Baden, the other day, were dining with a pair of Paris ladies, when a Russian Prince, who perhaps wished to pick a quarrel, purchased two glorious bouquets and sent them to the ladies with his compliments. The Americans merely glanced over the table, bowed cordially, and sent him by the waiter two napoleons. He was so much chagrined that he left the room.

A seamstress is the only sewing-machine that can baste a goose.

THE DOUBLE GAME.

A week at a watering place and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Mainwell, the gentleman whom Miss Ellsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him; had strolled or ridden with him along the shore on the moon-light evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing-room.

Miss Ellsworth was not a girl who bestowed her likings among many gentlemen; and she had found her ideal well-nigh realized in Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening before, the general topics which to each had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now, to find Mr. Mainwell this morning, with his coat off and a smith's apron engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting and promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Anna West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"I do, Miss Ellsworth; I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little; "Your trade?" she said faintly.

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Mainwell's while, and laughing at him, they proposed a ride. There were three carriages among them all. Those would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Mainwell.

"Ah," he added, when the latter turned and glanced at him. "But while here you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Mainwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away leaving him to complete his work.

Miss Ellsworth left him without any words of parting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am, she is not worthy of me. The woman who marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until he had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical "humph" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so," he muttered, when he was through and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst this whirl of wealth and fashion she, too, has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow or recognition. When she entered a drawing-room where he was, he would go out another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned, in passing to and fro between Miss Ellsworth and him served as a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned, one day. "Why don't you take people as they are? You'll find good enough in them."

"But they won't take me as I am. That is the trouble."

"Poh! You see yourself that she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls most of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw. She is trained to luxurious notions, that's all."

Mainwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, G. M. Miss Ellsworth, passing that way, saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunk that lay together—and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She recovered herself, and withdrew with her companion a little way, and then stood still and watched. Presently Mr. Mainwell came out with Ned upon the piazza. He glanced to turn his eyes toward her and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him. She did not turn her eyes away. She bowed. He lifted his hat. The ice was broken. He then approached her to bid her good bye.

What the conversation was that ensued between the two when they were left alone, by Ned's ingenuity in spiriting away the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following:

"But I am a locksmith," said Mainwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live as the wife of one who with his hands earns his daily bread?"

"I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough. During the last few days I have learned what it is to despair of being united to the one I love."

"But your mother—your father."

"Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake, I am not worthy of you."

"But then the loss of wealth, of position, of the surroundings of refinement?"

"Do not say anything more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am

weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might otherwise put obstacles in the way."

"I am willing this hour—this very minute."

"They do not know of my position in life."

"They still think you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way rich. Ned and become before the world what we now are in spirit—husband and wife; and then at once we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, you will make happy."

"Whither you go, I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the blessed Ned officiating at the altar. The next train sped with them to the city.

"I will show you the shop where I work," said Mr. Mainwell, when the carriage which they took at the depot in the city had drawn up before one of the long block of brown stone houses in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps to the door.

"I mean," he replied, "that this is the home and this is the workshop."

And he led her in. Among other rooms to which he conducted his wife was one fitted up as a work shop, where, as he said, he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having, as he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Mainwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"And you are not poor, but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Mainwell."

"And why did you play the jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty indeed. And suppose you don't love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Mr. Mainwell, after the clouds had cleared away somewhat.

"I will," she replied. "I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and to pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in their carriage on their errand. Mrs. Mainwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing equality of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up at length before a miserable tenement house, and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mr. Mainwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," was her reply, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait," he exclaimed, after some hesitancy; "let me go first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was the reply.

She led him up stairs, up, up, through throngs of dirt and smells, up to the fourth story. Here she opened a door without knocking, and the two entered. Two elderly persons were present, and also several girls and boys. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was dressed more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which certainly was full a half dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Mainwell, my father and mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Mainwell, introducing all parties.

Mainwell stood and stared without utterance.

"Ask their pardon, George," said Mrs. Mainwell, "for running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you? Didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were those at the watering-place?"

"Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliners where I served for a livelihood—served at my trade, George—and who fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me there with them."

"You jest with me," he said with a ghastly smile.

"All this a milliner may be, a sewing girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress."

Mainwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and, turning away, left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat, cloak and furs, and flung herself down at the table and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door was opened again and Mainwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said; "but come. You are my wife. I will try to bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife I am!" she exclaimed.

"Your wife, and doomed to live with a man who does not love her but was in love with her circumstances. No, sir, you may go. I will not have a wife unloved for myself. You must love me, or I will stay—I can still work."

He closed the door and retired down

the stairs to the street, blenching his hands and his teeth as he went.

"The horrible disgrace of it!" he muttered. "The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl!"

But at the street door he tarried. He had a struggle with himself there all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clamped her to his breast.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear; "such you are and ever shall be before God and the world."

"Now I begin to think you do love me," she said, smiling in his face. "You do love me? You really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," she said, "though of such parents as these,—poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed, yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them. Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and, what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Mainwell's house, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, the young lady's acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, least be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Mainwell's ear, "two can play that game, can't they?"

Mainwell took Ned's jeering rather soberly.

"Yes," said he, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What feels the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation even. And yet when she tested me, I myself was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard person's occupation, and to look only at the character and the soul?"

Ned shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned the lesson, Ned," Mainwell added.

CARE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.—Boots and shoes, if taken care of properly, will generally last two or three times longer than they usually do, and at the same time, fit the foot far more satisfactorily, and keep them dry and comfortable in wet and cold weather. The upper leather should be kept soft and pliable, while the soles need be hard, tough and impervious to water. The first thing to be done with any pair of new shoes for farm use is to set each one on a plaster or an old dinner plate, and pour on boiled linsed oil sufficient to fill the vessel to the upper edge of the soles. Allow the leather to absorb as much of the oil as it will for eight hours. Linsed oil should not be applied to the upper leather, as it will soon become dry, rendering the leather hard and tough; but if the soles be saturated with this oil, it will exclude dampness and enlarge the pegs, so that the soles will never get loose from the upper leather. If the shoes be sewed, the linsed oil will preserve the thread from rotting. Now, wet the upper leather thoroughly when the boots or shoes are to be put on the feet, so that those parts which are tight may render a little, and thus adapt the shoe to the foot far more satisfactorily than when the upper leather is not wet. Keep them on the feet until the leather is nearly dry. Then give the upper leather a thorough greasing with equal parts of tallow and lard, or with tallow and neat's foot oil. If shoes be treated in this manner, a row of round headed nails be driven around the edge of the soles, they will wear like copper, and always set easy to the feet. Boots and shoes should be treated as suggested, and worn a little several months before they are put to daily service. This is a true way to save your shoe money.—Hearth and Home.

A Western stump orator, in the course of one of his speeches, remarked: "Gentlemen, if the Par-ty-ey Ocean war an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearn wop a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

Joe Coburn, the champion pugilist of America, has challenged Tom Allen to fight for any sum from \$2,500 to \$10,000.

A Poison of any considerable degree of potency which has been swallowed, intentionally, or by accident, may be rendered instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice the quantity. This oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians or chemists are acquainted.

The City Council of Atlanta, Ga., has fixed the salary of mayor at \$2,500, and that of Aldermen at \$200 each.

An enthusiastic Texan writes North that beef there is worth two cents a pound, and butter and milk cost nothing.

The cheap London Daily Telegraph employs five ten cylinder Hov presses, and can strike off about 150,000 per hour.

Mrs. Gen. Lee is crippled with rheumatism, but converses on all subjects with cheerfulness.

A recent invention that has been patented is a head rest, attachable to pews, and called the suorer's companion.