

THE BURIAL OF BUCK FANSHAW.

A "GAY" FUNERAL—THE CHIEF OF THE NEVADA ROUGHS HAS "NIFTY" OBSEQUES.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, it is true, but in the defence of a stranger beset by numbers.

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, and all the saloons were put in mourning.

Regretful resolutions were passed, and various committees were appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an Eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business.

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said: "You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've rather got the badge on me. Or may be we've both got the badge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send-off, and so the thing I'm on now is to rout out somebody to jerk on a little chin-musc for us, and waltz him through loudness."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unintermingled with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

"Another pause, and more reflection. Then Scotty said: 'I'll have to pass, I judge.' 'How?' 'You've raised me out, pard. I still fail to catch your meaning.'

"Why, that last word of yours is too many for me—that's the idea, I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

"The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful and confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can say." "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp, parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

man like him I freeze to him—you hear me. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it ain't all up, you know; it's all up, it ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scrapped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of hard world, after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rascal. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it! He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understaid? He didn't give a continental—for anybody. Beg your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cross-word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can't get you to help plan him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obsequies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a billed shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of you, pard. We'll fix you all right, and whatever you want you just scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in andoot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the white-st men that was over in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he warn't a man to go browning around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's right was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone yard and started in to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em! And he cleaned 'em, too! I was there and seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

"More reflection. 'I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?'

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he been connected with an organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I think every time. Every time you draw you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could ham any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody ever got a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would have peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to the town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something about that and do him justice. Here once, like when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday School windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday School. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

small pox, I'm damned if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! Beg your pardon for saying it, but it bopped out to quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there!" [Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalk, roofs and windows; and, for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

SAM GALLOWAY.—Sam Galloway, who died in Columbus, Ohio, a few days ago, was one of the most effective public speakers in the West. His force was in the face-makings, of which he was almost as perfect as Tom Corwin. He would get before an audience, and make what would read like a very plain speech to those who had not witnessed the facial emphasis with which it was interspersed during its delivery; but he could hold a crowd for hours and keep it in convulsions of laughter, not by what he said so much as by the way he looked just after he had said it. There were those who thought he merely imitated Tom Corwin, but he was not an imitator of anybody. He had a very comely countenance to begin with—as had Corwin also—and he had a wonderful facility for twisting it into shapes to suit the tenor of his speech. It used to be said of him that he could make a first rate speech without uttering a syllable; and it was a habit of him to go through with a few facial contortions before proceeding with his discourse.

Mr. Greeley considers the present month the best time for grafting laked-bean trees and sponging every vine. The pork crop should be transplanted from the hot-beds as early as the 20th, or the ears will not fill out well, and the curculio will devour the fruit as fast as it falls from the limbs. Lettuce should be planted about four seeds in a hill, on land plowed at least six feet deep with a sub-soil plow, and poles should be set for the vines to run up on. The heads should not be shaken from the branches, but picked by hand. Suckers should be pinched off beet bushes, and the dried-apple crop sown in drills with sumpkraut planted between the rows.

A visitor to the United States Supreme Court writes: "Facing the door you enter, on a raised platform in silken robes sit the nine judges—supposed to be the most dignified tribunal in America—I have no doubt it is notwithstanding I have seen one of the judges cat an apple with great gusto while seated on the bench, and another partake of molasses candy, and after the repast lick each of his ten fingers with great satisfaction."

The Jews in Maryland are demanding a change in the marriage laws of that Commonwealth, and well they may. As they stand at present, the contract is valid only when solemnized by a "minister of the Gospel, ordained according to the rites and ceremonies of his or her church, or in such manner as it is used and practiced by the society of the people called Quakers."

This places the Jews outside the pale of matrimony, and they have to set out on their wedding trips before the ceremony is performed and have it done on the road beyond the limits of the State.

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked: "An' how'll we know, Jenny, when you're dead? You're after waking up every time." "Bring me a glass of grog, and say to me 'heer's till yees, Jenny,' an' if I don't raise up and drink, thin Larry me."

PROMPT RESPONSE.—At a public "tea party," recently held in one of our country towns, where sentiments were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following: "Three long, dreary years I have waited for this."

Now if you will pop the question I'll surely say yes. To which a lady promptly responded as follows: "The man without courage to do his own wooing. May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing."

Wool-growing is fast becoming an important branch of industry in Idaho, so much so, that the erection of a woolen factory is an imperative necessity. One man has 8,000 sheep and 7,000 lambs in one hand.

Greeley says that lobsters will be very scarce this year, the long and severe winter having killed the vines.

A Florida negro, at two tubsels of dried apples on a bet, refreshed himself at the town pump, and burst.

In Ohio, if property was equally divided, every man, woman and child would possess over \$1,000.

"Cut 'em Too Short." "The distance between my post and Santa Fe was over 300 miles, and to facilitate matters I was ordered to survey a new and shorter route—cutting off about 70 miles. A company, numbering 80 men, was detailed for the purpose; and as the course led partly through a wooded region, a considerable squad was required to act as axmen. Three or four lively black-and-tan terriers accompanied the command, affording no little amusement by their activity in snapping up unwary gophers, rats, mice, and other vermin. The aborigines, who frequently honored us with their presence, claiming to be 'Good Indian, me,' were excessively pleased at those performances. On a certain occasion, one stalwart fellow spoke a few words of English said to me: 'Nautahn, heep good dog.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'they are good dogs.' 'Cut 'em er, cut 'em tail, make 'em good dog?' 'Certainly;' it is because their ears and tails are trimmed that they get round so lively." 'Augh! me got good dog; cut 'em tail?'

'Yes; bring your dog, I'll have him fixed for you.' Next day, my Navajo friend appeared with a small, black Indian fice, sporting a long tail, and ears to correspond. Unrolling this precious quadruped from his blanket, he signified a desire to have the job done without delay; so I called two men, and made one hold the dog while the other doctored his tail with an ax. This did not suit Redskin, who refused to trust his tail to the tender mercies of a savage white man, and preferred to perform the operation himself. I therefore ordered one of the men to hold the dog's tail over a convenient log, while the other held his head and fore paws. All being ready, the Indian seized an ax but instead of using it as any other person would have done, he swung the blade high over his head with both hands, as if the object to be separated required his whole strength. Just then the soldier who held the tail gave a sudden pull, while the one at the head gave a corresponding push. Down came the keen weapon, dividing the unfortunate "purr" just forward of the hind quarters, to the infinite disgust of the Indian, who picked up the disjointed halves, threw his blanket over his shoulders, with indescribable dignity, and exclaimed in guttural accents: "Ugh! H—H—D—n! Cut 'em too short."

THE RIGHTS OF SOME WOMEN.—We have in mind two among the most agreeable women we ever met, both in manners and general cultivation, who are fitted personally to adorn any drawing room, and who can converse intelligently on any subject which may be broached there, but who are not in general society, in the town where they live, simply because one of them is a dress maker and the other a milliner. Both devote their evenings to reading and study; they travel, they hear the best music, and are familiar with the best thoughts of the day; and to the few who are really acquainted with them, they are valued friends. But they are not often invited—because nobody thinks of it. Can society afford to do without such women as these? And their case is not exceptional. It is true that there are scores of young girls in our shops whose breeding and whole appearance are very questionable, and who could not be received, at present, into polite society. But do we hold out any inducements to them to cultivate themselves? Do they see that those in their position who have become refined and intelligent are any better off, socially, than themselves? Nay, may not they seem rather worse off, as having lost a taste for one kind of society, and failed to obtain admission to another?

But it may be answered we have church societies for these very people. Yes, we have; and most of them are very poor affairs indeed. Would it do you much good, if you were a shop girl, to go once a month to ten, at a church parlor, and be waited on with condescending civility by Mrs. Jones who never speaks to you in the shop except to give an order? Or do you ever care much for her kinder and more thoughtful neighbor, whom you always like to serve, because of her gentle ways, when she urges you to go to these societies and "get acquainted," and never would think of asking you to her house for that purpose, no matter how unexceptionable your English and your dress?

Our rule is not so revolutionary as it seems. We do believe in an arrangement of society which shall permit the introduction of all worthy to take a place in it; a society where, at least for those not native to it, the qualifications shall be refinement and intelligence. Some are in who ought to be out, no doubt; but this cannot be helped. It is for those who are out and ought to be in that we now speak.

"Home and Society," in Selections of May.

The following is a copy of a novel pledge said to have been extensively signed by members of the New York Stock Exchange:

We, the undersigned, deploaring the growing evil of intemperance, and believing that it is in a great degree induced by a mistaken idea of sociability and politeness; therefore, with a view of exterminating the evil in a practical way, we hereby pledge ourselves to pay only for the liquor which we ourselves drink, and to abstain from drinking any liquor which others pay for.

This hits the nail square on the head, for many a young man has left a party of friends, feeling a little boozey because he accepted an invitation to drink at the expense of a friend, and a fear of not being sociable or polite induced him to take perhaps his first "one glass too much" that wouldn't have been taken had he been alone.

A copy of this pledge is as good as a first-class temperance lecture.

Water may drown the body, but who can not drown sorrows. There are ghosts which will not drown at the bidding of wine.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE CATECHISM. BY JULIA COLMAN. Q. Does the use of alcoholic liquors prevent disease? A. Those who use them are more likely to be sick than others, and they are harder to cure when they are sick. Q. Does it prevent death? A. In England, it has been found that those who use liquors die off three times as fast as the total abstainers. Q. Do they die of drunkenness? A. Sometimes they do; but more frequently they die of other diseases brought on by the use of alcohol. Q. Does not the use of alcohol prevent the spread of contagious diseases? A. It does not. Men who drink are more likely than others to take these diseases, and to die with them. Q. Why is this? A. They exhaust the strength, so that disease can not be resisted. Q. Give an example? A. When the cholera passes through any country, it attacks first the people who drink, and sometimes no others. Q. Is it necessary to use alcohol to cure disease? A. Every disease is better cured without alcohol than with it. Q. Has it been tried? A. It has been tried repeatedly. In the Glasgow Hospital, Scotland, in six hundred cases, the less alcohol they used, the sooner the patients got well. Two hundred children treated with alcohol twelve died. Q. Do not people sometimes get well after taking it? A. They do, just as they get well after taking other poisons; but that does not prove that it does them any good. Q. Do we know that alcohol kills people? A. We have frequent and certain proof of that; and we are told that alcohol kills 60,000 persons in this country every year. Q. How many is that in a day? A. One hundred and sixty-four in a day, or about one in every ten minutes. Q. How does alcohol hurt those who use it? A. It poisons the blood. It kills the life-globules, and fills the blood with dead matter. Q. How does it affect the liver? A. The liver is overworked in trying to cleanse the blood, and this brings on liver complaint. Q. How does it affect the heart? A. The action of the heart is hurried and deranged by the effort to get rid of the poison. Q. Does it cause other heart diseases? A. It sometimes fills the heart with the little fatty particles of dead matter, so that it stops work, and the man drops down dead suddenly. Q. Does it kill men suddenly in other ways? A. It causes that sudden rush of blood to the head called apoplexy, which kills so many people. Q. Does it bring on other diseases? A. More than forty kinds of diseases are brought on by the use of alcoholic drinks. Q. Have these diseases done much mischief? A. More than any plague or pestilence which ever visited our suffering race.—Boston.

HALF-BRED BUFFALOES.—The San Francisco Post says: "Some experiments have been tried crossing the buffaloes with domestic cattle, and the result is highly satisfactory, a breed of animals being produced which retains many of the invaluable properties of both breeds. The animals are large and strong, the chief objection to them being that no ordinary fence stops them for a moment, and that they love the water so much that they swim and sport in it even when it is full of floating ice. We have heard of a cow and calf whose love for athletic exercise was such that they would jump from a bank ten feet high into deep water, when there was an easy path close at hand. These personal peculiarities are drawbacks to the introduction of buffalo blood into the veins of family pets; but, on the other hand, when cared for, these animals make most delicious beef, and their hides, when soft-tanned, are as much superior to the buffalo robe of commerce as wool is to shoddy. The writer saw the pelt of the cow mentioned above. It is much larger than any buffalo robe which he ever saw before, was covered with a mat of soft, curly, brown hair, there being none of the long, shaggy hair ordinarily seen.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "Among the patents which we expect soon to see issued are the following: To Horace Greeley, of New York, for a self-adjusting India rubber conscience, enabling the owner to go back on himself on the tariff question for emigration purposes. To John M. Palmer, of Illinois, for a double-edder rotary-mentioned lumber-saw, loaded in the middle and directed at both ends, and in opposite directions; useful in bearing hunting to protect the hunter's rear while the game is attacked from the front."

A San Francisco pair recently concluded to elope, and chartered a tug and a clergyman, intending to be made one on the bo-sou of the Pacific. Unfortunately, that body of water belied its name, and when the would-be groom was asked whether his intentions were honorable concerning the loving and cherishing of his female companion, his answer, for sundry reasons, were delivered over the ship's side. The about-to-be bride, meantime, had fainted, and the clergyman felt constrained to follow the example of the groom. And finally the ceremony was concluded, but all of the party from very weakness were forced to go through the service on their knees.

Marrying a woman for beauty is like eating a nightgale for its singing. The nomination of Greeley and Brown has created no enthusiasm. One-quarter of Iowa is now under cultivation.

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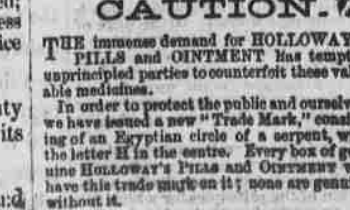
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