

How a Reb Stood Bad Treatment.

During the war P. was captured by Captain Rum, and then, as he lay alongside the road in a state of blissful unconsciousness, he was picked up by Captain Yank. Now P. was over forty five years of age, didn't belong to the army, and was mad as a hornet at being disturbed in his slumber, and refused decidedly to get into one of the wagons.

"Pitch him in, boys," said the officer, and through the air he went (one hundred and ninety pounds) and lit on his back on a pile of corn. There he lay, abusing every one around him, until the wagon he was in stalled in a mudhole and had to be unloaded.

"Get down from there, reb," shouted a Sergeant to old P.

"I didn't put myself up here, and I won't do nothing to criminate myself."

"Throw him out, boys," and out he went, and liked to have burst as he hit the ground.

After unloading and getting out of the hole the Sergeant ordered P. to get in again.

"I'll be darned if I do; I didn't put myself here, and I ain't nothing to do with myself."

"Throw him in, boys," and four men took hold of P., and after two or three preparatory swings, away he went through the air and lit like a hornet on the corn.

Another breakdown, and P. was ordered to crawl down again.

"I won't do it," he roared. "I'm your prisoner, dod darn you, and I ain't going to take control of myself."

"Throw him out, boys," and out he was pitched.

"Get up," said the Sergeant, after the wagon was repaired.

"Go to the devil," replied P.; "put your prisoner in yourself; I ain't responsible."

"Get up, there," shouted the Sergeant to the driver; and off they drove, leaving P. in his glory. That was the hardest nut, the Sergeant says, he ever met.

Old P., on finding himself his own man again, hoisted his flag and trotted home, swearing he knew the articles of war better than all the Sergeants in the United States Army.

"SHOVE YOUR TEETH INTO THAT!"—There is a boy in our schools who wears a green velvet suit which is broken out with bell-buttons. There is a great change in the boy since he commenced to go to school, several months ago. He was then but a trifle better than an untutored savage, although we frankly confess we don't know what an untutored savage is. His first experience in the school was a spelling lesson. While the class was going through the exercise, he sat on the platform near the teacher, and locked his hands across his knees and watched the class very intently. The first was *ransom*. "By gracious!" said he, drawing his breath hard. The teacher gave him a reproving look, and went on *multiply*. "Thunder and lightning, what a word!" he cried, in a storm of delight. Again the teacher nailed him with a look, and proceeded. *Osculation*. At this he just raised himself up to his feet, and shrieked out in a perfect frenzy of ecstasy, "By gods, gentlemen, just shove your teeth into that!" This broke up the lesson.

Corvallis has plenty of fat beef; and the prospect for blackberries thereabouts is fine; and a snag-puller is at work a few miles below the city improving the river; and the brass band, under the leadership of Mr. Louis Billets, is making fine progress in the art of "tooting," and will discourse on the Fourth, we hear from *Gazette*.

An Exciting Scene.

The following stirring scene is given in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of the 23th ult:

An exciting scene occurred on Thursday forenoon at the menagerie connected with the circus now performing in this city. Just after the cages had been driven under the tent after the parade, the large sea lion broke out of his cage and dashed across the arena in the attempt to escape. In a moment all was confusion and excitement. The horses, which had not yet been unhitched from the wagons, became frightened, and reared and snorted, kicking over their traces and becoming generally badly mixed. The drivers shouted and plied their whips in vain to get their horses in order again. The elephant was badly frightened and danced a polka around his post in the attempt to get away. The monkeys chattered with fear and leaped frantically back and forth in their cage. The lions became greatly excited and added their loud roars to the general noise and confusion. The royal Bengal tiger paced his cage excitedly, lashing his sides with his tail, and giving forth fierce and excited growls, and all of the other animals partook of the excitement. Several men seized ropes, and, surrounding the sea lion, threw them over him, but the noose slipped off as fast as he was lassoed. At length he was caught by a noose just behind his fin. He became fearfully enraged, springing furiously across the arena at his captors, with distended jaws and flashing eyes. Several times they narrowly escaped being bitten by the infuriated animal. He was tied to an iron post driven in the ground, but struggled so violently as to pull it up. He was then tied to one of the cages. He struggled so violently and his strength was so great that he pulled the cage and wagon over on their side. After a protracted struggle he was secured, just as the Manager, Mr. Coles, gave orders to shoot him, and order and quiet was soon restored among the frightened and excited animals.

A couple of dogs were having a dispute on the opposite sides of a slat fence in North Bridgewater, Mass., the other morning, when one of them, letting his valor get the best of his discretion, plunged his head through the slats in the hope of nipping his antagonist. The head went through nicely, but would not pull back. The other pup, seeing his foe was in chancery, leisurely commenced eating up the front part of his head and ears. There was "music in the air" about that time, and the yelping brought the juvenile owner to the rescue. He took in the situation at once and freezing on that dog's tail and bracing against the fence, he pulled his level best. For a moment it was doubtful which would give way first—the tail, the head, or the picket; but with a final surge the boy brought away the pup, minus the biggest part of both ears. The first jump that that dog made when loose was something over twenty feet, and with a continuous wail of grief he disappeared around the corner.—*Danbury News*.

Two lawyers, returning from court, one said to the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. —'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it would do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

The *Salem Mercury* tells of a softish fellow there who tried to reach his latter end because he wanted a woman who didn't want him.

San Francisco county jail had 313 prisoners in it on the 20th, and 40 more to be added. Accessions there are fastly many.

Idaho City called no grand jury at the last session of its District Court. Had no criminals to work on.

Scarlet fever is visiting among San Francisco people.

Walworth's Last Letter to his Wife.

The trial of Frank Walworth for the murder of his father, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author, is now under way in New York City. On the 27th ult., Mr. O'Connor, counsel for the young man, read the following letter, which is Walworth's last letter to his wife:

May 30—7 o'clock in the morning.—Prepare yourself for the inevitable. I am getting over my wasting fever, and shall be out of my room in a few days. I am going to call upon my children; my heart is starving for their caresses. Make the interview, when I come, just as easy and pleasant as possible. I cannot stay from them much longer; I will see them peaceably, if I can, or with a tragedy if I must. Their little faces haunt me, as they are mine. Popish cruelty must bend to the demand of a father's heart, or the Walworth name goes out in blood. Keep Frank Walworth out of my way; you have taught him to hate me, and his presence or obstruction in my way will only excite a fatal exasperation. I want to see my little girls, and come away peaceably. Beware that you do not in any way arouse the frenzy which you have known to exist since you left me. There is a plausible way to deal with me. I shall have my rights under that decree, with no further legal delay or expense. I have conceded promptly every right to you under that decree, and now I am going to see my children, and you shall not bring them up to hate their loving father. Eliza Backus has written to me that you will do it if you can, from your associations with them; and then I shall shoot you and myself on these door-steps, for I have nothing further to live for. Do right, Ellen Hardin, and you will find me prompt to do right. I am a broken-hearted desperado.

Save this letter for lawyers and Courts, if you please. God is my lawyer now; not that remorseless brutal God that you and Eliza Backus and C. A. Walworth worship, but the God that planted love for my little girls in my heart, and that says to the bereft tiger, "Kill!" Oh, you wretch! that kept me two years from the little hands and hearts that love me; your only excuse was my poverty and misfortune. Should my children refuse to speak to me in the street at Saratoga, and I shall say to myself that she is teaching them all to hate a broken-hearted father, all is lost, and a tragedy must come. When I know, from the conduct of the little girls, that you have taught them to hate me, that moment two pistol-shots will ring about that house—one slaying you, the other myself. I know you have no personal fear, no more than I have; but we both must die when the discovery reaches my brain that you have estranged my young children from me; if my little girls do not love me, then my life is valueless, and I shall die with a feeling of luxury and rest. But you will have to attend me to the spirit-land; the God of Justice demands it. But if you do right under that decree all may be well; but now my heart is agonized for my little children, and if you had common sense you would know how to appreciate the danger.

The *Enterprise* says there is a water supply project on foot for Oregon City. No doubt they need more water.

Yambill county farmers are elated; crops fine—wheat up to a mans ears and almbing.

Mr. Logan, near McMinnville, has a row of potatoes on his farm three miles long, says the *Reporter*.

A Misguided Book Agent.

A book agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield, Mass., cottage one day last week, and nodding to a trim, brightlooking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cook book, dictionary, family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained 5,000 chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellences of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name in the order book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box and wrote in plain letters: "I'M DEFE AND DUM." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library.—*Exchange*.

A STORY OF SING SING PRISON.—Edward Struggess recently entered Sing Sing Prison a second time. As usual with many of the second term men, Struggess has a story connected with his former imprisonment. He was known at that time as Edward Hoyt, and with another convict became the hero of what is known as the "Swill-tub Escape." His "yarn" is to the following effect: In latter part of last July he and his "pal" having obtained by some means false covers to two of the large tubs used to carry the refuse matter of the prison, got into them, placed the false covers on top and the balance of the space being filled with garbage, awaited with as much contentment as the case would allow the development of their little game. The refuse matter of the prison is bought by a man living at some distance and it was planned between Hoyt and his friend that they should wait until they were out of sight of the guards, and then, knocking the driver senseless with their sand clubs, escape into the neighboring woods. Hoyt described with much vivacity his feelings at the slow manner in which the boy who was driving progressed, and whom they observed through the holes in the sides of the tubs get off at several spots to buy pies and other matter, and the curses not loud but deep which they uttered when he at last began a game of ball by the wayside with some other urehins, undmindful of the feelings of the contents of his tubs. "I bore it patiently until the wagon stopped about the middle of Main street, and then I gave up, for a confounded organ-man stopped also in front of us, and commenced playing, 'Up in a Balloon, boys! Up in a Balloon!' and I said after that tune it was no use trying, and I got up and so did my friend, and just then the keepers, who had missed us, came along, and we followed them back to the prison as gracefully as our streaming and highly odoriferous garments and persons would permit.

A Girl's Loyalty.

The Indianapolis Journal says that during his stay in this city, General Sheridan was conversing with a few friends touching his military experience and campaigns, when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war, that historians can never get hold of. For instance there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well it was a pretty square fight, but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute. I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied on if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all colored folks you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would. So I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper, and rolled it up in a tin foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver to Miss Wright, in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin foil. I found I had had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel.

HUMOROUS.

When a wife in Turkey forgets to keep the suspender-buttons sewed on her husband's trousers, she is patted on the back for half-an-hour with a pine board an inch thick.

Here is genuine repentance: A precipitate Detroitier is miserable at discovering that his wife inherited half a million just after he has procured a divorce from her.

A COUNTY Commissioner in the western part of Maine, on inviting some lawyers to inspect the new court-house, quoted the solemn lines of Dr. Watts.

"Ye sinners round, come view the ground
Where you will shortly lie"

A TEUTON, disgusted with disrespect of Good Friday by the Yankees, exclaimed:

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Vat a country! Vat a beeples! Only two holy days and one is Fourth of July, and the other April Fools."

A young lady, speaking of one of her aversions, said the severest thing on record: "He's almost a perfect brute—he only lacks instinct."

A Boston paper twits Philadelphia on the fact that it never had a decent fire yet.

Ben. Butler's son, who is at West Point, is said to be cheekier than the old man.

A lady who "lived fifty years with her husband, died in the confident hope of a better life."