

# The Albany Register.



VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 12, 1875.

NO. 8.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**SAMUEL E. YOUNG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**DRY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
GROCERIES,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
THRASHERS,  
REAPERS & MOWERS,  
WAGONS, PLOWS,  
SEED DRILLS,  
BROADCAST SEED  
SOWERS, ETC.**

First street, Albany, Oregon.  
Terms: Cash.

## American Exchange Hotel.

Cor. Front and Washington sts.  
ALBANY, OREGON.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,  
so popular under the former management,  
will be transferred on the 1st of October, to  
W. H. DODD, Mr. Dodd, in addition to being  
first class caterer, is thorough in the hotel  
business.

## St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,  
ALBANY, OREGON,  
Matthews & Morrison,  
PROPRIETORS.

Home newly furnished throughout. The  
best market affords always on the table.  
Free Cakes and from the House.

## P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in  
**DRY GOODS,  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries,  
Fancy Goods, Notions, Stationery and  
Furniture, Trunks, Bags, Mirrors,  
Wallpaper, Wood and Willow  
Ware, Trunks and Valises,  
Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.**  
Sold very low either for cash, or on prompt pay-  
ing customers on time.

## Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE TO  
announce to the citizens of Albany and  
surrounding country, that having supplied our-  
selves with the necessary machinery for rais-  
ing and removing buildings, we are ready at all  
times to receive orders for such work, which  
we will do in short order at lowest rates. We  
guarantee entire satisfaction in all work under-  
taken by us.  
Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly  
attended to. Apply to  
ALBANY, OREGON, April 22, 1875.

## O. S. S. CO.

FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL FUR-  
ther notice, freight from  
**PORTLAND TO ALBANY**  
WILL BE  
**ONE DOLLAR PER TON**

All down freight will be delivered at PORT-  
LAND or ASTORIA.

## Free of Drayage and Wharfage, At Reduced Rates.

Boats will leave ALBANY for CORVALLIS or  
PORTLAND.

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## Home Interests.

**NEE BUTTER.**—Nice, sweet, fresh but-  
ter has been a scarce article in this market  
for weeks—in fact, first class butter is  
never over plenty in this market. We had  
not been able to secure any real nice butter  
for our table for weeks, until last Saturday,  
when our friend, Mr. J. W. Propst, came  
hurriedly into the office, and remarking,  
"I see from the REGISTER that good butter  
seems to be scarce about your house, and I  
thought I'd bring you in a cask, just for  
greens," laid a fine, large roll of golden  
butter on our table. Now we appreciate  
the kindness of friends when they bring us a  
present of fine, large potatoes, luscious  
fruit, a fat turkey for Christmas, or any  
other present, knowing and feeling that it  
is out of the goodness of a full heart; but  
when a man brings us an article that is as  
scarce, at this season of the year especially,  
as hen's teeth, viz: well made, sweet, golden  
butter—an article that there is an extra  
demand for—a cash article—an article that  
will bring the coin much quicker than  
what—[an] makes us a present of it, we  
propose to thank him as long as memory  
lasts. And the beauty of the whole matter  
was, Mr. Propst made the butter with his  
own hands, his wife, who is a splendid  
butter maker, by the way, being absent—  
and we defy any woman to make nicer  
looking, sweeter butter than that presented to  
us by Mr. P. And in conclusion we say,  
he doesn't do it again.

**CITY OF SALEM.**—This new steamboat,  
built by U. B. Scott & Co., made her ap-  
pearance at our wharf last Saturday. She  
is one of the newest furnished and finest  
built boats on the river. She is 130 feet in  
length, 33 feet beam, and with one-hundred  
more carrying capacity and with but one  
deck, the power of the *Grover*, makes the  
same time and draws less water.  
Loaded, she draws 10 inches at the bow  
and 12 inches aft. This boat was built to  
run in low water, and there is hardly a  
day in the year in which she cannot make  
this city. The boat was built for the  
purpose of furnishing our people with cheap  
transportation facilities, and the owners  
propose to carry grain and other freight at  
the lowest living rates—the present rate  
being 75 per ton for grain. If prices  
are lowered by the old companies to figures  
that will not pay to run boats, will it be  
good policy for our people to throw off  
the two boats owned by Capt. Scott & Co.,  
and thus drive them out of the river? Will  
not the rates run up to five or six dollars  
per ton as soon as the two boats are with-  
drawn? Isn't that the history of the past?  
Would it not be a matter of economy, a  
sound business policy, to give the new boats  
fair living rates, no matter what the old  
companies charge during a good stage of  
water, and thus keep them on the river  
during the entire year? These are ques-  
tions for our people to decide. The past is  
a criterion by which to judge of the future.

## Resolutions of Knox Bute Grange.

**ALBANY, NOV. 8, 1875.**  
MR. EDITOR:—At a meeting of Knox  
Bute Grange, No. 22, P. of H., held Nov.  
6th, 1875, the following resolutions were  
adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly  
Father to remove from our midst by death  
Bro. L. C. Burkhardt, a member of our  
Grange, thereby depriving us of one of our  
most worthy members and an earnest laborer  
therein, therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss  
occasioned by the death of our Brother, and  
become joint mourners with his family and  
immediate friends, and we hereby tender  
them our sympathy in their sad be-  
reavement, yet we cling to the hope of again  
meeting him at the festal board of the  
Grand Master of the Universe, where tears  
and farewells are unknown.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions  
be tendered the wife and family of deceased,  
and one spread upon the record of this  
Grange; also, one to each of the Albany  
papers for publication.

Brother Burkhardt was born in Hawkins  
county, East Tennessee, Nov. 14th, 1829,  
and was in his 53d year at the date of his  
death.

J. B. HURSTON,  
MARTIN MILLER,  
A. G. MARSHALL,  
Committee.

## NEW PATENTS.

Through dispatches to  
Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, S. F., we  
received the following advance list of U. S.  
Patents granted to Pacific Coast inventors,  
viz: W. O. M. Berry, S. F., traction wheel;  
L. Marks, S. F., carbureter; A. Moon, S. F.,  
steam boiler indicator; V. Schmidt, vermin  
exterminator; J. G. Steel, S. F., process  
for making poisonous compositions for de-  
stroying gophers, squirrels, etc.; J. Weath-  
erhead, San Jose, Cal., guard strap for  
shafts and strap couplings.

**WELL OFFICERS.**—The officers of the  
City of Salem are: Captain, U. B. Scott;  
Pilot, S. E. Miller; Purser, Z. T. Hatch;  
Mate, John Gore; Steward, S. Hedges;  
Engineer, W. W. Hendrick.

## Fallen Asleep in Jesus.

**Mrs. Emma Bruce Byland,** youngest  
daughter of J. W. W. and Lurana Bell, and  
wife of Donald E. Byland, was born in  
Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, March 9,  
1855.

Being the youngest, Emma was the child  
of many hopes, and was tenderly cared for  
by her parents, who early sought to lead  
her to the Savior. In the 17th year of her  
age she was united in holy marriage to  
Mr. D. E. Byland, the husband of her  
choice. Six months afterward she took  
upon herself the obligations of a religious  
life, and in company with her husband,  
united with the Cumberland Presbyterian  
Church, in the communion of which she  
steadfastly continued until she passed from  
earth to heaven.

Her pathway was not one of uncertain  
direction, but always led on to the Savior,  
through shadow as well as sunshine. Her  
sufferings previous to her death were of  
many months' duration, and often very  
great, but always endured with patience  
and christian fortitude.

Something over one year ago she was at-  
tacked with disease of the lungs, which  
moved steadily on in its progress until it  
resulted in her death. She saw her ap-  
proaching dissolution without fear, and  
gave directions touching her burial, select-  
ing a text of scripture expressing her tri-  
umph over death, and appropriate hymns  
for her funeral services.

After many repeated declarations of her  
confidence in Jesus, of her willingness to  
depart, and of her resignation to the will  
of her Savior, and having formally bidden  
her friends an affectionate adieu until they  
should meet "beyond the narrow river,"  
she quietly fell asleep in Jesus and passed  
on to "the sweet by and by." On Sunday,  
Oct. 24, 1875, at 1 o'clock P. M.

She leaves an affectionate husband, two  
children, yet too young to know their loss,  
an affectionate father, mother, sister, and  
a large circle of friends to mourn her depar-  
ture.

The funeral sermon was preached Octo-  
ber 26th, by Rev. W. R. Bishop, of the  
Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at Leba-  
non, Oct. 26th, 1875.

## THE SAD STORY OF MR. WISCH.

It is not a pleasing prospect which Mr. Wisch,  
of Warsaw, Illinois, has before him, name-  
ly, to be linked in every town in the United  
States. This is the sad story of Mr. Wisch.  
Some time ago he came into possession of  
\$100, which is claimed by Mr. S. D. Mathews  
of Alexandria, and which Mr. Mathews  
asserts he was swindled out of by Wisch.  
Shortly after the transaction, whatever it  
might have been, Mr. Wisch went to Alex-  
andria, where he was promptly thrashed  
by Mr. Mathews. Wisch then returned to  
Warsaw, whither Mr. Mathews, after settling  
his bill with the justice of the peace, fol-  
lowed him. In Warsaw likewise he  
thrashed his enemy and next morning  
made it square, with the Warsaw tribunal.  
The other day Wisch went to Keokuk, and  
thither, too, went Mathews, and mauled his  
victim publicly for the third time. Justice  
was easily appeased the next day, although  
Mathews announced in court his intention  
to accompany Wisch to St. Louis and whip  
him again. His programme, he says, is to  
lick his enemy in every town the latter en-  
ters. He will be careful not to thrash him  
twice in the same town, for he allows that  
he is not a vindictive man, and once in a  
place is enough. Wisch is rapidly losing  
his taste for travel under these circum-  
stances. We wish Mr. Wisch much joy of his  
hundred dollars.

In about three weeks M. H. Abbott, Esq.,  
will commence the publication of the  
*Oregon Tribune* at the Dalles, as he informed  
us by note on the 6th. Ladies will then  
have two newspapers, when that country  
may look to be written up in good style.

"Pa, I guess our man Ralph is a good  
Christian." "How so, my boy?" "Why,  
Pa, I read in the Bible that the wicked  
shall not live out half his days; and Ralph  
says he has lived out ever since he was a  
little boy."

"You've pin'd it back," he cried with grief,  
"Much further than you'd order;  
Your front stands out in bold relief—  
My darter! oh, my darter!"

**PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.**—For No-  
vember, is full of elegant pieces for the  
piano. Peter's musical publications are  
way up.

"Yes, I like those short days," said old  
Truenny, the other morning, joining in  
the discussion; "the interest counts up so  
fast. Why when I come into my nice  
mornings, and get out my securities, I can  
fairly hear them draw interest, right  
through the side of the box?"

A youth called at a printing office one day,  
and after watching them set type awhile,  
said to one of the types: "You use a heap  
of four penny nails."

The old gentleman who spent a fortune  
in endeavoring to hatch colts from horse-  
chestnuts is now cultivating egg plant,  
with a view to raising chickens from it.

Now we know what makes it so cold.  
Elder Lutz, of New Haven, is preaching on  
"Hell Closed for Repairs."

"The vilest sinner may return," wrote a  
pious girl to her lover, with whom she had  
parted in anger.

It is said that when a girl is born in In-  
diana the unhappy party begins to save  
money to buy a piano.

The boy who was kicked out of time by a  
gun said he fired and fell back in good order.

Flash writers—Telegraph operators.

## A Reminiscence.

BY GEN. HEUB. WILLIAMS.

I is no longer ago than this week  
that I noticed a remark in a newspaper  
that the old song, so familiar at one  
time as to be on the lips of nearly every-  
body, and which begins with these  
words:

"We'll rally 'round the flag, boys,  
Rally once again,"

was growing old and stale. In years,  
this may be true, but it is to be hoped  
that the patriotic fervor which produced  
the song in the dark and gloomy days  
through which the country passed, will  
never die out in the hearts of those  
who carried the flag from the Ohio to  
the Gulf, and from Vicksburg to Rich-  
mond,—or their descendants. The  
words of the song are old, but in reality  
they are new; they were sung by the  
boys who could sing no other, were  
they to try; they welled up in the  
hearts of thousands of noble sons on the  
march and in the bivouac; and men  
have died with the inspiring words on  
their lips. At home, in the parlor, the  
sister, proud of the brother who had  
gone forth to battle for his country,  
sang them to evening callers; they  
were mingled with the prayers of the  
mother for the safety of her first-born  
who had gone to the tented field, and  
who at the same moment might have  
been singing them with his comrades  
around the camp-fires in the swamps of  
Georgia; among the deep ravines that  
encircle Vicksburg, or the earthworks  
around Richmond, the Capital of the  
Confederacy. Yes, the words may be  
old, but the song inspired many a young  
man with a higher and holier purpose,  
and caused him to leave home and  
friends and march to the rescue of his  
imperiled country, after hearing the in-  
spiring strains from the lips of the girl  
he loved.

It was the evening of the 3d of July,  
in the year 1863. A cordon of Fed-  
eral layabouts—broken only at intervals,  
to make room for a battery of Twenty-  
pounder Parrots; of Rodmans, or loud-  
mouthed Napoleons—encompassed the  
beleaguered and doomed garrison which  
had been driven, weeks before, within  
the defenses of Vicksburg. Rumors  
were rife in the encircling camp of Fed-  
erals, that negotiations were in progress  
for the capitulation of this stronghold,  
by the rebel general Pemberton, but  
this was only rumor. In the mean-  
time preparations had been going for  
days before looking to celebrating the  
4th of July on the morrow in a manner  
somewhat different from the usual course  
in the more peaceful days. The mouth  
of the Yazoo river was literally filled  
with steamers, loaded to the guards  
with cargoes of solid shot and shell,  
caustic and grape, and it was beginning  
to be well understood in the Federal  
lines that at sunrise the next day would  
be fired the grandest national salute  
ever attempted on the face of the globe.  
Three hundred and eighty-four guns  
were in position, all compressed within  
a line of but two or three miles in length  
and all pointing in the direction of  
the doomed city. The commandant of each  
battery had orders to fire sixty-five  
rounds from each gun, beginning at sun-  
rise and continuing until the last shot  
was hurled within the lines of the strong-  
hold of the enemy—the closed gate to  
the free passage of the Mississippi be-  
tween Cairo and New Orleans. The  
reader can, for himself, calculate the  
number of shots that would have been  
fired had not the city surrendered pre-  
vious to the time appointed for beginning  
the celebration, and will then admit, I  
think, that it would have been a Na-  
tional salute such as is seldom seen or  
heard.

While these operations were going  
on in the immediate vicinity of Vicks-  
burg, the Rebel armies were not idle,  
by any means. Under the able leader-  
ship of Gen. Joe Johnson a large force  
was marching to the relief of the impris-  
oned and starving garrison within the  
walls of Vicksburg. He had approached  
within a few miles of the rear of the  
Federal lines, and the rebels in their  
territory were preparing the attack, as  
at once detailed by Gen. Grant to "face  
to the rear," with the forces under his  
command, and march on in the  
direction from whence this new rebel army  
was approaching. It was 10 o'clock at  
night on the evening of the 3d, before  
Gen. Sherman's forces were fully on the  
march, and they had scarcely begun to  
move, before one of the wildest, fiercest  
storms that I ever beheld burst upon  
the earth. Dark clouds entirely shut  
out from sight every object upon the  
face of the earth. The troops were in  
the narrow wagon road leading from  
Vicksburg to Jackson, but to move for-  
ward was simply out of the question.  
Great forest trees were falling on every  
side, the lightning hissed and crackled,  
and at times would seem to be creeping  
in sheets of flame right among the feet  
of the troops as they stood immovable  
in the road, unable to move in any di-  
rection whatever, and only capable of  
watching the terrible grandeur of the  
storm. An entire company was knock-  
ed down by a stroke of lightning; here  
and there a horse that had broken away  
from his rider went dashing through  
the forest, visible only, when flashes of  
lightening revealed him to the gaze of  
the almost awe-struck troops who stood  
motionless and silent in the winding  
road through that Mississippi forest.  
All at once, between the intervals of  
thunder, there came back from the front  
a strain of the popular song, that is  
"now growing old."

"We'll rally 'round the flag, boys,  
Rally once again."

Indistinct at first amid the roar of

the storm, it began to grow louder and  
louder, and in two minutes after some  
soldier away up in the column had  
struck up the inspiring strain, it was  
being sung by fifteen thousand troops,  
and could be distinctly heard above the  
rushing winds, the noise of falling trees  
and the reverberations of thunder. I  
had seen wild storms before, but never,  
in my life, had I witnessed one so sud-  
denly terrible as the one on the evening  
of the 3d of July, the roar and din of  
which was at times overpowered by the  
verses of that grand old song of  
"Rally 'round the flag, boys."

Yes, the song is growing old, so is  
"Old Hundred," "Otonyille," and  
many others that could be named. The  
finest melodies we ever heard are grow-  
ing old, and are none the less cherished  
let us hope, on that account. We are  
all growing old; the songs we sung in  
our childhood are not the songs we hear  
to-day, yet they are inseparably connect-  
ed with a period in our lives that only  
make them the more valued for that  
reason. So, too, with the patriotic  
songs sung by the "Boys in blue."

They will never grow old while memo-  
ry holds its sway. They were sung by  
the comrade who died by the side of  
him who lived to return to the "loved  
ones at home;" through toil and priva-  
tion, through want and suffering, they  
served to cheer and inspire the brave,  
patriotic men, and when victory and  
peace came, the surviving soldier march-  
ed to his old home, keeping time to the  
same old songs. To some they may  
grow old, in fact, as well as in years  
but the words,

"Rally 'round the flag, boys,"

are inseparably interwoven with the  
history of the war for the preservation  
of the Union, and as such will be ever  
cherished by him who wore the blue,  
whether he bore the marks of a  
corporal upon his arm, or a strap upon  
his shoulder, including three stars; in-  
deed, whether he bore any distinguishing  
mark at all, save true, upright, noble  
patriotism, and love of country.

In Roenebeck, Bremen, an engine  
has been nearly completed by Herr Tross-  
er in which resolves the problem, which for  
nearly thirty years has engaged the at-  
tention of inventors, of the utilization of  
superheated steam in common engines.

The answer to the problem has been  
found in the new application of the phys-  
ical law and the use of a peculiar lubri-  
cant. An engine working with super-  
heated steam needs only half the ordi-  
nary amount of coal, the boiler and grate  
are smaller by one half, the supply of  
water by one third, and the air-pump  
and condenser are equally reduced to  
half their usual space. The improve-  
ment has been patented in England, Bel-  
gium and other countries, and can easily  
be applied to engines of the existing  
type.

A horrible rape outrage is reported  
from Hinghamton, New York, where a  
fellow named James Lovest waylaid and  
assaulted a nine-year-old girl named  
Minnie German, as she was going along  
the road with a young sister, October  
13th. The screams of the children at-  
tracted the attention of two ladies and  
a party of men, but the ruffian had es-  
caped into the woods. He was captured  
and fully identified October 15, and  
lodged in jail, after barely escaping lyn-  
ching. The girl is dangerously injured  
and not likely to recover.

It is said of Norbury that he would  
at any time rather lose a friend than a  
joke. On one occasion he began the  
sentence of death in this wise: "Prison-  
er at the bar, you have been found guilty  
by a jury of your own countrymen of  
the crime laid to your charge, and I must  
say I entirely agree with the verdict,  
for I see 'Scoundrel' written in your  
face." Here the prisoner interrupted  
with "That's a strong reflection—from  
your Lordship?" whereupon the Judge,  
keenly appreciating the joke, committed  
the sentence into transportation for seven  
years.

George Clark, a well known prospe-  
ctor from Oregon, who found the richest  
diggings at Dease Creek last season, has  
been looking for gold this Summer along  
the Tahoo, in Alaska. He says that the  
indications are such as will warrant  
his return next year, prepared for work.  
The impression at Wrangell is that he  
has "struck it rich," but does not deem  
it prudent to give particulars.

Great Britain has varied her recent  
system of constructing iron-clad ships—  
iron outside and wood within. She has  
launched a wooden-clad corvette iron  
inside, wood outside. She is a sixteen-  
gun ship. But we are not informed  
what are the anticipated advantages of  
this style of naval architecture. The  
ship just launched is called the *Boadicea*.

The Fair of the Mechanics' Institute,  
San Francisco, received about \$90,000.  
The Fair lasted about six weeks, and  
was remarkable not only for its comple-  
ness but for the endurance of the holders  
of season tickets.

We spend half our lives in making  
mistakes, and waste the poor remainder  
in reflecting how easily we might have  
avoided them.

## Take a Chew?

There are four little girls in Millau-  
kee, two of them the daughters of a  
southern fisherman, one the daughter  
of a German carpet weaver, and the other  
a Third Ward lassie "Annie," who are  
employed by a tobacco dealer to pick up  
whatever may be found in saloons, on  
the streets and in the gutters, at 1 cent  
for every ten pieces, whether large or  
small. Every cigar-stump and discard-  
ed "quid" is plucked up, no matter who  
has used it, or where it is found. These  
are used in the manufacture of both  
"chico" flavans cigars and paper chew-  
ing tobacco. The longer and better  
"stumps" are unrolled and used for the  
former purpose, while the "quids," short  
stumps, and soaked and rotten tips are  
made into chewing tobacco. There is  
something delectable in a contemplation  
of all this. These children make good  
wages at the business, their pay ranging  
from 80 cents to \$1.50 per day. When  
a large and well-soaked lump is found  
the little rascals divide it and by so doing  
make 50 per cent on their "find."  
*Milwaukee News.*

Editors have a first rate time in Texas.  
The ladies of a town down there have  
given to the editor of the paper an em-  
broided shirt, which contains a picto-  
rial history of Texas, including the war  
with Mexico, and the meeting of the first  
legislature, and also pictures of the fruits  
and cereals of the State, all worked in  
red worsted. The editor never wore a  
shirt in his life, and he thought it was  
a banner for the temperance procession  
which was to come off next week. So  
he made a little speech of thanks, in  
which he said he would fling it out for-  
ever in the breezes of heaven, that they  
might kiss its folds and that until his  
hand paled it should never be trailed  
in the dust—never! The ladies didn't  
understand him, they blushed, and said  
they were sorry they made it too long.  
But a committee-man took the editor  
aside and explained the shirt to him in a  
whisper, and the next day he appeared  
at the office with that shirt mounted over  
his coat, and he wrote four columns of  
explanation for his paper. The shirt is  
much admired by the boys of the town,  
and whenever the editor goes out for a  
walk they follow him in regiments,  
studying the history of Texas and the  
fine arts of the back of his shirt.

She YELDED.—It was the twilight  
hour, and they were meandering over  
the execrable sidewalks on Veto street.  
He was blacker than the king of clubs,  
and she could discount the ten-spot of  
spades.

"Susan, I lub you!" he suddenly re-  
marked.

"Shoo! Go long!" she replied.

"Susan, will you marry me?" he con-  
tinued.

"So long wid you, Pete!"

"If yer don't, I shall embrace de flut-  
in' waters ob de dark ribber. Den de  
coroner will haul me out an' sot on me;  
dey'll plant me under de roses, an' de  
verdict will be, 'Dat feller died ob a  
broken heart!'"

"Yu don't mean dat, Pete?"

"I do, Susan!"

"Den, Pete," she said, as she sighed  
heavily, "den it's my dooty to marry  
yu to save yer life, an' de weddin' is to  
come off in de fall!"

"And they clasped hands and rolled  
their eyes and stumbled along—*Vicks-  
burg Herald.*

A friend residing in Baltimore had in  
his possession a small alligator, which  
had been sent him from Florida. His  
habitation was but partially filled with  
water, kept outdoors. During one of the  
cold snaps of the past winter, in the night  
the water became completely frozen,  
imprisoning the reptile in the ice, with  
but a small portion of his body protrud-  
ing above. To all appearances the  
animal was as dead as one of the stuffed  
specimens seen in a museum collection.  
The want of time precluding an effort for  
its extrication in the morning, it was  
allowed to remain frozen, and was soon  
forgotten in the maze of the cares of the  
day. For forty-eight hours the  
reptile thus remained frozen and lifeless  
at the end of which time, being thawed  
out, vitality became visible, and in a  
short time it was as animated as ever,  
with no evidence of having in the least  
suffered by the prolonged frigorific con-  
finement. Here is an instance in which  
the vital spark seems not to have been  
extinguished by the freezing, nor the  
animal's organism to have been mutilated,  
but that vitality merely remained  
torpid or dormant during the freezing,  
and ready to respond to its functions  
whenever the animal's organism return-  
ed to its normal condition.—*Ameri-  
can Artisan.*

"Ain't you exprised to see me?" said  
a five-year-old girl, as she tripped into  
my house in the midst of a rain storm.  
"The rain fell all over me like it ran  
through a strainer, and I shook it off,  
but it wouldn't stay shocked. I asked  
God to stop, but there was a big thun-  
yer in the way and he could not hear  
me, I underspect; and I could not hear  
he couldn't see me, 'cause a black cloud  
got over my head as black as—anything  
Nobody couldn't see little girls through  
black clouds. I'm going to stay till the  
sun shines and then, when I go home,  
God will look down and say, 'Why,  
there's Nettie! She went to see her  
auntie right in the middle of the rain;  
and I guess he'll be just as much expris-  
ed as you was?"

## SAMANTHY'S ELOPEMENT.

"Yes," said the old lady, as she wiped  
her eyes and proceeded to tell the sym-  
pathizing neighbor about the elopement  
of her daughter, "yes, Mrs. Blobs, you may  
well say 'I ar' a dreadful stroke. I ain't  
had such another shock since I was  
rheumatiz. To think that a darter of mine  
would do such a disgraceful thing after  
the care an' affection me an' her father  
have lavished on her from her infancy up,  
I couldn't bear under the affliction no how  
but for the consolation of religion. Reli-  
gion is powerful enervating in such trials  
as these."  
"Did you not suspicion that they were  
contemplating such a move?" asked the  
neighbor.

"No, we never suspicioned nary contem-  
plation. After I'd runned the concealed  
opinion of the premises with the mop, I  
didn't think he'd have the insurance to  
speak to Samanthy again. An' she seemed  
to appose an' resist that I never respect-  
ed her of havin any under handed con-  
tentions. But all the time—so I've heard  
sense—they used to meet clandestinely,  
when I thought Samanthy was at meetin,  
an' delect their plans to run off an' elope."  
Well, Samanthy has made her bed, and  
she'll have to lay on it. I wash my hands  
of the outrageous girl from this time forth-  
with.

"Did you make any effort to intercept  
them?"

"No, you see, we didn't know it, or else  
we'd intercepted 'em within an inch of  
their lives."

"I mean did you try to have them  
stopped when you found they were gone?"

"Yes, indeed. Father teleported to find  
or six towns, an' give their perscription—  
cost him lots of money, too, but he said he  
would spend the price of a cow to git Sa-  
manthy back. But we never heard nothing  
more from them, and I told father to get  
on alone and he'd