

# The Albany Register.

14

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 31, 1875.

NO. 15.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### SAMUEL E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**DRY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
GROCERIES,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
THRESHERS,  
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 is so popular under the former management, will be transferred on the 1st of October, to Mr. W. E. Eddy. Mr. Eddy, in addition to being a first class caterer, is thorough in the hotel business. sept. 26/75.

### St. Charles Hotel,

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

Have newly furnished throughout. The best market affords always on the table. Free coach to and from the House.

### P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in—  
**DRY GOODS.**  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Blankets and Flannels, Knives, Bows, Mirrors, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises.

Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c., sold very low either for cash, or to prompt paying customers on time.

### Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE LEAVE TO remove to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country that having supplied ourselves with the necessary machinery for raising and moving 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 undertaken by us. Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly attended to. Apply to  
**BANTY, ALLEN & CO.,**  
Albany, Or., April 22, 1875.

### O. S. S. CO.



### NOTICE.

FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, freight from

**PORTLAND TO ALBANY**  
WILL BE

**ONE DOLLAR PER TON**

All down freight will be delivered at PORTLAND or ASTORIA.

Free of Drayage and Wharfage.  
At Reduced Rates.

Boats will leave ALBANY for CORVALLIS or PORTLAND

**Every Day.**

For further particulars, apply to  
**BEACHE & HORTON,**  
Albany, Nov. 5, 74-75 Agents.

**CHAS. B. MONTAGUE. ROBT. MCALLEY.**

**MONTAGUE & McALLEY,**  
A NEW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT

**FALL AND WINTER GOODS!**  
selected with care, and bought for sale at

Remarkably Low Figures  
and as we bought low we can and will sell them at prices that will

**Astonish Everybody.**

Come and see our selections of Green Goods, Japanese

Woolens, Ribbons, Collars, Collarettes, Lace, &c., &c.,

for the ladies, and our complete lines of

**Ready-made Clothing,**

Woolens, Cottons, Silks, &c.,

for the ladies, and our complete lines of

**Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,**

at low prices.

The lowest prices at the lowest rates every time.

Albany, Oregon, October 26, 1874.

**Furniture Warerooms.**

**FRED GRAF,**  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c.,

## Home Interests.

A happy New Year to all.

The new council don't go in until next week.

The river at this date (Tuesday) is billin' over.

To-morrow is New Year's day, as well as the first day of Leap Year.

DOUBLETS.—At Johnny Morrison's, Scio, on the 22d—boy and girl.

The S. S. Concert at the M. E. Church next Sunday night will be interesting.

The net receipts of the recent Evangelical Church Fair, were \$23, which is remarkably good.

Linn County Teachers' Institute opened on Tuesday. The attendance, considering the goodness of the weather, is very good.

DIRECTORS ELECTED.—At a meeting of the stockholders in Linn Engine Company No. 2, at the Court House on Monday afternoon, the following named gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year: Dr. Geo. W. Gray, D. M. Thompson, Frank Woods, J. F. McCoy and Chris Hoack.

WENT TO CALIFORNIA.—E. Melton, A. M., professor in the Albany Collegiate Institute for some time, on account of failing health has resigned and gone to California. Prof. L. T. Henderson, a graduate of Cornell University, N. Y., takes the place thus left vacant.

A FIRE.—On Friday morning last, at the store of Mr. F. S. Dunning, destroyed furniture to the amount of \$100. The fire was caused by sparks dropping on to a pile of straw from an unused stovepipe hole in the brick fire which was up in the rear of the sales room.

THE MASONIC FESTIVAL.—On Monday night was not largely attended, owing to the extreme tempestuousness of the night. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew like mad, discouraging the ladies from making an attempt to leave their homes and through the ink darkness and terrible storm, attempt to reach the Opera House. We did not learn the amount received.

ONESTER'S DANCE at the Opera House last Friday evening, was a grand affair. The decorating committee had done their duty, and the hall looked splendid; the music was satisfactory, and the large company assembled seemed to be enjoying the occasion right merrily when we called in a moment, early in the evening. We don't know how many couples were in attendance, but judge there were near a hundred, and we suppose the receipts panned out satisfactorily.

CHINA WEDDING.—A very pleasant party was that at the residence of Rev. T. B. White, pastor of the M. E. Church South of this city, on Thursday of last week, to congratulate the Rev. gentleman and his estimable wife upon the arrival of the twentieth anniversary of their wedded life. Quite a number of beautiful gifts were presented. Among them were a china set, by Mrs. Hanna, of Corvallis; a pair of statuettes, by Miss Lizzie Smith; glass set, by Mrs. E. Westlake; portrait of Gen. Lee, by Mrs. E. H. Carter; box of dried plums, by the A. A. F. P. Co.; 100 lbs. of flour, by A. Umphrey; box toilet soap, by Dr. Plummer. It was an occasion long to be remembered by the pastor and his wife, and was fully enjoyed by all present. May Bro. White and lady live to see and enjoy many more years of wedded happiness.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—The U. P. Church was most elegantly and elaborately decorated on Christmas eve, and was well filled with old and young, and on that occasion, to witness the "undressing" of the beautiful Christmas tree erected with so much care and trouble. Beautiful mottoes, expressing hope, love and thanksgiving to the Giver, were placed upon the walls, evergreen wreaths festooned the windows and other parts of the building; the chandeliers were festooned with flowers and evergreens, while in the windows, and here and there among the wreaths that enriched the auditorium, were placed lighted wax candles, altogether making a most brilliant and enchanting sight. The tree not being large enough to hold all the presents, a side display was made of some of the larger and more valuable ones. The exercises before clearing the tree of its valuables, we are told, were interesting. We suppose that there were \$1,500 or \$2,000 worth of presents taken from the tree, among them a handsome gold watch for the pastor, Rev. S. G. Irvine, D. D.

The Cavalry Church was also brilliantly lighted and decorated, while a handsome tree, dotted all over with presents, made the hearts of many in the audience throb with pleasant anticipations. Among the presents was a handsome frockman's shirt, after the style adopted by Linn Engine Company No. 2, ticketed to "Coll Van Cleave". Of course we got into them shirt right away, and for the rest of the evening was as happy as anybody. Probably as many presents were taken from this tree as from the one first mentioned.

We were not in attendance at the Baptist Church, but learn that their tree, too, received due attention, and many hearts were made glad by receiving handsome gifts from its branches. We suppose there were three thousand dollars worth of presents taken from the three trees.

Remember the Sunday School concert at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening.

## An Amusing Incident at Santa Rosa.

A large crowd gathered yesterday on Fourth street, in front of the Court-house, attracted by the moving through the streets of one of the old buildings from John Taylor's lot. The building is about fifty feet long, had been mounted on four wooden truck wheels, with a pair of wagon wheels in front, to which a team of six stout mules were hitched. After many tugs the old house started, the driver yelling and the mud flying all over the sidewalk, scattering the crowd and bespattering the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Court-house. After an hour's time they succeeded in dragging the building about 150 feet. Within a few feet of the crossing from the Recorder's office to Evans' store, they stuck fast, owing to a slight rise in the street made by the crossing. The driver shouted himself hoarse, the six big mules floundered about in the mud, but not an inch could they budge the old building. The crowd increased, and bets were made that they would never start it again. A teamster from the redwoods, with four mustangs, had stopped to watch the performance, a smooth faced, athletic young fellow. He said nothing until, roused perhaps by a splash of mud, he walked to the front wiping his forehead on his sleeve and said: "I ain't got but three dollars, but I'll bet every d—cent of it that my four mustangs will start that rookery out of there." There was a derisive laugh from the crowd and half a dozen takers. "Put up the money," said the teamster, "I'll have more or knew where to borrow any, I'd see the last one of you." The bet was taken, Jerry Farmer held stakes, the six mules were taken off and the four mustangs hitched on. Meanwhile the interest of the crowd increased, and bets were freely made with big odds against the teamster. When ready to start the excitement was at a high pitch. The little mustangs bent to their work, but the horse did not move; he started them again; no go. Nothing daunted, the teamster, in answer to the crowd, who were chaffing him from all quarters, said, "If Jim Shaw was here I'd get the money and bet fifty dollars that I could start it. I ain't got'em warmed up yet." "I'll bet you fifty dollars against one of your horses," said a well-known livery man, "that you can't pull it five feet." "It's a whack," said the teamster, "put up the coin." The money was handed to Jerry Farmer, the stakeholder. Another tug, the little mustangs seemed to hump themselves, but it was no go. "I'll bet you another fifty agin that mare's mate, you can't do it," said the livery man, eagerly. "Done," said the teamster. "I'll bet the last hoof of'em on it, and you may swing me to one of them oaks in the plaza if they can't do it." By this time the excitement was running high among the lookers-on, and side bets were numerous. One offered to bet a hundred dollars that he could not do it, and the teamster got a friend to take the bet for him. Those who had watched the teamster closely now noticed a change in his manner, and curious smiles on his countenance. He walked up to each horse successively, tapped him on the rump with the butt end of his back-sake, and said to each, "Stand up there now, in your harness." For the first time he mounted the rear wheeler, seized a single rein, turned his team off "law," swung them back "go," cracked his whip, gave a yell, as they strained, and the unwieldy load rose over the obstruction like an old hulk over a swell at sea, greeted by a burst of applause from the bystanders. The mustangs pulled for about twenty-five feet and he stopped them. "You see, boys," said the teamster as he got down, "I'm with'em all the time and know just what they can do, and— with a childlike smile, "jest when to make'em do it." As he dropped the stake in his overalls pocket he said, "I'd give fifty dollars out of that ar stake if Jim Shaw had been here to see that team pull. Jerry, I'm dry; let's go over to Buck Williamson's and take a drink."

When he returned to his mustangs, to start out of town, he threw up his hat and said, "Whoop-la, I've teamed in Walla Walla, Nevada and Arkansas, and with my slab sided plugs kin out-pull any six males in Sonoma county." As he mounted his wheeler he sang out to the crowd, "I asked that old tumble-down out of the mud and have got the coin to show it. Hooryay for Arkansas. What's them mules?

Git erp, Pete," cracked his whip, turned the corner and passed out of sight.—*Sonoma Democrat.*

## Sensational Recipes.

**Iron rust may be removed from cotton and woolen goods by saturating the spots with ink, and removing this by the use of muriatic acid diluted with five or six times its weight of water.**

**Chocolate Creams.**—Allow enough new milk to fill 30 small cups; set it on to boil; and having mixed in 1 pint of milk 2 ounces of grated chocolate add it to the boiling milk. Just before it comes off the fire mix in 6 eggs, beaten and mixed in a little milk, and 1/2 pound of white sugar. When cool mix in the beaten whites of the eggs, and a small quantity of vanilla boiled in milk. Fill the cups nearly full, place them in water, and boil 1/2 hour. Eat when cold.

**A Good Wash for the Outside of Buildings.**—Take a clean, tight barrel, and shake in it 1 bushel of freshly burned lime, by covering it with boiling water. After it is slaked add cold water enough to bring it to the consistency of cream or thick whitewash. Then dissolve in water 1 pound of sulphate of zinc (also known by the common name of white vitriol) and add to the lime and water, with 1 quart of fine salt. Stir well until the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. This forms a pure white. If a cream color is desired, 1/2 pound of yellow ochre is added.

**Light Bread.**—Take 6 good-sized potatoes, wash clean, boil down and mash through a colander, add 3 quarts of water, 1 pint of flour, 4 pints of yeast; be careful not to have hot enough to scald the yeast, let it stand over night, and it will be a light foam in the morning; then stir it in your flour to the thickness of batter, let that stand about an hour, or until light, mix and knead till it blisters, let it raise again; then turn in loaves, let it stand till light and bake. This quantity makes five or six loaves. Add a tablespoonful of salt to yeast.

**Breakfast Cake.**—A Central New York banker who regards cakes in general as an invention of the evil one, indorses but one kind which he desires as an adjunct to his breakfast cup of coffee, taken, as coffee should be taken, without milk. This is the recipe as his cook gave it to me: 1 1/2 coffee-cups of light bread dough; 2 ditto of white sugar; 1/2 teaspoon of butter; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of soda; 1 teaspoon of stoned raisins. Cloves, cinnamon or nutmeg to taste. Rub the raisins in flour. Stir the batter with the hand, and it is not thick enough add a small bit of flour. Put a layer of the batter in a deep, round baking pan, then a layer of raisins, until all the batter is in the dish. Place the pan in a warm place for two hours, or until the mixture is light; bake.

**DIDN'T COME OFF.**—A few days ago a Detroit widower says the *Free Press*, who was engaged to a Detroit widow, each having two or three children, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him, and at the same time discover if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called upon her at the usual evening hour, and after a while remarked:

"My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance policy for \$25,000 changed so that the benefit in case of my death."

"You did quite right, my darling," she promptly replied, "I have three children, as you are aware. As soon as we were engaged I had every dollar's worth of my property so secured that they alone can have the benefit of it." He looked.

She looked.

The marriage didn't come off at the time set last week, and it may never occur.

The surgical examination of the body of Lexington, the great Kentucky race-horse, revealed a most singular cause of his death. That part of the animal under the left eye, where the trough of the nose seemed to be located, was found with a small, sharp-pointed object, which had been forced into the body through an opening in the skin, and which caused by the loss of a tooth.

A Chicago paper says that the national for school teachers in Iowa are women.

The Iowa women are all made equal. Separation of the sexes mean to give them a chance to get on for it.

## Pacific Slopers.

Christmas was duly observed all over the State.

Wheat sowed in Tygh valley, last fall, is 10 inches high.

A bounding big wild cat was killed at West Chehalis last week.

Grand school exhibition at Junction on Tuesday of this week.

Father Wilbur's farm in Douglas county was sold last week for \$5,000.

The mercury stood 68 degrees above zero at the Dalles on Tuesday of last week.

The *Portland* says Roseburg is afflicted with the worst kind of hoodlunism.

Four cattle belonging to a drove being ferried over the river at Salem last Friday were drowned.

The residence of Mr. Write, near Amity, was broken into and robbed of valuables one night last week.

The east pier of the new bridge across the river at Springfield, Lane county, has settled about four inches below level.

The Good Templars' Lodge at Astoria have changed the time of meeting from Tuesday to Monday evening of each week.

Burglars entered the same house three times in one night last week and got nothing. Talk about "the rewards of perseverance."

The streets of Vancouver are to have street lamps.

There are only 26 prisoners in the Utah penitentiary.

Every house in Tenino is occupied. There are at the present six families.

It is expected that 6,000,000 hoop poles will be shipped from Tenino next year.

Some of the Hood river colonists have removed to Cowlitz which they like better.

The ore recently struck in the Ray City tunnel, Alta, Utah, is said to assay from \$2,900 to \$5,000 in silver to the ton.

The ferry farm at the Nisqually crossing has been damaged to the amount of \$1,500, by the river cutting away the banks.

A Territorial wagon road is about to be built from Cheyenne to the Black Hills. The legislature of Wyoming recently passed an act for its location.

The stockholders of the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad Company will meet on the 10th of January for the annual election of the board of trustees.

Railroad business at Tenino is rather dull just now, although the last two months it has been rather better than at any time since the terminus was established at Tacoma.

The Tacoma sawmill has been running night and day for nearly a month past, and cutting about one hundred and six and one hundred and eight thousand feet of lumber every 24 hours.

The *Seattle Tribune* of December 28d says: "The White river rose nine feet yesterday, and the Duwamish, at Steel's, three feet, overflowing their banks and inundating a large portion of the country."

A man named James Newman was drowned at Port Ludlow a few nights since. He had been down on the wharf to buy apples from a boatman, when, in returning, he fell off and was lost. He lived in Port Ludlow, where he worked in the sawmill, and he leaves a family of three children.

The Hon. J. G. Swan, Centennial Commissioner of Indian curiosities of the Northwest coast, has had brought down from Alaska a carved column 80 feet long and about 4x8 feet. It has carved on it immense heads of Indians in various postures. It is now being boxed up for shipment to Washington. Mr. Swan is making valuable selections for the Centennial.

The *Olympia Transcript* of last Saturday says: "Mr. J. T. Hicklin, who has lately been employed in Me-Kenny's steam sawmill, in this city, was with a severe accident on Thursday last. In attempting to remove a stick which had got fastened between the miller's under and the end-of-aw, his right hand was drawn in, badly cutting it, and lacerating his arm fearfully, cutting the muscle and opening a gash two inches wide. He received eight scratches on his breast, but fortunately no arteries were severed."

Some 200 of the Young Men's Christian Association have filed within the past few days. One lesson which these men teach is that voluntary superintendence cannot long be depended upon.

## A Walk for Life.

The Montana *Miscellian* has the following interesting incident in frontier life: During the Winter of 1867 a party, headed by Bacon, the Elk county expressman, started from Lewiston, Nez Perce county, Idaho Territory, for Elk City, a spur of the Rocky Mountains, whose altitude is not less than 12,000 feet, through dense timber.

Leaving Silverwood's Mountain House, no stopping place existed until twenty-six miles were made over mountain to Newsome creek. In the party, of some seven or eight, was one Richard Wildan, a Norwegian, well known to the writer of this article. He had the ill luck to break a snowshoe, and was advised to take it back to Silverwood's as the party could not stop in the snow. Believing he could go back by the plainly marked trail in the snow and blaze on the trees for a guide, the others pushed on and safely arrived at Elk City, and no fears were expressed regarding the fate of Wildan, till seven days later a new party crossed the mountain, and then it was ascertained that Wildan had not gone back.

Immediately a party was mustered, and on snow-shoes started to find the lost man. His trail was at last found and followed by the hardy pioneers in search of him. On the ninth day he was found, still on foot, walking in a circle on the hard-beaten trail of his own making, his feet badly frozen, yet enclosed in the sleeves of his coat, which he had wrapped about them.

The thermometer showed nine degrees below zero a great part of the time he was struggling on his feet for life. The party finding him saw that he was thoroughly crazy. On accosting him and asking him if he was not hungry, he at once replied no. He was fed pork and beans at a house not far back. Not a trace could be found where he had sat down, not a sign of where he could have taken a rest—in fact, with the cold never less than four degrees below zero, he never had walked again had he rested. He was brought to Newsome creek station on the ninth night of his wild, cold, unaided, cheerless walk in the deep snow—tenderly cared for by Wall & Beard, keepers of that station, and eventually recovered so as to do a good season's work with a pick and shovel, in a mining camp called Eboe Water Station, sixteen miles below Elk City camp. Mr. Wildan was a man of about 180 pounds weight, short and stout.

That this article is true in every respect is easily to be proven. L. P. Brown, Deputy U. S. tax collector, now of Mount Idaho, or M. Charles Frush, a clerk now in the land office of the interior department, can vouch for the general truthfulness of this slight sketch. Here is a case where seven days of real walking took place without any refreshments or change of apparel—without outsteecher of any kind, and all for life. Let tools prison on boards, staves, etc., Dick Wildan's feat will overshadow anything they ever can do.

There is an unexpected and quite serious hitch in the new North Brookfield (Mass.) railroad. The bottom of a section in Kimball's swamp has dropped out, and no solid work can be done; all the ballasting sinks out of sight, and the contractors are in doubt as to a remedy.

THE LATE VICE PRESIDENT.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican gives the following interesting facts in its notice of Vice President Wilson's death:

His father was of the poorest of New Hampshire country people, a half vagrant, dissipated, shabby person, and his son, Jeremiah Colbath, for that was the name which Henry Wilson bore as a boy, found himself early in the village poor-house, from which he was apprenticed, at 10 years old, to a farmer in the same town of Farmington. The Vice president leaves neither family nor property; his wife, a woman of sweet nature and delicate body, died the last year of his Senatorial experience, and his only son died early, after some service in the war, and an experience that respected the instructions of a former generation, and reformed the Vice President in his zealous and total abstinence principles and practice, while as to property, he never had or sought more than a living from mouth to mouth. His personal wants were few and simple, and he had no room in his nature for ambition for money for money's sake, and no space in his life for the pleasant use of money.

An unusual number of large and prominent Presbyterian churches are now vacant, and are earnestly seeking pastors. The New York Observer publishes a formidable list of them.

## A Colony of Emmons.

The town of Gheel, situated in the province of Antwerp, has been for six centuries an abode of madmen, and tradition even takes the story back eleven centuries. There are 11,000 people in the place, and they have charge of 1,800 lunatics from abroad, who are boarded around in the families and treated with great consideration. The children from youth are familiarized with the business, and all the people know how to manage those committed to their care. The inhabitants are all, so to speak, engaged in the surveillance of the lunatics. One of the greatest social punishments that can be inflicted on a family is to declare that it is unfit to receive such boarders. The lunatics are disposed of among the inhabitants according to their wealth or station; wealthy families being permitted the better families, and poor ones the poorer. Of course the most dangerous and dangerous lunatics are not thus disposed of. The entire average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Gheel is divided into four districts, each with its overseer and physician. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families generally are always desirous of having one or more.

Few tragedies better deserve the name of "horror" than that which transpired but a few days ago on the railroad near Gopitz, Austria. A few minutes past one in the morning, as a train of fourteen carriages, with 128 passengers, was crossing a bridge some forty feet in height, the engine ran from the rails and plunged into the chain, dragging all but one of the cars with it. About a dozen passengers were killed and as many more seriously injured, the others, wonderful to relate (for the cars were heaped on each other and smashed to fragments), escaping with but slight wounds or bruises. The engineer and stoker were crushed to jelly and the chief guard decapitated. A small clerk was fatally scalped, though death did not release him for several hours, during which he lay beneath the ruin, audibly lamenting the fate of his family and entreating for water, which could not be conveyed to him. A pregnant woman, whose mother's brains were dashed out by an iron bar by her side, escaped uninjured, and gave birth to her child while yet entangled in the wreck. Examination showed that the slaughter was not the result of accident, for hounds accustomed to railroad work had removed the nuts and bolts from five rails on one side of the curve, and then replaced the rails so that the track appeared safe and untouched. The affair is all the more horrible because but a little while before three attempts had been made in a precisely similar manner to wreck trains on another road.

THE BROTHERS TO MARRY.—It is again rumored that young Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, is to marry soon. The lady in the case is Miss Ymsga Del Valle, daughter of a Spanish merchant for many years a resident of Buffalo. She has been called the most beautiful lady of America and is highly accomplished. She has been greatly admired in society here and in Europe, and has ever been the centre of a charming circle of friends. Mr. Bennett is certainly a most eligible gentleman for a husband. His yearly income is about \$700,000; he has his yacht, his four-in-hand, town house on Fifth avenue, country houses at Newport and Fort Washington, a cottage at Brighton, England, twenty blooded horses in his stable, and a newspaper. He belongs to half a dozen clubs, and is very generous with his money. Mr. Bennett and his sister, Miss Jeannette, are all that is left of the Scotch Benetts of New York, and among the Benetts already named a husband for Miss Bennett, who lives with her brother at the family mansion, No. 25 Fifth avenue.

That thrifty traveler on the Central Pacific railroad the other day knew how to get a drink. Entering a smoking car while the train was in motion, in an earnest and sympathetic tone he said: "There is a lady in the coach fainting away. Has any gentleman here any liquor for her?" Twenty-eight men in that coach immediately arose to thank her, each with a flask in his hand. A more eloquent expression of sympathy could not be witnessed.

Proctor's lectures on astronomy are revolutionizing the regulations of many a Boston household. Parents in their anxiety for science, no longer expect the lights to be out and everybody abed by ten o'clock. A young man can call and explain the planetary system to a young lady now if it takes him till one o'clock in the morning to do it.—*Brooklyn Argosy.*

A Vermont girl wrote home:—"Dear Paw-Paw, we study Latin for a whole day. I watch seven up and science crawl up long. The good mistress says let us go on. You only read me my lessons and skates for school little girl who lives in the village. Don't forget the bad boys."

Bob Longley (with modest fervor):—"O, Jack O, for a woman's love, O, for a true-hearted woman, once, once in one's life, so throw her arms round one's neck, and tell one the loves one."—*The Jack Hornet.* "Ah! If you had an amount of the kind of thing, say I have, old man, you'd be pious tired of the whole creation."

Charles is not holding. From to think my man you can me and yet come to have.