

The Albany Register.

ALBANY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 11, 1876.

NO. 21.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in—

**DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
THREASHERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
WAGONS, PLOWS,
SEED DRILLS,
BROADCAST SEED
MACHINES, ETC.**

First street, Albany, Oregon.
Terms: Cash.

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Matthews & Morrison,

Proprietors.

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

P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in—

DRY GOODS,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Stationery and Station, Nails, Rope, Mirrors, Wallpapers, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises.

Patent Cutlery, &c., &c.

Sold very low either for cash, or on prompt payment.

Building and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE to announce 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—

BAXTY, ALLEN & CO.,

Albany, Or., April 8, 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 have ALBANY for CORVALLIS or PORTLAND

Every Day.

For further particulars, apply to

WILLIAM S. MONTAGUE,

Albany, Nov. 24, 75-76.

MONTAGUE & McALLEY,

ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

selected with care, and bought for cash at

Scandalously Low Figures

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

astonish everybody.

Come and see our selections of

Drugs, Groceries, Hardware, Stationery, Toys, &c., &c.

Readmade Clothing,

Collared, Cuffed, Capped, &c., &c.

for the ladies, and our complete lines of

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Collared, Cuffed, Capped, &c., &c.

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Home Matters.

THE M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT—

On Sunday last, was largely attended—the church being crowded, so that many were unable to obtain seats. The concert was excellent throughout, and it was with difficulty the audience could refrain from giving evidence of their feelings—in fact on one or two occasions the "house came down," in spite of the day and the place, quite spontaneously. "What are you going to do, brother?" by Mrs. S. S. Van Dersal, was excellently rendered. The recitation, "Your mission," by Angie McCulloch, was a gem, both as to the sentiment contained and the manner and style of its delivery. Miss Angie is one of the brightest and sweetest little girls attending the school. The duet, "Baby blue eyes," to have been sung by Miss Lottie and Master Hiram Griffin, was omitted, owing to the illness of Miss Lottie. Next was the recitation, "The tempest," by Master Everett E. Smith, which was well done. The solo which follows, "The rescue," by L. B. Royal, was well received. Lew is a good singer, and he doesn't care who knows it. "To-day and to-morrow," a recitation, by John Goltra, was another gem, and Johnny did himself credit in its delivery. "Shepherd of thine Israel, lead us," a quartet, in which Miss Alice Griffin, Mrs. Van Dersal, Messrs. H. Skeels and B. A. Cathey participated, was excellently rendered. The exercise, "Reasons for early conversion," participated in by thirty pupils, was good, although two or three of the thirty were absent, owing, we suppose, to sickness. The duet, "Suffer the children," &c., by Angie McCulloch and Master Edgar Gilbert, was the cap stone of the evening—it was grand, and had it been given anywhere else, the applause following its conclusion would have been overwhelming. The recitation, "Only a woman," by Miss Eunice Cline, was well delivered, but as Eunice hasn't a strong voice, she could not be distinctly heard in every part of the house. The solo, by Miss Alice Griffin, "He shall feed His flock," was an exquisite piece of music charmingly rendered. The recitation, "Profanity," by Master Fred Miller, was well spoken, and showed care in preparation. A collection for the benefit of the Sunday School was then taken up, resulting in a total of \$8.25. The noble anthem, "Hark, the Song of Jubilee," was then sung by Miss Alice Griffin, Mrs. Van Dersal, Messrs. Skeels and Cathey, followed by the "Sunday School War Cry," in which the whole school participated. The officers, teachers and friends of the Sunday School may well feel proud of the success of this the second monthly concert, for although the first was good, the second concert was an improvement, and we hope the third will be still better, and that they may continue to improve and grow in interest each month. We believe, however, that heretofore these concerts should be given in the afternoon instead of evening, for reasons that will readily occur to all who have given the subject a thought. The next concert will occur on Sunday, March 5th.

SQUIRRELS—POISON.—In some parts of the State farmers have resorted to the use of strychnine to destroy these little pests, the squirrel. It is charged that the poison has been so carelessly placed that in many instances valuable animals have been poisoned. It is asserted, also, that well trained dogs will destroy squirrels more effectively and more satisfactorily than by the use of the poison, without any of its attendant risks or unfortunate consequences. We do not know how this may be, but we quote below the only law on the statute books of Oregon relating to the subject which we have seen. It is as follows: "If any person shall maliciously or wantonly kill, wound, disfigure or injure any animal the property of another, or shall wilfully administer any poison to any such animal, or shall maliciously expose any poison with the intent that the same shall be taken by any such animal or shall maliciously or wantonly in any manner or by any means, not otherwise particularly specified in this chapter, destroy or injure any person's property of another, such person, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than six months nor more than three years or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than three months nor more than one year, or by fine not less than fifty, nor more than one thousand dollars."

THE PILGRIM PRINTER.—Hazelton, the noted Pilgrim Printer, dropped into our station on Saturday. He reported himself from Nevada; said he'd been to Washington Territory, California, Nevada, and all around since his last visit here a year ago. His outward mail showed the same disregard of fashion, if anything more so, than when he last visited us. Hazelton is a type of a class of pilgrims frequently met with in the older States. Quiet, inoffensive, careless in dress, taking no heed of the morrow, who perambulate from place to place, stopping a few days or it may be a few weeks whenever they can obtain work, and then passing on to new fields and pastures green. Our sympathy goes out to these lonely pilgrims, whose homes are under their hats, and who, if they have sorrows, keep them buried deep down in their hearts. Be kind to the pilgrim printer.

Mrs. Gains died on Monday morning, after a protracted illness, leaving a husband and family to mourn her loss.

HANDSOME LITHOGRAPH.

Briggs & Brothers, the great seedmen of Rochester, New York, have sent us a novel and faceted display card just issued by them which they call "Briggs & Brother's Great Tomato Race." The succulent vegetables are mounted on horses and are supposed to be coming in on the home stretch. There is the grand stand filled with a vegetable audience; a big beet has a turnip in his hands, as timekeeper, and the whole thing is full of life and fun. The tomatoes come in their order as estimated by this practical firm, who are from years of actual test upon their own soils, well qualified to judge of the character of vegetables as well as flowers. They rate the various tomatoes in the order of their excellence, and we may here say that, agriculturists and horticulturists may accept the opinion as a guide, as follows: Green Gage, Conqueror, Excelsior, Trophy, Defiance, Gen. Grant, Hubbard's Curled Leaf, Hepper's Goliath, Tilden, Dwarf Orangeleaf, Early Dwarf Red, Large Early Smooth Red, Key's Early Prolific, Simms' Cluster, and far in the rear, his other using a telescope to see where the riders are, comes the distanced Large Yellow. Briggs Bros. enjoy an enviable reputation upon the productive qualities of all seed sold by them, and especially upon tomatoes and onions. They grow tomatoes exclusively for seed, sell no tomatoes in the market, and save seed from the finest specimens only, being unlike other seedmen who purchase their seed from those who grow tomatoes for market, and who, late in the season, when the price of tomatoes is low, save seed from the late, poor, unripe fruit. Seed saved from the first clusters is superior to that of tomatoes taken from the branches. They personally select their own stock seed, and thus improve every variety they grow.

ABOUT CIDER.—It is asserted by those who have examined into the matter, that sweet cider affords as much nourishment as the potato, and apple eaters are rarely if ever bilious or dyspeptic. "The apple is a tonic in quality," says a writer "and contains phosphorus in greater quantity than any other vegetable. This being the case, it is a most fitting diet for Americans, who live in such a state of mental excitement, and are so indisposed to bodily exertion. It feeds the brain, stimulates the liver, which is just what we need. Sweet cider, taken in moderation of course, is the most healthful beverage known. In the older times cider was as plentiful in New England and New Jersey as *vin ordinaire* in France, and the consequence of its now being so little used is seen in the decay of a vigorous people into irritable, nervous whisky drinkers. It has virtues which give it a great and specific value in one of the most painful and distressing diseases to which the male sex is subject. When children ask for apples, give them as many as they can possibly manage. Eat them in abundance yourself, and we will have less bilious and dyspeptic people among us."

DANGEROUS.—We are informed that a number of the little shavers of our city are in the habit of congregating at the railroad depot on the arrival of trains about noon each day, where they endanger their lives by jumping on and off the track in front of moving trains. Jumping on the cars as they move off, and when under full headway, jumping from the train. At different times boys have run narrow escapes, their lives being saved by a hairbreadth, so to speak, by their timidity, yet the little scallawags continue their pranks despite all that has hitherto been done to cause them to desist. It would be well for parents to look after this matter, as it is altogether probable if they do not, there will be a funeral in some household ere long. Small children, those especially who take their "dinner" to school with them, and spend their "nooning" almost entirely at or about the depot, should be warned, by both teachers and parents, not to go near the depot at train time. Attention to this matter now may save some bright, but reckless little boy, from being killed outright or made a cripple for life.

BRASS BAND ORGANIZED.—A new brass band was organized last week, consisting of the following named gentlemen, with an instrument on which each is to play: E. flat cornet, John Spangler; B flat cornet, W. C. Tweedale; 2d B flat cornet, White Crawford; Alto horn, Wm. Miller, Jr., and Ed. Carter; Tenor horns, J. F. McCoy and F. Rembang; B flat baritone, H. Flindt; base horn, H. D. Godley and Wm. Bassett; base drum, Wm. Miller; snare drum, Chas. Monteth. The name adopted was, "Albany Mechanicals' Brass Band," and Friday evening of each week is the time selected for regular meetings. Success to the new band.

LODGE ORGANIZED.—Hon. W. R. Dunbar, G. W. Chief Templar of the State, organized a lodge of Good Templars at Monroe, on the 3d inst., with twenty-one charter members. Hon. W. J. Kelly, W. C. T.; Eva I. Stannus, W. V. T.; Leander Stannus, W. S.; Dr. C. M. Boswell, P. W. C. T.; and Leander J. Starr, Lodge Deputy.

MARRIED.—On Sunday, by Rev. J. Bowser, at the residence of Esquire Hatten, about four miles from this city, in Benton county, Mr. John Morgan, of this city, to Mrs. Anna Stroud, of Benton county. Good enough.

The revival meetings at the Baptist church, Brownsville, resulted, so far, in the conversion of twenty persons.

VERY SMALL.

A certain administrator requested that an advertisement be printed in the REGISTER. The Co. Court ordered that it be printed in the Democrat. As the advertisement was worth \$3.50, the Court by this action added just that amount to the receipts of Brown & Stewart, and took that much from us—a very small piece of business, indeed, and only worth mentioning as showing the caliber of the men who have charge of the county business. Selah.

NEATLY ILLUSTRATED.—We are indebted to Mr. To-day, of Albany Book Store, for a copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1876. It is handsomely illustrated, contains a vast amount of entertaining reading matter, besides telling you all about the weather and things. If you want something attractive as well as instructive, go to the Albany Book Store.

Our markets are not overstocked with the luxuries of life, by no means of excess, but you can now and then get butter that has been so thoroughly preserved with salt that the butter taste is entirely lost, and makes one wonder why on earth things are not called by their proper names.

Orin Roberts has returned to his home in this city, after a protracted absence in Portland, looking after the construction of the new rotary engine recently invented by himself and Mr. Paxton, photographer of this city.

Linn County Circuit Court convenes in this city on Monday, March 13th, 1876. There will be a fair docket, from all appearances.

WINDY.—The wind was away up on Monday, and reminded one forcibly of Unatilis weather, the only difference being the absence of sand in the air.

FIVE CENTS.—Connellman Harris is paying five cents a pound for good fat beefs. Remember this, you that have been cattle for sale, when you come to this city.

Afternoon and evening meetings are still being held at the M. E. Church. Several have experienced religion and have been added to the church.

Luther Elkins, Esq., is out again, we are glad to see, although not entirely recovered from the effects of his fall.

There can not possibly be any danger of starving in this country, when big red apples are plentiful at three bits a bushel.

Hank Mendemall, out near Sweet Home, is reported very low with consumption.

W. B. Scott is running the gun business alone, G. W. Tilton having retired.

Adventure on the Plains.

A TRUE STORY.

It was on the morning of the 10th of October, 185—, that a small party of hunters left the city of D— in the Territory of Colorado, to enjoy the exciting chase of the buffalo. We had received information that from ninety to one hundred and fifty miles south from D— there were large herds of deer, and that a small party of hunters, who consisted of two gentlemen from the State of New York, whom I call Bob II and Joe W—, on their first hunt on the great plains of the West; the rest of the party, to the number of about fifteen, were more or less hunters who had seen life on the plains, among which was your humble servant, better known among my comrades by the euphonious title of "Wild Pete." The guide, who joined particularly at my request, a man small in stature, of modest and retiring nature, one whom a casual observer would never suspect of being a man of note, in fact no other than the famous Kit Carson, trapper and guide.

Another of our party was a man of large and to all appearances powerful frame; bombastic and forward in all where there was no danger. He went by the name of Dan, which was all I knew of him at the time of joining us, and from the first was disliked by all the party, and at least was not much in favor with them, for the genuine plainsman is, as a general rule, very reticent. We traveled from fifteen to twenty miles a day, usually encamping about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was at the close of our second day's travel, when we were about thirty-five miles from D—, that the following incident took place:

We had already selected a place to encamp, and Kit and myself rode out to reconnoiter the country and ascertain if there were any Indians in our vicinity; everything was unusually quiet, and an indescribable sense of danger seemed to oppress me. I did not speak of it, for I was sensitive to ridicule. We rode in silence for about two miles, when my companion came to a sudden halt, and also at the same moment my eye caught sight of the cause, for directly on our front, about one and one-half miles away, was a party of about one hundred of the "red."

Whether we had been discovered or not we could not tell, but immediately dismounted, causing our horses to lie down in the grass while my companion went forward on foot to reconnoiter. At the end of about an hour he returned, informing me that it was a war party of Arrapahoes, and whether they had discovered us or not he could not tell; however, we returned to camp to prepare defenses as well as circumstances would permit in case of an attack. As we were quietly approaching the camp we heard Dan's voice discouraging

with his usual bravado. He was boasting of his first shot at the reds, the story of which I will briefly state in substance, as follows:

It appears that the year before, according to his statement, was his first appearance on the plains, and that the light of his ambition was to shoot one of the red-skins, consequently he took the first opportunity that offered to gratify his ambitious desire, and it was not far from the place where we were then encamped. He was a hair split or so outside the line of march of the party when he accidentally discovered a young Arrapahoe woman with a child, and deliberately shot them to satisfy his wicked ambition.

This was briefly the story, but it was told with a great amount of bravado and so disgusting in its details that we immediately advanced to the center of the camp, when Dan became silent and remained there. He never would give vent to any of his gaudy tales in the presence of Kit or myself.

We then informed the party that we had discovered a large war party of the tribe and that we must place the camp in as good condition to resist the attack, should one be made, as possible. It was arranged that Kit and myself should guard the camp against surprise and we were to take turns in watching. At midnight Kit came and awoke me, for I had slept and informed me that he thought there were Indians about. We both, after a scout round our camp, and discovering nothing remained on post until about three o'clock in the morning, when to our surprise, and without any warning as to his presence, an Indian stood before us, holding in his hand a white flag. We instinctively drew our knives before we discovered his peaceful attitude. In tolerable English he asked for the chief of the party. I referred him to Kit. He then informed us that he was Little Bear, the chief of the party of Arrapahoes whom we had seen the night before, and that he had come to demand the murderer of the wife and child of one of his braves the year before. He then described the murderer and the circumstances all so complete that we knew it was Dan demanded from us. He also said that if he was given up peacefully that his people would not molest us, but we could proceed upon our trail peacefully; if not they would attack and destroy our whole party. Of course we could only refuse until we had the decision of our band, and answered that we should give him an answer when the sun should have lighted the earth for the space of one hour. Accordingly we returned to camp and announced the alternative; that for ourselves we would stand aloof from the consultation and would abide by the decision of the party, regardless of our own views. We knew it would be hard to consign one of our comrades to certain death at the hands of a relentless enemy, yet he had deliberately murdered the wife and child of an Indian warrior and his life was demanded in return; there was justice in the demand, and further, the salvation of our entire party depended upon our complying with the demands of the chief.

After having placed the matter before them, Kit and I withdrew to let them consult in the matter and to decide in half an hour the course to be pursued and to let us know the result. At the specified time they informed us that they had decided to comply with the demand of the chief.

Dan stormed, cursed and wept by the sun and moon, and what we had believed him to be, an arrant coward. I was sorry for the poor fellow and believe I would have fought for him cheerfully had the party so decided, but it was to be otherwise.

Shortly after sunrise the chief sent to hear our decision and we informed the messenger that we had decided to give them the prisoner outside of camp in one hour, and that we were allowed to depart upon the trail to the hunting ground without further molestation. The little Bear objected to the departure part of our terms, stating that it would be necessary in order to appease his warriors that we should witness the execution of a paleface for the crime of murder, as a warning to the rest of the party of white hunters as to their fate if they should be tempted to commit a like offense; he said in a fair fight with his braves it was no crime and that they would not have demanded the prisoner, but he said that in the present case it was "improvoked murder," in all of which we acquiesced because we could do no better. We were not certain of the good faith of the chief, and of course retained our arms and agreed that in case of treachery we would sell our lives as dearly as we could.

So, at the expiration of the time given, Bob II and Joe W— conducted the prisoner outside of the camp to the place agreed upon and delivered him into the hands of the Indians who were waiting. We were aware we would witness some cruel tortures as we had often heard of from those who had been in the hands of the savages, but we were not prepared for the fearful death of the miserable wretch, who was to suffer on that occasion. The customary mode of torture, such as pulling of the toe and finger nails, slashing with knives, &c., were all resorted to by his enemies, and then, to complete the whole, the poor wretch was placed before a slow fire. It was indeed horrible, and we turned from it in disgust. Little Bear, tell; however, we returned to camp to prepare defenses as well as circumstances would permit in case of an attack. As we were quietly approaching the camp we heard Dan's voice discouraging

The chief kept his word with us, and we were permitted to go our way, but it was with heavy hearts and a foreboding of evil or mishap before we should return to D—. But time and use lessens troubles and sorrow, and we were no exception to the rule, and in the excitement of the chase we soon forgot poor Dan.

Charlotte Thompson, a young woman of twenty-five charged with throwing her mother out of doors, came out with her mouth full of hair-pins, and while the court was reading a warrant she tied her hair in a Saratoga knot.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"Do you see any signs of guiltation in my looks?"

"No, I believe you are guilty."

"Can't help your deliberation," she retorted; "I guess I know all about this case."

"Did you have any trouble with your mother?"

"No; she had trouble with me."

"And you laid hands on her?"

"I might; I felt tempestuous and whirl-windy."

"You threw her off the steps, did you?"

"There was a forcible propulsion, I admit," she replied.

"And you hustled her out on the walk and then used violent language?"

"My exclamations and denunciations might have been rather loud-toned."

He leaned back and looked at her for a minute, and then inquired:

"Do you use these big words around home?"

"I express my convictions in language befitting a young lady of my position," she replied.

"Perhaps they will appreciate them up there," he continued, "though I don't know. I shall make the sentence for thirty days."

"My impression is that I don't care a deduction, so there!" she snarled, and she took seat No. 2 on the saw-horse.

—Detroit Free Press.

Appearance of Things at Zanzibar.

When you land at Zanzibar the first thing that will strike you if a stranger, is the extraordinary number of negro boys, with little more dress than a mermaid, that will request, in tolerable English, the honor of being your guide for the day. The next thing that will strike you is that it is much warmer on shore than on board, and you will naturally put up your umbrella as you saunter after your youthful guide. Some of the houses, you will be surprised to find, have neither doors nor windows, for the best dwellings are built around an open court, the windows, or rather airholes, opening on to that. They are built on the heat-resting principal, the walls being many feet thick and of a solid masonry. Every floor even, is of great thickness and is composed of wood and stones and lime, and the roof is flat, and forms a delightful retreat in the cool of the day, when the sun is getting low in the horizon, and the gleaming breeze begins to blow.

The shops are more open sheds, where, amid his wares, squats the Hindoo or Bazaar merchant, calmly chewing opium or smoking his hubble-bubble. If you need refreshment you can have it at the fruit stalls, pine apples, mangoes, citrons, oranges, pomeloes, guavas, green coconuts; anything in fact, except apples and gooseberries. The streets are narrow, winding and quaint; and some of the bazaars for instance, very picturesque. It is a treat to watch the goldsmith at work, or the smart shoe and shoe manufacturers; and it is a great treat to see a Paree school. The school room is a raised, open shed; the scholars, to the number of forty, fifty, or more, all squat on the floor, each holding a camel's shoulder blade by way of slate; then they are each sweetly pretty children, dressed in little jackets and trousers of red, yellow and green silk, with long, dark hair and loving eyes, that you can not help pausing to admire them.

The Religion We Want.

We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the "exceeding evilness of sin," but on the exceeding raceality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes small measures from the counsels, profits from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, and from the sugar, chicory from the coffee, alum from the bread, and water from the milk cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half a pair of shoes of good leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves; nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to be unwisely sold for five dollars a yard, when it can be bought for one dollar and seven cents. It is going to specify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned from one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and continues to live in luxury, as a thief.

Horses and mules are reported scarce at Cheltenham. Those who contemplate going to the Black Hills, should take teams and complete outfit.

Democratic Express.

The recent story of a well-known Duchess who waited half an hour for a porter, rather than open a door herself, is happily not a just representation of all courtly people's habits.

During the journey of the Emperor Joseph II. to Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with great difficulty he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there, His Majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop the town afforded, and desired him to repair the wheel without delay.

"That I would do willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday, all my men are at church; the very boy who serves the bellows is not here."

"An excellent excuse," replied the Emperor, preserving his incognito; and he immediately set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job, but the Emperor gave six ducats.

The blacksmith returned then to the traveler, saying: "Sir, you have made a mistake, and instead of six sols, you have given me six gold pieces, which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the Emperor, stepping into the carriage; "an Emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

NOT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE.—Mr. Jones belonging to a good temple lodge in this city, but he recently imbibed too freely of corn juice, and, while trying to find his way home, in a tangled condition, he was met by Mr. Smith, another member to whom he frankly "acknowledged the corn," whereupon Mr. S. preferred a charge against him in the lodge. The case was to be investigated at the next meeting of the lodge. In the meantime Mr. Jones threatened Mr. Smith with personal chastisement if he succeeded in substantiating his charge. Smith is very peaceably disposed, and he knew that Jones would execute his threat, but he did not want to "take water" before the lodge. Indeed, he was placed between two fires, and when he was called upon to rise and explain he tried to excuse Mr. Jones without committing himself; by remarking: "Worthy Chief, Brothers and Sisters: After a 'sober' second thought it has occurred to me that the evidence against Bro. J. is not sufficient to warrant a conviction, as I only had his word for it that he had been drinking, and he was so drunk at the time that I cannot conscientiously consider him responsible for what he said."

BLACK TONGUE.—The Indians Farmer says: "This disease has appeared in a few places in the State among the cattle, and in parts of this county is proving quite fatal. The symptoms are inflammation of the mouth; swelling of the head and face; discharge of bloody saliva and high fever marks the first stages. Ulcers soon appear under and on the side of the tongue. Then the throat and neck swell, and if the disease is not checked gangrene ensues and the animal dies