The Albany Register.

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NOTICE.
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Free of Drayage and Wharfage,
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of all descriptions for men and boys. Also, full assortments of
Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,
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The best goods, at the lowest rates every time.
☞Come and see.
Lebanon, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

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FRED GRAF,
HAVING purchased the entire interest of G. Collar in the late firm of Graf & Collar, in the furniture business, takes this opportunity to return his thanks to the citizens of Albany and vicinity who have so generously patronized him in the past, and respectfully ask a continuance of the same. ☞All kinds of furniture kept on hand and manufactured to order at lowest rates. FRED GRAF.
Albany, Nov. 12-v8n8

Albany
Bath House & Barber Shop.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTfully thank the citizens of Albany and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the past seven years, and hopes for the future a continuation of their favors. For the accommodation of transient customers, and friends in the upper part of town, he has opened a neat little shop next door to Taylor Bros. Saloon, where a good workman will always be in attendance to wait upon patrons.
Dec. 11, 1874. JOE WEBBER.

Pacific Slopers.

At the annual meeting of the Dalles Military Road Company, held on the 7th inst., the following officers were elected for the present year: President, P. J. Martin; Vice President, Geo. L. Curry; Secretary, C. N. Thornbury: Directors, P. J. Martin, Geo. L. Curry, William Grant, O. S. Savage and Moses Seller.

In Sheridan there are 2 mercantile houses, 1 drug store, 2 blacksmith shops, 1 boot and shoe shop, 1 harness shop, 1 wagon shop, 1 livery stable, 1 hotel, 1 butcher shop, 2 churches, a good school, a Masonic Lodge, a Grange and now but one saloon. There used to be two saloons, but the people have let down on it somewhat.

The Dalles *Mountaineer* says: "The river in front of our city has been full of ice, jammed in fifteen or twenty feet deep; the Klickitat hill, on the opposite bank of the river, covered with snow half way down, and the hill-sides on this side the river covered with green, not an invisible green either, but growing bunch grass on which stock may feed."

G. W. Boon was arrested at Lone Rock, Wasco county, last week, for an assault on R. G. Robinson. Boon is fifty-five years of age; he lost the use of his left arm in the Mexican war; two years ago three sawlogs rolled over him, cripping his left arm still more; also his right shoulder and jawbone, and all his ribs were more or less broken! and yet it took three officers to arrest him!

At a meeting of citizens of Dalles City, held at the U. S. land office, Feb. 10, 1875, for the purpose of devising means of utilizing the U. S. mint building, which was donated to the State of Oregon for educational or charitable purposes, Mr. O. S. Savage was called to the chair and C. N. Thornbury elected secretary. A committee was appointed to devise plans of action and report at a future meeting.

On Thursday of last week, C. W. Young, of Eugene, shipped to Olympia seventeen head of beef cattle, which would average in weight about 800 pounds each, and were probably the best lot ever shipped from Lane county. Three of the largest weighed respectively 3,332, 1,684 and 1,648 pounds. He received for them $609.06, being an average of $41 18 per head. There is always a market for fat cattle, and not a farmer in the country but could ship at least one car load each year.

From parties who have visited the recently discovered placer mines in the neighborhood of Fort Lane, Jackson Co., the *Sentinel* learns that these mines are paying handsomely, and that a nugget of gold weighing some $16 or $17 was picked up one day last week. These mines were discovered in this wise: The water running through a rut which had been made by wagons bringing wood from that vicinity had washed the gold free from the earth, which was discovered by some parties who immediately took up the ground in the vicinity, and who have been working the same for the past few weeks. Some idea of their richness can be formed when we state that after washing up a piece of ground not over 8 or 10 feet in width and about 13 feet in length, $200 was the result of the clean-up.

The Seattle *Tribune* says; "The sawmill at Utsalady has been shut down, and the barks *Onward* and *Brontes* tied up by the laying on of the attachment of last week. To secure relief, the company intend to sell the bark *Onward*; and, as profitable property, they keep the *Favorite* still running, and are fitting up the *Linnie* for the same purpose. Bankruptcy will probably be the upshot of it, the company carrying too heavy a load of debt and paying too much interest. It has been staved off a long time already, but is now almost certain soon to come."

The brass band is a new element of disturbance in Seattle.

Sheep are reported dying fast in Clear Lake valley.

At Graham's the Methodists are carrying on a spirited revival.

The *Enterprise* says: "There are only ten mules in Clackamas county."

More snow than usual is reported to have fallen in the Blue mountains this winter.

Clackamas county has 976 men subject to military duty, between the ages of 18 and 46.

John Myers and George A. Harding are candidates for Chief Engineer of the Oregon City Fire Department.

The schooner *Juanita* was out in a gale off Port Townsend a few days ago, and had her rudder broken.

The shipments of coal from Seattle in January, this year, were 5,440 tons against 1,933 tons in January, 1875; a very encouraging increase.

Fifteen hundred pounds of coal fell on two Chinamen at Seattle the other day. The "Johns," strange to say, were more astonished than hurt.

Hobson & Warren have secured from Mr. Hickox one thousand shingles for the centennial, a shingle measuring 20 inches in width.

A committee of Odd Fellows have been appointed to ascertain and report the cost of building a hall in La Grande, with a building suitable for a store underneath.

Some San Francisco capitalists own a track of about 1,800 acres of excellent coal land, near Coos City, which, from all appearances, will prove the best coal mine yet opened on Coos Bay.

The *Independent* says: W. Masters, of Farmington had an encounter with a half dozen of that kind of cats that the Irishman said had been "atin' onions," and Masters was mastered by the said sweet-scented felines.

Rev. J. Howard was holding a series of meetings last week, at Cleveland, Douglas county, assisted by the Rev. R. Boothe, of Wilbur. Twenty-three persons united with the M. E. Church, and several others were converted. In some cases entire families came forward together.

They have a minister in Denver, Colorado, who can lift 1,100 pounds and carry off the load with ease. He ought to be able to hold his own even in a lively tussle with the "old boy" himself.

Thomas Stratton, Esq., has resigned the post of inspector of customs at Neah Bay and accepted that of assistant lighthouse keeper at Port Angeles. Mr. William Cushman takes the berth at Neah Bay.

A dispatch from E. P. Bacon, general agent at San Francisco, to Otis Freeman, traveling agent on the Sound, informs the latter that the Pacific Mail company will run two steamers a month on the Sound route from and after the first of April.

Colorado has a sensation in which Mr. H. H. Honore and other gentlemen prominent in public life figure conspicuously. They are charged with an attempt to corrupt the judiciary of that Territory for the purpose of adding to their own private fortunes.

James Morgan, late master of the *Tower* and formerly of the *Montana*, has discovered a valuable quartz lead on Guaymas, or Dog island, opposite Fidalgo Island. Some of the ore has been assayed and yielded as follows: $80 of copper, $5 of gold and $1.75 of silver to the ton.

T. B. Warren, who owns an interest in the Henrietta mine, at Washington, left a specimen of ruby silver from his claim at the *Avalanche* office, which is well worthy of inspection. It is almost a solid chunk of the precious metal itself, and will assay away up into the thousands.

For keeping a bawdy house at Seattle Frank Burke was sentenced by Judge Lewis to pay a fine of $500. If he can bring satisfactory proof before court adjourns that he has not been engaged in the same disreputable business since he was indicted last August, $200 of the fine will be remitted.

A Salt Lake telegram of the 12th says: A few days ago, Alice, grand-daughter of Brigham Young, and daughter of Brigham Young, Jr., married Chas. R. Hopkins, Gentile, contrary to the wishes of her parents. Yesterday she visited her mother, and during the evening her husband called for her, but she could not be found. A writ of habeas corpus was procured and to-day the lady and parents appeared in the third district court to answer. Their attorney claiming there was not forcible detention, the husband withdrew further proceedings and the lady went home with her parents.

A baby sea serpent, seven feet long, has been found by Capt. Stratton, of Neah Bay. It was taken to Port Townsend, and is to be sent to the Centennial.

Every cent of the taxes levied in Klickitat county for the current year has been collected.

Five dwellings are in course of construction at this time in Belltown—Seattle's northern suburb.

Wm. Brown, one of Olympia's oldest citizens has been appointed farmer on the Neah bay Indian reservation.

Seal catching is the principal business with the Indians, down at Cape Flattery. Seven were taken week before last.

Two gentlemen, living about eight miles South of Olympia, killed twelve deer on Thursday and Friday of last week.

There is quite an excitement in coal property at Nanaimo. The Comrish farm and Westwood estate are either being prospected or are about to be prospected. The new Chase river coal is sure to rise in the estimation of coal burners and dealers.

THE TWINS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"There, say any thing that comes in to your head, Silvia—any thing that's nice and sentimental, and sounds as if I knew all creation, and had studied and read and thought no end; any thing, so that he won't guess what a miserable little dunce I am. Only don't bother me about it!"

"And supposing he finds out?"

"Finds out! How in the name of goodness is he going to find out, unless you up and tell him?"

"I shan't tell him. But it doesn't seem right; my conscience rebukes me. I wake up sometimes at dead of night, in a sort of nightmare, where I see him treading your letters underfoot, and his eyes like javelins!"

"It's high time a-day for you to sit there and lecture me, Silvia, and prate about your conscience. I know what I'm about; write the letters and keep the dreams to yourself. What business had you to be dreaming about my lover, let me ask? A pretty case of conscience!"

"The same business that I have to be writing to him, I suppose."

"You write to him because I require it; and papa hires and pays you to be a companion to me, and to do what I will. I don't see that you need trouble yourself at all about it, unless you want to throw up the situation and oblige me to get used to a new companion."

"You might find the change of handwriting embarrassing, to be sure," laughed Silvia.

"It's very generous of you to remind me of that dilemma, now, isn't it? And just to show me how dependent I am upon you? Perhaps it's a bid for a higher figure. I always mistrust your high and mighty conscientious folks."

"You know me better," answered Silvia. "I was only thinking that you were laying up trouble for yourself."

"That needn't trouble you."

"It annoys me that I should be obliged to aid and abet you in the undertaking."

"'Sweet sensibility! Oh, la!' You may resign your situation and find a better if you can. I'm almost afraid to keep such a saint in the house."

"Situations don't grow on bushes; and laborers are thicker than flies in August; and Madame Genesis would turn the twins out of house and home if I omitted a quarterly payment, you know."

"Well, what's the need of so much bother? It's only a matter of choosing between your conscience—which is only another name for your own comfort—and the welfare of the twins. We'll see which you love best, you goody-goody! And, after all, I can't understand that your poor conscience has any thing to do in the matter. You're always magnifying trifles, looking through your Puritan spectacles at them."

Silvia sat down at the desk and took up the pen.

"You could write as good a letter as I, if you chose."

"But I don't choose to be bothered."

"It wou'dn't be any bother to me—" began Silvia.

"Then you'd better do without any comments."

"I mean to write my own love-letters."

"That's because it would be such a novelty, perhaps."

"Now don't be rude, Luna. I was only thinking what a pleasure you lose."

"I can afford it, and my lost is your gain."

"I know if you would only give a little practice to it, your handwriting would be finer than mine. Let me beg you to try. A half-hour daily would work magic."

"Pshaw! I wouldn't be hired to waste so much time on it. I hate to write: and what is money good for if it can't relieve me of doing things I hate to do? The girls at school used to write my compositions and weren't half as fussy as you, though I didn't pay them. And nobody found it out either."

"But I should so hate to deceive my lover."

"Wait till you get one. And as to that, the deception has begun, and it would only make things worse to confess."

"And when you're married."

"La, I shall get my letters, then—or yours, rather—and burn them up provided he has not done so already. And he'll forget whether I wrote well or ill; and, like as not, won't care a fig."

"And are you in love with him?"

"I call that an impertinent question, Silvia. It implies a doubt. Most of the girls are in love with him, let me tell you. Perhaps you'll experience a shock when you see him. He isn't so stunningly handsome; but he has those seductive manners that make mere beauty a bagatelle—I read that somewhere—and he's rich, rich as mud, and descended from the great Mogul, for all I can tell. He knows enough to run two or three colleges, I believe; and when I'm Mrs. Professor Shale it won't signify whether I write in Choctaw or hieroglyphics, and nobody will ask whether my grandfather was a soap-boiler or a cobbler. I shall be at the top wave of society, don't you see?"

"I confess that I don't see it with your eyes."

"But don't you wish you could?

"'Sweetest eyes were ever seen,' so Max calls them—not that I'm a bit proud of them! Aren't those gloves a perfect fit? A philopœna gift from Mr. Mushroom. Now, I'm going out, and you may finish the letter and leave it for me to read. I know it will be a gem. Max says my letters always are. Ha! ha! He says it almost makes amends for absence to receive one. So consider yourself complimented."

"Poor Max!"

"Poor Max, indeed! Didn't I just tell you that he's rich as a Cresus, whoever he was? By the way, if I'm not here early you had better send the letter off to catch the evening mail—he'll be so sorry not to receive one to morrow."

"And isn't there any thing in particular that you wish me to say in it? Let me tell you it's no fool of a job to write a love letter to a man you never saw."

"Oh! you always hit upon the right things to say. Play that you had known him always and loved him dearly."

"But just give me a message of your own" pleaded Silvia.

"Oh! well, tell him the last book he sent me was absorbing—of course it was, or he wouldn't have sent it; and you must know, for I saw you reading it; I really haven't had time to open it, but you needn't add that."

"Oh! dear, dear."

"Why, did you buy it at that price?" laughed Luna.

"Can't you say any thing—any thing affectionate! How am I to do all that sort of thing in cold blood?"

"Why, don't travel out of your way to say spooney things; write naturally, just as if we were talking together, he and I."

"How do I know what you would say to him if you were talking together?"

"How can I tell you 'in cold blood?' Can't you imagine?"

"I may compromise you; I may be too gushing or too frigid."

"Never fear. The king can do no wrong. There's his last letter; maybe it will give you the cue. I declare, if you make such a fuss I shall be sorry I ever set you about it."

"I am sorry already."

"The bargain's made and the money's paid," murmured Luna, significantly, as she closed the door.

Silvia opened "his last letter" and sighed. What a pleasant one it was, to be sure, and how little appreciated. Sweetness wasted on the desert air. Supposing it were her own. Would any one ever write to her like that? A genuine love-letter, meant for no eye but his sweetheart's, yet how desecrated.

The old line said "Men were deceivers ever." Had they taught woman the craft? Here was she professing sentiments she did not feel to a man she had never seen. Was not the sin as much hers as Luna's? Ought she not to resign her situation, rather, and trust to Providence for another? But there were the twins—two little baby sisters, with only her to look to, only her between them and the poor-house. Had she a right to jeopardize their welfare for a scruple, as Luna had hinted? This was not the first time, to be sure, that she had lent herself to the fraud; but on each occasion she had wrestled with herself and had been worsted by necessity. In fact, she had been trapped into it at the beginning. Luna had yawned one day and said: "Come, Silvia, dear; Max has been away a fortnight, and I haven't written him once. We were never separated before. I never wrote him a line in my life; but, goodness, how his letters are accumulating!" tossing a half-score on the table, "and something must be done. I hate writing. I was never taught, I learned to flirt and dance and *parley vous* in boarding-school, I learned small talk—very small talk—and crochet; but my handwriting is all pothooks and skewers. Max would never speak to me again if he once caught sight of it; I know he wouldn't. And, as to composition, I can't say boo! to a goose, on paper; I haven't any head for it. And his letters are real poems. Do lash off something, that's a love. Let me see what you'd say, supposing you had a lover like Max—which would be an impossibility, of course. But there are his letters. Read them."

And so, in a frolic vein, Silvia dashed off a love-letter in the merriest mood to an unknown Max, with just enough love in it for flavoring and coquetry, just enough to tantalize and make a man's mouth water for more, and signed it "your devoted Moonshine," in travesty of Luna's name.

"Splendid!" cried Luna, reading it over Silvia's shoulder. "What practice you must have had."

"I never wrote a love-letter in my life," said Silvia.

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked Luna, precipitately, arresting the half-dried sheet that Silvia waved in the air.

"Tear it up, of course."

"Never! It's a work of art. Let me read it again, myself, before you make away with it.

But Silvia fired with indignation later, when she learned that my Luna had dispatched the letter to Max as her own.

"Oh? how could you? How could you?" cried Silvia

"It was just the easiest and the neatest thing in the world. He had left me an envelope all directed to himself, for fear I should forget. And he gives me no end of credit for my brilliant talent—calls me a Sevigne, whoever she may be. Ha! ha!"

"Haven't you any conscience, Luna?"

"My dear, you have enough for us both."

But every little while since then Silvia's conscience, as well as her common sense, had taken alarm; but all the same the letters were written, and Max delighted. She used to lie awake nights trying to devise a scheme for extricating Luna and herself from the situation; and, after all, the only one which she could invent was that which Luna scorned, and would none of.

After Luna had taken herself off to the promenade, Silvia dipped her pen into the gold and ebony ink-stand, and wrote freely, as if she were indeed holding sweet converse with a familiar affinity. It was something, at least, to be able to utter the thoughts that surged in her soul, to express herself under this mask. It was an opportunity for companionship, from which she was, in a manner, cut off in all other directions.

The opinions and fancies of Silvia Johnson, a needy day laborer, counted for nothing in the society about her, and it was only when she put on her disguise, and wrote to another woman's lover, that they hit the mark, and were received with *encores*. How wonderful that he should appreciate and respond to all her extravagances and transcendental notions, as if there had already been some secret magnetic understanding between them, before circumstances had thrown them, mentally, in each other's way. Was it only love for Luna, or was it the unconscious groping of a soul for its twin, which caused every word of Silvia's to receive such hearty approbation, and every truth she expressed seem an inborn instinct of the other's being?

One day she tried an experiment. She wrote in this wise: "I must tell you of the strangest thing that happened to an acquaintance of mine. She was ambitious, very naturally, to appear well in her lover's eyes. One day, he foolishly went away, and, being a bad penwoman and aware of other mental deficiencies, which, however, only needed time and care for their improvement, she employed a friend to write her love letters. Imagine her lover's dismay when he discovered the fact! How should you have acted in his place?"

"The woman who could so cruelly deceive, would deserve my unbounded contempt, as well as the friend who should lend herself to the fraud," he answered.

"There," said Silvia, "you have his opinion of us."

"La, he'll never suspect me—and in for a penny, in for a pound," laughed Luna.

"Would you never forgive her?" Silvia asked, pursuing the subject in her next letter, "when it was only love for you, and a mistaken wish to secure your approbation, that prompted the action?"

"I could never love such a woman again, not if she repented in sackcloth and ashes," he returned in reply, "and such women are not apt to repent."

"Oh! Luna, Luna!" cried Silvia, terrified at the confession she had wrung from Professor Max; "whatever will you do?"

"Take care that he never finds me out—eternal vigilance, and all that; and, after all, there's as good fish in the sea. I'm not a bit scared; there'd be a rumpus and a row, but bless you, he'd come to his senses presently; he couldn't help himself; the moth and the candle, you know! Heaven save us, what are you crying for?"

"I'm crying about my sins."

"Oh! all right; only it's bad for the eyes, and it would make it inconvenient for me if you should grow blind.

"I'm not so blind but I foresee a crisis some day, which you will rue."

"Catch me! Besides, you will be as deep in the mud as I in the mire."

"But *I* am not engaged to Professor Shale."

"But don't you wish you were? Come, dry your eyes and remember that the end will justify the means."

"That is just what I'm afraid of."

"Well, think of the twins, then, Max is coming back directly, and perhaps there won't be any more letters necessary— wedding cards instead, may-be; or perhaps I shall tell him myself and explain that it was only a joke."

"And it will never do to laugh at your own joke, unless you laugh the other side of your mouth."

"Don't be sarcastic at the expense of your friends. You'll find my new initial paper in the left-hand drawer; you may be brief to-day, if you please. There, do I look *comme il faut*? By the way, you needn't tell Max that I'm going to the Mushroom's croquet party this afternoon."

"Certainly not; how could you be writing to him playing croquet with Mr. Bullion Mushroom at the same time? I suppose it will be unnecessary to mention the fact that Mr. Mushroom repeated poetry to you till nearly twelve last night on the veranda, with only the moon for duenna? Was it 'Paradise Lost' or——?"

"Come, I will not be lectured, Silvia Johnson! Could I tell Mr. Mushroon to go home? Besides, they were some verses of his own—very sweet ones, too."

"Sonnets to a Luna—tic?"

"Well, am I to blame if he is sweet on me? There, I shan't par'ey any longer with you. Be a good girl and write your letters and think of the twins."

Silvia began to write. "My dear Max;" how droll it looked all at once. She could hardly help laughing, hardly help crying, but compromised and went on, and had finished and folded the letter and was in the act of inclosing it in its addressed envelope when her two hands were suddenly imprisoned from behind, and a deep voice said over her shoulder:

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul!" and a brown-bearded lip was about to touch Silvia's white neck, when she turned her head and confronted a strange gentleman, who dropped her hands and shot half across the room.

"Have I the pleasure of seeing Professor Shale?" said Silvia, taking in the situation, but not liking it a bit, and dropping the letter in her excitement.

"You flatter me in calling it a pleasure," said the Professor, "and I beg pardon; but, not having my glasses on, I mistook you for Miss Lutestring." And then he stooped and picked up the telltale letter, and spread it out on his knee and glared at it and then at shrinking Silvia, and selected choice morsels to hurl at her, the lightning shooting from his glance.

"And this is the way in which Miss Lutestring wrote to me, eh? You are her amanuensis and mind-reader, I suppose?"

"I am her companion, bought and paid for," said Silvia, withering under his eye.

"A pretty pair of hypocrites—birds of a feather! I could not believe that the world held such a couple. The conception and execution of this deceit is worthy of older heads—shows genius of a rare type! A person capable of assisting at such a fraud can have no appreciation of its effects; so, let me tell you, madam, that you have not only robbed me of a home and fireside, with all its genial influences, but you have broken my idol before my eyes and robbed me of a future, so to speak."

"I—I!" cried Silvia, putting out her hand, as if she would ward off the accusation. "No, no, you will forgive her; you will be happy together again. She is only a giddy child nobody taught her—"

"Except yourself!" thundered Max.

"You can make her what you like," not heeding the interruption, "as you have done."

"Oh! it was my fault. I should have prevented it. What is a companion good for but to prevent such things!"

"I am glad that you see your error," said Max; "but it's rather late in the day as far as Luna and I are concerned. How could I love a woman who regards truth merely as a plaything? I assure you that if I would it is not in my power to do so."

The end of it was that Luna lost her lover and Silvia her situation.

"Wanted—an amenuensis," read Salvia in the morning paper, one day.

"I mean to apply." And she may have felt a little sorry at her headlong action when she encountered Professor Shale.

"So you want a situation as amenuensis?" asked Max, with a grim smile.

"Well, perhaps I ought to employ you, since you lost your last through my means."

"I did not guess it was you," explained Silvia, with a blush. "I will withdraw my application, if—if—" remembering the twins.

"That would be quite unnecessary. I am acquainted with your skill in this business. Consider yourself engaged."

So she sat down, and wrote hour after hour, day in and day out, for three months; and then—

"I'm almost sorry that we have gotten through with this pile of work," confessed Max. "I beleive that I said some bitter things a while ago; but let bygones be bygones. I am going away."

"Yes," said Silvia, absently. "And I must be looking about for another situation.

"You would prefer a permanent one?"

"Oh! yes; certainly."

"And you'll not be surprised if I offer it to you?"

"You!"

"Yes. I remember telling you once that you had robbed me of home and fireside; but even a learned Professor may be mistaken, I find. At least, let me assure you now, that you can make amends, if you will; that I love the woman who robbed me of my blind faith in an *ignis fatuus*. Hush! Not a word! I will not have an answer today. I am going away, as I said, and you shall write me one of your incomparable letters—either for good or ill." And he bent and kissed a tress of her hair, and was gone.

Somewhat later, the evening papers commicated with an account of the wedding festivities of Miss Luna Lutestring and Mr. Bullion Mushroom. Max smiled, as he put the paper down and re-read a letter the postman had just brought him.

"The twins, bless them!" he thought.

"My home shall be their home. I'm under great obligation to those dear children. It was their necessities that saved me from marrying a woman who held the truth as of no account."—*The Independent.*

ANOTHER LANTERN.—Rochefort has in contemplation a newspaper in Paris. In the pocket of a man arrested in that city for drunkenness were found letters from Rochefort containing a plan for the organization of a new journal to be called the Raillement. Rochefort was to write for it over the signature of "Le Lanternier," giving this reason: "The law permits a transported person to write, but not to sign. If all the world does not recognize me the fault will not be mine."

The telescope man was around Detroit again recently, having discovered a new object of interest on Saturn's ring. "For ten cents you can see it settin' with its legs hangin' over the edge, gents; it's bald-headed, and if any of you are lookin' for 'Tweed, just fall into line and take your turn for ten cents."