

The Albany Register.



VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 28, 1876.

NO. 32.

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.

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,
ALBANY, OREGON,

Matthews & Morrison,

PROPRIETORS.

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

P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries,
Fancy Goods, Notions, Shagwags
and Flatso, Nails, Rope, Mirrors,
Wallpaper, Wood and Willow
Ware, Trunks and Valises,
Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.

Sold very low either for cash, or to prompt pay-
ing customers on time.

Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE TO
announce to the citizens of Albany and vi-
cinity that we have supplied our
work with the necessary machinery for raising
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 un-
der taken by us.

Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly
attended to. Apply to
BANTY, ALLEN & CO.

Albany, Or., April 23, 1876.

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

Every Day.

For further particulars, apply to

BEACH & MONTAGUE,

Albany, Nov. 21, 74-75 Agents

CHAR. B. MONTAGUE, ROBT. M'CALEY.

MONTAGUE & McCALEY,

ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT

stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

selected with care, and bought for coin at
scandalously 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

Dress Goods,
Suits,
Hosiery,
Shawls,
Ribbons,
Collars,
Laces, &c., &c.

for the ladies, and our complete lines of

Ready-made Clothing,

Hosiery,
Cottons,
Casimers,
Cloths,
Shirts,
Caps,
Hats,

of all descriptions for men and boys. Also, full
assortments of

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,

or everybody.

The best goods at the lowest rates every time.
Lebanon, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

Furniture Warerooms.

FRED GRAF,

HAVING purchased the entire interest of
G. C. Coffey in the late firm of Graf & Coffey, in
the furniture business, takes this opportunity
to return his thanks to the liberal patronage bestowed on
him by the public, and to announce that he has
retained in the past, and respectfully asks a
continuance of the same. All kinds of furniture
kept on hand and manufactured to order
at lowest rates. Albany, Nov. 19-75

Albany

Bath House & Barber Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-
fully thank the citizens of Albany and vi-
cinity for the liberal patronage bestowed on
him for the past season. He has hopes for the
future continuation of their favors. For the
convenience of transient customers, and
to afford in the upper part of town, he has opened
a new bath house near Court to Taylor Bros.
where a good workman will always be
ready to wait upon patrons.
Dec. 11, 1874. JOE WERBER.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

THE CENTENNIAL POEM—RENTS AND
HOUSES—THE CENTENNIAL—BUSI-
NESS—POSTAL TROUBLES—THE DE-
FALCATION OF JUDGE BARRETT—THE
FASHIONS.

New York, April 8, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL POEM.

It is finally settled who will write the
poem for the Centennial opening. The
compliment of being requested to write
it has been passed around among the
elder poets of the country, and declined
by each with thanks in turn. Mr. Bryant
considered that his years ought to
exempt him from the task. Mr. Whit-
tier never writes odes for occasions, and
it would be contrary to the habit of his
life to do such a thing. Mr. Longfel-
low hates writing to order. Mr. Lowell
declined, and the laureate's duty has
at last been assumed by the man who
of American writers is most capable of
turning out the highest work, as one
may say, under compulsion—Mr. Bay-
ard Taylor. There is one poet who
would have written up to the style of
the occasion—not Bayard Taylor, but
B. F. Taylor—who has the finest flow
of florid English in verse, adapted to
the general contour of the performance,
who would have burned red lights and
blue in numbers that would have soared
and swelled and streamed like a
holiday banner. I dare say that all the
other poets would have been glad to
relinquish the task to him, and he
would not have done the time and au-
dience discredit.

RENTS AND HOUSES.

The real estate agents are playing a
hopeless game before the first of May,
trying to get as near the old rents as
possible, but the tenants have the best
of it, and something like this course of
proceeding goes on. The tenant asks
for lower rent; agent of course declines
and posts a bill on the house "to rent."
Say the holder has been paying \$2,700
for the last three years; he now wants
to pay only \$1,700. For the first two
weeks he don't do much toward look-
ing for a new place for himself, and
agent sticks out pretty well, till tenant
actually goes to whitestone, Newark or
some other place of cheap rents to hire
a house. The day after he gets home
the agent calls around early to say civ-
ily that it don't seem worth while to
make a change, as they have been on
good terms so long, the tenant may have
the house at his own offer for a year,
but he must expect a raise next May.
He keeps his house, hugs himself at
getting his own price, and calculates
that he will get a new parlor carpet,
risking the very hazy idea of having to
move in earnest next year. Agents may
talk about next year for a generation to
come; nobody is afraid of them just
now. Why should they be, when their
stores that rented for \$14,000 within
three years and last year for \$7,500,
tumble this year to \$5,000? The build-
ing occupied by a well-known dry
goods firm year before last rented for
\$28,000. They offered \$15,000 for it
last year, which was indignantly re-
fused, and they moved out. The building
stood empty all last season, and the
owners would be very glad to let it for
\$12,000 to-day. Things don't fall in
such a way to get up again in any one
year.

THE CENTENNIAL.

New York will be more of a point
of attraction this year than Philadel-
phia. Everybody will, of course, go to
Philadelphia and see the Exposition—
then they will come to New York and
see the metropolis. I want to notify
visitors that they may come to New
York and stay here long enough to see
the city, thoroughly, at a not very large
expense. Avoid the large hotels, avoid
the small ones, and, above all, avoid the
European hotels. In brief, dodge the
hotels altogether. Go to boarding-
houses, where you can live from five to
six dollars a week, and be tolerably well
taken care of. At least you will get all
you can eat and good, clean, comfort-
able beds. These houses can be found
anywhere below Fourteenth street, either
east or west of Broadway, and the vis-
itor whose ability to pay is limited can
be accommodated at any price desir-
able. Those who have money will, of
course, go to the first-class hotels and
be bled for the style of the thing, but
it is unnecessary. Stylish boarding-
houses can be found at from \$10 to \$12
per week, in the vicinity of Lafayette
Place and Tenth street; or, for the mat-
ter of that, on all the streets in that vi-
cinity. And let me say right here, that
when you come to New York next

summer, come prepared to stay long
enough to see what a great city really
is. Walking down Broadway and
going up to Central Park is not seeing
New York. You want to get down in
among the poor; you want to see the
shipping; Wall street ought to take up
two days; and then you ought to pen-
trate the interior of the great business
warehouses in the lower part of the
city, and see something of the magnum
of their operations. By all means get
into the inside of such an establish-
ment as Harper's, and go over to Sta-
ten Island and up the East River, that
you may enjoy the finest water-view in
the world and the finest suburban resi-
dences. It wouldn't hurt you any to
spend a day or two at Long Branch to
see the frivolity of a summer water-
ing-place. All this can be done for a
very little money if you only know how.
Your wives and daughters will, of
course, want to see Stewart's and the
great jewelry stores; and if you have
any taste for art, the picture galleries are
open all the time. To do this cheaply,
go to the boarding-houses to live, use
the street cars and stages, and by no
means allow yourself to be seduced into
a carriage or a cab. Street cars run
everywhere in the city—indeed, on
some of the lines you may ride seven
miles for five cents. And on Sundays
of course you will want to hear Beecher,
Tyng, Frothingham and a dozen
more of the great lights with which the
city abounds, and in all their churches
you will find plenty of free pews and
good, Christian courtesy and considera-
tion. In all the metropolitan churches
special pains are taken to make stran-
gers entirely welcome and at their ease.
By the way, don't fail to attend service
once, at least, in old Trinity, where you
will hear the best church music in the
city. Come, by all means, and have a
good time.

THE FASHIONS.

The spring opens rather late after
all, but the new bonnets are out, and
for the benefit of my lady readers I
hasten to tell them not to buy scoop
bonnets, (unless they are more becoming
than any other,) for the newest and
choicest style is a snug little Parisian
shape with high square crown, and close
brim, sloping very narrow toward the
back, crown and brim being an inch
smaller than last year's shape, and ever
so much more becoming, having a pe-
culiarly neat and modest appearance on
the head, as I, though a mere male
mortal, can testify from inspection. The
ladies say that they can tell the shape
as far as they can see it, for it is so much
prettier than the spreading, flaring bon-
nets of home design. It seems that no
sooner does a peculiarly happy French
design get over here, than our designers,
as they say, begin to adapt it to Amer-
ican tastes, in which it loses all its dis-
tinctive grace and effect.

This particular fashion, I am told, is
only to be found at the importers, so I
advise ladies to insist on their milliners
selecting it for them when they go on
to buy goods. Rough and ready straws,
in close forms, small and becoming, will
be a stylish bonnet this season, and
there is a satin-finished, French rough
straw, of beautiful design, that is the
prettiest thing out in bonnets in a mas-
culine eye, it is so unpretending with all
its style. As usual, this choice simplicity
is not economical; an untrimmed hat of
this sort costing \$5, and the wreath of
wheat or oats which trims it as much
more. Rather coarse, unfinished chips
of a light ochre color, are the stylish
dress hats either in the scoop or the
other shape, and scarfs of yellow net,
lace, or wide crapo-like silk ribbon, with
wreaths and masses of fine flowers on
or about the crown are the favorite
trimmings.

PETRO.

THE "VICTORY" PRINTING MACHINE.

I yesterday (Dec. 8) saw the "Vic-
tory" printing and folding machine at
work at the office of the *Globe*—a very
different paper, by-the-way, to the Tu-
ronto sheet. This proudly-named press
is certainly a wonderful affair, and be-
tween admiring it and listening to the
interesting remarks of the manager of
the press department, Mr. Ford, I spent
a very pleasant half-hour. I saw the
machine run to nearly its highest rate
of speed, that is to say it printed and
delivered folded papers at the rate of
close upon 20,000 copies per hour. This
combination of the two operations of
printing and folding is claimed to be
peculiar to the "Victory" machine. The
folding apparatus is very compact, and
altogether, viewing the "Victory" from
my point of view, as "a general ob-
server," I should say it is pretty near
perfection.

The *Globe*, which is an evening pa-
per, is the only London daily that is de-
livered to the newsdealers folded, though
the practice is quite the rule in the
Provinces. Folding is scarcely necessary
in the case of a morning paper of very
large circulation; but I learn that the
Times people are thinking of follow-
ing the example of the *Globe* in this
respect. Wonderful as the "Victory" is
in its simple form as a printing and
folding machine, it is much more re-
markable as constituted for the New
York *Christian Union*. This publi-
cation is about the size of the *Graphic*;
twenty-four pages, with an illustrated
cover, the whole being pasted together.
The machine recently sent to New York
has a smaller press at the end, where-
upon is printed the side cover at such a
rate that it is ready to receive the
twenty-four pages of letterpress as they
are delivered, folded and pasted. Fi-
nally, passing through two spring rolls
of lead, the work is issued, bound and
delivered, without being touched by hand.
I am not aware of the next improve-
ment in store for the printing world,
but I suppose it is safe to conclude that
somebody is meditating how to beat the
"Victory" even in its triple character as
a printing, folding and binding machine.
—London Correspondence Montreal
Star.

PUZZLES IN SPELLING AND PRO-
NOUNCING.—There is a word of only
five letters, and if you take away two
of them, you will remain; what word is
that? It is often.

There is a word of five letters, and
if you take two of them away six will
remain; what is it? Sixty.

Take away my first letter, take away
my second letter, take away all my let-
ters, and I am always the same. Can
you guess that? It is the mail-carrier.

Can you tell me what letter it is that
has never been used but twice in Amer-
ica? It is A; it is only used twice in
America.

Spell the late of all earthly things in
two letters? D. K. (decay).

What word is always pronounced
faster by adding two letters to it? The
word fast.

What is that of one syllable, which,
if you take away two letters from it,
will become a word of two syllables?
Pig; take away pi and it becomes
ague.

an epidemic of scoundrelism just now.

THE BIRD OF NIGHTS.

[The skating fever in England, or rink-
ing, as French terms it, has been the cause
of many poetic effusions, but none that
will be more appreciated by those who
have "set down" in a hurry, than the fol-
lowing from the *Sporting Gazette*.]

One more unfortunate
Knocked out of breath,
"Rashly importunate,"
I solemnly saith.
Lift her up tenderly,
Mind her back hair;
Fashioned so tenderly—
Fetch her a chair;
Burst are her garments,
Hanging in cements,
While buffoons constantly
Call from her clothing,
Take her up instantly
Loving, not looting;
Scarcely touch her not,
Think of the bump she got.
All through those wheels of hers,
Which she used killingly,
And those heels of hers,
Set she unwillingly.
She in a mess is
All things betoken,
As speak her gay dress is,
While wondering guesses:
"Are the bones broken?"
"Is he her milliner?"
"Has she a glove?"
"Prays a two shilliner?"
"Or has she a dearer one,
Skill?" Prays a nearer one,
Gifts from her lover?
Take her up tenderly,
Mind her back hair;
Fashioned so tenderly—
Fetch her a chair,
Can't she sit down on it?
Is she in pain?
True, she don't frown on it—
"Shan't rink again."

Mark Twain's Duel.

The only merit I claim for the follow-
ing narrative is that it is a true story.
It has a moral on the end of it, but I
claim nothing on that, as it is merely
thrown in to carry favor with the relig-
ious element.

After I had reported a couple of
years on the Virginia City (Nev.) *Daily
Enterprise* they promoted me to be
Editor-in-Chief; and I lasted just a
week by the watch. But I made an
uncommonly lively newspaper while I
did last, and when I retired I had a
duel on my hands and three horsewhip-
pings promised me.

The latter I made no attempt to col-
lect; however, this story concerns only
the former. It was the old "fuss
times" of the silver excitement, when
the population was wonderfully wild
and meek; every body went armed to
the teeth, and all slights and insults
had to be atoned for with the best article
of blood your system could furnish. In
the course of my editing I made trouble
with a Mr. Lord, the editor of a rival
paper. He flew up about some little
trifle or other that I said about him—I
do not remember now what it was. I
suppose I called him a thief, or a body-
snatcher, or an idiot, or something like
that; I was obliged to make the paper
readable, and I couldn't fail in my duty
to a whole community of subscribers
merely to save the exaggerated sensi-
tiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was
offended, and replied vigorously in his
paper. Vigorously means a great deal
when it refers to a personal editorial in
a frontier newspaper. Dueling was all
that country, and very few gentlemen
would throw away the opportunity of
fighting one. To kill one man in a
duel caused a man to be even more look-
ed up to than to kill two men in the
ordinary way. Well, out there if you
abused a man and that man did not like
it, you had to call him out and kill him,
otherwise you would be disgraced. So
I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope
he would not accept; but I knew per-
fectly well that he did not want to fight,
and so I challenged him in the most
violent and implacable manner. And
then I sat down and snuffed and snuffed
till the answer came. All the boys—
the editors—were in the office "helping"
me in the dismal business, and telling
about duels and discussing the code
with a lot of aged ruffians, who had
experience in such matters, and alto-
gether there was a loving interest taken
in the matter that made me un speak-
ably uncomfortable. The answer came
—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were
furious, and so was I on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and
another, and the more he did not want
to fight the more blood thirsty I be-
came. But at last the man's tone be-
gan to change. He appeared to be
making up. It was becoming apparent
that he was going to fight me, after all.
I ought to have known how it would
be—he was a man who could never be
dejected upon. Our boys were jubilant.
I was not though I tried hard to be.

It was now the time to go out and
practice. It was the custom there to
fight duels with navy six-shooters at
fifteen paces—load and empty till the
game for the funeral was secured. We
went to a ravine just out of town and
borrowed a barn door for a target—
borrowed it from a gentleman who was
absent—and we stood his barn door up,
and stood a rail on the end against the
middle of it to represent Lord, and put
a squash on top of the rail to represent
the head. He was a very tall, lean
creature, the poorest sort of material for
a duel; nothing, but a line shot could
fetch him, and even then he might split
your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the
rail was, of course, a little too thin to
represent the body accurately, but the
squash was all right. If there was any
intellectual difference between the
squash and his head it was in favor of
the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the
barn door and could not hit that; and
I tried for the squash and could not hit
that. I would have been entirely dis-

heartened but that occasionally I crip-
pled one of the boys, and that gave me
hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots
in the next ravine. We knew what
that meant! The other party was out,
practicing too. Then I was in the last
degree distressed, for of course they
would hear our shots and then send over
the ridge, and the spies would find my
barn door without a wound or mark,
and that would only be an end to
me; for of course the other man would
immediately become as bloodthirsty as
I was.

Just at that moment a little bird no
larger than a sparrow flew by and lit
on a bush about 30 paces away, and
my little second, Steve Gills, who was
a dead shot with a pistol—much better
than I was—snatched out his revolver
and shot the bird's head off. My all
ran to pick up the game, and sure
enough, just at that moment, some of
the other duellists came reconnoitering
over the little ridge. They ran to our
group to see what the matter was, and
when they saw the bird Lord's second
said:

"That was a splendid shot. Ho v
far off was it?"
Steve said with some indifference:
"Oh, no great distance. About 30
paces."
"Thirty paces! Heavens alive! Who
did it?"
"My man—Twain."
"The mischief he did! Can he do it
often?"
"Well, yes. He can do it about four
times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying,
but I never said any thing. I never
told him so. He was not of a disposi-
tion to invite confidences of that kind,
so I let the matter rest. But it was a
comfort to see those people look sick
and see their jaws drop when Steve
made that statement. They went off
and got Lord and took him home;
when he got home, half an hour later,
there was a note saying that Mr. Lord
peremptorily declined to fight.

We found out afterward that Lord
hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen
shots—if he had put those thirteen bul-
lets into me it would have narrowed
my sphere of usefulness a good deal.
True they could have put pegs in the
holes and used me for a hat-rack; but
what is a hat rack to a man who feels
he has intellectual powers?
I have written this true incident of
my history for one purpose only—to
warn the youth of to-day against the
practice of dueling, and to plead with
them to war against it. I was young
and foolish when I challenged the gen-
tleman, and thought it very fine and
grand to be a duelist and stand upon
the "field of honor." But I am older
and more experienced now, and am in-
flexibly opposed to the dreadful custom.
I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lit
up my voice against it. I think it is a
bad, immoral thing. It is every man's
duty to do all he can to discourage du-
eling.

If a man were to challenge me I
would go to that man and take him by
the hand and lead him to a retired
room—and kill him!

A Mysterious Death and a Checkered
Life.

The following biography is from the
Sonora Democrat: "We are called upon
to record the death of John S.
Nugent, an old and well-known resi-
dent of Columbia, in this county. His
career was somewhat checkered, and the
mystery surrounding his birth almost
began upon romanticism. He was
born in Dublin about 1807, and was
consequently 68 years of age. He ob-
tained his education in the Dublin Uni-
versity, his expenses being defrayed
with funds from an unknown source.
During his boyhood he went to Ja-
maica, and afterwards emigrated to
New York, where he was enabled
through the generous pecuniary aid of
his unknown friends to enter into a
thriving wine business. While in New
York he married Miss Fox, daughter
of a merchant of the firm of Fox, Har-
clay & Livingston. A son by this
marriage is now a prominent young
lawyer in Utah. After his wife's death
Nugent came to California, having in
his possession \$50,000, the bulk of
which he lost in San Francisco. With
the remnant of his fortune he purchased
a yacht and sailed for the Society Is-
lands, his little vessel being in command
of Captain William H. Clark, now a
resident of Sonora. Returning to So-
nora he drifted to Toulme and settled
in Columbia in 1854, where he remained
until about six months ago, when
through a general debility and constitu-
tional decline, his mind gave way and
he was sent to the Insane Asylum at
Stockton, where he died last Saturday.
Nugent was very reticent in regard to his
birth and parents, alleging that he
knew very little in regard to the mat-
ter; but from vague hints, coming from
nobody knows where, it has always
been the general belief of his friends
that he was the natural son of George
IV of England, by hismorganatic mar-
riage with the actress, Mrs. Fitzjames.
If this is true, another paragraph may
be inserted in the celebrated 'Memoirs.'

A Professor asked his class, "What
is the Aurora?"

A student, scratching his head, re-
plied:

"Well, professor, I did know, but I
have forgotten."

"Well, that is sad, very sad," re-
plied the professor. "The only man in
the world that ever knew has forgotten
it."

Read, ponder and—PAY UP! Why
don't you take the papers? they're the
life of my delight, except about election
time, and then I read for spite. Sub-
scribe, you cannot lose a cent; why
should you be afraid? for cash thus
spent is money lent at interest, four-fold
paid. Go then, and take the papers,
and pay to-day, nor pay delay, and my
word it is inferred, you'll live until
you're gray. An old neighbor of mine,
while dying of a cough, desired to hear
the latest news while he was going off.
I took the paper and I read of some
new pills in force; he bought a box—
and he is dead? no—hearty as a horse.
I knew two men as much alike as ever
you saw two stumps; and no phrenol-
ogist could find a difference in their
bumps. One takes the paper and his
life is happier than a king's, his chil-
dren can all read and write, and dream
of men and things. The other took no
paper, and while strolling through the
wood, a tree fell down and broke his
crown, and killed him—"very good."
Had he been reading all the news, at
home like his neighbor Jim, I'll bet a
cent that accident would not have hap-
pened him, for he who takes the paper,
and pays his bill when due, can live in
peace with every man, and with the
printer too.

Take the Paper.

Wanted to be an Editor.

"Have you had any experience in the
business?" we asked of a verdant look-
ing youth who applied for an editorial
position the other day.
"Haven't I though?" he replied as
he shoved one foot under his chair to
hide the unskillful patching of a back-
woods cobbler. "I should say I'd had
some experience—haven't I corresponded
with the *Pumpkinville Screamer*
for six weeks?—Hain't that experience
enough?"
"That will do very well," we replied,
"but when we take young men on our
editorial staff, we generally put them
through an examination. How much
are twelve times one?"
"Twelve! why any little boy ought
to an—"
"Hold on, please—don't be too fast—
who discovered America?"
"Klumbus? Palaw, them questions
are just as easy as—"
"Who was the first man?"
"Adam! why Mister, I know all!"
"What was his other name?"
"His other name?" why he didn't
have none."
"Yes, he did. You see that's where
we've got you. His other name was
Ebeneszer—Ebeneszer Adam, Esq., late
of Paradise. Nobody knows this but
editors, and see to it that you don't tell
any body."
"He said he wouldn't."
"How many bones are there in the
human body?"
"Well, I forgot now, but I did know
wunst."
"What! don't you know that?
Why there's 7,482,921,444 bones in an
ordinary man. A man that knows his
one bone more than other people."
"What bone is that?"
"The trombone. It is situated some-
where in the nose. You won't forget
that, will you?"
"He said he wouldn't."
"How long would it take a mud-tur-
tle to cross the desert of Sonora?"
"A small orphan boy to touch him up
behind with a red-hot poker?"
"Well, look here, Mister, if I had a
slate and pencil I could figger that out,
but dog my skin if I'm much on mental
fritlemetic."
"Slate and pencil! Did you ever
see a slate and pencil about a sanctum?
Well, we'll let that question slip.
Have you got a good constitution?"
"Putty tolerable."
"How long do you suppose you could
live on raw corn and faith, and do the
work of a domesticated elephant?"
"Lord! I don't believe I could live
morn'n a week."
"Well, that's about as long as you'd
want to live if you got an editorial
position on this paper. You appear to be
pretty well posted; we shall ask you
one more question; and if you prove
equal to it you can take off your coat
and sail in."
"I've have'er 'quire. I didn't cor-
respond for the *Pumpkinville Screamer*
or six weeks for nothin'. Let'er come
—I'm on deck, I am."
"Well, sir, if two diametrical circles
with octagonal peripheries should collide
with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or to
put it plainer, we'll say a disunfranchised
nonentity, what effect would the
catastrophe exert on a crystallized cod-
fish suspended by the tail from the
homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"
"As the full force of this ponderous
problem broke upon his bewildered
brain, he slowly dragged his inartistic
cobbled shoe from under his chair,
and started from the room. We heard
him descend the stairs, go out, and close
the door. We then placidly resumed
our duties, regretting that