

# The Albany Register.



VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 12, 1878.

NO. 34.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
**SAMUEL E. YOUNG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**DRY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
GROCERIES,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
THRESHERS,  
REAPERS & MOWERS,  
WAGONS, PLOWS,  
SEED DRILLS,  
SOWERS, ETC.**

First street, Albany, Oregon.  
Terms: Cash.

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

House 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, Tricots, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shotguns and Pistols, Nails, Hops, Mirrors, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunk and Valises, Feeder, Cutlery, &c., &c.

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

**Making 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 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 undertaken by us.

Orders left at the REGISTER office promptly attended to. Apply to **W. B. BANTY, ALLEN & CO.,** Albany, Or., April 28, 1878.

**O. S. S. CO.**

**NOTICE.**  
FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, ALL FREIGHTS TO AND FROM PORTLAND TO ALBANY WILL BE ONE DOLLAR PER TON.

All down freights 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 **BEACH & MONTGOMERY,** Albany, Nov. 24, 74-75 Agents.

**CHAS. E. MONTAGUE** and **MRS. M. C. ALLEY.**  
**MONTAGUE & McALLEY,**  
ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT stock of

**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 Dress Goods, Japanese Silks, Ribbons, Collars, Collarettes, Laces, &c., &c.

for the ladies, and our complete lines of **Readymade Clothing,** consisting of

Coats, Gowns, Blouses, Corsets, &c., &c.

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

**Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,** of every body.

The best goods, at the lowest rates every day. Call on our stand, and respectfully invited to order at lowest rates. **FRED GRAP,** Albany, Nov. 13-1878.

**Furniture Warerooms.**  
**FRED GRAP.**

HAVING purchased the entire interest of G. H. Collier in the late firm of Grap & Collier, in the furniture business, please the opportunity to return his share to the citizens of Albany and vicinity who have so generously sustained a continuance of the same. All kinds of furniture kept on hand and manufactured to order at lowest rates. **FRED GRAP,** Albany, Nov. 13-1878.

**Albany Bath House & Barber Shop.**

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## OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

**MOODY AND SANKEY—THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL—BELKNAP'S IMPEACHMENT—THE GRAIN TRADE—THE FASHIONS.**  
NEW YORK, April 29, 1878.

**MOODY AND SANKEY** have closed their meetings in New York, and have gone away to take the rest they have fairly earned. They have held meetings five times every day for ten weeks, and have outside of their meetings, performed an immense amount of labor. At each of them Mr. Moody spoke not less than half an hour, and in the morning and evening his sermons were much longer. Mr. Sankey sang more or less every time, so much indeed, that he has well-nigh lost his voice. It is estimated that a million and a half of people have heard them; that fifteen thousand have been converted, besides the general awakening that they have done for the churches, the effect of which will be felt for years. On the last day they made an appeal for money to pay off the debt of the Young Men's Christian Association, and to such purpose that \$135,000 was raised on the spot. The farewell meeting was very affecting, and the service very impressive. There never was such a crowd gathered together in that vast building. Every seat was occupied, and every inch of standing room as well, and vast as the crowd was, not a fourth of those who came could squeeze in. It was a vast, perspiring crowd of people, all anxious to give the departing evangelists a hearty and cordial God-speed.

There is no denying that Moody and Sankey hold the hearts of the Christian people in their hands. They can get them to do more, to work harder, and make more sacrifices than any two men living. Enthusiasts themselves they entice others, and by sheer work force their ways of working upon those who, before they knew them scoffed at them. In their way they are absolutely great, and their power does not diminish. They received during their stay in the city over \$80,000 from grateful parents of saved sons. These thank offerings enable them to live and prosecute their work. Mr. Moody goes to Florida for a few weeks, and Sankey goes for his rest to his home in Newcastle, Pa. They will rest for a month, and then open a series of meetings in Boston. The total cost of the ten weeks' meetings footed up to nearly \$50,000. The building will be occupied, this summer, by Gilmore's band, for a series of monster concerts.

**THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.**  
The last sensation is the visit of the Emperor of Brazil, Dona Pedro. He came very quietly, for an emperor, and disappointed the funkies by absolutely refusing to having any fuss made over him. When this announcement was made there was weeping and wailing in many circles. The politicians wanted a chance to air themselves at a reception: the city officials wanted a big dinner at the expense of the city; Delmonico wanted to furnish the said dinner at about three prices, dividing with the officials; the belles wanted a chance to dance at the grand ball that emperors are supposed to always desire, and most everybody wanted to have something in connection with him. But the Brazilian refused to submit to anything of the kind. He came here to see and not to be seen, and he did it. He had splendid apartments for himself and suite at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and he paid his own bills the same as any other man would. He drove about the city and viewed it in the most comfortable way he could in carriages that he paid for; he visited the shops, fortifications, big stores, theatres and other places of interest, in the most quiet manner, and when he had got through he paid his bills like a man, and went to Chicago. There were thirty people in his suite, attending upon his person, and some twenty to take care of his wife, the empress. The expenses of the party at the hotel alone were \$2,800 per day, the entire expenses being probably \$5,000. It isn't a bad business being an emperor. Dona Pedro is tall, well-built, handsome man—one who impresses one as being a long way above the average. There is character in his face. The empress is a rather handsome woman, who looks as if she had as much will, at least, as her husband, and as though she had her finger in what of government Brazil enjoys. The officers accompanying him were all fine looking men, except one—the treasurer, or purse-holder—a small, weazen-faced, brown-skinned man—

whose business with the party no one could make out. It was surmised that he is the confessor of the empress, who, as is well-known, is the most devout and bigoted Catholic in all South America. He looked the character, at all events. The empress never made a movement without consulting him, and whatever he said seemed to have sufficient weight with her to decide her action. It will be remembered that her daughter had a riot with the emperor not long since. The emperor decreed religious freedom, which the daughter did not like, so she vowed a vow never to wear shoes or cover her head till the decree was revoked and the Catholic religion made as before, the only recognized religion. And she did go about the streets bareheaded, much to the scandal of the court, but with the entire approbation of the priesthood, and, backed by her mother, the emperor was compelled to succumb. The empress looks as if she were capable of the same thing. The party return to New York in a short time, when the bummers and the fashionables will make another effort to gobble him. He has a remarkably good opinion of this country and its people, and it is desirable that he will steadfastly refuse to be wined and dined by the officials of this city, or be entertained by the equally objectionable snobs.

**BELKNAP'S IMPEACHMENT.**  
Business, called me to Washington this week, in time to see the opening of the Belknap trial; one of the most serious cases ever before Congress—the first time that a cabinet officer has been indicted for stealing. The bright Easter Monday had drawn thousands of children to their annual sport of egg-rolling in the capitol grounds, which rang all day to their shouts. But within the formal proceedings drew a gallery crowd to see how the ex-Secretary "took it." The formalities, slight as they are, were very impressive from a body that pays so little regard, usually, to them as the American Congress. Chief Justice Waite came swiftly in wearing his silk gown of office, and the House of Representatives filled the floor in the Senate to hear the proclamation made by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the impeachment read. The counsel on both sides gathered, a formidable looking array of sound learning and character on the side of the government lawyers; on the other, were the legal dexterity of Matt. Carpenter, the keen, crafty tact of Judge Black, and the concentrated regard of pale Montgomery Blair. Mr. Carpenter met his client, and brought him in on his arm. Belknap was less florid than usual, but he seated himself with ostentatious assumption of entire ease, threw one arm over the back of his chair, slanted his commanding person negligently in his seat, and fixed his eye on one particular part of the gallery where two strikingly pretty women were seated, and kept his regard there most of the time while he was in the chamber. The impeachment summons was read, to which the counsel filed answer that the said Wm. Belknap was not an officer of the United States at the date of the summons. The government counsel asked an adjournment to prepare their answer, and the show was over. The great self-indulgent dragon who lately held the office of high cabinet minister, stalked out of the senate chamber, half a dozen men shook hands with him, a courtesy which he accepted in a lofty impatient fashion as if he had rather not be troubled with such demonstration; but not a senator was seen to shake hands with him.

**THE GRAIN TRADE.**  
The merchants of New York are in a state of mind about the grain trade. Statistics recently collected, show that Baltimore receives nearly twice the grain that New York does, and Philadelphia about the same; while Boston, which was supposed to be dead, is working up very closely to both. The experts are all discussing the matter, and begging the merchants to take steps to bring back the trade. The trouble isn't with the merchants, though the loss falls on them. The fact is the blessed railroad monopoly have done the work. There are no facilities in New York for handling grain, cheaply, quickly, or safely. That by the Central has to be lighted to the vessels, and very much of it is moved in trucks. The system is one of stealing, extortion and inconvenience. Instead of running grain up an elevator and from thence into vessels, at a merely nominal cost, there are tolls, charges, post, delays, and

everything else that will, all a bundle of what goes through the city is loaded to almost the walls. Consequently shippers prefer other markets, and they have, hence, Baltimore is taking the head steam, and the prosperity of that city—and the decline of New York attest the wisdom of the one and the stupidity of the other. Vanderbilt has been compelled to take steps to hold the trade of his road. He is building a big elevator at sixtieth street, and others will do likewise, so there is reason to hope that some portion of the lost trade may be brought back. The Western grain-grower will feel the good effect of this at once. New York is the natural market for the West, and it is a pity to see its facilities thrown away.

**THE FASHIONS.**  
Easter is two weeks later this spring than last, which was favorable to people who found it convenient to put off shopping as long as possible. The styles at the openings display a judicious mixture of last year's notions which the milliners cannot get out of their heads in any one season, with very much that is new in the way of fabric and trimming. Pearl gray and pale drab chip bonnets of the small capote shape are in the best taste for ladies, while all sorts of tartan and pretty fancy hats are shown for the country and to be worn by young girls. Wings and feathers are interdicted by fashion, though the second-rate milliners fill hats with them as they were worn last fall. The trouble is that these dealers are so slow in getting the modes, that their hats always look behind-hand, and the styles of last winter dovetail on those of June. Feather, with its delicate pinky white and soft foliage, is the flower admired for trimming. Plumy oats and all soft tures, drooping flowers and grass also fall in with the style of trimming hats, and with these heavy crepe-like ribbons and plain fine-grained silks are used more than anything else. Fine Panama bonnets in French shapes instead of the odd, wide brimmed hats in which this braud, was only found last year, makes a desirable variety together with the satin and open brimmed hats which are but a trifle round the face to be filled with silk and flowers.

**POWER OF THE HAND.**  
It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "the who runs may read." The creator of "Uriah Heep" has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands, which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commentator on this subject: "It is the touch of the hand at greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that we should soon snap, snarl and finally quarrel, and that the least I have to do with the owner of those wily digits, the better off I shall be. If a nervous, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed to lie there, without life, I know at once that all my happiness would be as nothing in that awful man." And, as the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. These human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part in it.

All the greatest thoughts have had in the hollow of a hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the systems of medicine, the mysteries of science and the government of countries, with all their god-like beauties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom, have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispenser. They can be leading ministers of comfort and peace, and yet an cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp. And with all their power, with their charities, their gentleness, their tender touches, their sparkling, their smiling, they are folded as fast, and those who speak of us, tell of the closing of eyes and the folding of hands as the part of our going away.

**THE ORPHAN'S SUE.**—What! those of our fair readers who are disappointed with the position of women in America say when they learn what she has to suffer in India? Among other restrictions, the Hindoo Hindu forbids a woman to see dancing, bear music, wear jewelry, blanket her shoulders, eat dairy food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband; and it shows her to divorce her if she has no more, injures his property, could him, married with another woman, or promises to eat before he has finished his meal.

**THE BOY HEARD HIM,** his face grew rosy, and he cried out: "Be still, dad. I don't want her to."

The weary hours dragged. Would the pointers on the old clock never reach nine, the hour for retiring? Alone at last in her room, she knelt for her evening devotions; and on the other side of the board partition heard her pupil, unconscious of his auditor, at prayer.

"Oh! God," he said, "please to make me a Christian, if you possibly can. And please to keep all houses from burning down to night, especially ours, cause the Marm is here. And oh! do help me not to get mad and kick Bill Sykes when he makes us shoes and calls me Poppyphead." And as the prayer went on, a simple, ignorant expression of the wish that came uppermost in his thoughts.

The morning dawned clear and golden on the eastern hills. Miss Colby arose. In one corner stood a decayed washstand, guiltless alike of bowl or pitcher. She descended the stairs, and out in the wood-shed upon a rough bench stood a tin dipper. A dirty crash towel hung over the roller, and a bowl of soft-soap was, in compliment to her, placed upon the bench.

"Mebbe you'd like to wash," suggested Hiram, when it came his turn, his father having finished his ablutions. But, like Nicholas Nickleby, she contented herself with a clean handkerchief and a dry rub.

You whose fingers dip daintily into china bowls, wreathed round with tinging glories painted so like real ones that you fain would pluck them; whose hands, dripping with the clear, pure water, lose themselves in the soft damask that lies near—you may smile at the Peters, as though they were of a different humanity from yourselves; yet this has been but the simple, literal story of a boy who lived his brief life on a quiet hilltop of New England.

In Lincoln Cathedral is a beautifully painted window, so far superior to every other that the visitor pauses before it in admiring wonder. Yet it was made by a poor apprentice from pieces of glass rejected by his master. And in God's temple, in these later days, many a poor, ignorant soul that the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.

The weeks passed on, and examination day came. When the exercises were closed, Deacon Seldou, the chairman of the committee, rose and said he had no remarks to make, he would not detain them, and then talked fifteen minutes. And Mr. Frisbie stated that he had nothing to say, he wouldn't hinder, he fully agreed with the remarks of his illustrious predecessor; "But" (with a glance at Hiram and his own son, who sat together) "perhaps I see before me some future President of the United States, boys. The American eagle is within the reach of the poor, as well as the rich." It was the custom in that district, the close of the term, for every scholar, old and young, to kiss the teacher good-bye. The scholars had given and taken their farewell, and were all gone home except Hiram. He stood shyly near the door. Miss Colby felt utterly weary. The excitement was over and the reaction had begun. The red hair, yellow cotton necktie, and green vest, jarred upon her artistic eye. Could she kiss that freckled face and touch the great scarred hands? Her own nerves said no, and she listened to them. Hastily gathering up her books, she walked out, without seeming to notice the pleading eyes in the doorway. She asked Hiram to close and lock the school-house, gave him one of her bouquets to carry to his mother, and said good-night as usual.

Five weeks later a summons. Hiram had been absent three weeks. Mr. Frisbie told her. "The doctor said this morning that he could not live the day out, and he thought he couldn't die without seeing the Marm once more; so," concluded Mr. Frisbie, "I have come after you in my express wagon."

Miss Colby began to collect jellies and little delicacies to tempt his appetite.

"I wouldn't stop for them," said Mr. Frisbie, bluntly. "You'll be too late, mobby."

"Perhaps he will be better and live many years yet," she said, hopefully.

"No," he answered. "He was picking at the bedclothes all day yesterday, and I never knew that sign to fail."

It was a ten-mile ride. Mr. Peters met them at the door and led her in. But what a change five weeks had wrought! Hiram lay upon the bed, his hand out of sight beneath the coverlid. Sickness had refined his face. The freckles had disappeared. Through a rift in the clouds a single sunbeam, slanting down from the upper glory, fell upon his hair, making of it a halo about his head. He looked up, and a pink flush dawned on his face.

"You forget to bid me good-bye, teacher," he said, simply.

She bent down and touched her lips gently to his burning cheek.

"I don't say dad-boddy and dog-gone it now," he added.

There was a strange choking in her throat. She could not answer. In the silence nothing could be heard, but the slow, solemn tick, tick, of the old-fashioned clock in the corner. Long as she lives, she will never forget that sound.

After a little he spoke again. "I'm a-going, teacher," he said; "but I'll stay near the door till you come—if He'll let me."

Still her quivering lips refused her utterance.

"You are not afraid to die, Hiram?"

asked the doctor, softly.

"No," he answered, slowly. "He wouldn't want for me now if he hadn't wanted me. Would he, teacher?"

Again a silence.

"He is almost gone," said the doctor, feeling his pulse.

"Um—w-waiting," he said faintly. "I don't know the way. Somebody's a-coming to show me."

It was just the hour of sunset, and as by some sudden effort the sun broke loose from its fettering clouds and sent a flood of crimson light through the small dining window-panes Hiram lifted both hands eagerly. "He's come himself! Good-bye teacher! good—"

The hands fell helpless on the coverlid, but over his face settled a look of peace, such as never Madonia wore in marble of human fashioning. The sunlight crept back toward the window, flickered for a moment over the voiceless lips, then vanished.

"What to us is sunset to him is dawn," said the doctor, as he turned to go. Through the open door Annie Colby followed him. Some one touched her shoulder. "He wanted you to kiss it," said the father, huskily, and he laid the circlet of metal in her hand.

Through all the years since Annie Colby has carried, as a talisman to remind her of that other life beyond, a little box. Within it there is simply a lock of red hair, a pewter ring, and a little crumpled note, only three lines long, and signed in a cramped, almost illegible hand, HIRAM.—The Independent.

**A DELIGHTFUL LEGION.**—There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple to Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day. I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events inspired for several nights, when each resolved in his mind to stand guard, and solve the mystery. They did so, yet on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. All in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

**A SATISFIED WOMAN.**—A Pennsylvania woman writes as follows to the New York Tribune:—"How glorious to be a wife—the mother of men; to understand one's prerogatives, and be able to seize them without notice; to have a husband who counts you in value above rubies, and whose heart doth safely trust in you; to have as a heaven-appointed task the moulding of the hearts and consciences of sons and daughters; to feel that by God's grace you will be able to do it; to know that you have left no womanly endeavor undone to found the principles of our children upon the pattern of the father that is higher than us all. Six sons have I—two of them are men; four daughters are mine—two just budding into womanhood; they are my companions, yea, my unwitting instructors in the law of uprightness. Do I have to seek for an affinity? Not I. Am I lonesome? Never. Do I sigh for the infinite? I have it."

The other day a Detroit mother pointed some ink on the pantry shelf near the sugar box, and went up stairs, leaving her small son playing with the cat. When she came down, the boy sat by the window, wearing a placid, innocent look, but there were ink stains on his fingers. "There! you've been at the sugar!" she exclaimed, as she seized him by the collar. "Mother, do you think I'd steal sugar?" he asked in a tone of surprise. "Look at those stains on your fingers! What made them?" "Those stains, mother?" "Yes, those stains." "Well, I cannot tell you a bold lie, mother—I think I've committed to mortify!" She wasn't quite sure, and he was allowed to go out and play circus.

An automaton sawmill on exhibition at an English fair is described as a self-acting machine made for the rearing and frightening of birds. It fires guns at regular intervals by means of clock-work. It is so constructed that it can be charged and put to work the evening of one day to commence firing at any hour of the next, and will continue firing at intervals all day without requiring further attention, or it can be set to commence firing immediately. It is fitted with a self-acting apparatus to stop the clockwork as soon as the last gun is fired, or at any hour required. As an alarm apparatus for the protection of plantations, game preserves, farm yards, etc., it must be of great value, as it is so simple that any one can regulate it.

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