

The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 26, 1876.

NO. 36.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
**DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
THRESHERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
WAGONS, PLOWS,
SEED DRILLS,
BROADCAST
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 Canteen to and from the House.

P. C. HARPER & CO.,
Dealers in—
**DRY GOODS,
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shirts, and Plaids, Suits, Ropes, Mirrors, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises, Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.**
Sold very low either for cash, or to prompt paying customers on time.

Raising and Moving Buildings.
WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE to announce to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country, that having supplied ourselves with the latest 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 under taken by us. Orders left at the Register office promptly attended to. Apply to
BASTY, ALLEN & CO.,
Albany, Or., April 22, 1876.

CHAR. B. MONTAGUE. ROBT. McCALLEY.
MONTAGUE & McCALLEY,
ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
selected with care, and bought for cash at scandalously low figures and as we bought low and will sell them at prices that will

Astonish Everybody.
Come and see our selections of
Dress Goods,
Japanese
Silks,
Figures,
Merrillines,
Poplins,
Laines,
Hibbous, Collars, Collarettes,
Laces, &c., &c.,
for the ladies, and our complete lines of
Readymade Clothing,
Hosiery,
Cottonades,
Clothes,
Shoes,
Boots,
Caps,
Hats,
Full descriptions for men and boys. Also, full assortments of

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware.
on every body.

The best goods at the lowest rates every time. 627 Com and Sec. Lebanon, Oregon, October 30, 1874.

Furniture Warehouses.
FRED GRAF.
HAVING purchased the entire interest of G. H. 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 the business of the late firm. For the future a continuation of their favors. For the accommodation of transient customers, and as a neat little shop next door to Taylor Bros. Station, where a good workman will always be in attendance to wait upon patrons.
Albany, Nov. 15-1875. FRED GRAF.

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 as a neat little shop next door to Taylor Bros. Station, where a good workman will always be in attendance to wait upon patrons.
Dec. 11, 1874. JOE WEBBER.

**STOVES STOVES!
At Cost**
From this date until further notice, I will sell a

**CHOICE SELECTION OF
Stoves & Ranges!
FOR CASH,
AT
COST!**
—ALSO—
PUMPS, HOSE, ETC.
W. H. McFARLAND,
Albany, Dec. 18, 1874-75.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

SPECIE, FOR AND AGAINST—PRIVATE AND PROFITABLE THEATRICALS—FEMINE DEAD BEATS—BLUE FREIGHT LINES—A GOOD WORD FOR PAPER—A CONTRAST.

NEW YORK, May 4th, 1876.

SPECIE, FOR AND AGAINST.

Those old fogies who feared that their children would never know a silver quarter by sight, have their forebodings made vain by the little flurry of it from the treasury. It is no unusual thing down town to get dimes and quarters, and it is the correct thing for ladies' stores up-town to pay out at least one piece of new silver with the change to each customer. But the streets are not exactly flooded with it just yet, and there is not so much in circulation as was anticipated, for the reason that when the banks paid out silver everybody began to hoard it up; those who had large sums, to sell when it was at a premium again, and those who had little, kept the first quarter paid them for pocket-pieces. The business men and banks find it difficult to get enough specie for their wants after all.

PRIVATE AND PROFITABLE THEATRICALS.

The Amateur Theatrical Society, made up largely of young people connected with Mr. Frothingham's church, has plenty of laurels and substantial success to look back to at the close of its season. It has played on Staten Island, and I believe in Brooklyn, for charities, and in New York repeatedly for the Centennial and for benevolent objects, realizing over \$5,000 clear. Their last entertainment this week was by no means their least flattering success. These theatricals are quite recherché affairs, the audience all that is most fashionable, as it is something of a favor to secure tickets, which are only obtained from the committee, and the playing is good enough to call out special commendation from the best critics of the daily papers. Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, of Harper's Magazine, dramatized his old sketches, "The Potiphar Papers" for this society, prominent among whose members are Calvert Vaux, the Architect, and Mr. Frederick Steadman, the oldest son of the poet Steadman; while a daughter of the artist Frank Carpenter, counted by judges one of the most beautiful girls in New York, is one of the favorite actresses in ladies' parts. Judge Barrett and his daughter played in one piece, a week or two before the Judge left the city, in which he took the part of a young man, looking about twenty-five, while the daughter was his sweetheart.

FEMINE DEAD BEATS.

There is misery enough in the city, but there is a pitifully ludicrous side to not a few of the appeals made for aid. For instance, there is the lady—usually of Southern extraction—who has suddenly lost a large property, and is thrown on her own resources, and must make a living by her talents. Mind, it is the talents, pure and single; for she cannot wait for such trifles as training aid business management. She selects to go on the lecture platform or gives readings, for which somebody has to provide her with a costume, more or less gorgeous, and a hair-dresser. There used to be a middleman for this sort of thing, in the shape of an unfortunate lyceum agent, but a not very long continued course of lyceum bureaus having sufficed to bring every one connected with them to bankruptcy, the fair aspirants have to do business themselves. A well-dressed woman comes into one's office, suave and smiling. She has heard of you as a man of liberality and taste; she has had occasion to admire you often for your success in anything you happen to pride yourself on a little; she tells her piteous story of destitution, names her address at a four-dollars-a-day hotel, and begs you to assist her by taking ten or twenty tickets for her coming lecture. On asking the subject of her lecture, inquiry reveals she does not know—she has not yet decided what to choose—and the lecture is neither written nor announced. You are to take the tickets, all the same, and pay for them on the spot; for the lady wants the money to live on, and, as she remarks, "she is such a ghoul in these matters, it is so hard for her to have to go round and distribute them in this way." This is no fancy picture, but what took place in the writer's presence in an office not two days ago.

BLUE FREIGHT LINE.

This name includes all the roads except the Central just now, for the annual spring amusement of cutting rates is

going on in lively earnest. The 2d of March last, the roads entered into a compact to raise rates, making the price for carrying a bushel of grain to this city 35 cents a bushel on all lines. The officers of the New York Central claim that they immediately put this rate in force on their road, acting in good faith, while other roads did not give notice of the change of terms to their agents for a month afterward; of course giving them a large advantage over the Central as long as they adhered to the old rates. Forced to defend themselves, the Central cut their rates down to 20 cents per hundred pounds, or about 12 cents a bushel, which makes good times for the grain buyers. Since the Central cut loose from the combination, their receipts of grain, which were some 40,000 bushels per week, have run up to 400,000. The competition so far is confined to east bound freight, but the fight is so fierce between the contending roads, that it is confidently expected that the rates on west-going freight will speedily be cut, and shippers are holding their cargoes in anticipation of the fall. Not long since the freight lines offered to carry packages at about 12 cents each, to cut under the postage packet rates, but dropped it as soon as congress had taken action on the bill to reduce third-class postage. Still this action shows what we may look for in the general shrinkage of all rates, and the fullness of competition. When monopolies suffer the people rejoice.

A GOOD WORD FOR PAPER.

Appropos of Mr. Blaine's resolution in the House of Representatives, directing the committee of ways and means to consider some measure to relieve the country from the threatened scarcity of fractional currency, comes a paragraph from Macaulay's diary in Rome, when he speaks of drawing one hundred pounds worth of coin from Torloria's bank, and lugging it through the streets, in a huge canvas bag, muttering, with strong feeling, Pope's "Blest Paper Credit." The truth is gradually dawning on legislators, that both paper and specie are necessary for convenience in business. Those who do not think so are waiting for the return of the good old days when bank officers had to sit up nights to count their coin, and trowsers pockets bulged ungracefully with money enough to go on a day's sporting.

A CONTRAST.

I spoke above of women who might be classed as dead beats, but there are too many worthy ones who deserve both sympathy and encouragement, to allow sport on the subject. The other day a lady went to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to get the particulars of a case for the newspapers. While she was there, a gentleman came in to hand Mr. Bergh a check for \$200 in aid of the Society. Mr. Bergh said that, with the utmost thankfulness for his generosity, he, personally, must protest against receiving it, as the gentleman had already contributed largely beyond his just proportion. The donor refused any depreciation of his gift, saying he had neither wife, child or relation in any way depending on him, and it was more pleasure for him to give than to withhold, for "if I took it back," he said, "I should not know what to do with it." What sort of sickness went through the woman's heart who heard the words? She was trying for dear life to make a living for three children by writing, as she could get employment here and there, but through the winter they had suffered from want of food and fire. They had been well to do till the hard times came, when their pretty home was swept away, and she was thrown upon her own exertions. She was well dressed from the remains of her wardrobe, and had no complaints to make, but any mother can guess how bitterly and longingly she listened to this rich man speaking of money with which he did not know what to do, while she stood by in her sore want, forbidden to make one sign for the help which would doubtless have been gladly offered, had any one known the need of it. Cannot the rich make it part of their benevolence to make work for the poor, upright souls who only ask to be allowed a chance to earn a living. There is work enough the world would be better for having done it anyone had the wisdom and the heart to find it out, and bring it in reach of the willing worker. In hopes that this mention may bring the two together, I speak of one case that lately came to my knowledge. A

young Swedish pianist, who graduated from the conservatory of Stockholm, after six years study with high honors, and came to this country to teach music; but coming without knowledge of the language, and without influential friends, has been unable to make more than the barest living. She is a very brilliant and finished performer, as I can say from acquaintance, and I can but hope that her wish to find some place where her musical services would secure her a home in any part of the country may be realized.

PRIZE.

Rev. Addison Jones, of Salem, in an article in the Statesman, makes this vigorous application of the principle of sound morals to political duty: "Whenever any man is trying to do right simply because it is right, and is stoutly rejecting the wrong simply because it is wrong, he will be sustained. He may lose his share of the stolen 'loaves and fishes,' may even lose that which was not stolen, and which rightly belongs to him, but it will be made up to him probably even in this world, but most assuredly in the world to come. It would be well to remember that in political as well as in religious affairs, God watches nations, and rulers, and has an eye to the ballot boxes. And if we vote for ring masters, and swayers, and scoffers, and Sabbath breakers, and whose mongers and adulterers, He will punish us. If we try to do them good (but not by putting them in office!) He will help us."

UMATILLA COUNTY IS BETTER ADAPTED to the grazing of sheep, cattle and horses than any other county in the State. Along its rivers the winters are comparatively mild, while the bottoms and low hills afford abundant winter pasturage. Cattle and horses require but little attention after marked and branded. Sheep are closely herded to prevent straying and to keep back the wolf. As soon as the sheep are clipped they are driven away to the mountains, where they are kept till winter. Fern grass and shelter from the summer's sun are the inducements for driving to the mountains.

The excitement at Constantinople continues. The representatives of foreign governments felt called upon to exercise the utmost vigilance, and be prepared for any emergency. An event of little moment in itself seems likely to produce consequences of serious import to the civilized world. If the end should be such an involvement of the Ottoman government as to disturb its relations to the Western powers and make way for its overthrow, the world would be much benefited.

MARRIED AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN.—A letter to a St. Louis paper, from a correspondent in the vicinity of that city, says: Old Uncle Ben Webb Greer, aged one hundred and thirteen years, was married, about two weeks ago, in Marshall county, to Mary Harrison, aged 57 years. Uncle Ben was born (according to the sale bill found among the property of his old master, James Greer, deceased), in 1763. He was a servant in the war of 1812, under General Jackson. The old man can cut and split one hundred rails a day.

The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch says: Mr. Pendleton cannot explain away his sin. It is useless to tell the people that there was any honest way of earning \$80,000 as a consideration for going to Washington and drawing twice that sum from the Treasury. Heither used his social position to procure money which the Government did not honestly owe, and thus earned his sin as some other persons earn black-mail, or if the debt was honestly owing and anybody could have got it for the asking, he pocketed his exorbitant fee under false pretenses.

The Democrats, it would seem, have been counting their chickens before the interesting process of incubation commenced. In making up their estimates of Presidential chances they have invariably put Colorado on their side of the house; but the Denver News, the editor of which is about as well acquainted with public sentiment in that part of the country as anyone else, says that if the Centennial State casts her three electoral votes for anybody, it will be for the Republican candidate.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, fortified by the recent decision of the Supreme Court, goes to New Orleans to renew suits for her estate. It is said she has been offered \$250,000 cash down and one-fifth of the proceeds of her property when recovered. The city will probably compromise with her, giving her bonds for a quit claim deed to the property on which the city is built.

Why is a store that don't advertise like Enoch Arden? Because it "sees no sale from day to day."

TWO LOVERS.

Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught. And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who preached! Though his enemies called him a screacher who screached.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sinking; While she, in turn, fell to thinking and thinking. He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed. For his love grew, until a mountain it grew, and they drove, and they drove. And what he was longing to do, was done. In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke. To seek with his lips which his heart long had soke; So he managed to let the truth leak and it leaked.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode. So they sweetly did glide, that they both thought they glided. And they came to the place to be tied, and were wed.

"Then homeward," he said, "let us drive," And as soon as they wished to arrive, they drove. For whatever he couldn't contrive, she contrived.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole. At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he knelt. And he said, "I feel better than ever I felt." So they to each other kept clinging, and clinging. While time his swift circuit was winging, and winging. And this was the thing he was bringing, and bringing.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught. That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snatched— Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scratched.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze. While he took to teasing, and cruelly teased. The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squeezed.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him and left; "How could you deceive me, as you have done?" And she answered, "I promised to cleve, and I've cleft."

Not only our citizens, but those of the entire Pacific slope, will read with amazement the following: Doubtless a vast number of our readers will incline to the belief that we have been imposed upon: that in an eager desire to furnish our patrons with the news at the earliest possible moment, we have become unwittingly the promulgator of a purely sensational story. Be that as it may, we see our duty clear, and as chroniclers of passing events, do not see how we can avoid printing that which we consider as issuing from a reliable source. Portions of the following may be sensational, and we incline to the belief they are, but yet events have come to pass more marvelous, and why should we hesitate in giving credence to this?

About three weeks ago an old hunter who passed his early life among the Chippewas of the Red river of the north, and whose later years have been with the Piegan and Blackfoot Indians, is our authority for this:

One morning he left his camp near a small spring, situated in the main range of the Rocky mountains, between Cut-Bank creek and Chief Mountain, near the British line, for the purpose of hunting. He had proceeded but a few miles when his horse suddenly became frightened. Dismounting, he led him up a gully, and cautiously retracing his way, peered over and into a neighboring ravine, where he saw three half-breeds seated around a camp-fire. On a pile of blankets and robes, he discerned an object which he conjectured to be that of a woman.

As the sequel will show, his conjectures were verified. In a moment he was in their camp, and as the hour was fast approaching for dinner, he remained, at their invitation to partake of it. Learning that the person on the robes was a wounded white man, and impelled by a desire to assist in alleviating his sufferings, he approached and offered his services, which were gratefully accepted. Possessing, like all mountaineers, some knowledge of surgery, he soon fashioned some splints, and properly bandaged the broken limb. It seems that the sufferer, while riding his horse at break-neck speed the day before, was thrown to the ground, resulting in the breaking of his leg. After everything was arranged for his comfort, he opened conversation with the old hunter, and plied him with many questions concerning the States, especially the Western portion. At last the hunter said: "Par-den me, but it seems that for one, whom I consider to be an Englishman, you are well acquainted with the country on this side of the line. Who are you?"

The stranger one raised on his elbow, and with his glittering grey eyes riveted on the one before him, in cold and measured tones said: "Who am I? I am one who once gloried in the name of an American citizen; but I, yes I, betrayed them. Justice is reaching out her hand for me; my friends have passed away, the pieces of my feet are dogging my foot-steps, and I am a fugitive from the land of my nativity. Friend, LAM GEORGE M. PINNEY. Do not interrupt me, but listen to my

recital. You can see me here on my way to Helena. I met with this accident, and therefore must retrace my steps to British soil. It was my intention to visit my old haunts, the scene of so many happy, and yet so many dreary hours. I flattered myself that by traveling *incog*, I could with these trusty fellows you see around me, pass a few pleasant days in the mountains near that Montana town. The fates have ordained otherwise. Pay close attention to what I now have to say concerning my wanderings, and if you make mention of it to the world, speak it as I tell it. The entire country is at fault concerning the direction I took when fleeing from San Francisco. Strange as it may appear,

I DID NOT GO TO PERU. But on the contrary, remained in San Francisco four days after my rumored departure on a Peru-bound bark. In a disguise that would baffle the scrutiny of the keenest detective on earth, I boarded the train and kept traveling day and night until I landed in New York. Crossing the Courtlandt street ferry, I walked into the city and took up my quarters at Earle's Hotel, in Canal street. I forgot to say that I was unaccompanied, and the report that

A WOMAN WAS WITH ME. Is a base fabrication, and gotten up by sensational San Francisco reporters. After a few days stay at Earle's Hotel, I engaged passage on a Cunard steamer for Liverpool. The weather was propitious and the trip was a splendid one in every respect save one. I could not fly away from my conscience. Oh, how it gnawed my very vitals. At times I feared I would go mad; I, who often boasted of possessing none of the finer feelings, and having a heart of adamant. But this is foreign to the subject in hand. Heaven seemed to smile even upon me, a criminal, for I landed in the best of health at the

GREAT LANDING STAGE OF LIVERPOOL. Taking a cab I was soon at the N. W. R. R. depot. I went to London by way of Crewe and Rugby, and one light about dusk arrived at Easton Square Station. For a long time I remained at the Sussex Hotel, near the Strand, and strange as it may appear, six hours after the first breakfast I partook of at this house, I became aware that detectives from Scotland Yard were upon my track. I was literally surrounded by spies. The city of fog was too hot for comfort, and I bid adieu to it and left by the N. S. S. line for Ostend, and soon

WAS ON BELGIUM SOIL. Sick and tired of this country and its inhabitants, and having a troubled conscience only to be partially appeased by travel, I crossed the frontier and journeyed to Paris by Chemin de fer de du Nord. Here as in London, I was under surveillance, and the grand-arms persistently kept track of all my movements. Leaving the gay capital I proceeded to Italy by way of the Mont Cenis tunnel and lingered for a few days in Brindisi. There I took the P. O. S. S. Co's steamship Arabia, and passing through the Mediterranean sea, arrived at

PORT SAID, IN EGYPT. Here, for the first time my health gave way. Skilled physicians and careful nurses brought me out, and soon I was passing through the Suez Canal. I will not tire your patience by relating how I passed from there to Melbourne and the sufferings I endured while

SHIPWRECKED. Between that place and Victoria, British Columbia. You can easily see how easy it was for me to reach here from the place last mentioned. Now, friend, farewell. You will see my Helena friends; to them give my undying regards, and say that while I have blackened my name with infamy, I dare to hope that some of them will still think of me as one who is not irrevocably lost. You will hear from me again. I know not where I will direct my steps, but of this be assured, that though I am

A SECOND "WANDERING JEW." The world will at all times learn of my whereabouts. Take the Helena Herald—my former sworn enemy—and ere long you will see in its columns the startling truths concerning my past, and the life before me. Heaven bless you for alleviating the sufferings of an outcast. "Farewell, farewell!"—Helena Herald.

Five months gone, yet nothing has been done by a Democratic House except to conduct expensive investigations, in the vain hope that some act of Republican dishonesty may be discovered that will add to Democratic capital in the coming Presidential campaign. It is said that the printing and the binding of the testimony taken before the Naval Committee will cost at least \$100,000, and will cover about 20,000 pages. This is but one of many investigations that are now pending. Thus, while preaching economy, the Democrats are practicing extravagance, and this while the nation is suffering for legislation that has been too long delayed.

A London telegram of the 16th says that Prince Alexander Auerperg has died from the effects of the wound received in a duel at Prague with Count Kalowrat. The Count had been arrested and would be court-martialed.

A Few Centennials and Millenniums.

100 years ago—American Independence.
200 years ago—King Philip (the Indian) defeated and slain; habeas corpus in England.
300 years ago—Massacre of St. Bartholomew; Spanish Armada preparing.
400 years ago—Printing invented; Isabella the coming queen.
500 years ago—The days of Tamerlane, the Turk, and Chaucer the English poet.
600 years ago—Baliol and Bruce, Richard, Bacon, Thomas Aquinas; House of Hapsburg founded.
700 years ago—Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, measuring swords in Palestine.
800 years ago—William the Conqueror.
900 years ago—Hugh Capet, the Frenchman.
1,000 years ago—Alfred the Great.
1,100 years ago—Charlemagne and Haroun el Raschid.
1,200 years ago—Mahomedism making lively work in Constantinople and other places.
1,300 years ago—Old Chosroes, the Persian, lives by murder, and the Pope is made a secular judge among kings.
1,400 years ago—The Saxons live in Britain; Clovis establishes the French monarchy and the Visigoths conquer Spain.

1,500 years ago—The Roman empire, having legislation many years in favor of capital against labor, begins to fall to pieces.
1,600 years ago—The world has nothing better to do than to broach and denounce heresies and get up religious persecutions.
1,700 years ago—Marcus Aurelius, Trajanus and Plutarch.
1,800 years ago—Jerusalem destroyed and Hierusalem and Pompeii burned.
1,876 years ago—All the world at peace and Christ born.

6,000 years ago—Adam rose to the dignity of a large real estate owner, but by poor management was driven into involuntary bankruptcy.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Proverbs of the Billings Family.

Don't swap with yer relessins unless ye ken afford to give them the big end of the trade.
Marry young, and if circumstances require it, often.
Don't take yer tobaccor-box out inu kompany.
If you kant git gud eloths and edikas shon too, git the cloths.
Say how are ye? to everybody.
Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a g-od stock of impudence on hand.
Be charitable. The sout piece was made on purpose, I was told.
Don't take anybody else's advice but your own.
If a man flatters you, ye kan kalkilate he is a rogue, or yure a fule.
Keep both izis open; don't see mon'a halt you out.

Don't mortifi the flesh too much; 'twant the sores on Lazzarus that sent him tew heaven.
If you itch for fame, go inter a grave-yard and scratch yerself against a tume-stun.
Beggars don't have to advertise for runawa dogs.
"Tis a long lane that never turns," and 'tis a good mill that always duns.
Young man, be more anxious about the pedigree you're going to leave, than you are about the wun somebody is going to leave you.
Nature is nature; ye kant alter the krook of a dog's tail much and preservey the length of it tew.
I would say to all the young men, "go in," and tu all the old fellers, "kum out."

About as sure a way to git rich as anny I no of is to git inter det for a hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay off the debt.
Philosophers tell us that the world revolves on its axis, and Josh Billings tells us that half the folks on the arth kinck are the axes.
N. B.—These ere proverbs hev stood for more'n a hundred years, and hain't gin out yet.

Postage Rates.

All attempts to make any essential amendment in the present rates on third-class mail matter have failed in the Senate. That body passed the new postal bill, which retains merchandise in the mails as third-class matter, and fixes the rates of postage at one cent an ounce. The law of 1874 fixed the rate on this class, which includes transient newspapers, magazines, books, merchandise, etc., at "one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof." In an obscure two-line amendment to an appropriation bill passed in 1875 it was provided that "ounce" be inserted in place of "two ounces" in the statute. This, of course, had the effect to raise the postage from a half cent an ounce to a cent an ounce. The bill, as now passed, retains that rate, and what is worse, retains the merchandise clause, which has furnished the excuse for this tinkering with the law as it existed previous to 1875. Senator Hamlin says that when he offered his third amendment raising the postage on third-class matter, he thought he was only preparing legislation for postage on merchandise in the mails. He has admitted that this was an oversight. Nevertheless, he persists in his error, and the Senate has just voted to perpetuate it.