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FRIDAY..... MARCH 16, 1877.

LODGE NIGHT.

It was lodge night, and there had been an unusual press of very important business, which had kept Mr. Joskins out much later than he had anticipated. He came home, however, in apparent good order and well conditioned. Mrs. Joskins, knowing his reliable character, and trustworthy habits, had not waited up for him, and when he crept into bed he was met with a very sleepy inquiry in regard to the hour, and the reproach conveyed in the inquiry was so slight that Mr. Joskins instantly repented of the lie he had intended to tell, and only told a little one, only an hour and a quarter long, saying, with an off-hand carelessness, that he guessed it must be pretty near 11, when he knew it was 12:15. And sleepy Mrs. Joskins, with her weather-eye on the sitting-room clock, which she could see through the open bed-room door, just before Joskins turned out the light, knew it also, but she didn't say anything. Mr. Joskins, although he breathed very heavily, did not go to sleep immediately. He soon began to fidget. His breath appeared to come with difficulty; he actually gasped.

"Good land!" he exc'aimed, "isn't this room awful close?"

Mrs. Joskins didn't know. She was awful sleepy, she said, and the air of the room felt very comfortable to her.

"By George," said Mr. Joskins, after a few minutes of restlessness, "i.'s close as a vault to me. Would it hurt if I opened one of the windows."

His spouse drowsily replied that it wouldn't give her cold, an I he might ventilate the room all he wished. And with this permission she went to sleep, and Mr. Joskins got up with great deliberation and proceeded to raise the window.

"It's a little ways up now," he said, "I can get my fingers under it."

And he caught a grip on it, gave a tug at it, but it didn't come. Mr. Joskins was surprised. "It never stuck so before," he said. Then he got a fresh hold under it; and lifted as though he would pull that side of the house up by the roots, but it didn't come.

"Well, I will be blowed," muttered Mr. Joskins, with a heavy accent on the "be." And then he caught hold again, and shoved his fingers as far under as they would reach, and braced himself for a lift that would have shamed a derrick.

"Uh! Uh! 'mph!! um-mph!!! and with a final grunt Mr. Joskins sank back exhausted.

"Well, you can eat my boots," he muttered, with some warmth. "If I dont lift this window up, or I'll pull the house over. You hear me."

And he caught hold and tugged and lifted and strained until he was sure that every succeeding tug would either lift the side of the house or pull his feet through the floor. He paused again for breath, with his head so full of blood that his feet was cold.

"Jocks," he snarled, "I'd give ten million dollars it I had the carpenter here who put in that window. I bet I'd lift him, the wooden-headed idiot. Now then."

And he stooped down and caught a fresh hold on the window, and set his teeth and shut his eyes and held his breath and put his whole soul and body into his arms. As he began to straighten up he could hear a sound like the cracking of timbers, and it inspired him with renewed courage.

"Something's coming, gospel sure," he said, and redoubled his efforts.

At that instant he became aware of a glimmer of light in the room. He raised his closed lids and beheld Mrs. Joskins standing beside him, like a white robed ghost with a lamp in her hand. At the sight of which apparition Mr. Joskins ceased lifting, but held his grip

"What's the matter?" he asked.

His wife said nothing, but looked steadily and severely into his inquiring eyes. Mr. Joskins felt troubled under her steady gaze.

"What is it?" he repeated. "What did you get out of bed for?"

She looked him straight in the eyes for a moment. "John Joskins," she said, solemnly, "go back to bed. I will raise the window for you. Don't say a word to me. To-morrow we will talk about any continuation of these lodge nights."

Speechless and confused, Mr. Joskin's eyes fell, and as they did so he beheld his hands. The window was shut as tight as wax, and he had a death grip on the broad window sill.

"Well, anyhow," he thought, as he crept back under the blankets, "there's one thing certain; if she hadn't got up when she did, I'd a had the whole window casing, sill and all, shoved half up the side of the house in another tug."

Which was a very poor consolation for what he knew was coming, but it was the best he had.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN.

The other day while I was seated in the Kennard House, Cleveland, waiting for supper and the train, the omnibus backed up to the door, the porter ran out and a boy about thirteen years old descended from the vehicle with an air of considerable importance. He handed his old satchel to the porter and walked down to the office without looking to the right or left. His shoes were old and worn, his hair was long and uneven, and as he halted before the stove for a minute to warm his hands he pulled out a half-consumed cigar from his pocket and lighted it.

The porter came along at a slow pace, a look of disgust on his face, and as he reached the stove he dropped the wayworn satchel at the boy's feet.

"Here! you look out!" exclaimed the lad. "That there satchel contains wealth, and you'd better be a little harmonious in handling it. Is Kennard at home?"

The porter gasped for breath and pointed to the clerk behind the desk.

The boy walked up to the register picked up a pen and laboriously wrote: "Jim rite, from New York." Wiping off the pen on his eyebrow he remarked to the clerk:

"Supper for one is how much?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the clerk, after looking him over.

"Whew! but that's hard pan, that is! After a fellow has been putting up at the Fifth Avenue for a year these Western prices knock him down. Only seventy-five cents, eh? Can you change a dollar bill?"

The clerk handed him back two shillings, and the boy relighted his stub, walked back to where the porter had taken a seat, and in a tone of reproach observed:

"There's that 'ere satchel right where you dropped it. You leave it there and let it get stolen if you want this house sued f:r $50,000 damages!"

The porter hesitated a little and finally took the satchel to the cloak room and procured a check.

"That's more like bizz-te-business," remarked Jim, as he pocketed the check. "You probably thought I was some one-horse member of the Legislature from some scrub town counties, but that's where you got left. Twenty minutes to supper, eh? Well, you find me one of the daily papers."

Jim sat down near the stove, and the porter, laboring under a seeming magnetic influence, hunted up a paper and handed it to him.

I happened to sit next to the boy at supper. He gave his napkin a critical examination, scanned the tablespread, and when the waiter came along to him James remarked:

"Oysters fried in crumbs, milk toast, green tea, a biled egg, hot biscuit, and you want to jump as if codfish was forty cents a pound and the market rising!"

The waiter didn't jump. He moved off at a slow pace.

"I'll fix him!" whispered the boy in a confidential way. "He probably owns a brown stone front on some high-toned street. I'll buy the next house to him; tear it down, put up a boiler shop, and I'll hammer Texas out of his peace and harmony!"

Jim seemed to have an affection for fried oysters. As he lifted up the tenth one and dropped it behind his teeth, he turned to me and said:

"Fair to médium, but yet I sigh for the bivalves of the St. Nichlas. It's curus, isn't it, how a fellow will get used to one race of oysters?"

While the waiter was absent after a second cup of tea, the boy had a strugg'e with himself as to whether he had better leave a shinplaster beside his plate. I heard him saying to himself:

"Of course it would look kind o' stylish and unique to put down two shillings for that fawning sychophant to pick up, but I am not on the unique just now. I'm looking for land, and land costs money."

I met him again on the train. He was asking me if I knew of a lively town in the West, where a go-ahead boy about his size could commence at the foot of the ladder and grow up, when the conductor came along and called for tickets.

"Half-fare, of course," replied Jim, as he felt in his pockets.

"Full ticket," said the conductor, reaching right and left.

"Is this a bigger road than the New York Central?" demanded the boy. "They didn't charge but half fare on that road, and it had three more tracks on than this. Don't count me out that way, Mr. Conductor."

"Tickets! tickets!" called the official.

"Pass on and come and see me later, for the cash is in my boot," replied Jim, getting ready to pull off one.

In about twenty minutes the conductor returned, and the boy tendered him half fare in small change and said:

"Don't be tough on a feller. There wasn't room for Boss Tweed and me in New York, and so I'm looking for a Western town to grow up with."

"You are old enough for full fare," observed the conductor.

"That's where my looks deceive me, they do. The fact is I don't age worth a cent. I have looked to be about this old ever since I can remember."

Half fare was taken and after the conductor had departed Jim returned to the subject nearest his heart by remarking:

"I'd like to find a town of about 600 denizens, for instance. I could jine the church, walk around with humility in my eyes, and in no time at all I'd be an alderman or somethin'. I'm bound to work up, I tell you, and if any fellow can beat me at securing the affections of a discriminating public I won't say a word."

I left him in Toledo. He was looking at a patent spring bed bottom with a view to purchase a State right, and was musing:

"The question vividly arises, can a fellow with a patent right work his way to the hearts of the masses?"—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Scanthislineitisoltheutmostimportanc.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

An Ohio gentleman who is thinking of coming to Oregon in the Spring, writes to a friend in this town making the following inquiries.

1st, What is land worth per acre?

2d, Is it good country for stock raising?

3d, Have you good schools?

4th, What kind of crops do you principally raise? Can you raise corn?

5th, Do farmers have to irrigate their land?

6th, Is there any good blooded stock in your country?

7th, Is game plenty?

8th, Is it a good fruit country?

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of a like character, we shall answer these questions in the order in which they come, for the benefit of the persons wishing to come to this State.

Farms can be purchased in this valley at from $3 to $20 per acre. There is also vacant Government land here—mostly hill and timbered land—that can be purchased at $1 25 per acre.

This is a good stock country, and, as much of the land is hilly and not easily cultivated, affords good pasturage.

We are well supplied with district schools in Jackson county, and there is one Academy in the county, which, as an institution of learning, bears a good reputation.

Wheat, oats and barley are the principal crops raised here, but farther north in this State hops and flax are cultivated to a considerable extent. But little corn is raised in Oregon, not but what it will grow, but because it is not as profitable as other crops.

Crops have never been known to fail in Oregon, and farmers do not have to irrigate their fields.

Our stockmen have been paying much attention to improving their stock, and have imported thoroughbred horses, cattle, sheep and swine.

Bear and deer abound in the f rests, and smaller game is quite plentiful.

As for raising fruit the Rogue river valley is not surpassed by any section of the United States. Figs, plums, peaches, apricots, pears, apples, etc., flourish, while grapes and berries of all kinds grow readily.—*Jacksonville Sentinel.*

A LITTLE ONE'S LOVE.—The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* tells an affecting little story of a child between two and three years old whom a lady found walking on the street, evidently lost and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going.

"I am going to find papa," was the reply of the child, between sobs.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing.

"But what is his other name?" queried the lady; "what does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the baby.

The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along saying:

"You had better come with me; I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl crying anew as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" inquired the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just then a sister of the child come along looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, of whom she was so earnestly in search, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she had tired of waiting for him to come home, and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

A PLEASANT KITCHEN.—Considering that so many women of the middle classes are obliged to pass a great portion of their time in the kitchen, why not make it an attractive apartment, rather than stow it away in the basement, or in some dark corner of the house, as is now too frequently done? Many houses display pleasant sitting-rooms; but if we judge of the conveniences and general pleasantness of the kitchens by the rooms in the front of the house, we find in many instances we utterly fail in our conjectures. To make a little show in company rooms, how many actual comforts are denied in many households! It is surely better to begin our house furnishing at the kitchen, and work toward the front as we are able. Let the kitchen closet be well stocked, even though the parlor suffer a little. Surely the health of the household, and the comfort of the women folks should be placed above all other considerations.

DEATH OF A BIG-HEADED BOY.—Matthew Dorn, the monster-headed boy, is dead. He was fifteen years of age, and was certainly a curiosity, if not a monstrosity, so far as his head was concerned. It is said that it was four feet in circumference, and weighed almost eight pounds. He was of Irish parentage. When six weeks old his head began growing much more rapidly than his body, and continued to grow up to within a few weeks of his death. He was never able to sit up, but could move his head from right to left while lying on his pillow. During the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia he was taken there by speculative persons, but the undertaking did not prove successful there or in Albany, where he was subsequently exhibited for a few days. His body at the time of his death weighed about one-half as much as his head.

In the hard drinking days an old Scotch laird and his eldest son were riding home together from a hospitable gathering. Their ride for a while was silent, but at last the son said: "Feyther, I wish ye was deid." The old man rather sadly replied: "Well, laddie, I hae often thought that of my feyther, but I never hae the impudence to say't."

PRINTING OFFICE SECRETS.

A properly conducted printing office, as an exchange remarks, is as much a secret as a Masonic lodge. the printers are not under any oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly bound to keep office secrets as though bound by triple oaths. Any employe in a printing office who willingly disregards this rule in relation to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comments, and various parties try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning employes of the printing office. They are know-nothings on such points as these. On such matters they have no eyes, no ears, no mouth, and if anyone fails to observe this rule let them be put down as dishonored members of the craft. It is the same with job printing. It anything is to be printed and kept secret, let proper notice be given for the desire of secrecy, and you might as well question the "Sphynx" as one of the printers, so that even the secret books are printed without fear.

THE BURNING OF RICHMOND.

Ever since the burning of Richmond in 1865 there have been numerous suits at law between the people whose property was destroyed and the insurance companies, the latter making a defense that the burning was an act of the war, under which insurance can not be collected. An effort has many times been made to obtain the evidence of Confederate General Ewell, who commanded the city at the time of the evacuation, but he has successfully avoided the witness-stand. Not only has this question been a matter of importance to the insurance companies and property-owners, but also to historians, who differ in regard to the origin of the fire, some holding that it was accidental, others that it was the work of the Federal troops. Within the last few days documents have been filed in the courts at Richmond which proves that the city was fired before the evacuation on the 4th of April, 1865, by order of General Ewell, acting under telegraphic instructions from General Lee, who was at Petersburg at the time, in pursuance of a statute of the Confederate Congress that all cities wherein cotton or tobacco was stored, or which would afford comfort to the enemy, be destroyed by fire when evacuated by Confederate troops.

KINDNESS TO HORSES.—Strangers in Paris are surprised at the beauty and size of the omnibus horses, which are invariably kept in splendid condition. They are well fed, carefully treated, and never over-worked. Each omnibus has ten horses belonging to it. These ten horses go out every day; thus, during the fourteen hours' service, the horses are changed five times. Being thus carefully managed, their speed and strength endure during long years of service. To prevent this strength great care is taken. At the foot of each of the hills that diversify the surface of the streets of Paris (there are thirty-one of these hills), an extra horse is always in waiting to aid in dragging the heavy vehicle up the ascent. Nor is the moral side, so to speak, of the horse's training neglected. The pairs, once formed, never separated save in case of accident or sickness; they occupy the same stall and feed from the same manger divided by a partition into two compartments. They thus become almost a unit in gait, movements and impulses, and being always driven by the same coachman, they get to understand perfectly his words and motions. Their docility and superior intelligence fully reward their owners for the extra care and kindness shown these grateful creatures.

A Hartford paper tells how a lady of that city "plays it on tramps, through the agency of the bogus money known as "advertising greenbacks," and which to the casual observer, appear genuine. The lady, with studied carelessness, puts a bill under the mat at the back door, and waits the approach of the innocents. Up to the door comes trampy, and his greedy eye at once alights on the money. In a flash it is transferred to his pocket, and without stopping to knock and beg, as he intended to do, he hurries out of sight, radiant with the joy of one who unexpectedly strikes good luck. When at a safe distance, he looks at the bill, and as the extent of the terrible deception dawns upon him, he clutches his hair, and with a wild, despairing cry of "sold by Jerusalem!" crawls into a convenient rat-hole and dies.

"PARTISAN JUDGES."—Meeting Judge Swayne, of the United States supreme court, a few days after the decision of the electoral commission in the Florida case, Representative Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, said: "Judge, isn't it painful to note the fact that the judges on the electoral commission do not rise above partisanship, but uniformly vote on party lines?" The judge assumed a distressed expression of countenance, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, replied: "Why, yes, my dear sir, it was a subject of mortification to me, and I have seriously thought of remonstrating with Brother Clifford and Field on that subject; but you know it would be rather a delicate matter for me to do, and perhaps you had better speak to them yourself."

There wes a grand ball at Indian Rock, D. T., a short time ago. Among the lovely girls who danced were Miss Three Bears, dressed in a beautiful new calico worth 12½ cents a yard and trimmed with beads; Miss Bellyfat, the Uncapapa chief's daughter, arrayed in buck skin embroidered with beads, and leggins of scarlet cloth; and Miss Antelope, Running Antelope's ruddy daughter, dressed in a beautiful blue blanket and black cloth leggings, with her hair closely oiled to her head.

An Estate Frittered Away.

In 1859, Nathaniel Gilman died in Waterville, Me., leaving an estate supposed to be worth $1,000,000, but which like other estates, only footed up $500,000 on the inventories. Mr. Gilman had been a hide and leather merchant in New York, and in that busi- he had made his money. He left six children by a deceased wife, and four by a second, who survived him. There was never any affection between the two branches of the family, and the feud broke out in open war over the old man's will. The bulk of the property was in the hands of a son and son-in-law of the older branch; and the widow and her children began the war upon them to secure their share. The estate has been in law eighteen years. The first question as to where the will should be probated—in Maine or New York. It was finally carried to New York, where the parties above referred to were in business. Since that time there has been nearly every sort of a suit and cross suit that the ingenuity of lawyers could devise. Two years since the final account of the executors was filed, and the case sent to a referee, who has been holding weekly sessions ever since. It is thought the amount now remaining is somewhere between $100,000 and $300,000, to be divided between ten children and their heirs, whenever the heirs can agree upon the terms. The feeling is so bitter that it is probable that the entire amount will fritter away before a settlement is effected.—*Boston Journal.*

The failure of the great house of Crossley in England is a symptom that the business affairs of Great Britain are not in a prosperous condition. The depression throughout the world, especially in those countries where the gold unit of value obtains, is nowhere more marked than in Great Britain. The total loss in the Turkish investments, the failure of Egypt to meet the interest on her indebtedness, the shrinkage in value of her South American securities, the depression in trade, the stoppage of investments in limited liability companies have seriously impaired the floating capital of the great capitalist nation. It is curious to note that in the Latin Union, composed of France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, there is more prosperity than in any other part of the world. In these countries the silver five-franc piece is the unit of value and the two metals are used in commercial transactions. It is therefore a matter of serious doubt whether there can be any real revival of business in this country until the silver dollar resumes the place it held previous to 1873. We will have to decide whether to follow the example of prosperous France, with its silver currency, or panic-stricken Germany and England, where a gold unit of value obtains.

COLD IN ITS RELATION TO HIGHT.—According to some remarks of M. Martin of Montpellier, cited in the *Belgique Horticole*, the intensity of cold at night diminishes up to a certain hight. This phenomenon was tested by M. Martin by placing thermometers in the Botanic garden and at various hights on the cathedral tower. In clear nights the increased warmth at a higher elevation is the most perceptible; in dull nights there is little or no difference. The reason of the greater injury inflicted on the lower branches of shrubs, etc., is thus accounted for.

Two men, known as the 'Austin Brothers,' have been giving exhibitions of skill in rifle-shooting in Baltimore. One of their feats is as follows: One performer takes up his position at the stage, with a potato on his head; the other goes to the opposite end of the stage, turns his back to his brother, holds a looking glass in one hand, and with the other aims his rifle over his shoulder and fires, the ball splitting the potato in two.

GOOD BOY.—There is a man in this town between fifty and sixty years of age wo has steadily worked for his father until the present day; never had a dollar in his pocket, never went to church, wedding or funeral; never spoke to a girl except to ask where his mother was; never had a holiday; and yet had his poll-tax abated this year, on account of poverty, while his father's estate is estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars.—*Southington (Conn.) Sentinel.*

Two of the "old boys," comfortably circumstanced and accustomed to indulge in from ten to twenty drinks per day, were a day or two ago watching a man who was squeezing lime-juice into a glass, when one of them remarked: "I hear that Smith died yesterday. You remember him—great temperance man; couldn't get him to drink anything." "Oh, yes," was the answer; "I knew him well enough. I tell you it's bound to fetch them after a while."

A pretty school-marm, to prevent scholars from being tardy, promised to kiss the first scholar who made his appearance at the school house. All went well for a few days, and the nineteen-year-old-boys, anxious to participate in the fun, actually got to roosting on the fence all night in order to be at school the first in the morning. This became monotonous and the teacher gave the idea up.

When a society young man falls in love with a young lady and calls to see her four evenings a week, her sixteen-year-old brother can get all the cigars he wants free of cost as long as the course of true love runs smooth. There are occasions when a young man who is in love feels liberal enough to give a big brother $2,500 to secure his absence from the parlor.

People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. Ambition is a good thing; energy is a good thing, industry is a good thing. But restlessness, fretfulness and worry—these tend directly to insanity and death.

DEMOCRATIC OPINION OF HAYES.

Governor Hayes was in the city last Saturday evening, and participated in the banquet of the Cincinnati bar association at the Grand Hotel. His modest demeanor and unostentatious address always makes him friends. He is not a great man, but a good man, and the Chicago *Times* does not overstep the bounds more than usual when it calls him "An Archangel in Pantaloons." Governor Hayes is an old member of the Cincinnati bar, and it was, doubtless, gratifying to him to meet his old friends and associates at the festive board. Throughout all the trying hours since and before the election, Governor Hayes has done nothing to forfeit the respect of his fellow citizens.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

The Grand Duke Alexis.

The Heir-Apparent to the Throne of Russia is quite a giant, resembling in that respect his grandfather Nicholas, who was by far the most magnificent looking monarch of modern times. His strength is said to be something prodigious, and of its display, and of the great control he exercises over his naturally violent temper, a curious anecdote is told. On one occasion he discovered that his private correspondence had been tampered with when passing through the post-office. He went at once to the Emperor, laid the case before him, and begged to know if it was by his orders that the letters had been opened; for in that case, as a dutiful son and subject, he would say nothing more, but unless such orders had been given he would demand redress. The Czar sent at once for the really guilty party, the Chief of Police, severely reprimanded him in the Prince's presence, and then bade him sternly begone and sin no more. Terrified and trembling, the abashed official was about to make a sudden exit, when the Czarowitz, who had been a quiet and, to all appearance, a perfectly unmoved spectator of the interview, merely twirling some little object between his fingers as the colloquy proceeded, came forward and stopped him. Without a word the Prince placed the thing wherewith he had been toying in the official's hand; it was a silver ruble, twisted round and found in cork screw fashion, as ordinary hands might twist a scrap of paper. With this startling proof of the concentrated wrath of the heir to the throne, the luckless functionary was suffered to depart.

Three hundred years ago forks were unknown in England, and a man could scoop up all the green peas he could carry on the flat of his knife and shovel them into his mouth, without having his wife stamp on his corns, or nudge his elbow and spill the peas all over where his napkin ought to be and never is, and say in a hoarse, reproachful whisper, "Why, Edward!"

A few more fancy Indian names have been added to the list, among which are the following: Bird-that-sits-in-sight, High-whirlwind, Mule, No-use-of-himself, Warm-his-ears, Rider-the-bear, Crying-dogs, Driving-down-hill, Blown-away, Walking-water, Tall-wild-cats, White-cow walking, None-of-anything, and Pretty-voiced-bull.

The farmers of Nebraska have commenced the domestication of the buffalo. Wild animals, while young, are introduced among herds of the tame stock, of course one or two at a time. Half and quarter breeds are found to be very hardy, and in the yield of milk the cows raised of mixed stock give even more than the average yield of rich milk. The experiment promises well.

Electoral commission cocktails are the latest thing in the beverage line. They are composed of 7 parts water, bitters and lemon peel, and 8 parts whisky, and 15 of them, taken in quick succession, will count out and lay out the strongest-stomached Democrat—Cronin not excepted.

Let Turks delight to howl and fight, for 'tis their nature to; let Bear and Lion growl and bite, for madness made them so. But Yankees, you should never let your angry passions rise; don't quarrel; trade, work hard, lie low, and forward supplies.

A young and good looking bachelor minister, who recently took charge of an up-country church, rather astonished the flock the first Sunday by announcing that he proposed getting up a girls' bible class right off, and he wanted to embrace every young woman within the sound of his voice.

The news from Europe is so depressing and uncertain that a Burlington man has felt compelled to reduce his pew rent and sell one of his dogs, in order to pave the way to a safe and steady resumption of a new suit of clothes in the spring.

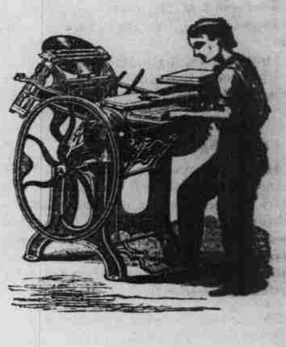
Kemper county, Miss., raises all other centenarians out of their boots with an Indian, John Von, otherwise Istamola, who has just died at the age of 133. He was not Washington's body-servant, but body-servant of Washington's father, which is a refreshing novelty.

A colored statesman in North Carolina offered a resolution asking the Legislature to suggest some plan upon which Congress could be memorialized to set apart a territory west of the Missouri river for the colonization of the colored people of the South.

An exchange remarks: This is the time to go out wolf-hunting. Nothing will give you higher percentage on your time and money than chasing the wolf from your poorer neighbor's door.

Spriggins says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there till the dog had gone away.

JOB PRINTING.



When you wish

Posters,

Visiting Cards,

Business Cards,

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads

Envelopes,

Ball Tickets,

Programmes

Labels,

Horse Bills,

Circular,

Pamphlets,

or in fact anything in the

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call at the

ALBANY

REGISTER

PRINTING HOUSE,

CORNER FERRY & FIRST-STS.,

ALBANY.