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FRIDAY.....APRIL 27, 1877.

"TRAMP, TRAMP."

A lonely country road, with the night closing upon it; the sun set and the sky black and white streaks where he had been; the color gone from all the earth, even from the many-tinted maples and sumacs that an hour before had flamed in their October brilliancy; the air frosty and fresh—just the night to go bowling swiftly home in a light wagon over a well graded road, with the prospect of a bright fire and his supper at the end of the journey.

Mrs. Cuthbert wished that her husband would come "bowling home," as she lighted the lamp and placed it in the center of the pretty tea table so daintily set forth with her wedding glass and silver; the supper would not be fit to eat if he were much later, and Mrs. Cuthbert was too conscientious a house-wife not to feel alarmed at the idea of her good things being spoiled, but, like the even-tempered little woman she was, she only put an extra stick on the wood fire crackling on the hearth, and settled down in her favorite arm-chair, with her sewing to keep her hands busy, while her ears were on the alert for her husband's step, or a cry from the baby up stairs.

She was quite alone, it being one of those periods that so often befall American housekeepers, when the "help" has taken it into her head to depart without waiting for a successor to be appointed.

The fire snapped and blazed, the clock ticked on, and all was quiet. But if Mrs. Cuthbert had chanced to look up, she might have seen a face pressed close against the window-pane—an ugly face with a rough beard and tangled hair, a broken nose that looked most unpropossessing flattened on the glass, and eyes that gleamed greedily at the silver on the table—but she did not, and all was quiet.

The clock struck seven, and Mrs. Cuthbert started, surprised and distressed. She forgot about the supper frizzling away to nothing in the oven, and began to worry about her husband—it was such a lonely walk, if it was only two miles, and she did wish he would come.

Footsteps on the front porch sent her fears to the winds, and a spirit of mischief took possession of her in their stead: the door was locked and she would make him wait a few minutes to pay him out for making her wait so long.

She bent her head and pretended not to notice, even when she heard the steps descend from the porch and tramp over the grass to the window.

The sash was violently thrown up, and the ugly face that had been regarding her a short time before was thrust into the room, and then a fierce voice demanded:

"Why don't yer come and open the door for me?'

Mrs. Cuthbert nodded her pretty head, and without turning round answered, saucily:

"No, sir, I don't mean to let you in to-night."

The ugly face looked thunder-struck, then frightened, and finally two grimy paws clutched the window, shutting it with a crash that made the glasses quiver, and the ugly face was gone.

"Oh, dear! now he's angry—I always do carry my fun too far," cried Mrs. Cuthbert, springing from her chair and rushing into the hall.

"George! George!"

She turned the lock.

"George!"

The porch was empty, but she caught sight of a dark figure hurrying up the path to the barn.

"Oh, you're not going to hide from me in that way, sir!" she called out, running down the steps and on toward the barn.

The dark figure was swallowed up in the great black doorway before she reached it.

"Oh, you great goose!" she said, standing on the threshold, don't you suppose I can find you? You had better give yourself up at once."

Then she waited. The dark figure crouched still closer behind the old carriage, and there was no answer.

"I shall find you, sir; I know every corner," she gave warning; then, with arms stretched out before her, commenced the search. In and out among the barrels and boxes she went in the utter blackness, calling out merrily now and then that she would find him and punish him for giving her so much trouble. Once she almost touched the shrinking figure; but it held its breath, and she passed on.

It was a weird game of hide-and-seek: the dark figure with the ugly face cowering among the wheels, listening with a strange kind of savage fear to the light footsteps that sounded now here, now there; he heard them climb the ladder and patter about in the loft overhead, then come down again, and the voice—not so merry now—repeat her assurance of finding the truant, and a sudden desire entered his brain to spring upon her and choke her. It would not be the first time he had done such a deed, but her perfect audacity seemed to paralyze him, and again she passed him all unconscious. He saw her pause in the doorway, dimly outlined against the sky, and then disappear down the path.

"Ef she ain't the pluckiest un!" he growled, as he crept from behind the carriage. "Hanged ef she ain't a ghost or suthin." And with this peculiar comment on Mrs. Cuthbert's bravery, he shook himself and made his way out of the barn with a sidelong gait, as if he was used to slinking in and out of places.

Mrs. Cuthbert meanwhile sped on to the house, her steps hastened by the idea that her husband might be there—perhaps he had slipped out of the barn while she was up in the loft, or perhaps he had not gone into the barn at all.

Alas for her hopes! The sitting-room was empty, and just as she had left it.

Not despairing yet, she snatched up the lamp, and determined to search the house. From room to room she went, calling upon George, and looking into every closet and behind and under every article of furniture, but not a glimpse of her husband gladdened her eyes, and at last she sat down by the baby's cradle and burst into tears.

"Oh, how can he be so cruel!" she sobbed, "and for such a little thing. He might have known I was only in fun; but maybe he's only in fun himself, and will come in soon."

Cheered by this last reflection, she trotted briskly down stairs, stirred the fire into a blaze, and stood watching it, too fidgety to settle to her sewing again. The wood flamed noisily, then glowed a silent red, then crumbled and fell, an untidy, dreary mass of whitened ashes and dying embers, and still her husband did not come.

The clock struck nine, and Mrs. Cuthbert looked at it reproachfully, as if it was the time-piece's fault that it was so late. Where *was* her husband? Perhaps he was wandering about in the dark, unable to find the house. Why hadn't she thought of that before? She would put a lamp in every room.

And in a few minutes lights were twinkling from all the windows, giving the little cottage quite a gay and festive air. Who could have guessed that a lonely woman and a sleeping child were its sole occupants? Not the dark figure with the ugly face, doubled up under the lilac bushes that bordered the gravel-path.

As the hours wore on, another dark figure joined the one of the ugly face, and was greeted with an oath upon his laziness, and the information that "something was up," that the first chance was "spiled," and they won'd have to "lay to a while;" and then both the dark figures, with many a curse and shiver, crouched together, biding their time.

Poor Mrs. Cuthbert, as the night crept on, wandered from window to window, with the vague feeling that if she could not see her husband from one, she might from another. Sometimes she stood at the door, listening intently, and conjuring every breath of wind into the longed-for footsteps. her heart dying within her at each fresh disappointment. She must have walked miles in that small house; the baby waxed restless, and she was up many times to replace the coverings that the sturdy little legs had thrown off in climbing the invisible mountain that a child is always ascending in his sleep.

The clock struck one. How like the voice of fate it sounded! It was not at all the cheerful ting that when the sun was shining, had announced the dinner hour that day.

A distant dog barked, and Mrs. Cuthbert rushed to the door; she had resumed her sewing to keep herself from going distracted, and she still clasped it in her hand. What a black, black night! and how cold the wind was! Hark! she was certain she heard voices by the gate. Yes; she *did*. Just then the baby began to cry, and only stopping to call back, "In a moment, darling," she plunged down the walk.

All was silent; there was no one there. She stood with her hand upon the gate a few seconds, looking eagerly up the road, and then walked slowly back to the house.

As the front door closed, the lilac bush by the gate quivered, and two dark figures crawled from under it.

When Mrs. Cuthbert laid the baby in his cradle, after singing him back to the invisible mountains, the clock struck two, and Mrs. Cuthbert looked hopelessness in the face.

George was never coming home, she decided. It was no use watching; he was never coming home any more. Then, as the next gust of wind sent a twig rattling on the gravel, she was at the window, straining her eyes as she had been doing all the evening.

How strange every familiar object in the house seemed!—the lights burned so whitely, and the sitting-room looked so uncanny, with the tea table spread, and the hands of the clock marking the small hours. An unseasonable moth went banging about the ceiling with what sounded a tremendous noise in that dead silence, and the fire refused point-blank to be cheerful, despite the armfuls of wood piled on it.

How the hours dragged. She seemed to have lived years since she heard those footsteps on the porch. Why had she been such a fool?

It was five o'clock now, and the roosters far and near began to herald the approach of dawn. The sky turned from black to gray, and whitish smudge in the east announced the rise of the glorious sun.

Mrs. Cuthbert put out the lights and went to the front door. A drizzling rain had set in, and the damp raw air made her shudder. She went back to the sitting-room, and, in a dreary, mechanical kind of way, lit the fire there and in the little kitchen; then brought baby down stairs, washed and dressed him as usual, and put him on the floor to play while she prepared his bread and milk.

But baby was not destined to get his breakfast just yet, for at that moment a light step was heard in the entry, and a tall young man walked into the room. The bread and milk were dropped anywhere, and Mrs. Cuthbert flung herself into his arms, sobbing, crying, and begging his pardon all in a breath.

"I'll never do it again. Won't you forgive me, George?"

"Forgive what? I haven't anything to forgive," said the astonished George.

"Oh, yes, you have. I know it was dreadfully wicked of me; but I'll never do it again."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"Won't you forgive me?" was all Mrs. Cuthbert's answer.

"Eleanor, what *is* the matter?" demanded the distracted young man, all kinds of awful visions flying through his brain. "What have you done?"

"Why, I didn't let you in when you came home last night. I only meant to keep you waiting a little while."

"When I came home last night? Why, I haven't been within 15 miles of the house since 7 o'clock yesterday morning, I've just come down on the 4:38 train."

"Didn't you come home last night?" gasped Mrs. Cuthbert.

"Come home? No, of course I didn't; I've been working at the office half the night. Didn't you receive my telegram saying that I should be detained in the city all night?"

"No; I haven't received any. What does it all mean?"

And then she told him all about it—in rather an incoherent style to be sure; but she made him understand, and he was greatly puzzled as to who it could have been.

Mrs. Cuthbert, now that her mind was relieved, began to remember that she had eaten nothing since dinner the day before, and was soon flying about broiling ham and poaching eggs, stopping to have a hearty laugh over the charred remains of her husband's supper, which she took from the oven. Then they sat down to the tea table, baby and all, and ate their breakfast.

That afternoon the village youth who did their "chores" was unusually late in coming, but when he did arrive it was such a budget of news that his tardiness was forgiven.

He had been an eye-witness to the capture of two burglars at Squire Jone's; they had been discovered in the very act of carrying off the silver.

"Laws, how they fit!" said the boy. "They smashed Bill Williams's head in with the plate basket, an' came 'most near hittin' me, an' when we had 'em caught tight, how they did talk! They cussed an' swore, an' one on 'em—a teller with a powerful ugly face—said as how they wouldn't hev been nabbed if they hedn't been foolin' round another house all the evenin'; an' he ses, 'There's one of the pluckiest women there,' ses he; 'why, when I hollered into the winder at her, she didn't mind it no more than nothin,' ses he, 'an' hanged if she didn't foller me out to the barn, an' go pokin' round after me in the dark!'"

Mrs. Cuthbert clung to her husband, and shuddered at this part of the narrative.

"An' he ses," the boy went on—"he ses, 'I s'pose I should hev knocked her on the head if she hed been a man, but the blamed pluck of sich a little thing jist completely flabber-gasted me'—that's jist his words; an' he ses that she come out after him again, when he an' his pal was hidin' under some bushes, an' they was afraid to tech her, 'cause they seen suthin shinin in her hand, an' didn't know but it might be a six-shooter."

"My scissors, I suppose," faintly murmured Mrs. Cuthbert; her husband only heard her.

"Wa'al, they're safe enough now—an' I guess I'll fetch the coal," said the boy, with the stolidity of a true son of the soil seizing the coal-scuttle, but dropping it again to rummage in the inner pocket of his jacket. "Here's a letter for you, sir—the man said I might as well bring it 'long, as his boy couldn't get up this way 'fore to-morrer mornin', an' you might be in a hurry."

"My telegram," said Mr. Cuthbert, handing it to his wife. "What a convenience these modern scientific discoveries are?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Massachusetts gentleman just returned from Canada tells this story: He was in the hotel general accommodation room when three veterans of the (hotel) bar, laying schemes for drinks, began telling stories to each other for his benefit. "These are awful hard times," said one. "I never saw such times before, except when I was in Ohio; an' then I was hard put to git along. Nothin to do. I had a yoke of steers, but they wan't earnin' nothin'. But I lived right on the road the western emigrants went over every day. So I dug a hole in the road at the foot o' the hill near my house, turned a livin' spring o' water into it, an' made a good mud-hole. Well, when the emigrants came along, every day there would be one or more teams git stuck in my mud-hole, an' they would see my steers standin' out doin' nothin', an' they would send up an' get me to come an' help 'em out; an' I always charged as much as five dollars a lift. Well, I kept that mud-hole right up in good repair till I made twenty-five thousand dollars out on't, an' then I sold out for three thousand an' moved up here."

The Cambridge (Ill.) *Chronicle* tells a good story of an occurrence in a recent trial in that place. Bill O'Brien, known as the Democratic war horse, was the examining counsel, and in the course of the trial asked one Westphall, a witness, if he served in the army during the war? He replied that he did. "On which side, sir?" "On the Republican side," answered the witness. The court smiled.

The game of "seven up" is nowhere beside the game of eight to seven.

YELLOWSTONE FIELD NOTES.

BY J. V. BOGERT.

From Deer creek to York's river the country is good, the route selected passing at first through a fine and extensive valley upon the Yellowstone opposite the Gen. Stanley stockade of 1873.

TURTLE CREEK,

McClernand asserts, is wrongly located upon the maps, it joining the Yellowstone 5:92 miles from Deer creek instead of near the Stanley stockade. West of York's river the country grows rough, and following down

CUSTER CREEK

one travels through a hideous waste of Bad Lands. The utter uselessness of such a country passes the comprehension of those who have not visited such a section. Huge hills of sandy clay, and ashy earth, entirely destitute of grass, bush or even cactus, lie thrown together in all imaginable shapes. Some of these hills 100 feet in height are no wider at the base and but an inch or two wide at the summit. In places the grey sandy clay (looking almost like sandstone, but moldable as mud) stands with sides almost vertical. At times small mounds of nearly pure white, chalky clay are carved by the winds into the most fantastic shapes; while again various kinds of earth of various colors stand tumbled together in one confused mass of various shapes. A short distance above Custer creek fine seams of coal were discovered in the hills, volcanic rock lying scattered upon the Bad Lands at their bases 9.92 miles above Custer creek, and opposite a small, rich bottom on the Yellowstone, stretches a large and beautiful terraced valley; and 8 miles above,

UNION CREEK

reaches the river. From this point the command followed its down trail with three exceptions. Upon reaching the ford above Fort Pease high water prevented its passage, forcing a march over a series of rough hills opposite Pompey's Pillar, this diversion continuing to within about four miles of Baker's Battle Ground—a distance of about 60 miles (or about 40 in a straight line). This region is described as a sterile waste, with but one running creek—Willow creek—fifteen miles above Fort Pease.

A second, but short, detour was made just below Countryman's.

Immediately above Countryman's the river again proved too deep for fording, the command passed into the hills to the north, soon reaching

WHITE BEAVER CREEK.

Thence high, rolling hills covered with fine grass and often with heavy pine forests extend to

SWEET GRASS CREEK,

a clear cold mountain stream—while 17 and fifty-six hundredths miles above it the

BIG TIMBER

is reached—a march of 14.09 miles bringing us to Gage's Ford—and crossing Deer creek and Warm Spring creek, and passing Countryman's a march of 8 miles brings us to Sheild's river, when Fort Ellis is soon reached.

Distance from Glendive creek to Fort Ellis—448.76 miles.

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Distance from Fort Shaw to the Yellowstone at Big Timber via Forks of the Muscleshell.

	Miles.
To the Missouri Ford	20½
"creek between Hound creeks	24
"Cottonwood creek	18½
To Camp Baker	19.5
To Warm Springs	16.9
To Six Mile Creek	7½
To Muscleshell River	25
To Big Elk Creek	21⅔
To Sweet Grass Creek	23.72
To White Otter Creek	20
To Big Timber	21.99
Total:—	216 85
Fort Shaw to Yellowstone	218.97
Yellowstone to Glendive Creek	366.61
Total	585. 58

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

McClernand, in concluding his report says:

"It must be admitted that the country marched over, taken as a whole, is a good one. The many valleys of the Yellowstone—large and fertile—but await the hand of man; while back of them the rolling hills, producing most luxuriant grass, challenge superiority as a grazing district. The Yellowstone river has been thoroughly tested—the trial resulting in proving it navigable. The expenditure of a little money in the removal of Wolf and Buffalo Rapids, and in confining the stream to one channel in several other places, would remove all difficulties, from the first of June to the first of October. Also, it may be stated, that the facilities with which the river can be used for supplying its lower districts by flat-boats from Benson's, at a cost immensely less than by a wagon, has also been proven during the past season."

In conclusion I add: In these notes I have desired to give only data appearing to me necessary; at the same time admitting nothing not positively stated by good authority.

The evidence of Lieut. McClernand, disinterested as it must be, supports much of the repeated claims regarding the value of the Yellowstone and Big Horn regions, and must settle many points till now in dispute. Indeed, the assertion is indisputable that the near future must witness the industrial settlement of its valleys and the grazing of the cattle of a thousand hills upon the plateaus of the Yellowstone.

The sublimest piece of brass on record is related by the correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*. An ex-confederate colonel from Georgia, who wants to be United States Marshal of that State, handed to the president a quantity of petitions and recommendations addressed to "Samuel J. Tilden, President of the United States," which were obtained before the count was finished.

"Shure, and where is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman of a jailor.

THE SLAUGHTERED SCOUTS.

When Col. Stanton, then at Crow Agency, sent word to Fort Ellis that 2,000 Sioux warriors were within 20 miles of the Crow agency; that the Crows had fled, and that but forty white men remained to defend the Agency, it was generally conceded and believed that the Sioux were intent on the destruction of the Agency, and had no other object in view. Under this impression, Gen. Brisbin dispatched two companies of cavalry to the front and anxiously awaited the news of a fight. But the cavalry arrived at the Agency, made preparations for a vigorous defense, but encountered no foe. On the 3d inst., however, the alert sentinels discovered a solitary horseman riding rapidly over the prairie, and in a few minutes a white trapper named Hubble rode into the stockade. He was wounded in a dozen places, and nearly exhausted from loss of blood and fatigue; but after "grubbing" managed to relate his brief but sad story.

On the evening of the first of March he, his partner, John Cox, Jas. George ("Yankee Jim"), and Muggins Taylor, camped on the open prairie at Stillwater. Just at dark they heard the dull thud of hundreds of horses' feet, and had barely time to grasp their needle-guns, before they were attacked by a large band of mounted Sioux. (Hubble thinks there were at least five hundred warriors). In the hands of an experienced man a needle-gun can be operated with astonishing rapidity, and Hubble and his comrades were no tyros in the use of that destructive weapon, but they discharged only one volley before the Sioux bullets "laid out" Taylor, Cox and George. As his companions fell, Hubble, inspired by desperation, lost all semblance of fear; the Indians, pressing tightly around him, had apparently concluded to capture him alive, for they fired no more shots. He contrived to get another cartridge in his rifle and tumbled an Indian from his saddle, then leaping onto the horse of the fallen warrior, and singing out with a glance, the weakest portion of the cordon of savages who environed him, he hurled his empty gun at the nearest, and "44" bullets from his "navy" at others who endeavored to check his wild dash for life, and soon, to his joy, gained the open prairie

Momentarily stupefied at his bold and unexpected movement, and the deadly accuracy with which he had discharged his revolver, the Sioux retained their fire until he was a couple of hundred yards distant. Then the simultaneous report of five hundred rifles sent five hundred bullets after him. He says the sensation felt as the bullets whizzed by him was like the breath of a cyclone, and the leaden missives which lodged in his body, as they penetrated his flesh felt like balls of fire. He became almost unconscious, but knew that his horse was doing his best, and heard the fierce cries of the Sioux as the distance between them grew wider and wider. No "narrow escape" ever recorded, either fiction or fact, savors so much of the miraculous as Hubble's. None of his many wounds were dangerous, and when he was so informed by the surgeon he remarked, with a grim smile, "They cost the Sioux a d—d sight of cartridges, anyway."

A SAD STATE OF THINGS.—A contemporary refers to the loss of some nine thousand lives by shipwreck within the last ten years and some hundreds of thousands of lives by war within the same period as a "waste of life." Men are vain enough to think that if their lives are ended there is a certain amount of vitality "wasted," but there is none. This world is so constituted that the waste must go on as long as the world lasts. We enjoy a sort of rotation in office—one man drops out to make room for another, and if we did not drop out, or, refusing to drop out, were not pushed out by fire, bullet or bad drainage, there would be no room nor livelihood for our successors; which would be an infringement of "human rights." It is rather humiliating to us vain little creatures, who think "man" such an exalted title, to find ourselves on a tree, dropping or being blown off to make room for others, but so it is. Even the talented editor of the contemporary whose indignant tears flow at the of waste of life will have to make room for another pencil-wielder. The loss will be frightful, of course, but nature's laws are inexorable and an afflicted world will have to stand it as best they can.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

Emily Bronte, author of "Wuthering Heights," and sister of the famous Charlotte, possessed extraordinary courage. Timid as a fawn in society, and afraid to hear herself speak, but in the face of appalling danger she was self-possessed, knowing no fear. She was passionately fond of dogs, and always took them for company in her walks. One day when she was giving water to a dog at the parsonage door—her father was a clergyman—he bit her hand severely, and showed evident symptoms of madness. The brave girl uttered no cry of pain, nor called for help. Walking calmly to the kitchen she found an iron heating on the fire, and applied it to her arm. She held it there without flinching till the wound was thoroughly cauterized, and a broad scar remained, which was visible to the day of her death. Neither of her sisters knew what had happened till many days afterward, when, thinking all danger had passed, she informed them.

John Hancock's great grandfather's Bible is one of the curiosities in the Old South Collection of Antiquities. It is 276 years old, and of the famous Breeches edition, so called from the 7th verse of the third chapter of Genesis, which reads as follows: "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and sewed figge-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." King James's version has it "aprons."

You must take some pains in preparing your blue glass.

POORLY-PAID PREACHERS.

Nebraska papers are saddened with bona fide letters from preachers, with extracts in them like this one following:

Now, sir, figures will not lie. I was sent to Grand Island, the largest town in the district, with a membership then of 63, now increased to 103. Six months have passed. I have had reasonable success, as figures show; but I have received from my work (and they have paid according to their ability) but $52. Had I not been single and a Western man, inured to hardships and schooled in adversity, I could not have remained.

A SEA ON FIRE.—Herodotus mention a tradition that once the Caspian Sea became covered with a fluid which took fire, converting the whole into one vast sheet of flame. The truth of this tradition was verified by an extraordinary occurrence which took place in July of last year. The islands in this sea, as is well known, abound in wells of naphtha. For some cause these wells overflowed, and the naphtha running into the sea became ignited in spite of all precautions. For forty-eight hours many thousand square miles were one rolling, tossing billow of flame, which would only die out with the exhaustion of the inflammable matter on which it fed. No loss of human life has been reported, but when the fire had burned itself out the sea was found to be thickly covered with dead fish.

Among the candidates for the St. Louis Post office is Miss Phebe Cozzens. During a call upon the President a day or two after his inauguration, she told him that General Grant, when he had so much trouble to find a suitable man to make Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, assured her that if the Senate refused to confirm Judge Waite, he would nominate her. President Hayes replied that she certainly would have made a most charming Chief Justice, and that if she had held the office when he took the oath, he would have been tempted to kiss her instead of the Bible.

PENNSYLVANIA has hung more murderers than any other State. It is the Hempire State.—*N. Y. Graphic.* Such jokes as that are a nooseance.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* We had intended to add one, but after a moment's reflection concluded to gibbit up.—*Norristown Herald.* Yes let's drop the subject.—*S. F. Chronicle.* It won't do to stretch it—*Reno Gazette.* You are a gallus set of boys and shouldn't be kept in suspense any longer.—*Idaho Avalanche.* Let's noose over this string of choaks.

DRESSING FOOT-ROT.—A cheap and efficacious remedy for foot-rot in sheep is requested by an Ontario county subscriber. "The sharp knife is indispensable, but somethieg to apply after is desirable." Mix an ounce of finely powdered copperas in a pound of tar and smear the sores after all loosened horn has been removed. If the tar is objected to, mix an ounce of oil of vitriol in four ounces of water and apply with a feather or brush.

The latest triumph of Yankee ingenuity is buttermilk jewelry, made by Kingman & Hodges of Mansfield. The milk comes in the shape of curd from the butter and cheese-making counties in New York, and looks, upon its arrival, a great deal like popped corn, but before it leaves the shop it undergoes a wonderful change, and receives the name of American coral. The secret in making it up is carefully guarded, but it is certain that it has to be heated very hot, during which coloring matter is introduced, followed by a very heavy pressure. Some of it is colored black and called jet, while some appears as celluloid. It makes very handsome jewelry, and is made into all kinds and styles known to the trade.

The greatest triumph of modern science is the splendid induction that all the forces are correlative and indistructible. Not an impulse of motion, of light, or heat, or any force is ever lost. It may be communicated from one body to another, or transmitted into some other form of force, or become for a time latent or imperceptible; but it always exists, and is reclaimable back again into the same, in mode and quantity, from which it started.

He sat alone in her father's parlor, waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously in the room, and gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired, "I say, Mister, what's them?"

"Those?" replied the young man, solemnly, taking up one in his fingers, "Those are beans."

"There!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I knew you lied. You said he didn't know beans, and he does, too!"

The young man's stay was not what you could call a prolonged one that evening.

After a Detroit small boy had leaned up against a wall for two full hours yesterday, a policeman asked if he was waiting for any one in particular. "Waitin' for a runaway to come along," replied the boy. "You want to see a team run away, do you?" "I want to see a truck team come zippin' along here, hit that peanut-stand in the middle, and while the sympathetic public are picking up the Italian I want to be picking up peanuts," was the frank reply. The officer decided to enforce the twenty-second joint rule, and the boy was made to move on.

A Mr. Woodruff of Indianapolis, who has long been arranging for a grand excursion around the world, announces that he has secured the required number of excursionists, and will be ready to sail next autumn. His scheme is to take sixty persons at $4,000 each. He is to furnish the vessel, provisions, &c., and conduct the excursion for two years.

"SORTS."

When does a five-franc piece loose its value? When compared with a dollar it is worth-less.

The California and Nevada Fruit and Meat Shipping company has been organized with $300,000 worth of capital.

Three Oregon City sportsmen recently caught 190 trout on Parrot's creek in one day.

The people of Damascus, Clackamas county, have levied $800 to build a school house.

Two men were killed in the Black Bear mines, at Yreka, by a Chinaman letting a car above get unhooked, which rushed down the track giving the men no chance for escape.

Gilman, who made affidavit that Lee's confession was made under promise of release, is said to be a man unworthy of belief. United States Attorney Howard, brands him a liar.

The first gold discovered in California was at the root of a wild onion which a man was pulling for greens—*Buf. Ex.*

Which helps explain the prevalence of leeks in many of our financial depositories.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

A little boy was asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to? He answered, "They practice law a spell here and then go to the Legislature!" It was a painful operation for that boy to sit down for a few days.

A Western editor in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says, "It is such kindnesses as these that always bring tears to our eyes.

There is no stringency in language in New Orleans. The Democratic organ there says: "If the status quo is preserved many days longer the next thing it will develop will be hell."

The chart, with accompanying report, together with official estimates, on the Cascades canal, were sent to Washington by the last steamer mail.

A man named F. E. Spitcher shot Bertha Bonte, a French dressmaker, who refused to continue to be his mistress, perhaps fatally, in San Francisco on the 11th, and then killed himself.

The two mile and repeat running race at Oakland, on the 11th, was won by Lady Amanda. Best time 3:38 3-4. The handicap, mile heats, was won by Emma Scaggs. The first heat was made in 1:50.

"Bivalvular benevolence" is what it is now called at the church fairs, where the lonesome little oyster floats in a pint of soup at twenty-five cents a plate.

A Sioux who abandoned tribal habits recently selected Fitts as his "white name;" and the wicked boys had him baptized Conniption for his first name.

Virginia City, Nev., says an exchange, is being paved with waste quartz, which being gradually crushed, releases gold and silver valued at $9 to the ton; and one street is estimated to contain $133,000 in metal.

It is proverbial that the great mass of the Democratic party are usually influenced and manipulated by a few designing and leading politicians. With it, conventions have become a swindle, and primary elections a farce.

We once knew a man who said to his pastor: "I am going to the other church after this." "Ah, and why so?" asked the minister. "Well, if you don't get your shoes made at my shop, I won't get my preaching done at yours." So he went off.

An irreverent wretch, witnessing the performance of *Virginius* at the Museum last evening, when the urn containing the ashes of the sacrificed daughter was brought in, inquired if these were the "latest returns from Virginia?"

The paragraphers are now at work on this: A State of health—Md. A State of suffering—Ill. A fatherly State—Pa. A girlish State—Miss. A State of refuge—Ark. A State of surprise—La! A State for topers—R. I. A State for Catholics—Mass. A State for egotists—Me. A State for miners—Ore.

The editor of a heathen paper in Bengal says, in an article which will pass for a sort of review of the scriptures: "If a person studies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is not a book more worthy of being read than the Bible."

The Reading *Review* tells of a lady lawyer in Montgomery, Iowa. The other day a client found on the locked door of her office this quaint legend: "Gone to my husband's funeral; back in thirty minutes."

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel on honest folks."

Mrs Partington is in Washington, the wife of a very wealthy contractor. She has been explaining why she has not been able to receive calls. "We are building an extenuation to our house," said she.

The New York Assembly has passed the bill amending the statute relative to the election of President and Vice President. It provides for electing the electors at large on the State ticket, the remainder on the tickets in the several Congressional districts.

Secretary of the Treasury, Sherman, refuses to let off the bondmen or compromise any of the whiskey ring fraud suits. He says, "If the law is wrong or too severe Congress can remedy it," but that it is his duty to enforce the law. Good for him.

A German music teacher who resides at Hillsboro was arrested and fined $25 for beating his wife. He was under the influence of liquor and a bad temper. He is in jail in default of money with which to pay his fine. He don't amuse himself, as he broke his fine new violin over his wife's head. Somebody ought to break a washing machine over his head.

Eighttoseven.