

Albany Register.

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FRIDAY.....MAY 18, 1877.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

Had we would convey it;
There's a time when we should say it;
There's a time in which to say it!

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it ere so much;
Something secret on its prey,
That no human hand can touch!

So, in many a loving breast,
Lies some cinder-grief concealed,
That if touched, is more oppressed—
Left unto itself, is healed.

Oh, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so achingly,
That a word, or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A RAILROAD PAYMASTER.

BY H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

"It will be an hour before the mail express is due, gentlemen, and it will hardly be prudent to court the favors of the drowsy god for that short space of time. The storm rages without, the fire burns briskly within doors, the landlord's whisky is good, and if you desire, I will relate an incident connected with my career while paymaster on the Pacific Railroad.

There were five passengers of us who remained over at an obscure station in Vermont, one dreary stormy night in November, all anxious through various causes, to push on to our several destinations. The small hotel adjoining the depot was thankfully made use of. The fire roared zealously in the huge fireplace, and as we gathered within the cheerful influence of the blaze with sundry glasses filled with steaming toddy, the proposition of our fellow traveler was hailed with a unanimous chorus of approval.

"Gentlemen," said the narrator demolishing a generous allowance of toddy before venturing further, "the life of a paymaster on a railroad, especially one that is in the course of construction, presents anything but pleasing prospects to him who stands guard over the strong iron box and handles the crisp greenbacks entrusted to his charge by the company.

"A road of the magnitude of the Pacific must necessarily push its way through vast tracts but sparsely settled, and, bordering on the furthest limits of civilization, it is not more than to be expected that desperate, reckless men are to be met with at every shanty, and low saloons and gambling halls which invariably spring up, as if by magic, at the end of a section where hundreds of workmen necessarily have their quarters, drive a thriving business.

"Then, again, the laborers themselves are composed largely of the lowest and most ignorant type, difficult to please, never satisfied, ready to make a quarrel with the time clerk upon the slightest pretext. I must say they are anything but a pleasant set to deal with.

"It is unnecessary to mention, gentlemen, that I invariably went armed; and now, having given you an idea of the men I had to deal with, I will proceed with my story.

"A little more punch please—and I would have given considerable to have some of the same brew on the eventful evening I am telling you about.

"I had reached Omaha, on a route car attached to a special engine and tender for the purpose of paying off the attaches and workmen who were in arrears to quite an amount.

"The news of my arrival had been noised about, so that when the locomotive stopped with a jerk alongside the rough station-house, I beheld a dense crowd of sunburnt, brawny, bewhiskered and begrimed faces anxiously looking for the paymaster. I noted the expressions on some of the men's faces. It was enough to make one's blood run cold. Such devilry, such depravity and reflection of evil passions, I never beheld so vividly pictured in the human countenance before.

"As I stepped on the platform, my servant, bearing the iron box, which, by-the-way, contained eighty thousand dollars, a yell, a miserable shout of welcome, succeeded from the assembled crowd.

"I must confess, gentlemen, that my nerves were shaken, yes; more than I can say, for I am scarcely to be called a timid man. I gained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and two brevets during

the war, starting out with a musket. But that is neither here nor there.

"I looked about me on all sides for a building, a hotel, or accommodations of some kind, where I would be safe. But in every instance the shanties bore the ominous word 'Saloon' over the door.

"I inquired for the superintendent of the section, and was informed that he lay in his tent, suffering from what was supposed to be an attack of small-pox.

"A pleasant situation for a man to be in, with night coming on, and surrounded by a pack of wolves.

"You ask me why I didn't remain in the car? For the simple reason that it had been put into requisition to convey the sick back to a place called Sand Ridge, where better accommodations awaited the poor fellows.

"My heart was finally set at rest in a most unexpected and agreeable manner.

"A tall, good-looking young fellow, dressed in a blue shirt, pants of the same hue tucked inside a pair of army boots, a belt containing a pair of Remingtons, and a face shaded by a broad sombrero, approached me.

"With graceful ease he saluted me. His brown eyes fixed keenly on me the while, until the scrutiny became almost painful.

"Excuse me, but is not your name Colonel Lane? Jim Lane, as the boys of the old Fourteenth dubbed you?

"The same," I replied, extending my hand with a feeling of joy and relief I could not conceal.

"And is it possible that Major Frank Hughes has changed so much that you do not recognize him?

"Gentleman, Frank was an old schoolmate of mine; a brother-soldier and in less than ten minutes I was seated in his buggy, iron box, servant and all, and before the sun had dipped behind the long range of high-peaked hills in the West I was snugly ensconced in his neat house.

"Frank had gone into stock-raising, his pretty young wife bravely accompanied him, while her sister—whose blue eyes, fair hair, soft complexion and lithe Hebe-like form created an instantaneous impression upon my heart. She had consented to pass the winter with her sister, leaving behind her the attractions and gayeties of Chicago.

"Her name was Elsie Haveland; her sister was denominated by Frank as Madge.

"I was soon on the best of terms with the ladies, who seldom saw company. I exerted myself to please, gave all the latest news and gossip, to which the ladies were earnest listeners.

"Soon the shades of evening closed in shutting out from view the surrounding objects.

"Frank quietly unchained a huge mastiff, whom he called Sailor, saying, as he allowed him to run free: He is a splendid watch-dog—our sole protection at night—and no one can approach the house without our knowing it.

"After the evening meal Frank and I lit our pipes to have a quiet talk over old times—to fight afresh battles and skirmishes that had lain dormant for many a year in my mind.

"The ladies, in the meantime, had cleared the table, washed the dishes, cleared up generally, for they were none of your milk-and-water kind who shrink in horror from having their hands come in contact with dish-water.

"A piano was one of the evidences of taste and refinement which Frank had brought out for the benefit of his wife; and as Elsie opened the instrument, a low growl from Sailor startled all present.

"A deep silence pervaded the room, but nothing was heard to excite apprehensions of alarm.

"Several brilliant instrumental pieces were performed, when Frank proposed a song; but a long deep growl from the dog, followed by a snuffle and yelps was sufficient to cause my companion to start to his feet and grasp a revolver.

"There is something wrong, Colonel, sure. We had better take a look before we look up for the night.

"We did take a look, reconnoitered the grounds, and found poor Sailor lying on the ground, with his throat cut; the perpetrator of this cowardly deed had vanished.

"The discovery cast a gloom over the little group; the ladies soon after retired, leaving us in unrestrained possession of the sitting room in the front of the house.

"The fire was burning brightly—my friend's whisky was uncommonly good—so we kept it up until high midnight, going over the old ground from the time we enlisted until the regiment was ordered home and disbanded.

"I had barely removed my coat, preparatory to going to bed, when a distant crash was heard, and a fearful noise with oaths, and screams, succeeded.

"I rushed from the room to the hall-way, casting a glance at the iron box, which had been deposited by my bed, assuring myself that the funds entrusted to my care was safe.

"I met Frank hurrying from his room partially dressed, while behind him pressed the blanched face of his wife, and her pretty sister, who certainly looked charming in the hasty toilet both had made.

"The house is attacked!" exclaimed Frank, as he hurried down the back stairs, closely followed by myself, and your strong box must be the attraction. I have never been troubled before. But you shall not lack protection, and we halted on the threshold of the kitchen.

"Over the mantle were two heavy, double-barreled guns, which would form a powerful addition to our means of defense if once we gained possession of them.

"Yonder is the point of attack," whispered Frank, as he pointed to a stout oaken shutter, upon which the assailants were testing their strength.

"It was already splintered. There was no time to lose, and darting forward before Frank could detain me I jumped upon a table in front of the fireplace, in which a bright fire was still burning.

"Grasping the two guns, I jumped to the floor, at the same time the rascals

outside had chopped a small hole through the shutter.

"The report of a rifle rang through the room; my shoulder felt as if touched by a red-hot iron, and before the rascals could repeat his attempt I was under cover.

"Scarcely had I reached it, however, when half a dozen bullets tore through the splintered oaken board which had so nobly resisted all efforts to force it from its position.

"A scream from one of the ladies apprised us of some new danger, at the same time a tremendous shock thundered through the house. An attack had been made upon the front door, the assailants had divided their forces, which necessitated a like movement on our part.

"My servant, I forgot to say, was a negro, but faithful and true, as was a calm and collected. Good service he performed that night reloading the firearms, and using them, too, when occasion demanded.

"Leaving Frank to defend the half-forced window, I hastened through the front hall, which was fortunately dark.

"An exultant yell burst from the desperadoes outside, as one of their number swung a tremendous sledge before which the door was rapidly yielding. The man recklessly exposed himself, and in a voice thick with excitement he shouted:

"Be ready, boys! Make a rush and the money is ours!

"They were the last words the scoundrel ever uttered. I took deliberate aim through the small side window, pulled the trigger, the charge, a heavy one of buck-shot, tore through the ruffian's body, and he dropped across the threshold with a groan.

"A yell of fearful import burst from the throats of the gang; bullet after bullet whistled through the door, but the enthusiasm of the scoundrels had received a damper.

"From a safe cover they summoned us to surrender, coupled with fearful denunciations of vengeance. We met their threats with words of bold defiance.

"A full followed—an ominous silence—during which, while the scoundrels plotted fresh mischief, I found time to approach the ladies and express my regret that I should have been so unfortunate as to have been the cause of their terrible flight. Willingly would I have taken my departure to have saved them further annoyance, suffering and danger—but it was too late.

"But the ladies would not listen to anything disparaging to Frank's guest, while Elsie, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement, hoped I would teach them such a lesson as they would never forget.

"A shot from an adjoining room cut short the conversation, as I hurried in to ascertain the cause.

"There stood my faithful servant armed with one of my revolvers, peering through the window, which was partially open.

"Under cover of the darkness one of the more determined of the gang had crept forward with an armful of dry grass, with the intention of setting fire to the building, but, thanks to Scipio's sharp eyes, the plan was frustrated.

"It was about the last effort the rascals made. They contented themselves by indulging in the most ferocious threats, keeping fine care, however, to remain under cover.

"They offered to depart for a modest consideration of five thousand dollars, which I bade them to come forward and claim, but no one stirred.

"We kept watch until daylight, when Frank and myself sallied forth. The gang had disappeared, leaving their two comrades behind them as they had fallen.

"In trying to remove them I found that my left arm was useless. A hasty examination proved that I had received a wound, not dangerous but painful.

An army surgeon from the nearest post dressed the gash, while a file of soldiers were posted about the house, but we were not troubled again.

"I was delayed some time at Frank's house, where I was tenderly nursed by Elsie, who in due time I asked to be my wife. She did not say nay—but there is the whistle of the mail express, gentlemen, so I will refresh myself with one more nip of the toddy before wishing you farewell."

He was leaning over the gate talking to her last night, and absently plucking the buds from a tree which spread its branches over them. He loved her, but he did not yet dare to breathe his passion. A bright thought struck him—he would reveal his affection by a command.

"Why?" he asked, "does this tree resemble you?"

"Know not," she murmured.

"Because it is fresh in its budding beauty," he replied fondly.

She blushed—blushed only as a sweet woman pleased can—and asked:

"Why do it resemble you?"

"I give up. Tell me with your own sweet lips," was his expectant answer.

"Because it is soon time for it to leave."

A new comet had been discovered on both sides of the Atlantic and described as just visible to the naked eye. Its motion is exactly toward or from us; consequently its apparent motion is very slow. Its position at discovery was: Right ascension, 22h. 8m.; declination, 15deg. 8'—or in the constellation Pegasus. It has a short, wide tail, and bears magnifying well, the astronomers say.

An old colored preacher was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar, am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "but it is when a boy gets a whippin' for grivin' to a ball."

Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects; some it hardens like mud, while others it softens like wax.

A. W. Van Dorston, of Salem, has invented a machine that will prove of great value to tinners. He calls it the combination edge turner for turning the bottoms of tinware. The machine only weighs about six pounds, is fastened to the standards of the shears cutter, and follows the cutter turning the bottoms neatly, uniformly and with rapidity. The invention is a valuable one, and Messrs. J. W. Crawford and David S. Roland have purchased of Mr. Van Dorston a third interest each. A patent has been applied for, which, when received, the new invention will be sold in State, county and town rights as is usual with such inventions.

One of the important queries which at present agitates the Oregon Democratic is: Does Secretary Chadwick draw the compensation for performing the duties of the two offices—that is, the Governor's as well as the Secretary's? If he is drawing the pay for the two offices, where does he get his authority for so doing? Democrats are abiding, constitutional sticklers, you know!

Tilden was scheming to get Field a seat in Congress, and had matters fixed all right, until he requested the Congressmen elect to resign that Field might be appointed to his seat!

The fat was all thrown into the fire by Mr. Congressman refusing to resign his seat, either to gratify Tilden or Field! The fact is, those two old senilities can do nothing beyond making themselves ridiculous by exhibiting malice.

On the 27th of April the Southern Pacific Railroad was completed as far as the Colorado river. Trains now go through from San Francisco to Yuma. So far, twenty million dollars have been expended on the road. Much of the way the route is a hopeless desert.

The Grover investigating committee, it is now announced, will be here in June. The attenuated form of Gobble Grover will then have to come up to the rack, fodder or no fodder.

Mart Taylor, that festive old giver of entertainments, has just obtained a divorce from his last wife in Umatilla county. Next.

The public debt statement will show a reduction of \$3,500,000 in April, and about \$28,000,000 during the last six months.

"Mazepa; or, the Wild Male of Anaheim" is the sensational play to be produced at Woods Opera House, Los Angeles, on Monday next. Assay, now, we donkeyave about being exhibited in that mulecious way.—*Anaheim Gazette.*

This world, with the aid of the law, years, is advancing with stunning rapidity. The latest shout toward a new order of affairs has cropped out in Brooklyn, in the suit of a son and three daughters to force a division among them of the property held by their parents. Family Communism!

Sallie Ward Hunt has lost another husband. The wealthy Louisville pork-packer, Mr. Armstrong, who married this "landsmoke of Kentucky's daughters," only a few months since, died yesterday. He leaves the adventurous Sallie a large fortune.

Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel: "A lady on Washington street, who is an enthusiastic Republican, named her cavalry bird Jim Blaine. He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly until last Saturday she discovered that Jim Blaine had laid an egg. Now she declares that no dependence can be placed on politicians."

Burlington Hawkeye:—"When a San Francisco gets to be immensely wealthy he builds a palace of a stable, with marble halls, Brussels carpets, and hot and cold water, in every stall; a Chicago millionaire builds a hotel nine stories high; a New Yorker builds a hospital; a Bostonian builds a college, and a Burlington man builds another lay window to his house and paints his front fence."

The body of Mr. J. H. Moor, one of the unfortunate men who were drowned near Astoria a few days ago, was found on the shore at Fort Stevens. He had on his person at the time of the accident about \$1,200 in money and a valuable gold watch and chain. We are glad to say that these were saved for his family. A strict watch is kept for the bodies of Lieutenant Knapp and Dr. Andrews.

Senator Grover's brethren of his own party who were the principal instruments in starting those damaging reports against him, should be getting their little memoranda ready. That committee will be here very soon. It will be interesting to see men who last fall were telling loudly what members were bought and how much was paid each of them, become dumb as oysters when the committee want to know all about the matter. Look out for instances of infirmity of memory.—*Oregonian.*

Mr. Falls, a well-known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a hound. The rascable but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the exclamation, "I'd have you recollect that I am Mr. Falls of Danganora!" The rejoinder was ready—"I don't care if you are Mr. Falls of Niagara, you shan't ride over my hounds."

Pacific Slopers.

The sixth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, says the *Record*, will be held on the State fair grounds, June 15th and 16th. Hon. Elwood Evans, of Olympia, will deliver the annual address, which will be followed by a picnic dinner at 1 P. M. There will be a grand parade at 2:30 o'clock, under the direction of Hon. R. C. Geer. On the same occasion Hon. Stephen Stearns and Hon. M. Crawford will deliver addresses descriptive of the immigration of 1845 and 1842. In the evening a grand ball will be given in the pavilion. A camp fire will be lighted at 8 o'clock, and short addresses will be made descriptive of the mode of living in early days.

A correspondent from the Dalles writes that a party from that place will ascend Mount Hood on the 4th of July, prepared with materials to kindle a light which they hope will be visible that night at all places in sight of Mount Hood. They will light their materials at 9 P. M. Rockets will also be sent up. Instruments will be provided for taking another measurement of the altitude of the mountain. Messrs. Broyles and Miller, of Tygh valley, have volunteered to remain on the summit and manage the illumination. It is expected that many eyes will be turned in that direction at the hour appointed on the night of the 4th.

L. Berry, who has been traveling in Eastern Washington, makes glowing reports. He has been through Columbia and Whitman counties, and says it is the garden spot of the world. Vegetation astonishes every eye comer. A farm was dug out of the ground at a place where he happened to stay over night, which was seven feet four inches long. They raise in Paradise valley four tons of timothy hay and forty bushels of wheat to the acre.

In Boise valley a big irrigation scheme is on foot. A canal to take water from Boise river thirteen miles below Boise City, and carrying six thousand inches, is well on the way to completion. The canal is sixty feet wide on the bottom and has a depth of six feet. It will irrigate several thousand acres of land lying between the river and hills, and will convert a desert into a garden. Irrigation will reclaim nearly the whole of the great valleys of Boise and Payette.

At the upper end of Columbia county not less than forty-five claims were taken up lately. At Marquette, A. G. Short is doing a "land office business" merchandizing, and the Grange mill is nearing completion. In fact that whole upper country, once deserted even by the coyote, is looming up like chimney rock on the plains. Prosperity is stamped upon every enterprise. We quote from the Walla Walla *Watchman*.

B. F. Burch, of Polk county, present superintendent of the penitentiary, claims the honor of having originated the "fifty thousand dollar limit clause" of the State constitution.

Found in perfect order, sound as a dollar, an apple, of the Yellow Newton variety on the first day of May, in plow through the orchard, by a son of Wesley Howell, of Howell Prairie. So much for climate.

Walla Walla *Watchman*: Almost every man blessed with a cyrene is out among the hills and rills, looking for unclaimed land, ready to take up 160 acres, more or less, and either settle on it or speculate thereon. But the N. P. R. R. land grant seems to puzzle many.

A married couple has been discovered in Waukesha, Wis., by an enterprising newspaper man, both of whom were born on the 29th of February, 1852. Birthdays are scarce in that family.

Messrs. Milne at Hillsboro are enlarging their flouring mill. They will have four sets of burrs. The mill now has orders from San Francisco and Victoria for 1,000 lbs. of oat-meal daily, but cannot fill the demand.

The hop crop in Puyallup and White river valleys will be something immense this season. A man named Van Dorston, of White river, has twenty-one acres of vines.

Judge Prim is holding court in Douglas county. Judge Watson having been previously interested as an attorney in certain causes to be tried.

Corvallis has committees appointed and arrangements made to celebrate the fourth of July.

Wm. McGuire, of Silverton, an old citizen of that place, died a few days ago at the age of seventy.

The State Grange meets at Salem the 4th. The day in May. Half fares only will be charged.

The rivers having their sources in Mount Rainier and emptying into Puget sound were rising rapidly last week.

At Lewiston wheat has sold for 92 cents. It ought to bring more, it can be carried to Portland for 24 cents.

One hundred persons went on the Odd Fellows' excursion from Seattle to Olympia.

Old settlers of the Territory propose having a re-union at the Olympian fair grounds.

The people of Puyallup valley—railroad hands and all—have a grand picnic on May-day.

An extensive vein of potter's clay has been discovered on the Puyallup railroad, near Tacoma.

The Northern Pacific car and machine shop have been ordered moved from Kalama to Tacoma.

New and Old Tacoma proposes to have entertainments by which to raise money for insulating their grave yards.

In 1876, the Port Discovery mill shipped to foreign ports 26,000,000 feet of lumber and laths.

A. B. Henry has been appointed university land commissioner for Yamhill county.

The Presbytery of Southern Oregon met at Roseburg on Thursday of this week.

The Baker Democrat has closed its seventh volume.

The *Astorian* says 1,000 fishing boats will be employed on the Columbia river this week.

The telegraphic line between Baker City and Boise is now in good working order.

Hon. Ben Hayden has removed from Polk county to Salem, where he will reside hereafter.

A gallon of strawberries brought into Salem by a boy on Saturday sold for one dollar quick.

We cannot understand all this Indian surrendering. And in the Spring time, too. Look out for red-skin trickery and massacre.

Why Americans Expect Good Times.

1. Our population was never so large as it is now.
2. There was never before so much land under cultivation in these United States, nor such a large aggregate of products raised.
3. There were never greater facilities for transportation.
4. Our wheat, corn, provisions, butter, cheese, petroleum, silver and other products have been bringing cash at fair prices.
5. There is plenty of money to be had at a moderate rate of interest, as soon as owners consider it safe to lend.
6. The hard times have been the best times we have had for revivals of religion and temperance.
7. The whole nation has been practicing economy.
8. The state of exchange with other countries is such as would enable us to restore specie payment now if we chose.
9. Our political troubles are over, and an era of good feeling is returning to this long divided and distracted country.

All these reasons combined lead us to anticipate the return of good business generally and a gradual rise in value of nearly all kinds of property.—*N. Y. Times.*

A FOUNTAIN ON A SPIRE.—The Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* of March 26th says: "Last evening about 4 o'clock, the eyes of hundreds of persons on the streets were directed toward the top of the spire of the new Catholic Church, where was seen a fountain spouting numerous jets high in the air. A large iron pipe is carried up through the steeple and up the large cross surmounting the same. The pipe then takes the form of the cross, behind which it is hidden, and from holes perforated at proper intervals the jets are sent up. From the top of the cross and from the end of each arm large streams ascend to the height of about 25 feet, and between these are thrown up a great number of smaller jets. The height of the top of the cross from the ground is 170 feet, and last evening, the air being calm, the numerous jets spread out in the shape of a fan. The rays of the declining sun fell upon the jets and spray at just the proper angle to light up and bring out the whole in a beautiful roseate glow which surrounded the top of the cross like a glory. This novel fountain was not constructed for mere ornament. It is intended for use, in case of the breaking out of fire, as a protection to the spire and roof of the church. It is but the work of a moment to turn on the water and drench the spire. The height to which the water is thrown above the cross shows the great force of the water works of the city."

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.

The country west of the Mississippi has been flooded with well-executed counterfeiters of National bank notes, many of which have found their way to Denver, some having been thrown out by the banks this morning. Business men should refuse five dollar notes on any of the following banks:

First National bank of Northampton, Mass.
Merchants National bank of New Bedford, Mass.
Hamden National bank of West field, Mass.
First National of Chicago.
Trade National of Chicago.
Merchants National of Chicago.
First National of Aurora, Ill.
First National of Canton, Ill.
First National of Paxton, Ill.
First National of Peru, Ill.
First National of Geneva, Ill. (No such bank.)
Merchants would do well to cut this out for reference.—*Denver Times.*

Ralph Geer sold 1,500 bushels of wheat at Salem on Monday week at \$1.42 per bushel, with the privilege of any rise between this time and the 1st of June. This is better than as yet stated.

Wasn't me! I wasn't there! I didn't take a cent! Is the universal refrain of the gentlemen whom Tweed mentions. At the battle of denial they are there all the while.

Noting the peculiar superiority of certain Chinese productions over all others, a philosophizing newspaper man wants to know if this world is to be permitted to move pig-tail first.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?" he said, as he trudged off, after a paper of hair-pins for her, and she glumly muttered that she'd rather marry Balan's ass than a poet.

The old cable will be called upon to get up and hum, in the event of a big foreign war. One thing this people insist upon having is the news.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* is mystified at the impulse that always makes a woman stand before the glass to comb her back hair or button her polonaise.

The best way to discourage a boil is to stick a right slippery place on the wet pavement, and then when the boil isn't looking, come down on it—flopp.

De Murkin, it is said, has been "five times a wife." Mr. Hill, the plaiust of the troupe, being the present incumbent.

The most infallible way of preventing the kitchen door from creaking, is said to engage a servant girl whose sweet heart comes to the house to see her.

If you are going to educate your son for the life insurance business you must instill in his mind that modesty is not the best policy.