The Albany Register.

VOLUME XII. ALBANY, OREGON, JUNE 11, 1880. NO. 37.

BUSINESS CARDS.

KEEP YOUR

On this Space Four Weeks.

Something

NEW

Coming!

N. B. HUMPHREY, Agent.
v11n33

JOHN BRIGGS

TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM his friends and the public generally, that is now settled in his

NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to P. C. Harper & Co; where can be found as great an assortment and as large a stock of

Stoves and Ranges

as can be found in any one house this side of Portland, and at as

LOW A PRICE.

—ALSO—

Pumps & Pipes,

Castiron, Brass & Enameled

KETTLES,

in great variety. Also,

Tin,
Sheet Iron,
Galvanized Iron,
and
Copperware;

always on hand, and made to order, AT LIVING RATES.

Call on Him.

Albany, October 22, 1875-v8

CITY DRUG STORE.

Corner First and Ellsworth sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON.

R. SALTMARSH,

Has again taken charge of the

City Drug Store,

having purchased the entire interest of C. W. Shaw, successor to A. Carothers & Co., and is now receiving a

Splendid New Stock,

which, added to the former, renders it very complete in all the different departments. Feeling assured that all can be suited in both

Quality and Price,

cordially invites his old friends and customers to give him a call.

PRESCRIPTIONS,

Will receive immediate and careful attention at all hours, day and night.

☞ Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

R. SALTMARSH.

Oct. 26, '77-v10

CITY MARKET!

First street, 3 doors west of Ferry,

ALBANY, : : OREGON.

KOLACHER & GOETZ, Prop's.

HAVING purchased the City Market, I will keep constantly on hand all kinds of Meats the very best to be obtained in the market. I will strive at all times to meet the wishes of all who may favor me with their patronage. The public generally are invited to call at my shop when in want of meats. ☞ The highest cash price paid for PORK. v11n13

New Goods! New Departure!

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

MRS. O. L. PARKS,

HAVING PURCHASED THE MILLINERY Store lately owned by Mrs. C. P. Davis and having just added there to a new invoice of late

Choice Millinery, Trimmings,

Bonnets, Hats, &c., takes pleasure in inviting the ladies of Albany and vicinity to call and inspect for themselves. All goods will be sold at prices that defy competition.

Having secured the services of a first class

Dressmaker!

I am prepared to cut, fit, and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

☞ Making Clothing for children a specialty

Store on north side of First, east of Ellsworth street. You are invited to call.

MRS. O. L. PARKS.

27, 1879.

Infallible Indian Remedies.

A Sure Shot For

FEVER & AGUE.

DURING A LONG RESIDENCE AMONG the Indian tribes of the coast and the interior, I have had the good fortune to discover, from the "Medicine" man of the several tribes, and from other sources, a number of remedies for diseases incident to this country, consisting of roots, herbs and bark, and having been solicited by many people of this valley, who have tried and proved the efficacy of them in disease, to procure and offer the same for sale, I take this means of announcing to all that, during the past season, I have made an extended tour through the mountains and valleys, and have secured certain of these remedies which are a sure cure for

Fever and Ague.

Those suffering from Ague who desire to be cured, can leave orders at Mr. Strong's store on First street, where I will furnish the remedies, warranting a radical cure or I will demand no pay. W. S. JOHN.

☞ Remedies done up in $1 packages. 12-1

LEGAL.

L. FLINN. C. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

FLINN & CHAMBERLAIN,

Attorneys at Law,

ALBANY, - OREGON.

OFFICE—In Foster's new brick block, first door to the left, up stairs. v11n15

J. C. POWELL, W. R. BILYEU.

POWELL & BILYEU,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery.

ALBANY, - OREGON.

COLLECTIONS promptly made on all points. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms. Office in Foster's new block. n1v11

J. K. WEATHERFORD,

(NOTARY PUBLIC.)

Attorney at Law,

ALBANY, : : OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL Courts of the State. Special attention given to collections and probate matters. OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple. n47v10

D. R. N. BLACKBURN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ALBANY, : : OREGON.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL business. 22v9

N. B. HUMPHREY. C. E. WOLVERTON.

Humphrey & Wolverton,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of this State. OFFICE—In Froman's brick (up stairs) Albany, Oregon. 11n49

L. H. MONTANYE,

Attorney at Law,

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—Up stairs, over John Briggs' store, on First street. v11n16

C. H. HEWITT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office, Old Post Office Building, Albany, Oregon.

WILL PRACTICE in the different Courts of the State. v11n52

MEDICAL.

DR. H. J. CHURCHILL,

Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE—In McElwain's brick, Albany, Ogn. Chronic diseases a *Specialty*. Can be found at my office at all hours of the day or night, when not professionally absent. v12n16

J. SURMAN, M. D.,

(SUCCESSOR TO DR. BREWER.)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—On Second St., near Albany Engine Co. No. One's engine house.

Albany, Or., Jan. 9, 1880-v12n15

B. M. SAVAGE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Fromans's Brick, up stairs,

First street, : Albany, Oregon.
v12n10

C. C. KELLY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

ALBANY, : : OREGON.

OFFICE IN McELWAIN'S BRICK BLOCK. Residence—one door north of broom factory, Lyon street. 11v13

JUNIUS F. WHITING, ARTIST,

Fresco, Sign, Scene.

—AND—

Pictorial Painting.

DESIGNING A SPECIALTY.

Rooms 6 and 7, Parrish block, corner First and Ferry streets, Albany, Oregon.

D. G. CLARK,

SUCCESSOR TO J. B. WYATT,

—dealer in—

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Iron, Steel and Mechanics' Tools,

First door east of S. E. Young,

ALBANY, (v11n49) *OREGON.*

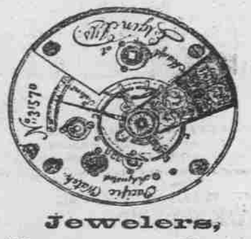
ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

ALBANY, : : OREGON,

Mrs. C. Houk, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated, and placed in first class condition for the accommodation of its guests. Good Sample Room for Commercial Travelers. General Stage Office for Corvallis, Independence and Lebanon. Free Coach to and from the house. v11n49

TITUS BROS.,



Jewelers,

Albany, : Oregon.

REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIRing Jewelry a specialty. Call. v11n17

Agents for "New Home" Sewing Machines.

ALBANY

Collegiate Institute,

Albany, Oregon.

The Second Term will open on November 12th, 1879.

SO FAR AS IT IS DESIRABLE THREE courses of instruction will be pursued in this Institute, viz: Classical, Scientific and Normal.

A Full Corps of Instructors has been secured.

For particulars concerning courses of study and the price of tuition, y to

Rev. ELBERT N. C , Pres.

August 6, 1879-v11n45

Language of Flowers.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each flower that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears."
—*Percival.*

The pretty red rose is an emblem of "love;"
The snowball "thoughts of heaven" above;
The honeysuckle implies "I dream of thee,"
And rosemary, always, "remember me."

Arbor vitæ denotes "unchanging friendship;"
"My only hope," the American cowslip;
"Declare your love," says the tulip tree,
And juniper replies, "I live for thee."

Gloxinia tells of "love at first sight;"
Sweet pea says "Meet me by moonlight;"
Dead leaves indicate "a heavy heart;"
Variegated pink, "Forever we part."

"Let us be friends," says the trumpet flower,
Primrose answers, "Your friend for an hour."
Plum bloom says, "Keep your word,"
And rose geranium, "Thou art preferred."

Apple bloom asks, "Will thou be mine?"
Peach bloom replies, "My heart is thine."
The dandelion is "a gay coquette,"
And "modesty" dwells with the white violet.

Sweet William says, "Let our friendship end."
Snowdrop sighs softly, "I'm not a summer friend."
Balloon vine proposes to "Kiss and make up,"
But "ingratitude" dwells in the bright buttercup.

"I burn our difficulties," is the mistletoe's song;
Woodbine's chorus, "I have loved thee long."
The lime thrills with "love's first emotion,"
And heliotrope implies only "devotion."

Petunia says, "Your presence soothes me;"
Ice plant replies, "Your looks freeze me."
White rose whispers, "My heart is free,"
And white clover ever "thinks of me."

Sensitive rose, like a pretty coquette,
Says, "Too young to leave my mother yet."
"Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows,"
Is written all over the perpetual rose.

Blue iris brings "a message for you."
Forget-me-not denotes "love" tender and true.
Blue violet is "faithfulness;" harebell "grief;"
And passion flower happy in "religious belief."

"Our souls are one," says the beautiful phlox;
"Constancy" abides with pretty dwarf box.
Or "love in a cottage" Portulaca doth tell,
And "gratitude" is found in Canterbury bell.

"Bonds" is expressed by blue morning glory;
"Nobility of character" by magnolia grandiflora.
The mammoth denotes "unfeeling love,"
And "insincerity" blights the pretty foxglove.

"True friendship" is found in Virginia stock.
"Ambition" sits high on the bright hollyhock.
"Compassion" attends the bleeding-heart;
And scarlet pea asks, "Must you depart?"

We find "fascination" always in fern.
"Sympathy" in balm, and "life" in lucerne.
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.
—*Chicago Ledger.*

Political Points.

Washburne, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, has tried to throw away his popularity and can't.

Henry Watterson's idea about Tilden seems to be that he is healthy—not too healthy, but just healthy enough.

An exchange says that the impression is general that Tilden holds both bowers and the ace. It seems to be forgotten, however, that Kelly holds the "joker."

Washburne says that he is for Grant, first, last, and all the time, repudiating all combinations with other candidates, and will not be a candidate under any circumstances.

At the municipal election in Indianapolis, Ind., the first vote ever polled by a Chinaman in Indiana was cast. He was conducted to the ballot box by a colored man.

The Chicago *Times* says: "It is quite manifest that the two-thirds rule is to be maintained in Cincinnati, which is in accordance with the Tilden programme. If he cannot secure his own nomination he can more readily name the man."

The editor of a western amateur journal having been criticised by one of his contemporaries for writing fiercely upon politics in his little newspaper, defends himself by saying: "Our attacks upon the Democracy have vastly benefited us without materially injuring that party."

The Presidential situation is thus summarized by "Gath": "Hancock's prospects looks a little clouded for the Democratic nomination, though his friends are steadfast. Bayard and Jewett are both supported by a considerable number of enthusiastic Democrats. Field has no following that I can see in New York. Thurman is considered as having some chance. Tilden's health continues to improve as his opponents die off."

Late Date.

The fair and fat Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, is expected soon in London to make a prolonged stay.

Mario has resumed his own name of Marquis of Candia. He lives in Rome, holding a post at court with a salary of $2 000.

Winfield S. Keyes, a son of Gen. Keyes, is expected in San Francisco about the middle of June. He is now in Colorado.

Jenny Lind, the once famous prima donna, is a member of the Bach Society of London, of which Herr Goldsmidt, her husband, is the conductor.

George Agustus Sala admires the American railroad system. As George traveled 25.000 miles by rail in this country without paying a cent his enthusiasm is not remarkable.

William T. Avery, Representative in Congress from the Memphis (Tenn.) district for two terms prior to the war, was drowned by the capsizing of a boat near Memphis recently.

The *Statesman* says Mrs. Francis A. Sisson, of Waitsburg, is pronounced insane and her husband will conduct her to the Steilacoom asylum.

Hawley, Wallace & Co., have got a ten thousand pound safe as far as Walla Walla on the way to their bank at Dayton, and can't easily let the job to haul it to that place.

Dr. August Wilhelm Bohtz, the eminent esthetic writer, and professor in the University of Gottengin, is dead.

Secretary Evarts unbends himself from the weighty cares of State by occasional visits to his fine farm in Vermont.

The German Empire has commissioned Baron Max Maria von Weber, to visit the United States this summer, and study and report upon the American system of internal navigation and cheaper railroads.

Simon Cameron does not much favor interviewing. The Boston *Herald's* man says: "To an interviewer he is a tomb."

A modern historian has discovered that "good Queen Anne" was a very ordinary person, chiefly remarkable for her obstinacy.

W. W. Story, the poet-artist, is to receive an order for a statue of the late Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, to cost $15,000.

Alexandre Dumas' daughter, a Catholic, whose mother is a member of the Greek Church, is to marry Lippman, the Parisian banker, who is a Hebrew.

Bret Harte's speech at the Royal Academy was not much of a success. He is much lionized as the guest of Lord Granville, the Duke of St. Albans and Mr. Froude.

Queen Victoria is a good amateur draughtsman, and reproductions of some of her sketches will soon appear. They will be accompanied by reproductions of some of Prince Albert's "pictorial expressions."

Senator Blaine says that though he studied law for two years in the office of one of the most eminent practicioners in the United States, he has never been in Court as an attorney, plaintiff, defendant, witness or juror.

The general appropriation bill contains a clause that no part of the appropriation shall be used to pay marshals and deputies for fees earned the past year.

At the city election of Richmond Va., the conservatives had an overwhelming majority over the readjusters, while Petersburg was carried by the readjusters.

Minnesota and Wisconsin greenbackers have elected delegates to a national convention. Both conventions denounced the imprisonment of Denis Kearney as an outrage.

At Arcon, Penn., while they were preparing torpedoes of giant powder, one exploded, and killed and annihilated all concerned and leveled all the buildings in that vicinity.

The M. E. general conference at Cincinnati has adjourned. The conduct of bishops was approved bishop Scott declared non-effective and no report in favor of an African bishop.

A clerk of the librarian of congress who got a check cashed at the treasury and put the notes in a side pocket, found some thief had stolen them and put a worthless package in their place.

Thurlow Weed protests against the nomination of Grant, appeals to the convention to sustain the anti-third term precedent, says Grant's nomination would ruin the party, but says he shall vote for the candidate of the party, who ever it shall be.

The Chilians threw 200 shots lately without any harm to speak of. In a recent sharp fight the Peruvians got the worst of it as usual, but they have got some advantage in fighting on their own soil, and the Chilians are getting further away from home all the time.

Bismarck says a single word from the pope or bishops would terminate the alliance between the German socialists and the priesthood and it is their own fault that the negotiations don't succeed; that a basis of mutual tolerance is the most they will ever concede to the church of Rome

After a battle pending at Tacna, if victorious, the Chilian government intends to offer peace to Peru, and if not victorious, they will proceed to boustard Calbao. Meantime the Peruvian and Bolivian troops are in fine condition and it looks as if they were beginning to get into the spirit of the thing, and it was about time they did.

A fight occurred recently, opposite Pine valley on Snake river, between two whitemen and a party of Indians, in which one Indian was killed and one of the white men badly wounded. The two men made their escape and alarmed the settlers. More trouble is likely to follow.

The Idaho *Statesman* says the snow is melting and going off so gradually that the river behaves splendidly and don't get on a destructive "boom."

The Steilacoom (W. T.) *Express* says: "Mr. Peterson, while looking after some stock on the South Coquille River last week, was attacked by a panther, from which he received serious injuries. He was so badly injured that he could not get to his home until the next day, and then could not give full detail of the encounter from the fact that he was insensible for a time as to what was going on, but thinks his life was saved only by the timely assistance of his dog, who fought the beast with vengeance."

Of all the savages that I have been among, the Australians are the only ones who had no idea of God, or of any good and evil spirit. They had never heard of such a power, and their minds did not rise to the conception of deity. But, let me tell you one thing, these savages were happier than by far the majority of the people of civilized countries. They might say to us that—

"Ignorance is bliss
Where 'tis folly to be wise."

Here, too, we see the magnificent black swan, which is never seen in any other country, and until it was discovered here, was unknown to both ancients and moderns. When Juvenal wanted to describe anything rare or impossible, he exclaims: "Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno."

A black swan was, in the conception of the great satirist, an impossible creature.

The New York *Times* says: "A wholesale grocer in this city, who became suddenly rich in business, says his rule has always been when he has sold goods on credit to at once subscribe to the local paper of his debtor. So long as his debtor advertised liberally and vigorously he rested; but as soon as he began to contract his advertising space, he took the fact as evidence that there was trouble ahead, and he invariably went to his debtor, said he, the man who gets too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business. The withdrawal of an advertisement is evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon."

A New York Orphan.

One of the little lambs picked up in the streets of New York by Whitelaw Reid and sent West to find a home was adopted by a Detroit family about two months ago, and ere this is published Mr. Reid has received a big postal card announcing that his dear lamb has gone West to fight the Indians, and that he needn't mind about sending on another to take his place.

This New York lamb was 13 years old. He said so at the depot on his arrival, and half an hour later he reiterated the statement at the house, and added:

"And if you don't believe it, then call me a liar! That's the sort of a spring gun I am, and don't you forget it."

They didn't forget it. He gave them no chance to. He ate with his fingers, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and gave the family to understand before supper was over that he didn't come West to have his hair combed or his face washed as a regular business. On his first evening he slipped out, had three fights and stole a dog, and when hunted up he was about to take his beer in a saloon.

The family expected to wrestle with the boy for a while, and they didn't sit down on him until it become a painful necessity. During his first week he stole $3 in money, a gold chain, a revolver, and a pair of earrings, and he got drunk twice. When reasoned with and asked to do better, he took a fresh chew of aplug of tobacco and replied:

"Oh! you Michigan folks are too soft! If a feller can't have a good time, what's the use of being an orphan?"

On Monday of the second week he sold the family dog to a stranger for a quarter, threw the saw and ax into the alley, and when locked up in a closet he tore a Sunday coat to pieces. It was thought best to have a policeman talk to him, and was called in. He put on his fiercest look, and lectured the lamb for fifteen minutes, but as soon as he stopped for breath the young sinner replied:

"Now see here, old buttons, you are wasting time! I know my little galt, I do, and if you think I've come to a village like this to be buffed by anybody, you've missed your train!"

He was taken to Sunday school by the hand. He hadn't been there half an hour when he was taken out by the collar. He seemed anxious to punch the head of every good little boy within half a mile of him, and he told the teacher of his class that when she could stuff Moses in the bulrushes down him it would be after she had bleached out her freckles. They gave him a Sunday school book to fit his case, but he fitted it to a crack in the sidewalk on his way home.

When moral suasion had no effect on the wicked youth, his guardian tried the rod. He was bigger than the boy, and he walloped him, but within three hours two of the nuts were taken off his buggy and thrown away. There was a second seance in the woodshed, and before dark a window glass worth eight dollars was broken.

That orphan was faithfully and duly and presistently wrestled with. He was coaxed and flattered. He was licked and reasoned with. Ambition, gratitude, fear and avarice were alike appealed to in turn, but as he was the first day so he was the last. A few days ago he was told that he would be sent to the reform school at Lansing, if there was any further trouble with him. That night he stole $5 of the cook, a butcher knife from the pantry, a pie from the sideboard, and departed from the house, leaving on his bed a note reading as follows:

"This thown ar' no place for a New York orfun. I'm goin' out on the planes to fite Injuns. It will be useless to foller me, fur I can't be took Alive!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Monroe Doctrine.

The Burlington Hawkeye man thus expatiates on the Monroe doctrine: "The Monroe doctrine, simply and explicitly declares that foreign nations shall not come over here and slide down our cellar door; that England and France shall not hang on our front gate to do their courting; that they can't bring over their syrup-pots and elderspouts and make sugar in our maple grove; that Germany and Austria can't spot no bee tree in our woods; that Italy can't cut her firewood out of our hedge rows; that Russia can't spank her neighbors' children with our butter paddle. The Monroe doctrine simply means that we are the bull of the woods between two oceans, and that the man who joins farms with us on either side had better not move the boundary fence until he talks to us about it, and that he can't sublet a patch of his farm to anybody until we are satisfied that the new tenant will make a good neighbor for us That's about all there is of it.

"Sir," roared a man, out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "Sir, you are a liar."

"I am?" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?"

"Because I know it; because I have found it out!"

"How long have you been living here?"

"Six weeks."

Neighbor, tranquilly, nodding his head:

"Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long"

There was no fight.

A Serious Thought.

And yet, though serious, it may be profitable. Nigh on to a quarter of a century ago—it was during the summer of 1856—I occasionally attended week-day evening religious meetings—"conference meetings," we called them—in a small church on West Thirty-sixth street, New York. The lesson of one of those evenings, with subsequent events, left an impression on my mind that can never be dimmed while life and sense are left me.

A pale-cheeked, hollow-faced man arose in his place and offered a few thoughts on the subject of the value of a faith, firm and abiding, in a future life. He had but a short time to live—he felt it keenly—but he felt, also, that he was willing to go when the time should come. He closed by saying that it would add to his peace and comfort if he could believe that he had the prayers of his friends there present in his behalf.

Next after him arose a man whose presence was a "thing of beauty"—a man not yet at middle age; healthful and robust; with eyes bright and clear; skin like a child's; cheeks plump and rosy; standing full six feet in height, and turning the scales at very near two hundred. He was by trade a builder; and never used tobacco nor ardent spirits; and, he was happy to declare, had never known an hour of sickness in his life. His grip was like iron, and his step as firm as the broad-based mountain. I can never forget his opening words. Said he, with a glance towards the invalid who had just resumed his seat:

"The words of the brother should be heeded by all of us. He is weak and ailing; I am strong and well; yet, who shall say which of us may be called first to pass the shadowy vale!" And then he went on, in plain and homely language, to give the lesson he would impress upon the minds of those who heard him. And the lesson was this: "Be ye therefore ready, also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

On the even of the very next day our good pastor called upon me, and informed me that brother S—— was dead. During the early part of the day, while giving directions to his workmen, and assisting in laying the upper floor-timbers of a building he was erecting, he missed his footing and fell to the cellar bottom, killing him instantly.

And he had been the strong, vigorous, healthful man of the preceding evening—the man who, though he had never known an hour of sickness, yet took gift of having his house in readiness! And the pale-faced, hollow cheeked man waiting so patiently for the summons, I met, still clothed in the flesh, ten years later.

No—the lesson of that evening enforced by the event of the following day, is not to be forgotten. Nor would I be willing to forget it. Amid the changeful scenes of life—in joy and in sorrow—in success and in adversity—at all times, and always, it must be a gratifying sense to be able to feel that "our house is in order, and the spirit willing" for the great transition.

Not Much of a Loss.

A young lady went to a drugstore, Monday, located not a hundred miles from the market house, and had a prescription made up.

"How much?" inquired the lady.

"Fifty cents," said the clerk.

"But I have only forty-five cents with me," replied the customer; "can't you let me have it for that?"

"No ma'am," said the clerk, but you can pay me the five cents when you come in again."

"But suppose I were to die?" said the lady jocularly.

"Well, it wouldn't be a very great loss," was the smiling response.

And immediately the innocent clerk gathered from the indignant flash on the lady's face, that he had been misunderstood, and before he could assure her that it was the little balance and not her that would be no great loss, she had bounced out at a go-as-you-please gait, and was beyond the sound of his voice.

G. Mulzot, while on a visit to Lord Aberdeen, in Scotland, was talking to him in the park one day about the English system of elections, when his host stopped before a modest cottage. "This little house," he said, "recalls to me a shameful deed in my political life." "What, an act of violence?" "You shall hear. I had as tenant here an independent fellow, who annoyed me horribly. In every election he strenuously opposed me. I made up my mind to be rid of him." "Ha! you turned him out?" "No. I reduced his rent by a guinea, and destroyed his qualification. A mean trick and I've always been ashamed of it.

When courting at midnight is ended,
And he stands with his hat in his fist,
While she lovingly lingers beside him,
To bid him "ta-ta!" and be kissed,
How busy the thoughts of the future—
You bet you his thoughts he don't speak—
He is wondering how they can manage
To live on twelve dollars a week.

A lady tells something which ought to have remained a secret with her sex. It is that a woman in choosing a lover, considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.

His Telephone.

"I guess I haf to give up my delephone already," said an old citizen of Gratiot avenue yesterday as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! eferytings. I got dot delephone in mine house so as I could spheak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit my relations in Springwells, but I haf to git it up. I never haf so much troubles

"How?"

"Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, springs der pell und calls me oop und says an old frent of mine vhants to see how she works. Dot ish all right. I say 'Hello!' und he says: 'Come closer,' I ghoes closer und hellows again. Den he says: 'Shtand a little off,' und I stands little off und yells vunce more, and he says: 'Shpeak louder.' It goose dot way for ten minutes, und den he says: "Go to Texas, you old dutchman!" You see?"

"Yes."

"And den mein brudder, in Springwells he rings de pell and calls me oop und says how I vhas dish evening? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: 'Who vhant to puy some goats?' I says: 'Colts—colts—colts!' and he answers: 'Oh! coats. I thought you said goats!' Vhen I goes to ask him of he feels petter I hears a voice crying oudt: 'Vhat Dutchmans ish dot on dis line!' Den somebody answers, I doan't know, but I likes to punch his head!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somdimes my vhite vhants to spheak mit me vhen I am down in der saloon. She rings mein pell und I says, 'Hello! Nopody spheaks to me. She rings again, und I says 'Hello!' like dunder! Den der central office tells me go aheadt, und den tells mein vhife dot I am gone avhay. I yells oudt dot ish not so, und somepody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchman don't keep athill?' You see?"

"Yes."

"And when I gits in bedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house was on fire, und vhen I shumped oudt and says hello, I hear somepody saying, 'Kaiser, doan't you vant to puy a dog?' I vhants no dog, und ven I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing, 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und so you dake it in oudt, and vhen somebody likes to speak mit me dey shall come right avhay to mine saloon. O of mein brudder ish sick he shall git petter, und if somepody vhants to puy me a dog, he shal' come vhere I can punch him mit a club!"

Pressure of the Brain.

An American medical man was called one day to see a youth aged eighteen, who had been struck down insensible by the kick of a horse. There was a depressed fracture of the skull back of the left temple. The skull was trephined and the loose fragments of bone that pressed upon the brain were removed, whereupon the patient came to his sense. The doctor thought it a good opportunity to make an experiment as there was a hole in the skull through which he could easily make pressure on the brain. He asked the boy a question, and before there was time to answer it he pressed firmly with his finger upon the exposed brain. As long as the pressure was kept up the boy was mute, but the instant it was removed he made reply, never suspecting he had not answered at once. The experiment was repeated several times with precisely the same result, the boy's thoughts being stopped and started again on each occasion as easily and certainly as the engineer starts and stops his locomotive.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

How an Arab Lady Perfumes.

In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tope" which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall over her as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed and both her person and her robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from that direction.—Sir William Baker.

Baron De Lesseps' lecture on his return to Paris was a remarkable one. He used a magic lantern which exhibited views of everything from the coast of Panama to a New York ferryboat. "Do you dare to hint," he asked, "that the Panama canal route runs through an unhealthy country? Look here!" and he presented to the audience a dark-eyed, laughing, beauty, a Panama angel, whom one of the Baron's engineers had married. "Do you think that an unhealthy country can produce such beings as this?" The listeners applauded to the echo.