

# The Albany Register



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NO.

**McPherson's Troubles.**  
In the town of Lynn nearly every man is a shoemaker. At any rate I will say, in almost all the little houses somebody is at work either binding shoes, hammering soles, making heels or stitching uppers. And among them, many years ago, none could have been found more busy and more contented than a quiet, red haired Scotchman, called Sandy McPherson. He lived alone, being either a bachelor, or a widower—probably the first—in a little two roomed house on wheels, and whenever the owner of the ground on which he established his residence asked awkward questions, or demanded rent, he simply wheeled his mansion away. Thus he spent next to nothing, and though he did not make much money, he saved the best part of what he made.  
He had lived several years in his quiet way, when one day there appeared in the village a tall, serious gentleman in a black coat and inquiring diligently for Mr. Alexander McPherson. He soon discovered the object of his search in simple Sandy McPherson, hammering away at his bench, and thus addressed him:  
"Sir, I am one of the firm of Dunn & Derry, lawyers, and I bring you the sad news that your uncle, Mr. Donald McPherson, has departed this life."  
Sandy laid down his lap-stone, shook his head and gravely remarked:  
"I never thought Uncle Donald was a long-lived man." And thinking his duty done, set to work again. But once more the lawyer spoke:  
"And it is also my pleasant duty, Mr. McPherson, to inform you that your Uncle Donald has left you a legacy amounting to five thousand dollars, which after the necessary formalities, our firm will take pleasure in paying into your hands."  
Sandy put down his work again, looked at the lawyer, and after a pause remarked:  
"It was well that of Uncle Donald, and you mean well to me in telling me of it, but it will be aye dreadful trouble spending such a sum."  
The lawyer laughed; he thought his client intended a joke, but Sandy was in earnest. Having received the necessary instructions he slung up his house, fastened the doors and slutters well, stored it with an old farmer just out of town and went to get his money. For three years no one in Lynn saw or heard anything of him, but at the end of that time Mr. Gage, the farmer with whom Sandy had left his house, was surprised by his reappearance in a good suit of clothes, with a very red face and a very portly person, to claim his house once more.  
"I'm glad to get back," he said, "I have had work to spend my five thousand dollars, and I could not do it without eating and drinking more than was aye guide for me, but I've lived through it, and maybe I'm no the worse for a bit o' holiday."  
And once more the door of the little wheeled house stood open, and Sandy McPherson worked beside it from dawn until sunset.  
Two years passed. At the end of that time the village gossip once more saw the tall, square form of the member of Dunn & Derry in the streets of the little town. This time he made no inquiries, but walked to the door of Sandy's house and knocked.  
"Come in," cried the shoemaker, and in walked the lawyer.  
"Oh? and it is you, Mr. Dunn?" cried Sandy, "sit ye down, now; and what new news have ye for me?"  
"Much the same as before, Mr. McPherson," replied the lawyer, "your Uncle Dunn has left this world for a better."  
"Aye, I saw the old man was failing," said Sandy.  
"His prosperity," continued the lawyer, "has been equally divided amongst his four nephews; and your share, my dear sir, I am happy to tell you, amounts to two thousand pounds, or if you like the sound letter ten thousand dollars."  
"That's twice as much as Uncle Donald left me," sighed Sandy. "Twill be hard work spending it. The five thousand nearly killed me, but a's as God will, if it come on me, I'll be with you tomorrow morning, sir. Sooner begun, sooner done."  
Again the little house was stored away behind the barn of Mr. Gage's farm; but this time, the farmer having died in Sandy's absence, the bargain was made with the Widow Gage, a comely woman of forty, who gave Sandy some advice on the subject of his fortune, which he received in silence. Away he went, and for three years Lynn saw him no more; but when another year was on its way the woe-stricken inhabitants saw Sandy again at his bench. But Sandy was an altered man. He had grown fat, his eyes were red and watery, his nose the shape of an onion, he had the symptoms of the gout, and as he worked he made his plaint to any one who would listen to him.  
"Ah! you laugh—none of you I aye tried it; spending ten thousand in three years is hard work for any man. And I made a mistake, I began w' whisky. When I took to port wine I got on faster. It flew with the port wine, put aye, but you can see too much of it. Its put me almost past the work."  
However, five years of natural port wine, brandy and whisky, with hard work, reduced Sandy to the former condition of skin and bone. His health was good, his eyes were clear, and he was more contented than ever, until one day through the streets of Lynn walked once more the

tall, grave, serious gentleman, from the firm of Dunn & Derry.  
This time Lynn was actually excited, and as the lawyer entered the door Sandy turned upon him a face longer, more solemn than he had ever shown before and cried out:  
"Mr. Dunn again! Weel, out with it mon! Bad news, I suppose?"  
"Yes sir," replied the lawyer, "your Aunt Jean is dead. She departed this life very suddenly. It was a shock to all the family."  
"Aye; I thought Aunt Jean would live to be a hundred," said Sandy.  
"So she did; but she made her will notwithstanding, and as you were her favorite nephew, she has left every farthing to you. Sir, I must congratulate you."  
"Don't do that, man," said Sandy, "you mean weel, but it's aye gaeing insult to injury. Let me hear the worst. She must have been an auld rich woman, my Aunt Jean."  
"You are now possessed of more than fifty thousand dollars," replied the lawyer.  
"Indeed, coolly as you take it, I should like to stand in your shoes, Mr. McPherson."  
"Aye, weel," replied Sandy, "you may call it cool, but I feel pretty warm. How is a man ever to spend fifty thousand dollars?"  
The lawyer departed laughing. In an hour Sandy stood before old Mrs. Gage's doorway.  
"I'm in trouble again, Mrs. Gage," said he, "Aunt Jean is dead. Oh, no, 'tisn't that; we must all die some day, but she's left me her money, and I have fifty thousand dollars to spend."  
"I wish I had," said the farmer's widow, whose hair was gradually growing gray under the weight of a fifty thousand dollar mortgage. "It's flyng in the face of Providence to talk that way of a fine future."  
"But how is a man to spend it?" continued Sandy. "I couldn't get through the ten thousand w'out makin' a beast of myself and fifty thousand at my age will be the end of me. What is a single man like me to do w' it all?"  
"Oh, there are plenty of ways, Mr. McPherson," said the farmer's widow. "You could be benevolent."  
"I'll never give good money to beggars; let them work for their bread," said Sandy.  
"Ah! you dinna know, Mrs. Gage. A man can eat and five meals the day if he does his best, and to be aye drinking is all that is left."  
"Dear, dear! what a pity it is you haven't a good, sensible wife to use your money," said Mrs. Gage. "You'd find no trouble then."  
"But you see I'm a bachelor," said Sandy.  
"You needn't remain one," replied Mrs. Gage.  
"And who would I marry?" asked Sandy.  
"It's not for me to say," replied Mrs. Gage. "Some sensible, middle-aged woman, Mr. McPherson."  
"I wonder would you have me?" asked Sandy. "You're a very sensible woman, Mrs. Gage, it strikes me I couldn't do better; but I hope you'll drink your share."  
Mrs. Gage held her peace, and Lynn was surprised by a wedding the next week. The mortgage was paid off; the boys sent to college; the firm prospered. Mrs. McPherson and Sandy appeared each Sunday at church in silk and broadcloth, and Sandy still made shoes in the little house, now wheeled permanently to the kitchen door, up to the last accounts received of him. As for his money, he seems to forget that a married man is any more comfortable than a bachelor, and adds: "I didn't know it until the wife told me," which is regarded as one of Mr. McPherson's jokes, though it is strictly true.  
**A Lucky Die.**  
What the deuce ails me? Where am I, anyhow? Wherever I am, sprines and mattresses must be scarce, for I know I've laid out on some mighty hard substance. Wonder if I'm dead? I feel mighty like it. Maybe I am stretched out ready for the doctors to carve me.  
These were my first thoughts, very cheering, indeed, as I became conscious. I could neither speak, nor move; but I soon learned that I could hear.  
A door opened, foot-steps approached. I felt a cloth removed from my face, and a voice, which I recognized as that of my intended father-in-law, said:  
"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I recognized as Sowerby's, the undertaker, said lightly:  
"There's just where you are mistaken, Mr. Mullins; he looks a cussed right better dead than alive, but how does Priscilla feel about it? Take on much, ha?"  
"Oh! no just enough to appear well," said the father of my affianced, with a chuckle. "She never cared much for South; 'twas his stamps that she fancied. My Priscilla is a practical girl and went in for his dimes, his carriage and greys, although at the same time I must own she was spooney on bald-pate Howard, the artist, but he's poor as Job's turkey, as the saying is."  
"Well, she can't have him now for all the poor cuss, can't she?" said Sowerby, bustling a tattoo with his digits on my chest.  
"I presume so, but she will wait till the year is up, for fear of gossip, you know."

"But who gets his money, seeing the poor cuss has no relations?" queried the undertaker.  
"Oh! that's all right. You see, my Priscilla is a sensible girl. Before she promised to marry him she had him make his will in her favor. Poor Smith was rather sappy, you know; had nothing against him, however, although he was decently homely, and such a barn-door of a month, always open."  
"Well," said the cheerful voice of the undertaker, "this month is shut tight enough now, I reckon; he'll never open it in this world again. I reckon his immortal part is now with the angels."  
And my mortal part is also with the angels, thought I—a fine pair of angels! I felt indignant at their clumsy ridicule. I tried to shut my fist, but the devil a shut was to it. I could do nothing but listen. He then began to measure me for my coffin. I had heard that undertakers whistled joyfully when they got a measure. I believed it to be only a joke on the craft; but Sowerby actually struck up the air "Pull Down the Blinds," in a subdued, trilling whistle while he measured me.  
"A nobby casket and 100 locks, eh, Mr. Mullins? Must make a big thing of it. The cuss left lots of money, and remember he was to be your Priscilla's husband. Must have a spurge, Mr. Mullins," said the worthy undertaker, with an eye to his own pocket.  
"Well, I don't mind if the coffin is a little nobby looking; but 100 locks! The deuce! Just send one or two for the mourners, and the rest who come to attend the funeral can furnish their own rings or hood it, whichever suits them."  
They covered my face again and left me to my own reflections. I had often heard it remarked that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I ever had of trying it.  
An hour must have passed and the door was again opened, and two persons came, whispering low, to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell on my ear.  
"I dread to look at him, Mr. Howard; he was so homely when living, he must be frightful when dead."  
I ground my teeth in rage as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth, and would solemnly declare that if I were taken from her she would enter a convent, take the black veil and never more behold the sun.  
One of them raised the cloth. I knew they were looking at me. Howard was the chap she was spooney on, whom her father had mentioned.  
"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, Miss Mullins," exclaimed Howard, deliberately.  
"Well, to tell the truth," said my betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived I suppose I should have married him, because he was rich; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I know I should always be ashamed of him."  
"But you loved him," remarked Howard.  
"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago on one who never returned my love." And my fast-fading lid-lid sighed heavily. They had now covered my face again, and were standing within a few feet of where I lay.  
"About how long ago, Miss Mullins?" asked Howard.  
"Oh, about a year or so," with another sigh.  
"About the time I went away?" interrupted the cautious Howard, coughing a little.  
"Well, yes, about that length of time," assented my affianced.  
"Now, Miss Mullins—you—oh! you do not mean to insinuate that I—I, oh! too much bliss—am the lucky?"  
"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Mr. Howard," and the angelic sweetness of her voice became somewhat metallic.  
"Now, see here Priscilla—oh! let me call you by that melodious name! See here, I always loved you, not for your beauty, God knows, but for your artlessness; 'pon my soul I did, and would have proposed to you, only I heard you were engaged to the chap that is stretched there."  
"Oh, Mr. Howard!" said Mrs. Smith that was to be, giving a little squeal.  
"Don't Mr. Howard me. If you return my affection you must call me by some pet names. Call me Harry—call me Lovey—but for heaven's sake don't Mr. Howard me, my own Priscilla," said Howard in a quivering voice.  
Then I heard a movement of feet, accompanied by a loud lip explosion. Moses! how mad I got. I tried to kick or grate my teeth, but the devil a kick or grate could I raise. I was obliged to grin and bear it. Bear it I had to; but grin I could not.  
Soon my company left, and I was again entertained by my own pleasant thoughts, until I again felt the cloth gently removed from my face. A soft, warm palm was laid on my forehead, and the low, sweet voice of Minnie Rivers whispered—well, no matter what.  
Night came—so did the neighbors who sat near me I learned to my horror that I was to be buried next day.  
"Of course you are coming to the funeral tomorrow, Mrs. Frizzlebaum?" said one of them.  
"Oh, dear, yes. I hope it may turn out a fine day, for I want to enjoy the ride to the cemetery."  
I then lost consciousness, and the next I heard were the grating voices of Priscilla, my fiancée, and her mother. Apparently

they were brushing, dusting, and giving the room a general sacking up before the funeral.  
"Is Howard to be one of the pall-bearers?" asked the voice of my mother-in-law that might have been.  
"He would be, gladly, but he hasn't a suit of black clothes," said my sweetness.  
"Why, Priscilla, my child, don't you remember Smith's black broadcloth; the suit is brand new. I know it will fit Howard. Call him in—he's sitting in the kitchen—and let him try them on."  
Now, this black suit was a particular favorite of mine, a perfect fit, that set my person off to great advantage, and it made my blood boil to hear them talk so coolly of transferring it to my rival, to be worn at my funeral. I was getting very mad now. I felt the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they meddled with my black suit.  
Priscilla took it down from the peg—I knew it, for I heard the buckles jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist, and yell at her, but all in vain; and there I lay, outwardly calm as a lamb, my inward boiling with wrath. It was too much! The deepest trance could not have held out against that suit; with a powerful effort I sprang up and howled. Priscilla dropped my clothes, her mother the dust, and both bounded out of the room, squealing like pigs under the gate.  
With difficulty I managed to get my clothes on, and had just got inside my pants when Mrs. Mullins and her daughter, headed by the undertaker, peered in at the door. A motley company of women and snuffy-faced children stood at their rear. Such a scene-looking ows; enough to more than amuse a dead man. So I laughed, it was not very becoming; but I laughed, peed after peed, till my sides began to ache. Then the undertaker ventured near me, saying, rather dubiously:  
"So you are not dead yet, Mr. Smith?"  
"Well, no, not exactly; sorry to disappoint my numerous friends about the funeral, however."  
"Yes," he assented absently; "rather bad—that is—ahem!"  
Footed out of the dimes, carriage and greys, my gal, thought I, as I looked at Priscilla.  
"Go speak to him," said her father, in an under tone; "act your part well."  
They now began to gather around me, and congratulate me on my narrow escape. I noticed they cried a great deal more than when I was dead. Priscilla came and hung on my neck, sobbing desperately. I gave her a not over-gentle push from me, and told her to wait next time till I was safely buried before she meddled with my good clothes.  
"Oh! I am so glad!" she said sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said in regard to my clothes, "that you are not dead, dear. My heart seemed withered and broken to see you lying so cold and white. I wept bitterly over your poor, pale face, my darling."  
"Oh, yes, you did. I heard you and Howard take on at a furious rate. It was a lucky die for me, my ducky."  
"Could you hear?" she gasped.  
"I rather think I could," I replied. "So good by, my noble girl; you can have the pleasure of calling Howard all the pet names you can lay your tongue to." She made a bee-line for the open door, and her pull-back was the last I ever saw of her. Howard never married her, and I hear she still lives a life of single blessedness.  
As I am writing this piece, a quiet little figure steals to my side, and a soft white hand, which sends a thrill to my heart, is laid lovingly on my shoulder; yes, the hand of Minnie Rivers, now Minnie Smith, my wife.  
**The Czar as a Matchmaker.**  
The Czar, being relieved by General Melkoff of the cares of state, devotes his leisure to matchmaking. It is announced that the Prince Royal of Portugal will, in all probability, marry a Princess of the House of Romanoff. The ex-President of the Council, who recently started from Lisbon on a series of visits to the capitals of Europe, was charged to open the necessary negotiation preliminary to an engagement on his arrival at St. Petersburg. The eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro is stated to have been affianced to Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. The arrangement is said to have been brought about by the special request of the Czar. The Princess bears the name of Zorka, and has just reached the age of sixteen.  
**The Land Reservation.**  
This Indian reserve embraces upwards of 900 square miles of land, four-fifths of which is good tillable land, and much the larger portion of it is the premium land of the country for wheat. They should less than 1,500 Indians, men, women and children, all told, hold this amount of good land? This is more than 350 acres to each man, woman and child on the reservation, and there not being more than 300 persons among them all who under the land laws, were they not Indians, would be allowed the benefit of the several acts providing for pre-emption, homestead and timber culture, each qualified Indian could take his pre-emption, homestead and timber culture, amounting to 480 acres each, or 144,000 acres in all, and there would be left remaining 436,000 acres for white men to occupy under the present land laws, or enough to supply 2,857 whites with a farm of 160 acres each. Now is there any sense or reason for reserving 375,000 acres of land for

these few Indians who neither cultivate nor graze one-fifth part of it, while if open to the white settler much the larger portion of it would soon be plowed and cultivated, and made to yield abundant harvests of wheat and other grains to enrich the country? It really is an act of injustice to the Indian to make him lord of so much land which he never will utilize. Let efforts be made to open the Nez Percé reservation to settlement by the whites in such manner as will not do injury to the Indians. Segregate the Indians on lands of the reservation of 100 and 320 acres each and the rest will follow.—Teller.  
**Important to Pre-emptors.**  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, D.C., July 16, 1880.  
**Registers and Receivers:**  
GENTLEMEN—I transmit herewith a copy of an act entitled "An Act to amend sections twenty-two hundred and sixty-two and twenty-three hundred and one of the Revised Statutes of the United States, in relation to the settler's affidavit in pre-emption and commuted homestead entries."  
The above named sections required these affidavits to be made before Registers and Receivers, and this act provides that they may be made before the Clerk of the County Court or of any court of record of the county and state or district and territory in which the lands are situated; and if said lands are situated in any unorganized county, such affidavit may be made in similar manner in any adjacent organized county in state or territory.  
The affidavit required by section twenty-two hundred and sixty-two is the regular pre-emption affidavit, designated as No. 20, page 71, of General Circular of September 1, 1879, and affidavit required by section twenty-three hundred and one is in case of commutation from a homestead, as provided in said section, requiring proof to be made in same manner as under the law granting pre-emption rights. The form for the latter affidavit is found in the above named circular, on page 80, and is designated as No. 35.  
I have to advise you in the connection that the accompanying act is to be considered as retroactive in all cases pending, and in which your action has been withheld by reason of the affidavits having been made before such officers as are designated in the act, before the date of its approval.  
Very respectfully,  
J. A. WILLIAMS, COMMISSIONER.  
*By the order of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.* That the affidavit required to be made by sections twenty-two hundred and sixty-two and one of the Revised Statutes of the United States, may be made before the clerk of the county court or of any court of record of the county and state or district and Territory in which the lands are situated; and if said lands are situated in any unorganized county, such affidavit may be made in a similar manner in any adjacent county in said state or territory, and the affidavit so made and duly subscribed shall have the same force and effect as if made before the register or receiver of the proper land district; and the same shall be transmitted by such clerk of the court of the register and receiver with the fee and charges allowed by law.  
Approved June 9, 1880.  
**How an Owl's Head Revolves.**  
A writer who had read a story about an owl wringing his own neck off by looking at a man who was walking around him tested the matter by experiment. He obtained a specimen and placed it on top of a post. "It was not difficult," says the writer, "to secure his attention, for he never diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly round the post a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements. When I was half way around his head was directly behind him. Three-quarters of a circle were completed, and still the same twist of the neck and the stare followed. One circle and no change. On I went, twice round, and still that watchful stare and steady turn of the head. On I went, three times round, and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I had failed to notice before. When I reached halfway round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing me again with such precision, that I failed to detect the movement although I was looking intently all the while."  
**Southern Friends.**  
While it is true that the Republicans have made considerable gains of Congressmen in the Southern States, including two in Missouri, one in Kentucky, one in Tennessee, one and probably two in Virginia, and possible one each in Florida and North Carolina, it is no less true that in a good many districts the Republican candidates have been apparently voted out by frauds in gross contempt of the laws of the United States. South Carolina, but for such frauds and their twin brothers, violence, should send three Republicans to Congress out of her five, Louisiana three or four, Arkansas two.

Justice and good policy both demand, says the S. F. Chronicle, that in every contested election where the credentials of the person claiming to have had a majority of the votes clearly show that his claim is founded upon fraud, intimidation or violation of law, he should be unseated and the seat given to the contestant. This rule particularly applies to these Southern districts, where the laws were openly and boastfully contemned as an insult to the Government of the United States. Each House of Congress, through its majority, is the supreme and final judge of the qualifications of its members; and it is to be hoped that the next House of Representatives, when it comes to pass judgment on the seats of Southern Democrats whose right to sit will be contested on the ground of fraud or other violation of law, may turn every man out against whom the same shall be proved. This is the only remedy for a great and gross political evil. Let the Southern Kluxes once be made to understand that their frauds and bulldozing can have no recognition in Congress, and they will be less apt than they have been at perpetrating them. We set this ball rolling now, and we shall keep it in motion till it crushes the scoundrelism at which it is directed.  
**Local.**  
**A Romance in Skeleton.**  
A calm, delightful autumn night—  
A moon's mysterious, golden light—  
A maiden at her window height,  
In robes of pure and dainty white.  
The little wicket gate ajar—  
A lover tripping from afar,  
With musical voice and light guitar,  
To woo his radiant, guiding star.  
A lute with soft, insidious twang—  
Oh, how the dozing lover sang—  
A ball of wire with remorseless tang—  
A nip, a grip, a deathly pang.  
A maiden with a startled glance—  
A shriek for deliverance—  
A kind of wicker, hilarious dance—  
A pair of riven doekskin pants.  
A maiden fainting with fright—  
A lover in a slumbering night—  
A bull dog chucking with delight—  
A wild, delicious Autumn night!  
M.  
**Southern Sentiment.**  
Commenting on the result of the election the Atlanta, Georgia, Constitution says: "It is the result of a series of blunders, beginning with the Potter Committee and ending with the surrender of the party to the selfish whims of an element which had John Kelly as its commanding general. It would appear that the line of sectionalism has been sharply drawn by the voters of the North, but there is nothing depressing in this fact. We are willing that the North should draw the sectional line in politics if the South be permitted to draw a line with regard to the progress and improvement of their conditions and forces which make a people happy in their fields, their workshops and their homes. We have a prosperous future before, and to this we should look intently. We have the cause of public education to promote and the welfare of a great and growing section to foster. The South expected little more from General Hancock's administration than it will ask from General Garfield's. We want nothing more than simple, exact, absolute justice. If the new President owes nothing to the South, he at least owes something to the country; and we shall be glad to see him cancel the debt by giving us an administration as fair, just and clean as that of Mr. Hayes."  
**Waves of Cold.**  
R. G. Jenkins, F. R. A. S., has attempted to show a very remarkable effect of the planet Venus upon the earth. Many years ago the present Astronomer Royal proved that the disturbing effect of this planet was so great that the earth was materially pulled out of its orbit. Mr. Jenkins shows that it is to this disturbing action we must look for an explanation of the cold waves which occur, on an average, every eight years—as in 1820, 1837, 1845, 1864, 1871, 1879—and that for the next forty years the temperature will be below the average, as it has during the last forty years been above the average. In regard to high temperature he states that for the last fifty years a heat wave has been observed to pass over the earth every twelve years, nearly contemporary with the arrival of the planet Jupiter at its perihelion, and that we are on the eve of the next heat wave.  
**Equine Endurance.**  
A Tanner experiment was made with a number of horses in Paris, in 1876. The following results were obtained: 1. It was proven beyond all doubt that a horse can hold out for twenty-days without any solid nourishment, provided it is supplied with sufficient and good drinking water. 2. A horse can barely hold out for five days without water. 3. If a horse is well fed for ten days, but insufficiently provided with water during the same period, it will not outlive the eleventh day. One horse, from which water had been entirely withheld for three days, drank on the fourth day sixty litres of water within three minutes. A horse which received no solid nourishment for twelve days, nevertheless, in a condition on the twelfth day to draw a load of 279 kilos.  
An old monkey, desiring to teach his sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks and desired them to see how easily they might be broken one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him altogether, and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time, I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

**A Stranger's Mistake.**  
A few days ago a Western man, who wanted to do some sight-seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry goods jobbing house on Broadway, and accosted the first person he met with, "Are you the proprietor here?" "Not exactly the proprietor," was the reply. "At present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer meetings in the basement."  
The stranger passed on to a very important looking personage with a diamond pin, and asked: "Are you the head of the house?"  
"Well, no; I can't say as I am at present, but I have hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travelers just now, but I'm laying for a \$200 pew in an up-town church, and that will mean a quarter interest in less than six months."  
The next man had his feet up, his hat back and a 20-cent cigar in his mouth and he looked so solid that the stranger said:  
"You must run this establishment."  
"Me? Well I may run it very soon. At present I'm the bookkeeper, but I'm expecting to get into a church choir with the old man's darling and become an equal partner here."  
The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around until he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and he said to him:  
"The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see."  
"Yes," was the brief reply.  
"But I suppose you are planning to invent a Gospel hymn book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?"  
"Well, no, not exactly," was the quiet reply. "I'm the old man himself."  
And all that stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was: "Well darn my button.—Wall Street News.  
The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the places where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.  
The team attached to the family carriage of a rich Galveston family ran away a few days ago. The lady and her daughter were in the carriage, and the street was full of vehicles. She asked the coachman if he could stop the team. He said he could not, but he thought he could steer it. "Then," said she, leaning back with great composure, "run us into some stylish turnout. I want to be thrown into good company." Fortunately the team was halted just as it was about to demolish a swill cart.  
The Princess of Wales, when at Sandringham, has little tea parties for which she herself makes the butter in a silver churn and spreads it on slices of bread which she cuts with her own hands. While she is at work she wears a chintz dress and a little white apron.  
"I don't think I like these mosquito-ing places," said Job Shuttle, as he gazed long and mournfully at his face as reflected by the mirror. "I declare, I never met so many bills in one night before. Honored every one of 'em with a draft, too. Blood money, by jingo."  
About this time expect casual references in the sermons of returned ministers, "As I was ascending Vesuvius," or "Standing beneath the dome of St. Peter's."  
The infidel argues just as a bull dog, chained 2 a post. He bellows and swears but he don't git loose from the post, I notice. Not much.  
Truth is said to be stranger than fiction—it is 2 some phobias.