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NO. 16.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

I. LYONS,
JEWELER, AND CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRER. Shop in Gradwell's new brick Store, Albany, Oregon. oct29/10/17

CRANOR & HELM,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Office—In Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon, and

J. C. POWELL,
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HOUSE, SIGN, CARPENTRY AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS GRAINERS AND GLAZIERS. Also, Paperhanging and Calcining done with neatness and dispatch. Shop at the corner of First street, in Cunningham's old store, Albany, Oregon. oct29/10/17

J. BARROWS & CO.,
GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS. DEALERS in Staple, Dry and Fancy Goods Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery Boots and Shoes, Albany, Oregon. Consignments solicited. oct29/10/17

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST, ALBANY, OGN. Performs all operations in the line of DENTISTRY in the most PERFECT and IMPROVED manner. Persons desiring artificial teeth will do well to give him a call. Office up-stairs in Foster's brick. Residence corner of Second and Baker streets. oct29/10/17

I. O. O. F.,
ALBANY LODGE, NO. 4. The Regular Meetings of Albany Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., are held at their Hall in Norcross' Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the N. G. oct29/10/17

NOTICE! MONEY TO LET.
A FEW TWENTIES left, to pay for good Wheat. Highest cash price paid on delivery of good wheat at my ware house, Albany, Oregon. R. CHEADLE.

WANTED:
100,000 POUNDS OF WOOL. For which we will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. W. W. PARRISH & CO. Albany, January 27th, 1866.

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!
\$50,000 WORTH!
CHARLES BARRETT,
Front Street, and No. 5 Washington Street, Portland.

The Largest, Most General, and Most Splendid Assortment of STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, LETTER PRESSES, & C., ON THE PACIFIC COAST, RICHLY BOUND.

Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books. An Immense Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS! Orders From the Interior. Filled with dispatch and care. CHARLES BARRETT, Portland, November 16, 1865.

Dissolution Notice. THEIR partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the "Democrat Establishment" on account of advertising, subscriptions, or job work, will be paid to Abbott & Brown; and all debts against the firm are hereby assumed and will be paid by them.

M. H. ABBOTT, M. V. BROWN, JNO. TRAVERSE Albany, Nov. 16, 1865.

N. B.—The "Democrat" will continue regularly to be published by the undersigned, at the same place, and on the same terms as heretofore. We respectfully solicit, not only a continuance, but the increased patronage of the public. ABBOTT & BROWN.

LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

Early Oregon Missions—Their Importance in Securing the Country to Americans.

[NUMBER THREE.]

The caravan reached their rendezvous on Green river, the 1st of July, and the Missionaries found a large number of the Flat Head and Nez Perces Indians on the lookout for teachers, and learned from them that Mr. Lee had passed their country (salt water). They learned that these were the tribes who had sent three years before for the book of God and teachers. They found these Indians much grieved that Mr. Lee had passed by them. They saw at once the hand of God pointing to these tribes as their future mission field. They determined that while Mr. Parker should proceed with the Nez Perces and Flat Head Indians to their country, and visit, also, the English Trading Posts on the Columbia, and return to meet Doctor Whitman and party at that rendezvous the next year, the Doctor should return at once to the States, by the same company, report to the Mission Board, and if possible obtain associates during the winter, and so gain a year, and putting themselves under protection of the American Fur Company, according to promises already given, cross the mountains the next year and meet Mr. Parker at the rendezvous, who after examining the Indian countries and the trading posts, would be able to report to the prospects of the proposed mission field, the number and character of the Nations, the character of the unknown country, its climate, its soil, the character of the English Fur Traders, whether Missionaries could count upon their friendship or opposition, whether bread could be raised and supplies of clothing had, and whether we would be compelled to depend on wild game and skins.

The Nez Perces, to make sure work and not be disappointed again, sent two of their boys, of about fourteen years of age, with Dr. Whitman as kind of hostages, for his sure return next year. The Doctor and the Indian boys reached the States in the fall, with the Fur Company, and received the kindest regards from the proprietors of the Company, at St. Louis, and their renewed assurances that they would afford him and his associates the next year every protection and facility in their power for the invaluable services he had rendered to their Company and to the mountains. He might depend upon their steamer to convey his ladies and baggage to Council Bluffs, and their caravan to convey them to Green River, and their hunters to furnish daily food from the Buffalo herds.

On receiving the Doctor's Report, the American Board resolved at once to send Missionaries to the Nez Perces and Flat Head Nations, and applied immediately to the several young ladies who had offered themselves to the Board for the work of Mission in the Foreign Field. But while young men enough could be obtained to undertake a journey across the continent, not a young lady could be found willing to face the Rocky Mountains and the risk the Doctor they applied to several settled pastors who had signified their willingness to enter the Foreign Field, but with no better success. Not a married or unmarried woman could be found willing to face the hazards of that gigantic undertaking. Any other part of the world—the Isles of the distant seas, the dark mountains of Kordistan, the crowded millions of China, the death pools of the Senagall, anywhere else in the known world but the unknown Northwest coast, where the foot of white woman had never yet trod. None could be found of sufficient moral and physical courage to undertake this great work, but the early devoted Miss Prentiss, the intended wife of Dr. Whitman; but the Doctor could not commence this desirable mission without an ordained missionary and his wife. The winter was now far gone, and the Doctor was about to give up his mission, when, on arriving in Prattsburgh, N. Y., in our dear home, (it does my soul good to write that name, after being dogged and hunted by the blood hounds and catpaws of Fanaticism for long a time in this country, and to think of one place in this world so like the Kingdom of Heaven) he learned of the deep and early piety of my angel wife, and was told if any body would so she would undertake the journey, could the object be laid before her. But myself and wife were appointed, and were on our way to the Osage Nation as Missionaries.

The Doctor immediately got permission of the American Board for us to change our destination if we should see fit. He overtook and immediately made himself and his object known to us. We turned aside into an inn to consider the subject. The Doctor said this was his last hope.—If we, like the very many others who had been solicited, should decline the mission to the Nez Perces and Flat Head Indians, beyond the Rocky Mountains, the undertaking must be abandoned, at least for another year.

That was a most fearful moment in the journey of my life. I had said in my Academic lectures on Temperance, "That money enough was expended for rum every year to build a second North American Republic on the shores of the Pacific." But that was the republic of fancy, eight years before. Now the very like was a reality. A stupendous question, taking in the whole of my life, and of another life, more to me than my own, to be decided in twenty minutes. I asked the Doctor many questions concerning the distance, the probable time of crossing the mountains, the food, and the dangers. He knew nothing of the Hudson Bay Company, or of the vast region beyond the Rocky Mountains. In the first place we must make up our mind to do without bread throughout the whole journey, and until we could raise it from a quart of seed, to be taken with us. Two years

might be spent in reaching our destination, and the winter be passed in the snows of the Rocky Mountains and among mountain trappers; the horse and mule our sole dependence for conveyance, and they to gather their own subsistence the whole route by grazing a few minutes morning, noon and evening; to be driven in every night and guarded by a regular watch with sleepless vigilance. The American Fur Company had cheerfully agreed to convey our ladies and effects with their own goods in their steamer to Council Bluffs, and had offered us the protection of their caravan to the mountains, and this to be under constant guard day and night. The whole distance lay through wild countries inhabited by savage tribes constantly at war with each other, and many of them at war with the whites. The innumerable rivers to be swam, forded or rafted on bundles of bull-rushes; liable to be overtaken at any time by terrific thunder and hail storms, against which the strongest tent is only so much paper. Men had been knocked down in these hail storms, and one man had been knocked down three times in one storm in the mountains. These storms sometimes filled the dry gulches in a few minutes with raging, impassable torrents. Much of the way through the mountains was covered with woods, without a tree or green thing to relieve the eye, except the small acre of grass, or the streams of water or springs, scarcely enough often for camp; our daily food to be asked of God and obtained by the skillful hunters from the wild herds of buffalo. We were to take food sufficient to last to the Buffalo ranges, and the least possible supply of clothing, seeds, books, implements and medicines, and to depend on God and wild skins for future food. The American Fur Company should leave us at the rendezvous on Green river, only half way, we were to look to God for guides and a conveyer either down the sand plains of the Snake river or through the Wind river, Beaver Head and Bitter Root mountains. Doctor Whitman was determined to remove all romance from the subject and present nothing but the cold facts so far as they had come under his observation or obtained them from mountain men. But a hardy mountain trapper is a very different person from a feeble woman. Every mountain traveler pronounced it impossible for a white woman to live out the hardships and dangers. He alone thought otherwise. My own mind was made up. I felt there could be but one answer in the case of my wife. She was very feeble, and had not yet recovered from a severe sickness, and could not walk half a mile. But what was my surprise, on entering the room with Dr. Whitman, a few minutes afterward, to hear her say, "I will go with you, and I have made up my mind to go." My blood chilled, and my mind shook, and I could only stammer out: "But, my dear, your health?" But she instantly replied, and Oh that smile of satisfaction that could come only from a heart unreservedly consecrated, and worth more to me even than all the gold of California: "I like the command just as it stands: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature: no exception for your health.' Recovering a little, but half frenzied, for getting myself and thinking only of her certain death in those distant wilds, I exclaimed: "But, my dear, have you really considered the superhuman work before you; a journey of 3,000 miles through that great and terrible wilderness, where so many strong men have perished from starvation, from hardships and by the savages; to be perhaps two years, and to winter in the snows of the Rocky Mountains; sick, or well, to be compelled to travel on; the cold earth or snow, or rocks your pillow at night, and the heavens your curtains; without a house to shelter you from the terrific hail or thunder storms, or a single civilized family to comfort you. To do without bread the whole distance and until we could raise it, if ever, in the unknown country to which we go; to depend upon the wild herds of Buffalo for our daily food; the raging, bridgeless rivers; the frightful precipices; the scorching sand-plains; death by starvation, or prisoner for life among the savages; to bid adieu forever to parents, home and the civilized world; to depend for success upon the endurance of the single animal, the horse, to hold out the 3,000 miles, to be continually under the saddle the ten or eighteen months, or at the picket, with only two hours, morning, noon and evening, to feed. The vast distance one succession of snow-capped mountains, dark gorges or endless sand-plains, with scarcely a green thing to relieve the eye, and where yet the foot of the white woman has never trod, and liable every moment the whole distance to be pounced upon by some of those sleepless bands of savage robbers, who ever hang upon caravans, ready to take advantage of the first unguarded moment to drive off the horses and teams beyond the reach of hope, or perhaps scalp the men and take our wives prisoners."

But with the same heavenly calmness she replied: "What must mean ye to weep and to break my heart, for I am ready to die at Jerusalem or on the Rocky Mountains for the sake of the Lord Jesus; and my strength, by my life, my strength and the dangers of the way are His, who has already given His life for me, and I am happy to give mine as I now do unto Him."

The great decision was made. A decision and consecration the most entire, unreserved, unselfish, Christ-like of human life to the Lord Jesus, in accordance to His command. This decision determined also the future of this Great Pacific West, emphatically.

HORSE STABLES.—It is a fault with most stables that they are built for men rather than horses. We wish to point out two common errors into which not a few builders are liable to fall in constructing stables, especially those upon farms. The first is in having the doors and upper floors so low as they generally are. On account of these low doors horses instinctively learn to fear them, and they shy, rear or prance whenever led toward them. They are, also, among the most frequent causes of poll-evil. The horse, when passing through them, is either surprised by something it beholds outside of the building, or checked by the voice or gesture of the person leading him, when up goes the head, and crash comes the poll against the beam of the doorway. A violent bruise often results therefrom, and a deep-seated abscess follows. Low hay-floors also produce the same trouble. The sudden elevation of the head is, in the horse, expressive of the very unexpected emotion. This effect is always noticed whenever you enter the stable rapidly or at an unusual hour. A sudden noise will also cause the same upward motion of the head.—With low stables an injury to the horse is almost invariably sure to follow.

Again, the easiest position in which the horse can stand, is when the hind feet are the highest portion of the body, or when the floor of the stall slants in exactly the opposite direction from what it does in most stables. This is the error in constructing stables with which we are alluded. Horses at liberty, in a pasture, invariably stand, when at ease, with their hind feet elevated somewhat, and it is almost a wonder that builders of stables have not improved upon this fact before, and adapted floors to the wants of the horse. The moisture from the horse, if the floor slanted toward the forward feet would help to keep the forward feet moist, cool, and healthy; whereas they are now generally hot, full of fever and require washing with cool soap-suds at least once a day, in order to be kept in a healthy condition. This is not all. Where the floor slants back, the horse not unfrequently attempts to ease the heavy strain upon the flexor tendons of the hind legs, by hanging back upon the halter. The pressure upon the seat of the poll stops the natural circulation, and in time it develops itself into a deep-seated abscess. We would like to see a stable in which the two errors in building we have pointed out did not occur. If the builder was not satisfied with it we are sure the occupant would be, and would repay him by long years of good service with unstrained limbs and a healthy system. [Maine Farmer.]

A CHEAP AND GOOD SMOKEHOUSE.—A Western New York farmer publishes his plan of a small, cheap and yet good smokehouse, which, as it may contain some practical hints for our readers, we append it: "No farmer should be without a good smokehouse, and such one as will be fire-proof and tolerably secure from theft. Fifty hams can be smoked at one time in a smokehouse seven by eight feet square. Mine is six by seven and is yet large enough for most farmers. I first dug all the ground out below where the frost would reach, and filled it up to the surface with small stones. On this I laid my brick floor in lime mortar. The walls are brick eight inches thick, and seven feet high, with a door on one side two feet wide. The door should be made of wood and lined with sheet-iron. For the top I put on joists, two by four, set up edgewise, and eight and a half inches from center to center, covered with brick and put on a heavy coat of mortar. I built a small chimney on the top, in the center, arching it over, and covering it with a single roof in the usual way. An arch should be built on the outside, with a small iron door to shut it up, similar to a stove door, with a hole from the arch through the wall of the smokehouse, and an iron grate over it. This arch is much more convenient, and better to put the fire in, than to build a fire inside of the smokehouse. Good corn-cobs or hickory wood are the best material to make smoke for hams. The cost of such a smokehouse as I have described is about \$20."

MILK AND MILKERS.—In a recent article on the qualities of milk, &c., Dr. Voelcker says: "Generally speaking, small races, or small individuals of the larger race, give the richest milk from the same kind of food. Where good quality is the main object, Alderneys or Guernseys unquestionably are the cows that ought to be kept, for they give richer cream than any other kind in common use in this country; but of course, Alderneys are not the most profitable stock for cow-keepers in towns, with whom the Yorkshire cow, essentially a short-horn, is a favorite, as it surpasses all others for the quantity of milk it yields. The milk, however, compared with the Alderney or Ayrshire cow, is more watery and less rich in butter, and therefore not well-suited for dairies in which butter and cheese are made. In the spring of the year and the early part of summer milk is more abundant, and the butter made from it of a finer flavor. As the season advances the supply diminishes, but becomes richer in butter. The influence of food on the quality of milk is very striking. A last-year cow yields little milk, but what it yields is miserably poor. On the other hand, a liberal supply of food rich in nitrogenous and phosphatic elements, distributed directly on the milk. Nothing, therefore, can be more injudicious than to stint dairy cows in food."

HOW TO GAIN LEISURE.—Employ your time well, if you mean to gain leisure.

Effect of Imagination. Many years ago a celebrated French physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our savant sought the culprit and thus addressed him: "Sir, several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the gallows and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being led to death within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual, and free from pain."

The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed place. His eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to the table, and at a preconcerted signal four of his veins were prickled with the point of a pin.—At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water, so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient, believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak and the conversation of the doctors, in an undertone, confirmed him in this opinion.

"What fine blood?" said one. "What a pity, this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time." "Hush!" said the other. Then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "How many pounds of blood are there in the human body?" "Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state." The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The patient, who had been in the apartment broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient that, although a man of strong constitution, he fainted and died without losing a drop of blood.

A RAT STORY.—There is living in St. Louis at the present time a man of fine education, long past the meridian of life, who has seen better days, whose fine sensibilities have been mellowed rather than blunted by the adverse circumstances through which he has passed, and who makes it his special duty to place a large bowl of fresh water, every evening, at the time of dusk, in his room, for the express benefit of the rats that live in his immediate precinct. He then complacently places himself in an old arm-chair, and silently enjoys the scene before him, as one little animal after another appears at his feet slaking their parched throats. In his own words, "he contemplates them with indescribable pleasure as they sip their drink and look up into his face with an expression of gratitude!" What an enigma life is to be sure! Here is a man who for many days scarcely finds means to provide for one substantial meal; too proud to make his necessities known; yet in the nobility of his humanity he provides for the wants of the rat, an animal which all creation naturally loathes. Sterne, in his fine conceptions of humanity, does not present anything superior to that picture.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.—It is not enough to think and to know, says the North British Review. It requires the faculty of utterance, and a peculiar kind of an utterance. Certain things are to be said in a certain manner; and your amateur article writer is sure to strengthen in any manner but the right. Perhaps of all styles of writing there is none in which excellency is so rarely attained as that of newspaper writing. A readable leading article may not be a work of the loftiest order, or demand for its execution the highest attribute of genius; but, whatever it may be the power of accomplishing it with success is not shared by "tousands of clever fellows." Thousands of clever fellows, fortified by Mr. Thackeray's opinion, may think they could write the articles which they read in the morning journals; but let them take the pen and paper, and try.

KEEPING BACON HAMS.—Make a number of cotton bags, a little larger than your hams; after your hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; then get the best kind of sweet, well-made hay, cut it with a knife, and with your hands press it well around the hams in the bags; tie the bags with the good strings, put on a card of the year to show their age, and hang them up in a garret or some dry room, and they will hang five years, and they will be better for boiling than on the day you hang them up. This method costs but little and the bags will last forty years. No flies or bugs will trouble the hams if the hay is well pressed around them; the sweating of the hams will be taken up by the hay, and the hay will impart a fine flavor to the hams. The hams should be treated in this way before hot weather sets in.

CLEANSING HAIR BRUSHES.—Soda dissolved in cold water, is better than soap in hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda, having an affinity for grease, cleanses the brush with very little friction.

In England the cows are not kept in barns or close stables, as in this country, but in sheds built of stones, and nicely paved. In these, says Mr. Willard, they take their places during summer, night and morning, for milking, and each milk-er is allotted seven cows.

Practical Jokes. Two years ago the writer of this article attended a picnic where the children were arranged around tables and waited upon by kind ladies, who furnished them with an abundance of good things. All seemed happy and contented except one little boy, who, sad and silent, stood apart from the rest. He had been forgotten, I thought, and drew the attention of the lady nearest me to the child.

"There is a little boy who looks wistfully at the cakes and pies, but he seems to be eating nothing." "Why, do you not know that he cannot eat?" the lady asked, in evident surprise, and then told me his sad story. Here it is: "Two boys were playing together in the back yard of the dwelling where one of them lived. They had everything to make their lives pleasant—friends, fortunes and health, and no future was brighter than theirs. As they ran through the yard, one of them stopped a moment before a vat of dark, clear liquid, and asked his playmate what it was. "I know; taste it," was the reply. "Is it good?" "Yes, real good; taste it." The little fellow put his mouth down and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong lyre, and shrunk the membranes of his throat and destroyed his palate, and from that day to this he has never eaten solid food. Bread, broth or sugar and water is all the nourishment his feeble life receives.

The story is true. It was a cruel joke, and the boy who perpetrated it will bitterly repent it, for it will yet probably cost a human life.

A WORD FOR WIVES.—Little wives! if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first days of love! Remember how you loved him then—how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded, and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that thro' the many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in heaven—turn back and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and do not let the lover you admired will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side; cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and, my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the purer, higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.

SEEING THE WIND.—Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, says the Scientific American, with a straight, true edge;—a large hand saw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain, or the air be murky—in other words, let the air be dry and clear. It is essential if the wind be steady, but this is not essential. Hold your metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—e. g., if the wind is north, hold your surface directed east and west, but instead of holding the surface vertical, incline it so that forty-five degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking, glances and flows over the edge (keeping it straight) as water flows over a dam.—Now, sight carefully over the straight edge at some minute and sharply-defined object, and you see the air flow as water flows over a dam. Make your observations carefully, and you will hardly ever fail to see the air, no matter how cold; the result is even better when the sun is obscured.

A GOOD HUSBAND.—Not long since Mr. H. called upon an old friend whom he found in a most melancholy mood.—"Laws! Mrs. Mourful," he exclaimed, "what on earth air you thinking about?" "Nothing else in the world but my poor, dear husband. He was such a devoted man—always bringing home his little kindness to me. I couldn't help thinking, just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's sassafras sipping, about what poor Mr. Mourful used to bring me. He knew I was fond of sassafras, and he hardly ever without fetching me some in his pocket. He was very fond of eggs himself, and would occasionally fetch a few of them for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sassafras on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never'd think of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, 'Simon, where's your eggs?' Just as like as not he'd been setting 'em!"

LUCK IN A BLACK EYE.—The custom of throwing a shoe, taken from the left foot, after persons for good luck, has been practiced in Norfolk from time immemorial, not only at weddings, but on all occasions where good luck is required. Some forty years ago a cattle dealer desired his wife to "trull her left shoe after him," when he started for Norwich to buy a lottery ticket. As he drove off on his errand, he looked round to see if she performed the charm, and consequently he received the shoe in his face with such force as to black his eyes. He went and bought his ticket, which turned up a prize of £200; and his son has assured me that his father always attributed his luck to the extra dose of shoe which he got.—[Notes and Queries.]

ONE MILLION DOLLARS.—The cost to the people of the bill increasing the pay of members of Congress is the round sum of a million of dollars.

MARRYING A TWIN.—A correspondent writing from Arkansas Springs, describes a wedding which took place between two persons who had never seen each other until the day before. The next morning two or three wagging fellows informed him that his wife had a twin sister, that they were so much alike it was difficult to tell them apart, and that he had married the wrong one. The poor fellow, without saying anything to his wife, went directly to the magistrate, and wished him to "undo what he had done, and marry him to the right gal." The worthy Squire told him that if he had known this the evening before, he would have fixed it right, but too much time had elapsed, and it was too late!

TO FIND THE WEIGHT OF SHEEP.—A good way to ascertain the weight of sheep that you wish to sell for mutton, is to take it alive and weigh it, and divide the amount by seven. Thus, a sheep that would weigh 148 pounds, divided by seven, would give twenty pounds of dead weight, equal to the weight of one quarter, or eighty pounds for the whole mutton.—The point and rough tallow would make about twenty pounds more, thus making what is called in the Boston market four quarters to the animal. Of course sheep poorly or extra fattened, will go above or below this average, but on the whole I ask our farmers to test it, and see if it is not correct.

SWEET GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—Peel and slice two gallons of green tomatoes, five table-spoons of ground mustard seed, two gills of mustard seed, two table-spoons of ground cinnamon, one pound of brown sugar, three quarts vinegar. Boil all together until quite done. If you choose you may use one spoonful of ground cinnamon and a portion of cinnamon bark. Celery tops improve the flavor. They are excellent.

FOR THE LADIES.—A Paris political economist has written an essay upon the means of augmenting the quantity of bread for human consumption. The treatise wanders learnedly over the matter, and winds up with a suggestion that ladies should not use powder on their faces, and gives the statistics of what would be the result. Of course it is only a joke.

YOUNG DUELIST.—We saw a little boy about twelve years of age, says the Grass Valley National, who we are told, fought a duel, about two years ago, with another boy of about the same age, in which he got wounded. We have had a good many instances of late of the fastness of the Young America of this section, but we think this a little lays over anything in this line that we ever heard of.

SALT AS MANURE.—A correspondent of the Canada Farmer experimented with salt this season as manure. He sowed it on barley and oats at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds per acre, leaving strips of un-sown grain in each field in order to test the efficacy of the salt. He is confident that it added one third to his crop.

A SMART SERVANT.—Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant, and told if he moved, he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

COAT OF ARMS.—A miserly halfwit coming into the possession of a baronetcy, and desiring an appropriate "coat of arms," adopted one representing a tin plate, over which was placed a fork, signifying "Fork over the tin."

A PITY.—Gen. Butler was greeted at the Pittsburg Convention with "three cheers and a tiger." Pity, says the Louisville Journal, the tiger had been one of the Bengal breed, let loose upon him.

SOME FACE.—A man being told by an acquaintance that Miss—(who is a rather broad featured young lady) had a benign countenance, he replied, "Perhaps you mean a seven by nine."

WHO WOULDN'T?—"Herrings, pickled and smoked, dull and quiet," says the Price Current. We should suppose so. Who wouldn't be dull and quiet after being pickled and smoked?

WHAT ANIMAL?—"Mary," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from his clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

MENDEL.—The performances of the needle-gun throw sewing-machines into the shade when we consider how many Austrians are men-dead by means of it.

CONJUGAL COMPLIMENTS.—Husband—"Mary, my love, this dumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, finish it then my dear."

GRASSHOPPERS.—A southwest wind is said to carry the grasshoppers along with it. Any other causes them to alight and fall to the work of destruction.

BOUND TO.—A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

JEALOUSY.—Some wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

NO WONDER.—No wonder Job was so badly bowed; his wife kept him continually in hot water.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.