

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper name to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

OFFICE OF SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT LINN COUNTY, AT HARRISBURG. T. J. STITES.

G. F. SETTLEMIER, Druggist and Apothecary. DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, Paints, Window Glass, Etc.

N. S. DU BOIS, CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING A large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, etc.

D. B. RICE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ALBANY, OREGON.

N. H. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OFFICE—In N. Oregon's Brick Building, up stairs, Albany, Oregon.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public. Special attention given to collections.

J. HANNON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. ALBANY, OREGON.

POWELL & FLINN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

MILTAGEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.

CHAIRS AND TURNING! ALL SIZES OF RAW-HIDE BOTTOMED CHAIRS!

METZLER'S SHOP! All kinds of TURNING done to order. Timber for hubs on hand and made for turning.

J. C. MENDENHALL, NOTARY PUBLIC. ALBANY, OREGON.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE! THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment.

PROMAN BUILDING! WHEAT AND FLAX-SEED DEPOT! Cleaning and Elevating Capacity 10,000 Bushels per Day!

150,000 Bushels Wheat Wanted in Store! 50,000 Bushels for those who wish to sell or store with us.

PAT'S CHALLENGER THRESHER! Haines' Headers! MOWERS!

Agricultural Implements! For Sale by BLAIN, YOUNG & CO., Albany, Oregon.

CORVALLIS COLLEGE! YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 2 1/2 months), from \$10 to \$15, according to studies.

MALES AND FEMALES. CORVALLIS, OREGON. YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 2 1/2 months), from \$10 to \$15, according to studies.

MALES AND FEMALES. CORVALLIS, OREGON. YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 2 1/2 months), from \$10 to \$15, according to studies.

MALES AND FEMALES. CORVALLIS, OREGON. YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 2 1/2 months), from \$10 to \$15, according to studies.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1870.

NO. 10.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON.

The Oldest Purely Mutual Life Insurance Co. in the United States.

INCORPORATED, 1835.

Dividends of this Company are paid ANNUALLY to the Assured, in CASH.

Its Record Stands as Follows:

Cash Assets, January, 1870, \$9,000,000 00

Cash Dividend of 1868, 672,000 00

Cash Dividend of 1869, 526,375 85

Cash Dividend of 1870, 786,197 50

Cash Surplus divided, 4,000,000 00

Total Losses paid, 200,000 00

By the Acts of Massachusetts, incorporated into the General Statutes of 1864, a policy of life insurance for the benefit of a MARRIED WOMAN OR ANY PERSON OR PERSONS SPECIALLY designated in their wills, or the Deeds and Wills of the Party who effects the Policy.

The New England is the only Massachusetts Company doing business on the Pacific Coast, and is the only Company governed by the equitable Massachusetts Law.

EXAMPLE SHOWING THE WORKINGS OF THIS LAW Plan Ordinary Life.

FOR EXAMPLE: A party insuring at the age of thirty-five, Premiums all Cash.

One Annual Premium will continue policy in force 2 years and 3 days.

EXAMPLE: Premiums all Cash, Age 35; Plan, Ten Year Endowment, payable at the age of 45. One Annual Premium will continue policy in force as a Term Policy, 7 years.

If you wish to make it absolutely certain that not a dollar you invest will ever be forfeited, invest in the New England.

If you wish to get your dividends with the security and safety of a policy, and to increase the contribution plan, that is—TO GET JUST WHAT IS YOURS—NO MORE AND NO LESS, and just what it is due—Invest in the New England.

NO STOCKHOLDERS IN THIS COMPANY. Its business in Linn county in the last year and a half exceeds that of all other companies combined.

EVERSON & MIDDLEMISS, General Agents, Portland, Ore.

S. M. HOLDREDE, Agent for Oregon and Washington Ter.

JAMES ELKINS, Ag't, ALBANY, OREGON.

ELKINS & SON, AT LEBANON.

One of the Oldest Mercantile Firms in Linn County!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING A NEW AND FRESH STOCK OF GOODS!

DIRECT FROM THE EAST! Which will be sold at the Very Cheapest Figures!

Offering every inducement to their old customers and others to purchase their SPRING SUPPLIES

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING! GROCERIES! Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes!

BUILDING MATERIALS & HARDWARE. PAINTS AND OILS, A Special Feature!

Quick Sales, Small Profits and Prompt Pay! L. ELKINS & SON, Lebanon, April 1, 1870—12533nd.

UMATILLA HOUSE! DALES CITY, OREGON.

SELLING STRAWBERRIES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I tell you it's all nonsense," said Uncle Peleg. "Charity—benevolence—pity—it's all played out! Your big fair may be all very nice, but people don't come there because they pity the poor; they come because it's fashionable!"

Horatia Mere shook her pretty head. "You see, child," said Uncle Peleg, taking snuff, "you're on the wrong platform ever to get a peep behind the curtain. You're an heiress, and you're very good looking, and have a way that people like, and therefore the world puts its best foot forward, so far as you are concerned. If you were Mrs. Sikes, the washerwoman, or Betty, the orangewoman, you'd see quite a different aspect of things."

"Nonsense, uncle," said Horatia, still unconvinced. "Be a good, darling old Uncle Peleg, and let me have the *Triomphe de Grande* strawberries in your south garden border for all my refreshment table. Remember, I'm to sell strawberries and cream, and I want my table to look the best in the room."

"Who do you suppose will buy your strawberries, at the outlandish price you'll put upon them?" he demanded, sourly. "Everybody," Horatia answered, saucily. "Come, Uncle Peleg, be generous and graceful, and say I shall have them!"

"Uncle Peleg took snuff. "On one condition you can have them," Horatia clapped her white, rosy hands. "Just that—"

"And what?" "Just that—until you hear," said the old man, drily. "You can't have my fifty quarts of *Triomphe de Grande* strawberries, each one as big as a pigeon's egg, until you have first sold a dozen quarts from door to door."

Horatia opened her brown, wondering eyes like twin wells of hazel light. "I, Uncle Peleg?" "You niece Horatia! And I am to specify the houses where you are to go."

"It will be fun," cried Horatia, with a gay laugh, "I'd just as soon do it as not." "Perhaps it will be fun, perhaps it won't," said Uncle Peleg. "At all events, I want you to get one glimpse, at least, of life through a strawberry woman's eyes."

"And I am to be disguised, Uncle Peleg?" "To be sure you are. Miss Horatia Mere would have no difficulty in disposing of her wares; a friendless girl is different."

"All the more delightful—a regular *tabouca vivant!*" cried Horatia, merrily. "Well, Uncle where am I to go?" "I'll write down a list of names for you, that shall be culled out of your dearest friends—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Dystart, Miss Ferrars and the like."

"They will all buy!" cried Horatia. "We'll see," Uncle Peleg said. "Are you willing to buy the *Triomphe de Grande* at such a price as this, Horatia?"

"At any price," the girl answered, gleefully. "You don't know how disagreeable you may find it."

"It will be a perfect adventure!" said Horatia, recklessly. "But mind, you're to keep it a secret."

"As the grave," his mischievous niece answered, with mock solemnity. "Miss Horatia Mere would scarcely be recognized by her nearest friends when she was dressed for the curious part she was to play 'for one day only' as she declared. A calico dress; thick boots in her tiny feet felt unwontedly clumsy; a much-worn water-proof cloak, borrowed from Mary Ann, the cook, and a worsted hood enveloped in a faded black veil, and a basket hanging over her arm—these were the details of her costume."

"Strawberry-ribs!" she cried, raising her sweet voice to C, above. "Oh, Uncle Peleg, it will be such a joke." And she tripped away, delighted at the prospect of playing at the realities of life.

Uncle Peleg looked after her rather doubtfully, as he resorted mechanically to his unfeeling panacea for all human ills or perplexities, the snuff box.

"I'm almost sorry I sent her on such an unpalatable errand," he said to himself; "but it's just as well she should learn to see the world as it really is. Her life has been all *couleur de rose*, and no wonder. The strawberries will be a dear bargain after all!"

While these eccentric reflections were passing through the old man's brain, Horatia Mere had already reached the first house on her list, inhabited by Mrs. Montague, a lady who had always the sweetest and most saint-like character, whose voice was soft and low, and who spoke in six syllabled words of Websterian elegance.

Mrs. Montague herself was in the hall as Horatia rang the door-bell. "If ye please ma'am," said Bridget, "it's a gire sellin' strawberries—will ye buy a quart?"

"Strawberries indeed! And at the upper door!" shrilly cried Mrs. Montague, in a voice that for an instant almost compelled Horatia to doubt the lady's identity. "Don't you know, better, girl, than to bring your trumpet wares to the front door? What do 'spos' basement halls were made for? Clear out, this minute! What are you standing there for? Don't you hear what I say?"

And she took hold of Horatia's arm and assisted her progress with a vigorous push.

Mrs. Dystart came next—an elegant widow with an ivory pure complexion; curls like the tendrils of a grape vine, whose obstinate rings she was always lamenting. This time our heroine knew better than to go to the front steps, and made her way meekly to the area bell.

Mrs. Dystart herself presently came to the door, and Horatia started to see the marvelous dissimilarity between Mrs. Dystart of society and Mrs. Dystart at home. Her skin was yellow, wrinkled and blotched, here and there from the frequent use of powerful cosmetics, her hair was screwed up into little *papillotes* secured by pins, making a perfect *cheveau de frie* of her head; her beautiful figure was lathy and straight like a pump draped in calico!

"Strawberries! of course not at this season of the year," said Mrs. Dystart, snappishly. "I'm not made of money."

And she slammed the door in Horatia's face. "Miss Ferrars will buy them at all events," said Horatia to herself. "Lucille Ferrars was always noble-hearted and generous."

"How much are they?" said the fair Lucille, coming to the head of the basement stairs, in a *disabelle* of green cashmere and a soiled white apron. "Eighteen cents a basket."

"But you're Lucille, superciliously. 'As if I was going to pay such a price as that! I'll give you ten!'" "They are unusually fine," said Horatia, timidly.

"I shan't give a cent over a eleven!" Horatia turned away. "I wonder you fruit girls have the face to ask such a price!" said Miss Lucy Ferrars, fingering her purse fifty quarts of *Triomphe de Grande* strawberries, each one as big as a pigeon's egg, until you have first sold a dozen quarts from door to door."

Horatia opened her brown, wondering eyes like twin wells of hazel light. "I, Uncle Peleg?" "You niece Horatia! And I am to specify the houses where you are to go."

"It will be fun," cried Horatia, with a gay laugh, "I'd just as soon do it as not." "Perhaps it will be fun, perhaps it won't," said Uncle Peleg. "At all events, I want you to get one glimpse, at least, of life through a strawberry woman's eyes."

"And I am to be disguised, Uncle Peleg?" "To be sure you are. Miss Horatia Mere would have no difficulty in disposing of her wares; a friendless girl is different."

"All the more delightful—a regular *tabouca vivant!*" cried Horatia, merrily. "Well, Uncle where am I to go?" "I'll write down a list of names for you, that shall be culled out of your dearest friends—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Dystart, Miss Ferrars and the like."

"They will all buy!" cried Horatia. "We'll see," Uncle Peleg said. "Are you willing to buy the *Triomphe de Grande* at such a price as this, Horatia?"

"At any price," the girl answered, gleefully. "You don't know how disagreeable you may find it."

"It will be a perfect adventure!" said Horatia, recklessly. "But mind, you're to keep it a secret."

"As the grave," his mischievous niece answered, with mock solemnity. "Miss Horatia Mere would scarcely be recognized by her nearest friends when she was dressed for the curious part she was to play 'for one day only' as she declared. A calico dress; thick boots in her tiny feet felt unwontedly clumsy; a much-worn water-proof cloak, borrowed from Mary Ann, the cook, and a worsted hood enveloped in a faded black veil, and a basket hanging over her arm—these were the details of her costume."

"Strawberry-ribs!" she cried, raising her sweet voice to C, above. "Oh, Uncle Peleg, it will be such a joke." And she tripped away, delighted at the prospect of playing at the realities of life.

Uncle Peleg looked after her rather doubtfully, as he resorted mechanically to his unfeeling panacea for all human ills or perplexities, the snuff box.

"I'm almost sorry I sent her on such an unpalatable errand," he said to himself; "but it's just as well she should learn to see the world as it really is. Her life has been all *couleur de rose*, and no wonder. The strawberries will be a dear bargain after all!"

While these eccentric reflections were passing through the old man's brain, Horatia Mere had already reached the first house on her list, inhabited by Mrs. Montague, a lady who had always the sweetest and most saint-like character, whose voice was soft and low, and who spoke in six syllabled words of Websterian elegance.

Mrs. Montague herself was in the hall as Horatia rang the door-bell. "If ye please ma'am," said Bridget, "it's a gire sellin' strawberries—will ye buy a quart?"

"Strawberries indeed! And at the upper door!" shrilly cried Mrs. Montague, in a voice that for an instant almost compelled Horatia to doubt the lady's identity. "Don't you know, better, girl, than to bring your trumpet wares to the front door? What do 'spos' basement halls were made for? Clear out, this minute! What are you standing there for? Don't you hear what I say?"

And she took hold of Horatia's arm and assisted her progress with a vigorous push.

A BILL TO PREVENT FRAUDS IN ELECTIONS.

Following is the text of the Bill introduced by Ex-Governor Whitaker in the House on the 6th instant:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. That any person who shall by promises of favor or reward, or otherwise induce or persuade any person to come into this State, or into any county or precinct within this State, for the purpose and with the intent that such person shall, by so changing his habitation, vote at any general election which may hereafter be held in this State, at a place where such voter or person is not a bona fide resident, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished as hereinafter provided.

SECTION 2. Any person who shall be deemed guilty of felony who shall by promises of favor or reward, or otherwise induce or persuade any voter within this State to absent himself from his place of actual and bona fide residence with intent to prevent or hinder such person from voting at such place of residence at any general election in this State.

SECTION 3. Any person who shall, in the manner provided in the preceding section, induce or persuade any legal voter to remain away from the polls and not vote at any general election in this State, shall on conviction, be deemed guilty of a felony.

SECTION 4. Any person, upon conviction for a violation of either of the three preceding sections, shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than one nor more than three years, or shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, or shall be punished by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court, and shall be forever ineligible to hold any office of trust or profit in the State.

SECTION 5. No person within this State who shall be engaged in working upon any railroad or other public work, shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of such employment.

A BILL TO PROTECT UNINCORPORATED TOWNS.

Hon. Geo. R. Helm, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has reported the following bill, which, if it becomes a law, will protect all villages in the State that are not sufficiently populous to afford the luxury of a town corporation:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. If any persons shall, in any unincorporated town or village in this State, wilfully drive or ride any horse or mule upon the sidewalk thereon, or shall wilfully drive or ride any horse or mule through the streets thereof at a greater speed than six miles per hour, or shall use any obscene or profane language in such town or village, such person or persons so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

SECTION 2. Justices of the Peace shall have exclusive jurisdiction over all offenses herein described, committed within their respective counties.

SECTION 3. All fines collected under the provisions of this act, shall be paid into the County Treasury of the county in which the offence is committed, as in other criminal cases.

NATURALIZATION OF NEGROES.—Perhaps it is not generally known that a Radical Congress has at last succeeded in part of its ultimate designs by conferring the right of naturalization upon the negro race. The seventh section of the act of July 14, 1870, reads as follows:

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That the naturalization laws are hereby extended to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent.

Thus the negroes from Congo and Dahomey, who have fattened themselves on missionaries, may now be naturalized in any Court of the United States, while the Chinaman, to whom the Radical party are now attributing all the virtues of humanity with a happy exception of its vices, is still left out in the cold. How long will this state of things last, provided the Radicals retain power? Having given an invitation to the whole African family, native and alien, to come over and help us in the grand work of civilization, they cannot long resist the appeal of John Chinaman.—Oregon Herald.

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.—One of the strangest effects of the present war in Europe—happily a grateful result—has been the salutary influence on the health of the unfortunate ex-Empress of Mexico. The eminent physicians in attendance upon her Majesty believed that the news of the Prussian victories would do good to their royal patient's mind, and the result has justified their anticipations. The intelligence of the German successes was no sooner communicated than her mind seemed to resume the long-broken thread of consciousness. Thenceforward she has continued to be absorbed in the news of the day, and there is now a hope that she may completely recover.

A DEPARTOR FROM CHINA THROUGH RUSSIA, says the Chinese are preparing for war. Further outrages have been committed on the missionaries.

"SOME GOOD LEFT."

Last week the city papers contained notices of a poor family in extreme destitution in an old shanty near the Pacific machine shop. The mother was sick and had been for weeks; one of the children had been an invalid for months, and the other was in a famishing condition. Day by day the meager substance of the afflicted family had melted away, until the last valuable thing of their earthly possessions had been disposed of to purchase food. And now starvation stared them in the face. No one came to their assistance, and hunger and sickness were rapidly doing their work.

A policeman at length considered it his duty to report the case to the chief as one of great distress. The information fell into the hands of the reporter, who called attention to the poor family through the papers, and suggested that there was a chance for unostentatious charity to do a good deed.

The day after the publication, an elegant carriage stopped in front of the shanty. A richly attired lady alighted, and entered the abode of wretchedness—a lady upon whose face beauty had left its mark, and luxury had added to fascination.

The sight that met the gaze of the lady was well calculated to sicken her heart, but she did not shrink from the filthy and emaciated beings, that lay like moving skeletons before her, but speaking a few words of comfort to the mother, and caressing the wasted cheeks of the half-starved children, she emptied the contents of her purse into their hands, and without giving her name, or waiting to be thanked for her generosity, she sprang lightly away. To the poor sufferers this visit was like a dream and the beautiful lady appeared to them like an angel from heaven. Alas! there was but little of the angel left in that gay lady.

She was a votary of vice in its most hideous form—a courtesan—a woman of the town—a landlady of a house of bad repute! Yet was she not more humane than those who turned a deaf ear to the cries of the starving widow and dying orphan?

The next day the carriage returned, and with it came a furniture car loaded with such articles as the sick family needed—a sack of flour, a bundle of tea, sugar, coffee, crackers, meat, bread, preserves and other edibles, besides seven pairs of shoes, clean sheets, pillows, towels, soap, and a variety of other articles. These were deposited in the shanty, and the carriage drove away, while the poor family wept for joy. They were anxious to know the name of their benefactress, but she was gone.

In a short time a physician entered, and the sick ones received medicines. The lady had sent the doctor to attend upon the family, telling him to send his bill to her. He was not to be outdone in generosity by a courtesan, and gave the mother and children the benefit of his skill without charge to any one. The doctor related the circumstances to us, and said the name of the charitable woman was Bell Tyler. Surely some portion of this woman's iniquity will be blotted from the book of remembrance by the tears shed over the destitute family.

From the Bedrock Democrat: "If Patterson should yet shoot at O'Meara, we hope he will not hit him on the 'spot'; for, if hit there again, he would be like one of Holladay's locomotives—have a tender behind." * * * "Last winter a man from Idaho told us that on a certain occasion, he saw Hill Beachy deliberately walk up to O'Meara, open O'Meara's lips with his fingers and spit a huge mouthful of tobacco-spit into Jimmy's mouth! and he pocketed the abominable insult, and seemingly swallowed the spittle!"

While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention they asked a faxen-haired archer standing near the house if it "drawed well." whereupon the archer replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the d-d fools that pass this road."

A St. Louis reporter is terrifically "graphic" in describing the recent collision of railroad trains in Missouri.—Hear him: "The two engines rushed at each other like malign and enraged monsters, grappled with a tremendous crash, reared from the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell into helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground."

The Masonic fraternity of Idaho Territory have raised the sum of \$5,000, which they offer for the apprehension and return of P. E. Edmonson, defaulting Treasurer of Boise county.

JOSE BELLINGS says that "if a man proposes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures corn as well as when he hollers glory hallelujah!"

The political canvass in Missouri is a very bitter one between the two parties there. Nearly one hundred shouting affairs have taken place.

On the 13th the President signed the pardons of nine imprisoned Femians, General O'Neil and Donnelly heading the list.

"Run, which is the quickest way for me to get to the depot?" Accommodating boy—"Run!"

RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR: One Column, \$100; Half Column, \$60; Quarter Column, \$35. Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less of this sized type, first insertion, 65; each subsequent insertion, 51. A square is one inch in space down the column, counting case, display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.

CRIPPS.

A tight place—A bar-room. A time server—the town clock. The oldest revolver—the earth. The children's kingdom—Laplend. Bill of the period—the mosquito's. High words—dialogue in a hallion. Contraband of war—the pipe of peace. A rare mind—mind your own business.

Unusual resting place—the seat of war. Universal topics—The Rhine and the rhino. The most difficult thing to remember—the poor.

A small thing to keep—the right side of some people. Scars on the battle-field are not always so splendid as scars. Hens are not the only living things that feather their nests. The world has a million of roosts for a man, but only one nest.

The way to get a good wife—Get a good girl and go to the parson. When a girl falls in love with an Irishman, her heart always goes pety-Pat. What a man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get.

It is said that the connecting link between the animal and vegetable is hash. Dyeing for love—coloring your mustache to please a woman. The most steadfast followers of our fortunes—our creditors.

Punch says that when Lot's wife was turned to salt, he took a fresh one. "Rum did it all," said a man on the gallows, "and I'll never drink another drop so long as I live."

You look as though you were beside yourself, as the wag said to a fop who happened to be standing by a donkey. Hops, in the country, run up polls, but at the summer resorts they are spread on the floor.

An experienced old gentleman says all that is necessary in the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence. A Java grandee is coming to this country with his eighty-one children, and wants to secure board in some quiet family.

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles has fallen back on sugar. Nothing like first principles, after all. A pert little girl boasted to one of her little friends that her father kept a carriage. "Ah, but my father drives an omnibus" was the triumphant reply.

A lady, in reply to some guests that praised the mutton on her table, said:—"Oh, yes! my husband always buys the best; he is a great epicure."

A man who went fishing in a private pond in a suburban town, complains that he only got one bit, and that was from a dog whose master owned the pond. The man who married three sisters in succession excused himself for so doing on the ground that he got off with only one mother-in-law.

"Solved in durance vile by the radiant smiles of connubial love." Translation—His wife went to see him in jail, where he was sent for stealing.

An enthusiastic critic of our acquaintance sternly declines to be vaccinated, on the ground that he should be ashamed to miss anything that it was possible to catch.

New Hampshire has a Congressman who used to open his speeches with: "Follow citizens, I was born in Portsmouth; I was always born in Portsmouth."

When Jimmie went to school she was asked why the noun 'bechever' was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"