STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

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DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS Paints, Window Glass, Dyestuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, &c.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
All articles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.
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TAKE NOTICE, EVERYBODY,
THAT WE WILL PAY FOR GOOD BUTTER from 22 to 25 cents per pound, and 20 cents a dozen for EGGS, in trade.
A Large Assortment of Crockery Ware.
Those who wish goods AT A BARGAIN had better give us a call at the CASH STORE and see for themselves. R. CHEADLE & CO.
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he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.
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ALL PERSONS INTERESTED ARE RESPectfully informed that the undersigned have now on hand, from selected lots, all the varieties of
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carefully and separately stored, and for sale on reasonable terms.
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LAND, IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED, is cheaper in the Forks of the Santiam than in any other part of the State.
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BANKING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
ALBANY, OREGON.
DEPOSITES RECEIVED,
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits in Coin.
EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, and NEW YORK, for sale at lowest rates.
COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED
Banking hours, 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Refer to H. W. CORBETT, HENRY FAILING, W. S. LADD.
Feb. 1, 1871—y1

STORE AT LEBANON!
A. COWAN & CO., Prop's.
S. H. CLAUGHTON, Agent.
Fresh Stock Just Received!
DRY GOODS!
GROCERIES!
CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS!
Boots and Shoes!
GLASS AND QUEENSWARE!
Iron, Hardware, &c.
Which will all be Disposed of at Albany Prices!
PRODUCE TAKEN FOR GOODS!
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WHEAT AND FLAX-SEED DEPOT!
Cleaning and Elevating Capacity 10,000 Bushels per Day!
150,000 Bushels Wheat Wanted in Store!
50,000 Sacks for those who wish to sell or store with us.
Flax-Seed Contractors of Pioneer Oil Co. will call on us for sacks.
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THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED BAIN WAGON!
RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE AS A
FIRST CLASS FARM WAGON.
No other Wagon has a Home reputation *equal* to "Bain" make, and it is the only wagon that has *been tested* and known to stand this climate. In a word it is made of the *best* materials and is the best finished wagon that comes to this market.
We have different styles of Hounds and Reach. Patent do. (so called) included
BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.
v6n43 Agents at Albany.

STAR BREWERY!
TALLY & HOUCK,
HAVE ESTABLISHED AN EXTENSIVE Brewery business in
ALBANY AND CORVALLIS,
Mr. Houck keeping the old stand of Tally in Albany and Mr. Tally superintending the Establishment at Corvallis. Beer furnished to
SALOONS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES
to order, and
WARRANTEDD TO BE TH VERY BEST!
TALLY & HOUCK.
April 14, 1871—v6n2tf.

Attention, Farmers!
THE FARMERS' UNION
WAREHOUSE!!
—AT—
SHEDD'S STATION!
Will be in readiness to receive grain on and after the 15th of August; will be furnished with CLEANING and ELEVATING Machinery of the most approved construction.
Sacks will be furnished, and the
HIGHEST ALBANY PRICES
will be paid in Cash for Grain of all kinds.
TERMS for storage, etc., made known on application at the Warehouse.
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Special attention given to the sale of Real Estate, Real Estate Litigation and the Collection of Claims. Office, N. W. Corner First and Washington Streets.
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Feb. 22, 1870. v5n28tf.

FRANKLIN MEAT MARKET
FIRST STREET,
ALBANY, OG'N.
Next Door to A. Cowan & Co.'s Store.
J. R. HERREN, PROPRIETOR, WILL always keep the best meat the market affords and put it up to suit his customers.
au18v7n1tf. J. R. HERREN.

ONLY A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

BY PAUL PLUME.

Turning over some papers in an old secretary yesterday, I came across a piece os knotted and faded blue ribbon. The sight of it caused the recollection of thirty odd years to come freshly up to my memory again.

I have taken it out to-day, once more to gaze upon it, and it lies before me on my desk as I write these lines. Need I say that my mind is now wandering away in the mazes of retrospection?

What a singular life is ours? How many hopes fail us, how many bright anticipations never even budded to realization. But, I must not moralize, where I intend only to tell a story of days gone by.

Ralph Moulton and myself were the sons of farmers. Our fathers' property joined each other's. We were born in the same month and year, and almost upon the same day. We grew up together as playmates and schoolfellows, and by a strange coincidence we both went to the city and entered the same commercial house as clerks.

This pleased our parents and was a source of great satisfaction to ourselves. Our intimacy had never been interrupted through long years, even by the most trivial circumstance. Now that we were settled in the city, we took a room in common in our boarding-house. We had no secrets from each other, and unreservedly opened our hearts with all our hopes and thoughts. We were happy. When vacation came we went to our old homes, and at the expiration of our leaves, returned to our duties and took up our abode in the same quarters.

Two years rolled away, and we had made ourselves pretty proficient in the business of our employer, and I think he regarded us as two young men of more than ordinary promise in mercantile matters. At least this was the tenor of a letter he wrote to our delighted fathers. I don't mention this in a vainglorious way, for I think we merited the esteem of our employer, for (of all the clerks) we were the most regular and punctual at our desks.

Ralph never visited a place of amusement that I did not accompany him. His acquaintances were mine also, and so we literally had things in common. There was, perhaps, nothing unusual in this, considering the manner of our former lives, and I only mention it now when I recall our subsequent estrangement.

It was in the beginning of our third year in business, that I first discovered Ralph slipping away in his walks without me. It was a new sensation I experienced, and it gave me pain; but I concealed my slighted emotions and bore up under it as best I could.

We still roomed together, and when in each other's society were as cordial as of old. We got along this way pretty well, and were it not for an occasional twinge of conscience to remind me that there was some little matter changed between us, we might have been contented and happy in the old-time way.

In the course of my visits I made the acquaintance of Julia Hobart.—She was the daughter of a gentleman largely engaged in the grain business. She was a sprightly, black-eyed girl of eighteen years, but her greatest charm lay in her powers of conversation; in this respect I preferred her to any young lady I had ever met.

I had been visiting Mr. Hobart's house for several months, and only by accident discovered that Moulton was a visitor there also. One evening I returned home rather later than usual from a visit to Miss Hobart, and was surprised to find Moulton up and reading a book.

"I have been to Hobart's to-night, Ralph," I said, throwing myself into a chair. I wished to notice the effect of my speech, for as yet not a word had passed between us as to our mutual acquaintance with the Hobart family.

"So I supposed," he quietly remarked.

"Why did you suppose so?" I asked, for I did not exactly like the cool way in which he spoke.

"Because you go there a great deal," he answered, in the same tantalizing manner.

"Oh, is that all?" I replied.

"Yes, that's about all," he rejoined.

"I don't understand one thing, however," I continued, "and that is why you never mentioned to me that you visited Miss Hobart? What motive could you have for concealing it!"

"If you will answer me a question," he said, "I will tell you."

"Go on," I replied, "what is it?"

"Why did *you* never inform *me* that *you* were visiting Miss Hobart? What motive could you have for concealing it!"

I could not help smiling at his ingenuity, for I plainly saw the matter would work both ways.

"Indeed, I do not know," I replied.

"Nor do I," he answered. "Let us therefore drop the subject, and be satisfied that we know a smart girl with plenty of brains."

Months passed away and we never alluded to Julia Hobart. I still kept up my visits, and he did likewise. We soon began to understand each other's visiting nights, and although we had no agreement on the subject, we nevertheless arranged our visits so that we should not be at Mr. Hobart's house at the same time.

During all this period not a word escaped Ralph that would have led me to suppose he was more than ordinarily pleased with Julia Hobart's society, and for myself, looking back, I can solemnly declare that no thought of falling in love with her had ever crossed my mind.

Winter had come, and we were pretty well occupied with parties and various entertainments. Ralph and I were enjoying ourselves to our full bent.

I was one day at my desk when Mr. Storer, our employer, came in and told me he wished to speak with me. I laid down my pen and followed him into his office, wondering what sort of communication he had to make.

"Sit down," he said, "I have something to say to you."

Then he picked up a letter and looked over it for a few moments, when he continued:

"Ralph and yourself room together, I believe."

"We do, sir," I replied.

"He is out a good deal of nights?"

"Well, yes, he is, sir; but he comes home generally in good season," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "all that may be so, but still he is out almost if not quite nightly?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, for I saw that Mr. Storer was in earnest about something.

"Do you know where he goes?" he asked abruptly, lying down the letter which he had been holding in his hand.

"I do not, sir," I replied.

"He never tells you, eh?"

"No, sir," I answered, "we rarely talk upon such matters."

"Why not? Young men generally do. I understand (and here his face grew stern) that Mr. Moulton spends a great deal of money among his friends, too much for a young man of correct habits. Do you know where he obtains it? Will you tell me?"

"Mr. Storer," I replied, "you astonish me very much. I was not aware of the fact; to tell you the truth, Ralph and myself don't go out much together now. We did so once; that is, when we first came to the city. I don't know why it is, but we have different ways now, though we are as good friends as ever."

"I believe all this," he replied curtly, "but what I wish to know is, where he obtains the money he spends so lavishly? You can tell me!"

"Upon my honor, sir," I answered, "I have no more idea than yourself."

"That will do, sir," he replied with a wave of his hand to signify that the interview had terminated.

I arose and went to my desk with many misgivings as to the life Ralph Moulton was leading.

Contrary to his custom, Ralph remained at home the evening succeeding my interview with Mr. Storer. I therefore embraced the occasion to relate to him the conversation of our employer. He became quite angry at hearing it.

"What business has he to meddle himself in my affairs," he exclaimed, "so long as I don't steal from him? Let him ask me for an explanation. I'll have a reply for him that will more than satisfy his penurious disposition. Money!" he laughed, "precious little we would have if we lived on the beggarly amount he allows us. I'll tell you what it is, I don't intend remaining much longer. I hate meanness, and old Storer is as mean as they usually make Down-Easters."

"Be careful, Ralph," I interposed, "don't speak in that style. 'Tis true, we get but a small salary, but then remember, we are acquiring a knowledge that will benefit us hereafter, and you know that Mr. Storer stands high in the community as a merchant."

"Oh, I know all that," he replied; "it's mere clap-trap. Of course he stands high, but I fancy there are others equally reputable as himself, and I dare say more generous to those who do their heavy work."

"You must act as you deem best," I replied; I can only advise you, though I fear my admonitions will go for little with you."

"Don't preach," he sneered, "I hate it; it's too much like your patron saint, Storer. Stick to him and much thanks you will get."

"I'm not working for thanks, Ralph," I replied, "and I don't expect Mr. Storer to feel indebted to me for doing that which fair honesty requires me to perform."

"Hush, hush," he cried, "you'll drive me crazy with your cant," and he walked to the closet, and taking the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and drawing out a bottle, filled a tumbler half full of brandy, which he emptied at a single gulp.

I stood aghast. Never had I known Ralph Moulton to be guilty of such an act from my earliest remembrance.

He noticed the look of consternation on my face, and remarked, "I suppose it is unnecessary to offer you any?"

I waved my hand and shook my head.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "I never get drunk."

I had no words wherewith to reply; the fact was, I could scarcely credit what I had witnessed.

The next night Ralph was off again, and I spent the evening alone at home.

There was a clerk in our house by the name of Joe Thorn. He was a good-natured, happy fellow. He moreover, never appeared to be popular with Mr. Storer. It was, therefore, with surprise that I noticed him one day closeted with the head of the house, in the private office!

During the day Joe came to me and said: "I wish you would go out with me this evening; I shall not keep you long. I've heard something that makes me feel badly; it's about Ralph. Old Storer has been trying to pump me; but as I know nothing except rumor, I had not any information to vouchsafe him. Yet, if what I hear of Ralph's doings are true, the sooner he leaves this place, the better for him. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," I replied, "if it refers to Ralph; but what is it, will you not tell me?"

"No," he replied, "I'd sooner not do so; if it be false, I will have said nothing; and if it be true, you will see it yourself, and therefore will need no one to tell you. I will call for you this evening at nine. But not a word to Ralph."

At the appointed hour Joe Thorn and myself left my boarding-house.—Ralph had gone an hour before. The night was dark, there was scarcely a star visible in the heavens. We hurried along the streets, Joe keeping remarkably silent all the way. At length he stopped before a tall house and examined it attentively.

"This is the place, I think," he said. "Now, don't express any surprise at what you behold; carry yourself at your ease, like a man of the town, you understand." So saying, he pulled the bell.

The door was opened immediately by a waiter who bowed as he ushered us into the well-lighted hall.

"Follow me," whispered Joe, as he deposited his hat in the entry and commenced to ascend the stairs. Arriving on the second floor, we found ourselves in a couple of brilliantly illuminated apartments, where a number of men were busily engaged at a gambling table. To my horror Ralph Moulton sat in the midst, absorbed in betting. He had his back toward us, and did not observe us when we entered. Joe pulled me by the sleeve. I could only gaze at him with speechless astonishment. Just then Ralph turned his head, and the next moment he lost his bet. The color came and went from his face, and I thought I heard smothered profanity escape his lips. He arose and came where we were standing.

"How is this?" he asked, looking at us fiercely; "do you come here to spy me out? If you do—"

Joe held up his finger and beckoned him to a retired part of the room.

"Ralph," he said, "the old man has heard something of this. Only yesterday he questioned me on this subject, but I knew nothing about it.—We came here to-night to see if the rumor we heard was really true.—Unfortunately, it seems to be so.—Let me advise you to leave Storer at once, for should he discover this, you will be dismissed in disgrace. Don't imagine we will carry any tales—we are your friends. You've got into bad company; that's perhaps the worst that can be said; but, if you are prudent, you'll stop where you are."

Joe Thorn spoke quickly, but with friendly earnestness.

Ralph gazed at him steadily for a moment and then answered:

"I will take your estimate and will consider your visit here a friendly act to myself. Your advice may be good; yonder gambler, who sits at the head of the table, warned me away. He certainly was disinterested; for they would sooner have callers than goers; I followed my own inclination however. I am, in consequence, several thousand dollars richer, and he is that much poorer, for I won the money off him."

Ralph Moulton did not return home that night, but the next morning he sent me a note saying he was sick, and requested me to report the same to the head book-keeper. That day Ralph was discharged from Mr. Storer's employ.

From that hour the career of Ralph Moulton was closed to the old moral teachings to which he had been reared. He left our boarding-house, accusing me of conspiring against him, and avowing the most bitter vengence on my head. His unjust suspicions gave me the greatest sorrow I had ever known.

After this, I saw but little of Ralph, and I was careful never to utter a word that might injure him. In none of my letters home did I ever mention what had occurred.

It was midsummer, and I had accepted an invitation from Mr. Hobart to spend a week at his country-house. I had not seen Ralph for a long time, in fact I only heard of him occasionally. He was drinking hard, it was said, and was very much changed.—To add to this trouble, he had proposed to Julia Hobart, and she had rejected him. His life was becoming more notorious.

I had been at Mr. Hobart's but a single day when I walked out with Julia to view a remarkable cliff that rose a couple of hundred feet above a creek that ran through Mr. Hobart's property. She wore that morning the knot of blue ribbon in her hair that now lies before me.

We had reached the precipice and were standing on the brink gazing below, when a gust of wind swept the ribbon from her hair and lodged it some twenty or thirty feet down the side of the cliff on some tangled vines that grew upon the rocks.

A foolish desire to obtain the ribbon took possession of me, and notwithstanding Julia's entreaties, I untied a rope which was used as a swing that happened to be near at hand, and commenced to make my descent. There was really very little danger so long as I had the aid of the rope; without it I could do nothing, and must inevitably fall.

I had reached the shelving rocks and had secured the ribbon which I tied in the button hole of my coat, when I cast my eyes upward and saw Ralph Moulton with a knife in his hand running for the cliff. In another instant he was there and had commenced to saw at the only support that preserved me from death. Julia Hobart caught him by the arms and screamed for me to ascend. I saw the glittering blade as it severed the strands of the rope, and already I could see that he had cut half way through it. My blood ran cold as I commenced to climb upward. Every instant I expected to be cast headlong below. If it had not been for Julia's struggles to stay Moulton's hand I should not now be writing these lines.

Several times I thought both Ralph and herself would tumble over the cliff together. Finally, by a sudden wrench (in which she severely wounded her hand), she tore the knife from Ralph's grasp and flung it into the air, and again grappled him with all her might. He tore himself away from her, and hurled a large stone at me, which struck me upon the shoulder. Her screams had been heard at the house, and her father and the servants were seen running towards the spot. Thank heaven, I had gained the top of the cliff, not a moment too soon, however, for the rope had so chaffed, that it was worn to a string, and could not have sustained my weight a moment longer.

Moulton cast a bitter look at Julia Hobart, and with a horrid oath, ran to the edge of the precipice and sprang into the air.

Involuntarily I covered my eyes with my hand, as I supported myself against a tree. When I looked around again, Mr. Hobart was fanning Julia, who was lying on the ground, as pallid as if she had been dead.

The mangled remains of Ralph Moulton were sent to his father and buried among his kindred.

Do you wonder now why this faded knot of ribbon calls up such a strange, sad memory of the past.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

This individual turned up a short time ago, on board one of the splendid steamers which travel the lower Mississippi. The Henderson *Democrat* gives the following amusing account of his marriage:

Early this morning there were added to our company of travelers, a pair which looked very much like runaways; the gentleman a tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half-aligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon is a solemn-looking gentleman who has all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night, I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him, remarked: "We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied, laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, when, sure enough, the couple stood waiting. There had been several "kissing games," and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed it was merrily a continuation of the sport; and so thought the "preacher," who I could see had a good deal of humor in him and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him (a good deal more solemn than was necessary in a mock-marriage, I thought,) and the preacher asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, pronounced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over I left the cabin—and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and took a great deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun; but he did not understand why they selected him to act the preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his stateroom, which was next to mine. When I returned the "preacher" stood just inside with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked: "Well, if that's the case, it's a pretty good joke, for they are in *dead* earnest, and have retired to some stateroom." The old gentleman raised both his hands as he exclaimed: "Good heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced an assault upon the door, as if he would batter it down, exclaiming at each lick: *For heaven's sake don't! I ain't a preacher!* The whole cabin was aroused, every stateroom door flying open with a slam, when the door opened, and the "Arkansas traveler," poking out his head, coolly remarked: "*Old hoss, you're too late!*"

DEATH OF HON. THOMAS EWING, SEN.—Hon. Thos. Ewing, Sen., died at his residence, Lancaster, Ohio, on Thursday, Oct. 26th, aged 83 years. Mr. Ewing was in the fullest sense a self-made man. In his boyhood, he gained the rudiments of an education while engaged in boiling salt at the salt works in the Kanawha Valley, the light by which he studied at nights being the glare of the fire from the furnace. He earned sufficient at this occupation to pay for his father's farm, and procure a collegiate education for himself. His public career is a part of the history of the country. He occupied a seat in the U. S. Senate, was a member of the Cabinets both of Harrison and Taylor, and in every position acquitted himself with distinguished ability. He was perhaps even more distinguished as a lawyer. For a long period he was a leading practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States. In politics he was a Whig, till the Whig party became extinct. In the earlier years of its existence, we believe he acted with the Republican party, but for several years past had opposed its leading measures, and thrown his influence on the side of the Democracy. His name is one of which Ohio—and in fact the whole Union—may justly feel proud.

A rural New York youth lately went to claim his bride and conduct her to the altar, to only find that she had eloped with another fellow the previous night. He did not tear his hair any, but just remarked, "By Jove I'm glad she married last night instead of to-night, if she is of that disposition."

A favorite amusement of the belles of New Bedford in the winter is sliding down hill on a codfish. On a moonlight night hundreds of young ladies belonging to the oldest and most respected families of that ancient town may be seen participating in this healthy and innocent recreation.

Theodore Thomas was lately annoyed, during one of his concerts at Pittsburg, by loud talking in the audience, whereupon he stopped the orchestra and remarked that when the conversation ceased the performance would continue. Not even the weather provoked conversation after that.

THE CAW OF HISTORY.

Somebody said the great Chicago fire was started by a cow's kicking over a kerosene lamp, which a thoughtless juvenile of the male sex had taken into the barn when he went there to extract from the cow a little of the lacteal fluid with which to temper his next morning's cup of coffee. Forthwith it was trumpeted to all quarters of the earth, wherever newspapers are printed or read, that thus had originated the greatest fire of modern times. That cow, which had destroyed Chicago, had a good prospect of being as famous as the goose which saved Rome. Unfortunately, however, for her fame, some prying matter-of-fact reporter for the daily press, couldn't be satisfied with the story as it was, but must needs know all about it—just how it happened, &c. By being too inquisitive, and insisting on too intimate an acquaintance with the whole matter, it happened to him as it has happened to many a seeker of knowledge before. The beautiful story was knocked into a "cocked hat," and the cow, which for some days had enjoyed the distinction of being the author of the greatest fire in history, was let abruptly down to the level of her sister cows, who are satisfied with the glory of being "good milkers." The Chicago *Tribune* says:

"A reporter of the *Tribune* called upon Mrs. Leary, of No. 137 DeKoven street, in whose barn originated the fire which destroyed the city of Chicago, on last Sunday night and Monday morning. It was the intention to "interview" her regarding the cause of the fire, and to ascertain all about the "cow which kicked over the lamp." She stated that this story was false; she did not go into the barn with a kerosene lamp; she did not milk at night, and she did not know how the fire started. She was asleep when the alarm was given, and was awakened by a neighbor, who rapped on the door and told her that her stable was on fire. When asked how her house, which is not even scorched, was saved, she replied that there was a hydrant on each side of it, and a hundred of her friends filled buckets with water and threw it on the sides and roof of the building."

TOO NIPPY—A young Kentuckian went over to Tennessee to keep a country store, and failed. The following conversation explains the reason:

"Say, what has become of that youngman from Kentucky, who had a store down at the stand?"

"Oh, he's played out; he was too nippy for this country."

"I thought when I first seed him he put on too much style."

"That's so. The stand had a good trade when he come, but it soon fizzled out. Why, he actually put on a new collar every morning."

"He did? Well, I do say."

"Yes; and not only that, but he had a nigger to black his boots every day."

"Lord have mercy on my soul and body! he must have been crazy."

"No; he said that was the way they do up in Kentucky. Would you believe it, he used to wear a black coat to church every time he went?"

"What! this hot weather?"

"Yes, no matter for weather, he'd always have a coat. At first he had one of them d—d hats that reached away up yonder. What is it you call 'em?"

"Stove pipe hats, 'cause they look sorter like a stove-pipe."

"Yes, that's it. Well, one of our Tennessee boys just for fun knocked it off and busted it."

"Served him right."

"Yes, and more than that, he used to have his shirts made to button up behind."

"Lord, what an idea!"

"It's so, and no mistake. Well, it finally got out among the wimmin, and when they heard it they just quit buying goods of him. They said they wouldn't trade with a man who wore shirts buttoned up behind.—They said it was bringin' new notions into the country that would ruin it."

HOW TO MOUNT A HORSE.—A letter from Peru gives a ludicrous account of the mode of mounting a horse. The women do all the work, and the men are a good-for-nothing set of gamblers and thieves. The women ride on the hind-quarters of their horses, without a saddle, cross-legged, with a load on the horse in front. They mount the animal by taking hold of its tail and making a loop by doubling it up and clasping with the hand the upper and lower parts of the tail, and then, putting one foot in the loop and the other on the joint of the horse's leg, they ascend as if going up stars. They usually stand erect on the horse before sitting down. The horses never kick nor stir.

A little boy, when asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, said, "I do not hurt myself at it." "Ah," said the lady, "you must study hard or you'll never be President of the United States." "No, ma'ma," cried the boy, "but I don't expect to be; I am a Democrat."

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend the other day. "Know him?" said he, in a tone which comprehended the knowledge of more than one life, "I knew him when his father was a boy."

A little boy who had been making the air melodious with his uproarious crying was asked what was the matter, to which he replied: "I've got the stomach ache, and I'll have it again if I've a mind to."

At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in one day last week, seven inches of rain fell.

CAVE OF GIGANTIC SKELETONS.

A Toronto paper says that while some parties were digging on the banks of Grand River, and when about six feet below the surface, they discovered a strange sight. Piled in layers, one upon top of the other, were some two hundred skeletons of human beings nearly perfect—around the neck of each one being a string of beads. There were also deposited in this pit a number of axes and skimmers made of stone. In the jaws of several of the skeletons were large stone pipes.

These skeletons are those of men of gigantic stature, some of them measuring nine feet, very few of them less than seven feet. Some of the thigh bones were found to be half a foot longer than those at present known, and one of the skulls examined completely covered the head of an ordinary person. These skeletons are supposed to belong to those of a race of people anterior to the Indians.—Some three years ago the bones of a mastadon were found embedded in the earth about six miles from this spot. The pit and ghastly occupants are now open to the view of any who may wish to make a visit there.

There is not the slightest doubt that the remains of a lost city are on this farm. At various times within the past few years the remains of mud houses with their chimneys have been found, and there are dozens of pits of a similar kind to that unearthed, tho' much smaller, in the place which has been discovered before, though the fact has not been made public hitherto. The remains of a blacksmith's shop, containing two tons of charcoal and various implements, has turned up a few months ago. The farm, which consists of 150 acres, has been cultivated for nearly a century, and and was covered with a thick growth of pine, so that it must have been ages ago since the remains were disposited there. The skulls of the skeletons are of an enormous size and all manner of shapes; about half as large again as are now to be seen. The teeth in most of them are still in an almost perfect state of preservation, though they still fall out when exposed to the air."

WITTY.—Ten years ago Virginia City, Nevada, was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvass tents. The old Empire lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Rooney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the berths, one above another, wherein several tired miners were reposing, with the latest yellow-covered literature which had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing out the canvass curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out:

"Dry up, confound you! one at a time is enough!"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around, in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join; but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to his brother we will proceed with our discourse."

THE WYOMING GIRLS.—A Wyoming correspondent of the St. Louis Republican sends a bad report of the women. He says: "The women of Fort Laramie feel that they are equal if not superior to the men. It is not an uncommon thing to see the officers' wives go to the billiard saloon of the sutler at that post and play until one or two o'clock in the morning. When they break up you can hear (sung by disorderlied female voices) snatches of songs, such as "Shoo Fly,"—"Captain Jinks,"—"John Brown's Knapsack," and the world renowned song of bummers "We won't go home till morning."

It is stated that Rev. Robert Collyer's son was to have been married in Chicago on Tuesday week, but house, church, furniture and all were burned the day before. On Wednesday the wedding took place, the young bride being dressed in a calico gown, the only dress saved.

A rich bachelor of New Jersey recently died, leaving by will several legacies of from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars each, to ladies who had rejected him. He said that they had afterwards grown to be so ugly that he could not be sufficiently grateful.

Miss Kane, of Baltimore, set out to write a list of the wrongs of women, but found so many of them that she was driven to the conclusion that women suffer a wrong in being born at all. This disposes of the whole question in a nut shell.

The New Orleans *Picayune* calls the attention of the authorities of that city to the fact that the streets should be cleaned of weeds, and that there are portions of the city impassable from the rank growth of luxuriant vegetation.

They were discussing a masque rade and endeavoring to select the characters in which they should go.—"How shall I go?" said our very tall and slender friend William. "Chalk your head and go as a billiard cue," was the response.