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A JOB OF WOOD SAWING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's no joking matter, Mr. Allaire," said Miss Pendexter.

"Of course it isn't, Jimmie," said Mr. Allaire, rather more soberly than he had spoken before.

"But if you come to that, isn't it a deal jollier, and just as cheap, to laugh as to cry?"

Miss Jimmie Pendexter was a tall, blooming brunette, with dark brown eyes, hair sash black, and a good healthy bloom on either cheek, and her green gingham dress fitted her as perfectly as if a Broadway modiste had cut and made it.

Ferdinand Allaire was a handsome young fellow of some five or six and twenty, whose dark sparkling eyes sent out roguish gleams from beneath a pair of arched brows, and whose teeth were as white as a fresh cut slice of cocoa-nut.

"But mother waxes the money," persisted Miss Pendexter.

"Not half so badly as I do, Jimmie," "It's too bad," pouted Jimmie.

"But really, Jimmie, don't you suppose I would pay her in annuities, if I had the money? For I'm not a magician whose word can turn a basket of scrap paper to bank-notes, or make coined gold out of the cinders under the grate."

"That's nonsense!" said Miss Pendexter.

"Of course it is. Sense is at a discount just at present. Look at the pile of manuscript, if you don't believe me, that no editor will buy; see those elegant oil paintings that De Beaudin declines respectfully to hang up for sale! What's a fellow to do?"

"At least," said Jimmie, tossing her handsome head, "you ought to pay your honest debts."

"I know that, my dear," said Mr. Allaire gravely. "And I've written at least seven earnestly entreating letters to my hard-hearted old uncle, and of the seven answers that ought to have come back, the first one hasn't made its appearance. Jimmie, I've an idea!"

"Pshaw!" said Miss Pendexter, trying in vain to maintain the severe gravity of aspect that was rapidly fading beneath the merry sparkle of the blue-black eyes.

"But I have a really. Suppose you take me in part payment of my bill to Mrs. Pendexter. I believe I have the elements of a first-rate husband about me."

Miss Jimmie turned resolutely away.

"Mr. Allaire, I believe you'd joke if you were upon your dying bed!"

And she went down stairs to marry Jimmie Pendexter, said Mr. Allaire meditatively. "She's pretty, and she's spirited; and as for her mother keeping a boarding-house, that's no particular objection in my eyes."

"Halloo! What's that commotion outside!"

He threw up the window-sash and stretched himself half way out. Mr. Pendexter, a stout, thrifty matron, in frilled cap and lilac ribbons, was bargaining with a ragged itinerant of the gipsy order to have a load of wood which had just been deposited at her door, sawed and split and stowed into the cellar.

"Couldn't do it for less than four dollars, men," said the Bohemian of the streets.

"It's worth three," cried Mrs. Pendexter.

"Worst kind o' knotty wood, mem."

"I won't give a cent more than three," persisted Mrs. Pendexter.

"Very well, it'll be to somebody besides me," said the man, shouldering his axe and passing indifferently on.

He supposed that Mrs. Pendexter had pulled him back and acceded to his terms, but he was mistaken in his bohemian's mental calibre. She was turning in-doors again, when, to her surprise, she found herself confronting Mr. Ferdinand Allaire in his shirt sleeves.

"I'm your man, ma'am," said he, rubbing his white palms briskly together.

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated the widow, "what do you mean, Mr. Allaire?"

"I mean that little job of wood-sawing," said our hero. "Bring on your axe and saw. I'll do it for three dollars, and turn it in toward our small account. Now then, ma'am, wide awake, if you please!"

"But—I beg your pardon, Mr. Allaire, if you please—you're a gentleman."

"Very well, what of that? Is there anything to prevent a gentleman splitting up a cord of wood? A great deal more strengthening to the muscles of the arm than dumb-bells and Indians clubs, I am sure."

"Are you really in earnest?" "Yes, I am."

And then Mrs. Pendexter, seeing no reason why she should not realize a portion at least of the back board for the third-story hall bed-room in this practical manner, sent Jack, the errand boy, down after the axe and saw, and Ferdinand Allaire set briskly to work, whistling "Banks and Braces" most energetically as he toiled.

Miss Jimmie came and looked out of the window, her eyes shining merrily with encouragement, and her mischievous mirth framing itself in dimples. Miss Lavinia Jones, the elderly maiden lady who occupied the back parlor, pursued up her lips, and wondered "what ridiculous freak that madcap of a Mr. Allaire would be up to next?"

Young Jessamy of the Occidental Club nearly got run over, starting back in amazement at seeing Ferdinand at work, and Miss Adèle Maurice, with whom he had had the German, three nights before—for our hero was what is called a "society young man"—stared with all her eyes, and like priest and Levite in the parable, passed by on the other side.

"Let her go," said Mr. Allaire to himself; "What do I care?" But as an open barouche rolled by,

DISCOVERY OF A NEW WORLD.

The Fate of Sir John Franklin.

The *Afton Tribune* is publishing a story which is designed to introduce the theory that the Globe is hollow and inhabited. The idea is not altogether a new one as Symmes long ago advocated the same proposition and attempted to prove the existence of a vast mainland at the North Pole, which in some of the geographies is still referred to as "Symmes' Hole."

The theory is also in accord with the beautiful legend that St. John still lives in an enchanted land away North, far beyond the frozen regions and that at the second coming of Christ he will appear in Jerusalem.

The author of the story thus disposes of Sir John Franklin: "Sir John Franklin sailed and was lost. What was the cause of his being crushed to atoms between the ice islands of the Arctic sea? Did he venture too far out on the billowy plains and perish by inches for want of food? Did the vast snows and mists clog his sails, until they became laden reefs of ice, while the hull beneath from its triple vest of air, that enveloped it, and the sea foam, between hull and masts, and sails, and the deck, filled up the spaces between hull and masts, and sails, and buried all in a tall iceberg on some bohemian shore that conceals forever and ever the dreary sleeping place of Sir John Franklin and his hapless crew?"

No. Sir John Franklin left England with the brave determination of settling the question of an open inter-polar sea. He was successful. He had made a passage under the pole and was struck boldly out, with the purpose of passing directly under the pole and making Behring Straits.

The current set strongly but smoothly Northward, and the wind was constant and stiff in the same direction. The great navigator's heart beat high under his triple vest of air, as he anticipated the fame which the discovery of the Northern passage would bring him. But the currents became more rapid and the winds stronger, until a vague feeling of unrest and danger and finally a despair, crept into the deep nesting hearts of his crew, and then of their commander and whisperings came from white lips "we are being sucked into a great whirlpool."

Down, down, down, sailed Sir John and his crew through a white glaring, glistening canopy that slowly rose above them. No helm could turn them from its headlight plunge; no reefing of sail could tempt the prow from its Northward course. North, due north, they glided swiftly, smoothly, toiled was in vain. Prayers were unavailing. The glistening canopy revealed itself, a yawning sea. Iceberg and glacier, and rolling billows, capped with foam, hung in frowning masses and glistened in incessant distant roar over their heads. Through the telescope they appeared in huge outline. Now indeed, it seemed to these bold mariners that all was lost. Down, down, down, into the deep, misty, and waves of this mighty inter-polar Mainland. The last prayer was said, and the souls of that crew made settlement with Death.

Death came not, and still they sailed by the compass, North, due North. There is no bottom to the gulf, there is no end to those mists and gloom. Will this downward plunge last forever? Will the denizens of the Kingdom of Pluto? Has the grim old ferryman of the Styx been supplanted by Sir John? Cheerfulness revives; merriment is grasped from the jaws of death, and a feeling begins to pervade the crew of hope and faith. Hope; for what? Faith in whom? It might have been such as was expressed by Byron when he said: "Farewell what chance of fate proclaimeth best Peace on shores of Acheron," or might have been such as a more ancient and holy man expressed when he said: "Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil."

And now the mists begin to lift—the clouds begin to roll away; the suppressed current is not so strong, but is not so strong, but still the compass says, Northward, due North.

There are icebergs ahead, there are dark rocks too, and above the heads of the crew—how strange! there are flocks of water fowl pursuing their way Northward. Here there is a sure ground of hope. The wild geese is our pioneer. But the darkness and mists are gone, there is light ahead. It glows and gleams. And now we are passing frozen shores, with here and there large tracts of rocks covered with lichens and mosses. The air is growing more temperate, the light grows stronger, the prospect widens.

An idea dawns in the mind of the navigator. He invokes the aid of the telescope again and Sir John Franklin and his crew now realize that the great old earth is hollow, and that in hunting for the North pole so successfully they have sailed, sheer and clear, into the light of the coronal of electricity, into another world, the world of the Trans-mundane.

It is related that a Massachusetts school-boy (though the story can be told as well of any other) was asked by his teacher how many commandments there were. "Ten," was the prompt reply. The teacher said there had been one added, and asked him what it was. The boy looked perplexed, scratched his head a moment and then triumphantly replied, "The Fifteenth Amendment."

It is a note of this remark of an old work out here: "A man who most compliments a woman is the one who most despises her."

HOLLADAY'S INTIMIDATORS.

[From Willamette Farmer.]

When Jim Fisk, Jr., was murdered in New York, there were not a few newspapers to exult over the crime, as if Fisk was the meanest, most lascivious and despicable wretch among men. Yet circumstances are coming to light every day that demonstrate that the railroad ring in Portland is incomparably more dangerous than ever was the Erie ring, of which Fisk was the head. So complete is Holladay's ring organized, that if any body in Oregon offends against him, he cracks his whip in the style of a ring-master, and out trots one of his sleek black-saters, appearing as if a half a barrel of lard had been used in putting him in "condition," receives his orders, and executes his commission with an alacrity and subserviency that would surprise the most visionary writer of fiction. If the offence has been committed in Portland, Salem, Eugene, or any other town in the valley, all the trained hounds of the ring in that particular locality are turned loose upon the track of the offender, and he is worried by libels and falsehoods, and all means adopted from which will result inconvenience and vexation in business.

The Farmer has seen proper to compliment Mr. Holladay's energy in the present case, and recently it has deemed it a duty to warn the people against allowing themselves to be drawn into this man's power, which would chain them more securely than was ever the most abject slave that moved under the burning sun of the equator to the flourish of the master's whip. To silence this insubordination on our part, it was circulated around the streets of Portland that we had made a proposition to Holladay to buy us out, and that, failing, we saw proper to make an attack on him.

Failing to accomplish anything by this report, Mr. Holladay's paper, the *Bulletin*, has turned loose its last gun and thinks to send terror into our camp by calling the Farmer a "Democratic organ." This is too thin. If Mr. Holladay expects to stick behind the Republican party and call persons "Democratic," or if he thinks to crawl in the rear of the Democratic party, and denounce all men as "Republicans," because they oppose his heartless scheme to enslave our people, he shows a weaker brain than we have given him credit for.

The Farmer's mission is to advise and counsel the people as to their best interests. Mr. Holladay's business is to sell them to the last farthing. We shall continue on in the discharge of our duty, regardless of threats, and we expect Mr. Holladay to continue on his present course until he is brought up at a "snubbing-post" by the people.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

RADICAL DELINQUENCIES. "When Rogues Fall Out Honest Men Come by Their Own."

The President clanked in his message that all the defaulters under his administration had been subject to rigorous prosecution and punishment. Senator Morton reiterated the same statement in the Senate, but when pressed to the wall could only cite one case where prosecution and punishment had followed offence. He was not circumscribed by the number of defaulters. This list is far too long and the amounts too great for the Senator to be embarrassed in that direction. The Democratic National Committee at Washington are engaged in making up a book, which will give a full list, as far as the facts can be obtained, of the Government plunderers and the amount stolen.

The following is a list of the book allowed in the Senate: The public appetite until further facts are revealed: Norton, Sup't of Money Dept., \$ 115,000 00; New York Post Office, \$ 47,929 27; [this amount was lost in stock and real estate speculation in New York. The defaulter has been tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.]

J. F. Baily, Internal Revenue Collector, New York, \$ 1,140,000 00; G. E. Dennis, Sup't of Assay Office, \$ 90,000 00; J. Spears, Collector of Internal Revenue, Leavenworth, Kan., \$ 150,000 00; [The defaulter has received \$50,000 of the money.]

T. G. Gerrish, of Lowell, Mass., \$ 50,000 00; Andrew Stafford, Mail Agent, \$ 10,000 00; Frank Soule, Internal Revenue Department, \$ 1,544,719 00; A. B. Woodcock, P. M., Philadelphia, Pa., \$ 10,000 00; Maj. Lander, Postmaster, Salem, \$ 6,000 00; G. O. Bateholder, Secretary Dakota Territory, \$ 8,000 00; Col. Sanders, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, Fifth District, Missouri, \$ 8,000 00; P. H. Hathaway, Post Office, Hartford, Conn., \$ 1,000 00; Col. Wellman, Collector of Customs, San Francisco, \$ 8,000 00; S. B. Shook, Collector of Internal Revenue, \$ 1,043,647 00; B. S. Hunt, \$ 250,107 00; W. D. McCarty, Collector of Internal Revenue, \$ 30,000 00; H. A. Guernsey, Collector of Internal Revenue, \$ 31,000 00; Alex Spaulding, \$ 489,490 00; E. M. Collector, \$ 50,000 00; Whitaker, Postmaster, Hartford, \$ 100,000 00; W. P. Cunningham, \$ 292,460 00; United States Treasury Department, \$ 30,000 00; W. R. Field, Internal Revenue Department, \$ 832,879 00; W. Flagg, Internal Revenue Department, \$ 237,307 00; Chas. Collins, Internal Revenue Department, \$ 652,504 00; Department, \$ 434,000 00; Charged different army officers, \$ 19,765,000 00; Charged up to July 1, 1871, against defaulting Internal Revenue Collectors, \$ 2,700,000 00; E. Kendall, Treasurer of Bonds Co., Illinois, \$ 20,000 00.

A PRONOUNCED RADICAL ON PRESIDENT GRANT.

Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Gold-En Age*, formerly of the *New York Independent*, has all his life been a Radical of the most pronounced and extreme character. He is a man however, who does not hesitate to speak his mind freely, and who, though once a strong supporter of Grant, sees little in the present attitude or conduct of our chief magistrate to admire or commend. Speaking of Grant's neglected opportunity in a late issue of his paper, he says:

"Perhaps no President ever had a better opportunity for the display of Administrative abilities and a high order of patriotism than Grant has today. We leave the matter of statesmanship entirely aside. According to his own theory, he is merely the administrator of the Government, and lays no claim to the character of a statesman. Not even his most extravagant admirers in their most excited eulogies claim that he possesses that high quality of mind, that comprehensiveness of view, that intuitive penetration into causes and forecasting of events, and grasp of circumstances which enter into the chief of statesmanship. He is merely the head of the Government. But as such he has to-day the most splendid opportunity ever offered an American Chief Magistrate to signalize his Administration by acts which would render it famous forever.

The present Administration inherited a vast amount of corruption. The machinery of the government had been used very largely to fill the pockets of speculators, and secure positions for ambitious politicians. The present Administration changed the men, but retained the mechanism. We see the results. The public service is demoralized. Stupendous frauds have been discovered in many places. The taint of corruption covers every department of the government—there is scarcely a job-holder in the United States but is held under the suspicion of dishonesty. Every new investigation uncovers a new mine of guilt, and discloses more of the vast system of fraud and villainy which nets the whole country with its ramifications, and is rapidly rotting away the foundations of national honesty. The people of all parties begin to comprehend the significance of the facts and the real dangers to which our institutions are exposed. They demand reform. Their determination has shaken Tammany into the dust. It has compelled a reluctant committee to look into an equally offensive mass of corruption in our Custom House, and though they tried their utmost not to see anything in particular, they were compelled to turn their faces away in disgust. The same high and dangerous facts exist everywhere, and everywhere cry aloud for reform. Reform is the only hope of the Government, of the country. And if reform is not speedily organized and carried energetically into every department of the public service, that service will sink before contempt, and office-holder and robber will be universally regarded as synonymists.

Old party issues are dead. There are not sound planks enough in any of the old party platforms for a decent man to stand upon to-day. The one real issue before the country to-day is, Shall we have an honest Government? All other questions are entered in that period with but a single exception, and that is, the achievements and heroic memories of war, by his own determined acts pledging that party to the most earnest, determined, radical measures of reform. He can sweep the States so clean at the next election that the scattering votes will not be worth the counting, if he will shake himself clear from all complicity with or responsibility for the present administration.

Light brown hair, with a clear skin, is a very certain indication of courage, ambition, reliability, and determination to overcome obstacles. Nearly all the best business men of the country have this kind of hair. The fine, and more silky the texture, the finer the organization, and the more touchy and inflammable the disposition. If such hair be straight and fine, it indicates an even disposition, a readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others.

Persons with fine, light brown or auburn hair inclined to curl or friz, are quick tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.

Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is a certain indication of despot, treachery, and a disposition to do something mean to a friend, when that friend can no longer be used to advantage.

Straight black hair, crisp and glossy, indicates great powers of endurance, indifference to danger, and a strong predisposition to revenge wrongs or insults, real or fancied. The coarser the hair, the longer will the person having it nurture his revenge, till there comes a safe chance for its gratification.

Hair that is inclined to change its appearance with the weather, with a sort of rookiness to its style, indicates a corresponding rookiness, or rather independence as to the speech of people.

DEMOCRATIC EXTRAVAGANCE VS. RADICAL ECONOMY.

[From N. H. (Concord) People.]

We are not disposed to deny that there has been reckless extravagance and unblinking fraud in the management of the financial affairs of New York City. We have no doubt that such is the case. We have contended, however, that the Democratic party is not responsible therefor. It is true that party has been in the ascendency in the city for years, but it is also true that the chief facilities for fraud were placed in the hands of the city government by a Radical Legislature, and have been used by a ring made up of both Democrats and Republicans, whose operations were finally exposed by a Republican sharer in the plunder who was incensed because he was not allowed the full amount which he demanded.

But granting, temporarily, for the sake of the argument, that the Democracy is responsible for all this extravagance and fraud, let us take the financial condition of New York as it is, and compare it with that of another city which the Democracy do not control. Let us compare it with that of Boston—Puritan Boston, which boasts, and honestly too, of being the cradle of modern Radicalism, a city which has done infinitely more to direct the course of the Radical party than New York with all its power and wealth has to shape that of the Democratic party.

It appears by the report of Comptroller Green, that the total amount of the ascertained debt of the City and County of New York, together with the present claims on the 15th day of December, was \$94,523,867.22. This is truly an enormous debt, and its existence is a crushing weight upon, as well as an undeniable disgrace to, the people of New York. The total debt of the City of Boston at the same time was \$29,383,330.52, a much smaller sum. It is true, but there is something else to be considered. The population of New York according to the last census is \$25,292, while that of Boston is 250,525. This gives a debt of \$395.52 per capita for New York, and one of \$117.28 per capita for Boston. These figures furnish their own commentary. It, then, shall be said that Democratic extravagance and fraud has piled an enormous debt upon the shoulders of the people of New York, what shall we say that Radical economy and honesty has done for the people of Boston?

Now let us go still further and consider the matter of taxation. Taxation in New York has justly been complained of as burdensome in the extreme. The aggregate of taxes collected of the people of New York City for the year 1870 amounted to \$27,403,859, or \$39.08 per capita, while the aggregate of the taxes of Boston amounted to \$9,050,420, or \$36 per capita. Thus it seems that taxation in Boston is as much higher, proportionately, than in New York, as the indebtedness of the city is larger, which fact shows the financial management of the former city in a far more damaging light than that in which the latter now stands before the public.

There is nothing like coming down to hard facts and plain figures in considering this matter of the comparative extravagance or economy of Democratic and Republican management, and there is nothing which our opponents so greatly dread, unless through the remarkable ingenuity of a man like Boutwell, the figures can be made to do what it is said they will not do.

A poor peasant, who had seven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and she was of a form so truly hideous that it might be said, as Shakespeare expresses it: "The curs barked at her as she belted along." There are other allusions to enter into the wedded state, however, than those of figure.

A showman, on his way through the village in which she lived, saw her, and asked her of her marriage.

"Sir," said the honest peasant to the suitor of his daughter, unwilling to take advantage of any man, "have you observed the unseemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give her?"

"These," replied the other, "are objects of no weight with me."

"But she is both hunch-backed and hunch-breasted. Her skin is like shagreen."

"I am rejoiced at that she has a nose."

"Good."

"She is hardly three feet high."

"Better still."

"Her legs are like drumsticks and her nails like claws."

"Best of all."

"To cut a matter short, believe me, she is almost dumb, and altogether dead."

"Is it possible," exclaimed the lover, "that you transport me! Long have I searched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but was afraid to flatter myself with the hope of finding such a one. I am now happy beyond my hopes. She is fully corresponding with my ideal of perfection. How rare it is in these days to meet with so accomplished a figure!"

"But, my good friend," interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propose to do with a wife who is so ugly and so deformed; who is always sickly and hath not a penny."

"Do with her? Why, I'll travel around the country and get my bread by exhibiting monsters. I will put her in a box; I will carry her about with me; and as for a fortune, let me alone for the acquisition of that."

One hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America.

NO WOMAN WITHOUT HER VALUE.

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