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Table with columns: DAY, 1 AM, 2 AM, 3 AM, 4 AM, 5 AM. Rows: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Includes rates for advertising and business notices.

MARTHA PHILLIPS.

She was dead; an old woman, with silvery hair brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, a snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines about it that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed with a restful look. That was all.

Who, looking at the sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long ago?

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look on the little plate on the coffin lid, "Aged 70" there; and who was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home, a bride.

A half century she had kept her careful watch over dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with buttoned shirts or undared socks; had not come home with an untidy house and cooking wife. Her trim, tidy Martha had been his pride; and though not a demonstrative husband, he had boasted sometimes of the model housewife that kept his home in order.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of, and would hardly have believed possible had he been told. She was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village, and that Summer was the brightest and happiest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village maiden, and won her heart; and, when he went away in the Autumn they were betrothed.

"I'll come again in the Spring," he said. "Trust me, and wait for me, Mattie dear."

She promised to love and wait for him to the end of time, if need be, and with a kiss on her quivering lips, he went away.

Mattie Gray did not tell her father and mother of her love, for they had no liking for London folks, and had treated Paul none too hospitably when he had ventured inside their house.

Spring came, and true to his word, Paul returned; he staid only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy, to study," he said. "I shall be gone two years, and then I shall come to claim you for my bride."

They renewed their vows, and parted with tears, and tender loving words; he put a tiny ring on her finger, and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair, and, telling her to always be true, and wait for him, he went away.

The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so she might be worthy of her lover, when he should return to make her his wife.

"It must be about the time he is to start," she said to herself one day.

And by and by, as she glanced over a newspaper, her eye was attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes, she read of his marriage to another.

"Married!" Taken another bride, instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul, Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

An hour afterwards, as she sat there in the twilight, she read a newspaper lying in her lap, she heard a knock on the ravel walk, and, looking up, she saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had of course, received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hardworking farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core. His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—would give her plenty to eat and wear.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

His Wives and Children. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes from Salt Lake City, as follows:

BRIGHAM'S WIVES. I asked the Elder how many wives Brigham had, so as to get some authority upon that disputed point.

"Living with him here in the house," replied the Elder, "he has only sixteen, but then there are a number of others, I really don't know how many, married to him all over the Territory, many of whom he has not even seen since the hour they were married."

"What's the use of that sort of marriage?" I asked, with an eye to the practical as well as to the spiritual.

"THESE MARRIAGES are for the next world; they are spiritual marriages. We believe that marriages are for time and eternity. Because I marry a woman it is no sign that I am going to live with her. She is sealed to me for eternity. For instance, a lady whom, perhaps, I have never seen before, comes to me with a letter of introduction from some of our Church officers, saying that she is a good, deserving lady, and desires to be united to a man for eternity, why I should consider it my duty to marry that lady, although I might never see her again in this world."

"But suppose the lady already has a husband?" I asked.

"That don't make any difference; she can be sealed to me just the same. Perhaps her husband is a worthless fellow, and in every way unworthy of her."

"Wouldn't your wives object?" "Oh, no, we understand all that; there isn't so much objecting going on as you think, whether we marry to cohabit or simply for the next world. I didn't marry my second wife until my first had consented. I said I wanted some more children; some sons to bear my name. It was the Lord's will that I should have them. My first wife consented, and told me to do the Lord's will, and I married again, selecting a much younger woman than my first wife, and she bore me some fine boys."

"I GIVE THIS AS A SPECIMEN of the sort of talk one will hear among the elders and those high in authority in the Mormon Church. They talk as freely about their families as they do about their oxen. And all this wickedness, these brutal practices, this degradation of woman, has nothing for its foundation but pretended revelation to Joseph Smith from Heaven. Of all the humbug and bosh, superstition and clerical quackery that was ever pumped into any creed or sect, the Mormons have it. Yet their diabolical creed is no more marvelous than their perfect sincerity."

ALL OF BRIGHAM'S SIXTEEN WIVES with whom he lives have borne him children, except one, called Amelia. Amelia is his most noted wife, spirited, pleasant, and of American birth. She is only thirteen years younger than years of being half as old as her husband. His wives are of all ages, his last two being quite young, mere girls in fact, when they married him. I asked a Gentleman of their acquaintance why they should be such fools as to want to marry an old man with over a dozen wives already.

"No, indeed," said he, "for I know they did not love him?" "Were they compelled to marry him?" "Oh, no, they did it of their own free will, as they thought it a certain way to get to Heaven."

BRIGHAM'S CHILDREN. Brigham has sixty-eight children, about forty of whom are female. They are of all ages from three years to thirty. Several of his older sons are young men of promise and position. He is the father of a good deal of talent, and some of his children will be heard of in the world hereafter. Last night, at the theatre, I was particularly struck with the good, I might say superb, acting of a young looking lady, and quite handsome withal. I made inquiry, and learned that she was a daughter of Brigham, and one of the five wives of H. B. Clawson. Clawson being a man of wealth and standing, and a devout Mormon, has married two of Brigham's daughters, in addition to his other three wives. Isn't that a curious way to do it? It certainly is to us uninitiated to the Mormons it is all perfectly correct and proper. In several of the States a man is prohibited from marrying a dead wife's sister, but here in Utah it is much the style to marry two sisters at once, besides having other wives. But as long as it is necessary to have two or more wives, I think he is a wise man who marries sisters.

MANY OF BRIGHAM'S CHILDREN are handsome and lovable. Those by one of his wives, Mrs. Decker, are particularly so.

He provides well for his numerous sons-in-law, and makes great pleasure in seeing his children well married and happy; if there can be any happiness in the Mormon married state. A marriage takes place in his family now very often, as his numerous flock are rapidly maturing. One of his daughters married last Sunday. I hear of one who had to run away to marry, Brigham being opposed to the match because the young man who loved his daughter also lovedlager beer. Brigham tried to break off the match, and kept his daughter at home, but his home had so many doors to it that he could not watch them all at once and she got away. If this teaches any moral at all, it is either to have fewer daughters or fewer doors.

A Detroit husband caught his wife and the family physician kissing like young lovers in the gushing stage, and offered a few remarks, whereat the lady began to cry. The husband inquired the reason. "Alas," replied she, "I weep because your utter want of confidence in me terribly affects my sensitive nature." He looked thoughtful.

Subscribe for the Democrat.

IN CHAINS AWAITING MADNESS.

An Expected Fate Worse than That of Prometheus. There is a farm house about two miles from Arnold Station, Clay county, over which sadness and sorrow and terror are brooding, for in one of the rooms of the house are two strong men heavily ironed and chained to the floor.

THEY ARE WAITING THERE for a most terrible manly to take possession of them, and after putting them to a torture a thousand times worse than that of the Inquisition, to destroy their lives.

WHEN A MAD DOG KILLED by Campbell, at Liberty, was on its destroying mission throughout the country, several days ago, these two men crossed the path, and received their terrible fate. The mad-dog was applied, but, fearing and doubting its efficacy, they prepared for the fearful ordeal of an attack of hydrophobia. Not knowing at what hour the fell disorder might make its appearance, and fearing for the safety of their wives, little ones and themselves, they had ironed and bound themselves so securely that it would require almost the strength of Samson to break their fastenings. Their hands are securely manacled, a strong iron band is locked around their wrists, and to this band is welded a heavy chain, one end of which is fastened to a heavy ring bolt in the floor and there they stand.

WAITING for the dread approach of the awful maddening stupor that announces the flow of the poison through the blood and the brain; waiting for the quick and sudden twitching of the muscles, deadly pains in the head and through the body, and burning eyeballs, while poisonous froth will gather at the mouth. They will be seized with an uncontrollable longing to bite, to tear, to destroy.

THEY WILL BE WRITHING, snapping, snarling, growling, howling, tortured demons—pressing hard upon their fastenings, glaring savagely upon all around them, the ties of love, of blood, of humanity obliterated from their understanding—going in horrible convulsions of rage and pain, clanking and rattling their chains in order to free themselves from restraints, and with but one thought, one desire—to kill and destroy—to rend with teeth and nails every living thing, and after this, with hot scorching eyes strained and twisted back in their sockets, and foam streaming from their parched and burning lips, to die—to die amid the convulsive agonies and tortures of hydrophobia, worse even, it is said, than the pains of hell itself.

This is what these unfortunate men are waiting for, and there is terror in every breath they draw.

LITTLE CHILDREN, with saddened faces, fondle and caress them with increased love, for the dreaded fate of their fathers has been whispered in their ears. Food and water, with tender care for them, and see that every want is supplied, and the bondage made as light as love and sympathy can render it. These loved ones are also waiting, watching, not knowing the hour when they will be drawn out of the reach of the two men whose very touch may soon be almost instant death.

UP TO THIS TIME no indication of madness has been manifested, and as the time has already passed in which the disorder attacks its victims after the poison has been infused into the blood, the friends are very hopeful that the mad-stone has proved effective, but the men declare they will wear their irons several days yet, so fearful are they that the poison is still lurking within them.

THE STATE OF ARKANSAS SOLD FOR TAXES. Outrageous taxes imposed upon the State of Arkansas at a time when they had just recovered from the impoverishing effects of the war, worked the forfeiture of the enormous quantity of about 3,000,000 acres of land, or one-seventh part of the whole State, through the non-payment of taxes. During the past few weeks the State Auditor has been engaged in selling these lands. Only about one-third of them could find purchasers, and that, on an average, at the small price of the amount of the unpaid taxes. The unsold lands are now being re-offered for sale, with the prospect that the amount disposed of, added to that sold at the original sale, will not exceed one-half of the whole 3,000,000 acres. Thus the State will have gotten, after driving many of the people into bankruptcy because they could not meet the onerous taxes levied by unscrupulous law-makers, about half the taxes it demanded. The Auditor's office is now being flooded with petitions from all manner of persons, praying the donation of them of the unsold lands. Under the law as it stands, every man, woman and child is entitled, upon proper application, to 160 acres of land.

THE ISSUES OF THE HOUR.

BY EUGENE FENNWICK LOVERIDGE. To break, politically, with old friends is anything but pleasant. To come before the public in any way is to render one's self a fair target for criticism.

The author of these hastily written paragraphs proposes to outline, very briefly, some of those mental processes which have caused him to believe that only through a return to the Democratic policy can the nation hope for prosperity and lasting peace. He wishes, in this connection to pay a tribute to his old friends in the Republican party for that good which they accomplished, and to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, who, to-day, if living, would be the last to endorse the present Administration, that has succeeded in making John Tyler's comparatively respectable, and that of Andrew Johnson's decorous.

The President of the United States came into power under circumstances of peculiar good fortune. A war-worn country wanted peace. Whether true or false, it was universally believed by the Republican party that to General Grant was due the conquest of the rebellion. It is entirely true that there were far-sighted men who had seen below the surface, and whom the tinsel of the General's reputation could not blind to the essential coarseness of the man. That the nation should revive the grade of General to honor him was simply an evidence of its gratitude, and that the soldier should take presents was merely a question of taste.

What the General did before coming into office only adds to the admiration taken in connection with, and as throwing light upon, the action of the President. As respecting his subsequent actions, they are fair subjects for criticism.

From his very first advent into the Presidential chair, Mr. Grant's entire course of action has been to foster and deepen those materialistic tendencies to which our age and country was previously all too prone. To bend the suppliant limbs of the knee that might follow lawfully, became the national watchword. It became very well understood that there was but one road to Government favor. Men who had been veterans in the Republican cause were hounded down like dogs if they refused to follow every beck of the most contemptible Administration any Anglo-Saxon commonwealth has ever known. Our war vessels were used to intimidate a people with whom we were at peace, and assist in keeping a thing like Bacz in power. Our policy towards the South was the worst that could have possibly been adopted, being neither vigorous enough to repress wrong nor magnanimous enough to re-establish law and enforce right in dealing with England. We were at one moment abusive and at another truculent; and even Spain could afford to snub us with impunity. Men like Charles Sumner, Lyman Trumbull, Carl Schurz and scores of other veterans, who were too broad-brained and far-sighted to say that black was white, and too thoroughly American to be oblivious to national dishonor, have been stigmatized by newspapers, at the behest of this Administration, whose editors were either too corrupt or too stupid to see either way we were doing. A virulent partisan tone that might be extenuated in the war-time, characterized their every utterance in times of peace. Instead of seeking to build up the people, check the mad spirit of speculation, and unite the whole country, the practical results of the Administration policy have been simply to foster every monopoly, to erige to foster every monopoly, to obliterate every moral element of our political life.

The condition of our shipping interests should of itself unite the people of this section in hostility to a party whose whole policy, if persevered in long enough, would withdraw our merchant vessels from the high seas.

But reforms can better be fought inside the Republican party. So, until recently, the writer had hoped, if he could not believe. He is now satisfied, as at present constituted, all hopes of reform within it are but delusions. That the voice of centralization is its deep-seated cancer. That its mission is accomplished, and that the nation can afford that it should pass away. That outside of the office-holding rings it has no friends among the people who think, and that if the Democracy shall act with any show of conciliation and discretion the triumph of thoroughly American principles is secure, and the downfall of the present Grant dynasty assured.

A DUMMY IN A NUPTIAL CHAMBER.—A laughable joke was played on our unsophisticated pair married by Justice McGrath, on Tuesday night, at the Falls City brewery. The happy couple just made one, lingered till a late hour in the sitting-room, and thus gave an opportunity to some mischievous fellows to get up a black dummy, resembling a negro man and place him in the bridal chamber.

The bride retired first and on entering her room, found, as she thought, a black man standing by the bedside. His intrusion roused her indignation to the highest pitch, and she flew at the figure and knocked it down and kicked it several times, and then picked it up in her arms and threw it down stairs. The groom, meanwhile, heard the struggle and started to her relief. He imagined that the dummy was a real darkey and struck it several times with his fist, bruising his knuckles considerably. The crowd enjoyed the joke hugely, and the building rang again with their unrestrained laughter. The parties were too indignant to discover their mistake. They are now fully persuaded that Justice McGrath was right in saying that the customs of this country are different from those of Europe.—Louisville Courier.

JUST A QUESTION OR TWO.

An exchange thus descends upon printing office boys, hitting the mark so fairly on the head, we cannot fail to appreciate, endorse and copy. Here are a few of the innumerable questions which printers are called upon to answer:

Do you print both sides of the paper at once? How long does it take to make a newspaper? Suppose you write everything you print, don't you? Why are those boxes of different sizes, and how do you know where to find a certain letter? Can't you print a picture of anything you want to? I would think you could. Why can't you? (After printing some horse-bills for a man not long ago, he found fault with them because the 'cut' was not just like his horse. On another occasion, a gentleman came with the intention of having his horse left his horse in front of the office, and he wanted a picture of it taken and some bills printed.) If you print one hundred bills for \$3, I suppose you will let me have four for twelve cents? I should think it would be fun to be an editor—you don't do anything but sit down and read newspapers and articles all day? Do you throw your type away after you have printed upon it once? You don't care if I have a handful of this type, do you? It can't be very hard to set type all day—is it, now? Can't I help you print something? I wish you would print my name for me; it wouldn't be much trouble to print just one name. What is this for? What do you do with that? What takes that look so funny? What are you going to do now? What for? Why? What makes you keep so still? You don't care if a fellow just talks, do you? By the time a man goes through with this list of questions, his company becomes so monotonous that he cannot fail to perceive its effect upon the listeners, and he walks off with the impression that he has been treated him unkindly and impolitely.

All the above is to the point, and when the questioner takes the hint and leaves of his own accord, we feel serene.

But then, when, as occurred with us the other day, a man comes in with a 32-page pamphlet, with the backs torn off, and insists on us printing him a copy of that same backs and title-page, including, for ten cents, because that is all the original copy cost him, we feel disposed to explain to him the quickest method of getting down stairs, free of charge.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ON GRANT.

The Boston Atlantic Monthly, recognized as the leading Republican magazine of the United States, in its political department thus discourses about General Grant and his administration:

"Neither the Cincinnati Commercial, nor the Chicago Tribune, nor the Springfield Republican, nor the New York Tribune would be displeased if General Grant failed in securing a re-nomination. There are many reasons, too, why General Grant's continuance in the office would be regretted by other people. As a rule, military men are not the stuff to make good statesmen for an unimpaired and commercial society. For the most part, they entertain a professional contempt for law, even when they avow their loyalty to it. Of this peculiarity General Grant's administration has given at least one illustration. Declaring himself firmly opposed to intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, he has for some time past maintained a protectorate of San Domingo, which is in reality, an illegal war against Hayti, carried on in the teeth of a distinct provision of the Constitution. Again, Gen. Grant seems ignorant of the elementary principles of economical science to the extreme of believing that the chief source of wealth of this California is to be found in the mines of California. His system of appointments to be made unintelligible. Appointments such as Mr. Murphy's and Consul General Butler's are possible, we see, because commissions have been issued to them; but how the same man who appointed Mr. Murphy and Consul General Butler should also have appointed Mr. Fish and Judge Hoar is inexplicable. Besides all this he has shown a singular want of delicacy, to say the least, in receiving innumerable presents, and indirectly profiting himself out of Government contracts. To own stock in a commercial enterprise is one thing, but to own stock in a corporation which is daily making valuable contracts with the departments at Washington is for the President of the United States, quite another. We do not impugn his honesty. He is no doubt innocent of all shares in the management of the 'administration quarry'; but such a scandal ought not to be possible."

At breakfast one morning, in that quiet, comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, England, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Trusting his spoon in the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it and passed on to the next. When he had got his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been pronounced against Monsieur by his mistresses, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said: "Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?" "Ay," replied the barbarian, "you wouldn't have me to eat the yolk? In a yolk is de shicken; de vite de foders. Am I to make von bolster of my belly?" The farmer was dumfounded.

A STORY OF JOHN BUNYAN.

One wet night in August there rode up to the house of Deacon Stradwick, on Snow Hill, a man of some fifty-nine years, whose clothes soaking with wet. The greeting between the two men proved they were old acquaintances, and that a bond of more than ordinary friendship existed between them. The stranger's face was that of a man of undaunted resolution, yet there was a dreaminess about the expression of the eye that betokened a religious enthusiast. His hair was iron gray, and there was a certain yielding of the frame, as of a man who had long passed the prime of his days. Since this man did duty as a soldier at the siege of Leicester he had passed twelve years in prison, and the chief product of that imprisonment was the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was John Bunyan who wrote that great work. Stradwick, the great Baptist preacher was at home with the independent deacon. Of the visit only one fact is known: everything else is conjecture. The difference in their religious principles will hardly occasion surprise when Bunyan's famous expression is remembered—"I know no sect. I am a Christian."

In all probability several days elapsed before Bunyan showed symptoms of illness. During that interval he sent a sermon upon a broken heart to be printed at the Hand and Bible, on London Bridge, and revised a few of the proof sheets himself. But before the whole of the sermon was in type he was laid up with a fever, caught through riding in the rain on the day of his arrival in London. The deep cough which must have been Stradwick's household ail, the illness of their great may be imagined. The distance from Keblecross street was not great, and the first person consulted would probably be George Cokyn. Taken ill at the house of one of Cokyn's deacons, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was one of the earliest to visit the sick pilgrim, and render what help he could on such an emergency. For ten days Bunyan lingered, waiting "for the good hour," when the post should "come from the celestial city." During this time he conversed with his host and the friends who visited him, upon "sin," "affliction," "repentance" and coming to Christ, "prayer," and kindred topics. Fragments of this conversation were committed to writing by Stradwick, and afterward published.

THE SOLDIER'S HOMESTEAD BILL.

The inquiries regarding the exact terms of the homestead bill passed by Congress are very numerous from all quarters. As it goes to the President for his signature, it provides that every officer or soldier, seaman or marine, who served during the rebellion, and was honorably discharged, shall, on compliance with the homestead act, receive a patent for 160 acres of public lands, not mineral, including the alternate sections of public lands along the railroad and other public work, provided that said homestead settler shall be allowed six months after locating his homestead within which to commence his settlement in improvement; and, provided, also, that the time which the homestead settler shall have served in the army, navy, or marine corps, aforesaid shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect the title without reference to the length of time he may have served; provided, however, that no patent shall issue to any homestead settler who has not resided on, improved and cultivated his said homestead for a period of at least one year, and shall commence his improvements, as aforesaid. Any one entitled to enter under this act and has heretofore entered less than 160 acres under the homestead act, may enter enough under the present act to make 160 in all. If any person entitled to the provision of the act has died, his widow, if unmarried, or in case of her death or marriage, his minor orphan children, by guardian duly appointed, shall be entitled to all the benefits of the act. If any previous entry under the homestead act has lapsed by reason of the pre-emptor being in the army, or navy, the entry shall be restored. Any soldier, sailor, marine officer or other person coming within the provision of this act, may as well by his agent as in person, enter on said homestead, provided that said person is not at least one year within the time prescribed, commence settlement and improvements on the same, and thereafter fulfill the requirements of this act. The Commissioner-General of the Land Office is to make all the needful rules to carry the act into effect.

ARTHUR WARD alludes to a very loud railroad as breeder of injustice, and tells of a convict who was started to go to jail at the end of the road, but got so old while going that he didn't answer the description when he got there. Speaking of the same road, he once told the conductor that the cow catcher ought to be on the other end of the train. The conductor said: "You can't overtake a cow," said, "but what's to hinder one walking in the back door and biting the passenger?"

A New York farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element, and then his wife laughed.

On Washington's birthday a tipsy Danbury man braced himself against a lamp-post, and exclaimed: "Merciful heaven! can it be possible that that great and good man is dead?"