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Feb. 1, 1871-y1

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Dec. 16, 1871.

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State Rights Democrat.

VOL. X. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1874. NO. 18.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 W	1 M	3 M	6 M	1 YR
1 Inch,	1 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	10 00
2 In.	2 00	5 00	7 00	12 00	18 00
3 In.	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	22 00
4 In.	4 00	7 00	12 50	18 00	27 00
¼ Col.	6 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
½ Col.	7 50	12 00	18 00	30 00	45 00
¾ Col.	10 00	15 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
1 Col.	15 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

Business notices in the Local Columns, 25 cents per line, each insertion.

For legal and transient advertisements $2 50 per square of 12 lines, for the first insertion, and $1 00 per square for each subsequent insertion.

OUR ASSOCIATED PRESS LETTER.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1874.

THE THIRD TERM.

A gentleman, well-known in this city, now a resident of Washington, to whom the President talks, informs me that President Grant has considered the November elections in all their bearings upon the third term question and is entirely satisfied that this question was in no sense whatever, one of the issue.—When reminded by this gentleman, that the convention which re-nominated Gen. Dix, resolved: "The administration of President Grant has been distinguished for achievements in domestic and foreign policy, unsurpassed in the history of the country," and that New York gave a Democratic majority of 50,000, the convention which nominated Mr. Tilden having resolved against a third term for the present incumbent, or for any other President, Gen. Grant replied: "The Democratic convention of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg; thought it premature to even consider the subject, and the question was in no wise brought before the convention; while the Republican convention declared against it most emphatically, and they even went so far as to present Governor Hartranft as the candidate of the Republicans for president in 1876, yet the majority of 35,000 by which Governor Hartranft was elected is overcome, and the Democrats elect their ticket by several thousand majority,

The fact is the President entertains a lively hope that he will be just as available to the Republicans in 1876 as he was in 1868.

My informant further stated that if an amendment to the Constitution is passed limiting the presidency to one term, General Grant thinks the conservative element of the country under the leadership of such men as Schurz, Trumbull, Palmer, Evans, Medill, Bowles and Halstead, will direct the policy of the Republicans in 1876. In that event, Grant is of opinion that Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, will be the most available candidate that could be chosen.

Thoughtful Republicans, who are such from principle, are gratified at the result of the recent elections. Already are its good effects apparent in this city, most conspicuously in the sudden and decided determination of the Mysterious Pilgrims to decline all nominations for public office wherein a popular vote is requisite as a confirmation of their candidacy. The fate of Pilgrim Ash, who fell by the wayside beneath a majority of 1600, while his colleagues on the same ticket who were not pilgrims, were elected by 13,000 majority, has warned his brother Pilgrims of what is in store for them if they persist in braving public sentiment. The lion in Ash's pilgrimage for the Coronership, is too savage a beast for the Prince of Pilgrims, Mr. Rowan, to encounter, and rather than go under, beneath a majority of ten thousand, Pilgrim Rowan gives up his candidacy for Quarter Sessions clerk, and a gentleman, in whom the public have confidence, will be chosen in his stead.

The effect upon prospective candidates for city councils is even more disastrous than upon candidates for Sheriff, Recorder, Register, etc. I expect to see the Republican party in this city nominating for City Councils such gentlemen as Thos. T. Tasker, James A. Freeman, John Price Wetherill, Amos R. Little and Chas. D. Colliday, to the exclusion of the Glenns', Vorhies' Marcus' and such other public spirited city fathers, whose private enterprise is truly wonderful.

THE FINE ARTS.

As but very few Philadelphians, comparatively speaking, have ever witnessed the work of preparing a model from which to take a bronze casting—for the reason that artists' studios are not generally thrown open to the public, I imagine that those from the country who have witnessed such work are also limited in number, therefore it is a pleasure for me to state that the studio of Mr. Geo. F. Gordon, at the corner of Arch and Juniper streets in this city, is open at all times during the day for the free admission of those whose taste or curiosity leads them to study such things. I visited Gordon's Art Studio a few days ago, and confess that for the first time in my life I saw an artist at work; he was moulding the clay in shape for a model from which a colossal statue of George Washington is to be cast, and as far as I am able to judge, it will be the grandest statue of Washington yet produced. It was Mr. Gordon who gave us the marble statue of Washington in front of Independence Hall.

I mention this new departure in the fine arts for the reason that I hope to see Philadelphia yet become the Art-centre of the American continent, and because it is a subject which concerns our whole people. I regard it as another index of that growing spirit of American nationality which will ere long scorn to import works of art from Europe, when they can be produced here much finer, and at far less expense.

In this studio of Mr. Gordon is a model for a street lamp-post which is really the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. I regard it as a cast-iron volume which represents the growth of the American nation during its first century.

GEN. N. P. BANKS.

This distinguished gentleman lectured here during the week town unusually large audience. The General is not reticent as to his opinions upon political questions; he believes that before the dial finger marks the hour which completes the first century of our existence as a nation, we should so amend the Constitution as to limit the presidency to one term, not to exceed six years. The distinguished Congressman says he is not one of Grant's advisers, but it occurs to him that if the President has the time and inclination to study the lesson of the 3rd of November, he will scarcely fail to perceive that the same force of circumstances which drove Liberal Republicans to Cincinnati, produced the result so unexpected to the Administration. The third of November, 1874, is but the logical conclusion of the Cincinnati convention of May, 1872, and if President Grant is really sincere in his assertion that "he will have no other policy than the will of the people," he will reconstruct his cabinet, so as to have it conform as nearly as possible to the "will of the people," so clearly expressed.

To the remark that the "will of the people" appears to be very positively Democratic, and to the question: How is it possible for General Grant to invite Democrats to seats in his cabinet? General Banks made answer, that in the reformation of his cabinet it was not necessary for President Grant to call to his counsel table any other than Republicans. Gen. Banks believed that the selection of Charles Francis Adams as the Prime Minister of the President would give entire satisfaction to all New England; for Attorney General, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, or Judge Pierponts, would be eminently satisfactory to New York; for Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Hugh M'Cullough would doubtless be the first choice of Ohio and Indiana; while for Secretary of the Interior, your own great war Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, the man whose magnetism makes all men his friends, would gratify the people of the old Keystone State, Republicans, Liberals, and possibly Democrats. From the far West such a gentleman as Hon. James F. Wilson would doubtless be very agreeable to the conservative people from that section, while from the South, there are many gentlemen in whom the South have great confidence, such as Hon. Henry Stanberry of Kentucky, Hon. T. A. R. Nelson of Tennessee, and Hon. Lewis E. Parsons of Alabama.

General Banks however is of the opinion that no attempt will be made by the President to construct his cabinet in accord with the present sentiment of the people.

Father Gerdiman, the priest who violated his vow of celibacy, mentioned in my last letter, was caught in Baltimore just as he was about to take passage to Germany, and he and his wife were both brought back to this city. A hearing has been had and the Rev. Father has been placed under $10,000 bail to stand trial in the Sessions Court for the larceny of from sixty to seventy thousand dollars. The ex-priest may possibly be convicted of the crime, though I have my doubts, but if placed on trial for violating his vow of celibacy, and running off with Maggie Wittig, he would be instantly acquitted. No jury could possibly be found anywhere—made up of men—that would not applaud the fellow's appreciation of femenine beauty, for the girl is as handsome, as it is possible to fashion flesh and blood, and nature has lavished upon her a bountiful share of each.

The mania for leaving for an uncertain destination is not confined to Catholic clergymen, for I blush to own it that a newspaper editor in this city left here just as Gerdiman was brought back, taking with him a married woman, the wife of a sea captain. The madam was very rich and the editor very poor, and with the $50,000 in Governments she is said to have taken with her, she can purchase a nomination for Congress for her man in some of the far off territories, obtain a divorce from her old captain, and possibly spend the remainder of her life in—regretting her insane act.

100 YEARS OLD.

The First Troop Philadelphia Cavalry, reached the ripe age of one hundred years on the 17th inst. The Centennial celebration of the Troop was a grand affair, and lasted three days. On Tuesday the troop paraded through the principal streets of our city; the first division Pennsylvania militia, second brigade of New Jersey, and sixth and seventh regiments of New Jersey militia, and a number of military companies also paraded with the Troop in honor of the old company.

The First Troop was organized and equipped at private expense, and on the 17th of November, 1774, the services of the troop were accepted by the Continental Congress. On the 22nd of January, 1777, they were discharged from active service, and were highly complimented by Gen. Washington. The Troop also served in the war of 1812, and in 1824, when LaFayette revisited this country, the Troop escorted him in triumph from Trenton, New Jersey, to Philadelphia.

The first captain of the company was Abraham Markoe, who commanded it during the Revolution.

During the Rebellion, the services of the Troop, then but 87 years old, were tendered to Mr. Lincoln for 90 days. As an organization it did not acquire renown in the last struggle, possibly on account of its extreme old age, but then the troop wear such elegant uniforms, it really would have been cruel to have stained with blood their spotless white pants of angora wool. The fighting days of our city Troop ended in 1814, but as a convenience for holiday parades, these centennarians really are a thing of beauty, and the members have a right to wear "button-hole bouquets" on parade. J. W. F.

A handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

NEBRASKA "SHREWDNESS."

How Certain Rascals Have Been Issuing County Bonds.

The Lincoln (Neb.) *Spy* writes up what it asserts to be a discovery of grand frauds in the matter of organizing counties in that State. The circumstances, according to the *Spy*, are these: A number of men in Nebraska formed a company for the purpose of organizing new counties. They were merchants, bankers, men in various reputaple walks, and ostensibly honest enough. They employed several other and less upright parties to do for them that portion of the business too turgid for their liking and set to work. Says the *Spy:*

"They would find a county that was not organized, when they would get together and get up a petition, signing the required number of names (fictitious, of course), and file the same at the Governor's office, asking that certain persons therein named be appointed judges and clerks of election. The Governor issues the proclamation calling an election for a certain day; the company take possession of this, and have their election on the day named; elect their county officers from among their own number, and send in to the Secretary of State their returns with false names attached, receive their papers and go to work issuing general fund, jail, school, bridge, and other bonds of the county, which, being duly signed, some smart man is sent East to sell the same. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of these bonds are to-day in the Eastern market and held by Eastern capitalists, and are not worth the paper they are written on."

Holt county is instanced. At the time this county was "organized" it had, according to the *Spy*, but thirteen inhabitants, and none of these ever heard of an election being held there, aside from what has been told them by parties not resident then. The petition for the organization of the county was filed at the Governor's office in April, 1873, signed by forty-three persons. On the 24th day of April the Governor issued his proclamation that an election would take place for county officers on the 17th day of May, 1873, which election took place, according to the papers on file in the Secretary of State's office. The judges and clerks of election certified to the returns. Speaking of these gentlemen, the account goes on to say:

"By inquiry we find that no such men ever lived in the county, and were never heard of there; but we do find that a party of prominent men, residents of Lincoln, Omaha, and other towns, did organize Holt county. They got together, went part of the way by railroad, and then took teams, and drove into Holt county, just across the line, and held their election, and undoubtedly drove out, staying over night south of the county line. They at once proceeded to the work of issuing county bonds on the different funds. It is claimed that over $100,000 of these bonds were issued. These bonds were signed by some of the party, under fictitious names, and certain lawyers and other parties went East and disposed of them. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of them were placed in Boston, and other sums were placed in Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities, and large amounts of money realized upon them. Some of the holders have discovered that their bonds are forged and fraudulent, and are sending them back to lawyers here, with instructions to make it hot for the parties engaged in the work."

FULFILMENT OF A PRESENTIMENT.

A correspondent vouches for the accuracy of the following: "At the beginning of last week a quarryman named John Coombs, was killed instantaneously, and his assistant seriously injured by the fall of a huge mass of rock in a quarry near Mells, Frome, England. Dr. Wybrants has since held an inquest on the body of Coombs, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. One of the witnesses was Mr. William Chambers, foreman of extensive building works now in the course of erection near the quarry. Chambers states that on Sunday night he had an extraordinary dream; he dreamt that the whole of the buildings alluded to had fallen and killed one of the workmen. The following morning he was so impressed with the belief that his dream would come true, that on arriving at the works, and finding them still standing, he related his dream to the men, one of whom replied that he had a stranger dream still, having dreamt that the overhanging rock in the quarry close by had fallen, killing the quarrymen.

Uneasy by reason of such strange dreams, both men agreed to proceed to the quarry, where they told the deceased Coombs their story. Coombs, in his turn, said he had for some time past had a presentiment of danger, and to such an extent that he had determined to relinquish working in the quarry, and added that his wife had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to come to his work that morning for the reason he had stated. All three men then carefully sounded and otherwise minutely examined the overhanging rock, but could find no crack in it, and Chambers and his man then quitted the quarry, leaving deceased and his assistant there. They had proceeded only about forty yards, however, when they heard a terrific crash, and on hastening to the spot found Coombs under the fallen rock a corpse. It has since been ascertained from the neighbors themselves that the deceased had mentioned his apprehensions some days before the accident, and from the lips of his widow that his statement in regard to his reluctance to proceed to his work on Monday was perfectly correct.

A VINDICTIVE ROOM-MATE.

A Cold-Blooded Attempt to Assassinate a Man in his Sleep.

A most cold-blooded attempt at assassination was perpetrated yesterday morning about 4 o'clock, in the Adams House on Sacramento street, below Montgomery. A room in the house has been occupied for some time by two young men—James E. Paddock and Patrick H. Harrington—who have apparently always maintained toward each other the most friendly feelings. Both men are employed as waiters, Paddock in the Miner's Restaurant and Harrington on Fourth street. On Sunday morning Paddock informed his room-mate that he was going to the Cliff House with a woman of bad repute, and he designed offering her the hospitalities of the room in the evening. He accompanied the announcement with the request that his friend should vacate the room on his return. Harrington, imagining that his room-mate was joking, made no response. About 10 o'clock on Sunday evening Paddock presented himself at the room and leaving the woman in the hall he entered the room to awake the occupant. Harrington steadfastly refused to allow the room to be used for the purpose intended and declined to leave. Paddock who was somewhat

FLUSHED WITH LIQUOR,

Left the room after promising his obstinate companion that he would meet with a terrible retribution. About 4 o'clock in the morning Paddock returned to the house after leaving the woman at her home. He entered a room occupied by two acquaintances whom he informed that he meditated the assassination of his room-mate. The two men advised him to go to bed and sleep, accompanying the advice with some facetious remarks about his wild looking appearance. He became incensed at them then, and threatened to expend a few of his "borers" on them if they were not more careful. He finally repaired to his own room, the door of which he opened stealthily. Harrington had fallen asleep. Paddock took a pistol from his pocket and fired a shot at the sleeping man. The ball entered the pillow within an inch of Harrington's head. The report awoke him just in time to see the flash of the second shot, and the realization of his terrible position affected him so that he fainted and remained

UNCONSCIOUS AND HELPLESS

While two more shots were discharged at him. The second entered the bedclothes, and passed between the sleepers arm and body and entered the matress. The last two bullets shattered portions of the bedstead. The reports of the pistol attracted the attention of officer Harris, who was standing on the corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets, and he hastily ran up the stairs and was in time to perceive Paddock emerge from the room and enter an adjoining room, where he was found in the act of reloading the pistol. He did not deny the shooting, and deplored his inaccuracy of aim. He was charged with assault to murder, and will be examined. Harrington was some time recovering from his fright, but was grateful at his miraculous escape. —*S. F. Chronicle.*

GILDED RAGS.—A late case of gilded rags turned up in New Orleans.—Some people asked a physician to call upon a neighbor of theirs who was sick. The doctor visited the hovel and found an aged man stretched out in a wooden bunk upon a moss bed. The man was very ill, and appeared to be wretchedly poor. He did not want a physician, because he could not afford to pay for such attendance. The doctor took his case in hand, as a charity, and prescribed some medicine, which he went to the druggist and got himself. It was seventy-five cents, and the old man said he could not afford to pay more than a quarter for such a little bottle of stuff. He reached down among the moss for his wallet, produced twenty-five cents and handed it to the doctor. When another supply of the same medicine was wanted, he refused to pay more than twenty cents, on the ground that the old bottle would do, and was worth five cents. The man was too stingy to hold on to the little there was left of life. His last act was to refuse to buy lemons and sugar, when the doctor recommended lemonade for drink. He had some old bottles of claret on a shelf over his bunk—said that would do, drank some of it, and it produced apoplexy. The doctor found his patient dead one morning, and, turning him over, found his wallet. It contained $150 in crisp greenbacks and some small change. In his trunk were found $1,200 in currency, and some gold and various deeds. Investigation revealed that the old man was in receipt of between $500 and $600 per month from various sources. He had $9,000 in gold and $25,000 in notes, deeds, etc., in his hovel. His name was Ambroise Schooler, and he was a native of Alsace, and was about 60 years old. Inquiries have been instituted for heirs. There is a nice little sum for somebody in New Orleans if they are not ashamed to acknowledge the old miser for a relation. He must have had relatives for whom he had hoarded money, as he refused to use it for himself, even to save his life.

We met a regular old-time Republican yesterday, on Main Street, and asked him if he had heard about the late elections. He looked squarely at us and replied: "See here, old fellow, we have elected a Delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, and let's go down to Dan's and drink to that man." It is needless to remark that we—but then we won't tell what was done.—*Grass Valley Union.*

A CLERK'S DOWNFALL.

The Career of a Fast Young Man in San Francisco.

Information has been received through the telegraph of the arrest of John H. F. Hannan in Jersey City on Friday. He is about 25 years of age and recently occupied a responsible position in the house of Messrs. Goodall, Nelson & Perkins, the well-known shipping agents of this city. About ten years ago young Hannan applied for employment at the office and was given a situation as clerk. In a short time he was promoted to the more lucrative and responsible position of freight collector. In accordance with a regulation of the firm he was compelled to report daily to the cashier. After he had been working in his new capacity for a few months, at his own solicitation he was furnished with a set of books, and was required to report but once a month to the cashier. He gave his employers satisfaction and was fast achieving an enviable reputation as an industrious and honorable young man. Unfortunately for his future prospects, however, he formed an attachment for a courtesan named Lillie Wesner, who resided on Sacramento street, near Dupont, and to the astonishment of his friends and the extreme sorrow of his venerable mother, with whom he resided on Folsom street, he married the cyprian. The disgraceful fact was made known to his employers, but with the hope that the marriage would result happily, he was continued in his position. About a month ago, Hannan, accompanied by his wife, absconded, and it was developed in an investigation by his employers that his cash accounts were deficient in the sum of $4,000. The pair were tracked to Jersey City (N. J.) where they took up a residence with his brother-in-law. When the officers entered the room in quest of the fugitive, he attempted some little resistance with a pistol, but was disarmed. A chain, with a locket studded with diamonds, a handsome gold watch, a valuable pearl pocketbook and other goods, together with $200 in money, were recovered. Hannan is a nephew of Chas. Devlin, the well-known street contractor of New York. A requisition will be sent with Detective Stone to New Jersey and the young man will soon be returned to this city.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

A CENTENNIAL CENSUS.

A movement was made we believe, at the last session of Congress for a special census of the Union, to be taken in 1875, with a view of showing what we have done in the way of physical and moral progress since the first blow for independence was struck at Lexington, in April, 1875, when "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot that echoed round the world." We hope this census matter will be taken up early in the coming session, and that care will be used to provide for the most minute, complete and accurate compilation of statistics ever yet made in a census in this or any country. Statesmen, law makers, philanthropists, philosophers and scientists agree upon the immense importance of such statistical information. To legislate for and properly rule and direct a heterogeneous population like ours is a herculean task. The medicine that cures in one section may kill in another. The social and material interests of the people present, like our climate, changes with almost every hundred miles of space. Except on fundamental points in the Federal Constitution we cannot hope for general agreement among a people looking out alike upon the eternal icebergs of the Polar ocean and the warm current of the Florida stream, greeting the rising sun from the pine woods of Maine and watching his departure at the golden gate of California. There are local political wants, as there are local diseases, and each requires special and ever-varying treatment.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A short time ago a young man about twenty years of age arrived in Baltimore from England, and commenced to look for work at his trade. After several days fruitless search, the *Gazette* says, he entered a large factory on Lombard street and enquired for work of the superintendent. The latter questioned him, asking him his name and where he was from, and other particulars about his family. He told the superintendent that his mother resided in England and had reared him, his father having quartered with her when he was an infant and had abandoned them, and it was supposed that he had come to America, but no tidings had been received from him. When the young man had concluded, the superintendent, who for many years has been employed by the firm with whom he is at present engaged, said to the astonished youth, "I am your father." They discussed family matters at length, and the father hearing from his son that his mother had never ceased to mourn their unfortunate differences and his absence, determined to proceed at once to Europe and bring her to this country, and endeavor in the future years to atone for the mistakes and errors of the past. He secured employment for his son, and obtaining the necessary leave of absence from his employers, he sailed last week for England, intending to bring back with him on his return the wife from whom he had been so long separated.

Chignon is dead. The great deity of the feminine toilet is no more. Paris has given it up for the sake of economy. It was very costly. Every year there was taken into Paris 100,000 pounds of human hair in a "raw" or unworked state—worth $680,000, and to be made into chignons. Now all that money can be spent in some other nonsense.

SCISSORINGS.

A Philadelphia officer got up a jury of twelve cross-eyed men, and even the Judge laughed.

Formula of divorce and used by a negro justice in Desha county, Arkansas: "As I jined you, so I bust you sunder. So go, you niggers. You go."

In a teacher's institute in Ohio recently a lady teacher was given the word "hazardous" to spell and define, and did it in this style: "H-a-z, has—a-r-d, ard—u-double-s, ess—harzardess, a female hazard."

Every married man in Pittsburg has turned boat-builder and is creating a gondola unto himself, since a returned Venetian traveler upset one on the river and drowned his wife. The girls look on in calm approval.

When a Baltimore husband gets cold and careless and forgets his home, his wife puts up a letter "from an admirer" asking her to elope, and all that, and the husband's early love returns as soon as he finds the letter.

"What! you take your mother-in-law out shooting?" says a French sportsman in one of Cham's pictures to another sportsman. "Yes," is the reply, "with a five dollar gun that I have presented her—there's no knowing what may happen."

A would-be school-teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well some people think one way and some another, and, I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

Pity the poor Cefestials. They are to learn French after Ollendrof's system; and see now, no doubt, the young Mongolians are studying in their Ollendrof's such passages as this: "Have you the old horse of your dead grandmother?" "No, I have not the old horse of my dead grandmother, but I have the small squirrel of my old stepfather."

A couple of members of the darkey conference were passing down the avenue, when one trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his being was correspondingly lowered. "Ki-yah! Brudder Jones, is you fallin' from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not prezacly, Deacon, I's settin' on de ragged edge ob dis pear."

LOCOMOTIVE CAPRICES.—It is perfectly well known to experienced engineers that if a dozen different locomotive engines were made at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same factory, each of these locomotive engines would come out with its own peculiar whims, and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coal and water at once; another will not hear to such a thing, but insists on being coaxed by spadefuls. One is disposed to start off, when required, at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at his work and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skillful drivers that only particular men can persuade engines to do their best.—It would seem as if some of these "excellent monsters" declared, upon beign brought from the stable, "If it's Smith who is to drive, I won't go; If it's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything." All locomotive engines are low spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk, but they strongly object to haze and mists. These are points of character on which they are united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are most remarkable.

A VENTRILOQUIST'S JOKE.—There was much excitement, a few nights ago on the train bound south from Charlottaville, Va. In the palace car was a gentleman who had stepped aboard at Charlottsville with a child muffled from head to foot with shawls. Before the train had gone far, the occupants of the other compartments in the car heard a child's cry, then another. Then came the angry tones of a man's voice: "You are not Charlie; you are Tommy; and if you make any more noise I'll throw you out of the window." "Want to go to mamma. I am her own little Charlie," the child was heard to say. Then blows were heard, and screams, and a passenger said, "it is little Charlie Ross," and a rush was made. The man was dragged from his compartment, and the ladies sprang forward and got their arms about the child. They removed the covering from his face, and found that instead of Charlie Ross they had in their embrace the wooden automaton with which the ventriloquist Wyman is went to amuse the public. The practical joker was Wyman himself, who was on his way to Lynchburg.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.—When two young people start out in life together with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncrasies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each other's employment, willing to live on small means till they get large facilities, paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils, and four hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do, that is a royal marriage. It is so set down in the heavenly archives, and the orange blossoms shall wither on neither side the grave.

An exchange has an acquaintance who remarks that he has often heard the proverb, "a friend in need is a friend indeed," but he says he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money from him.