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I WILL MAKE TRIPS WITH MY STAGE EVERY Saturday between
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and will carry both freight and passengers. Leave orders at St. Charles or Revere House. I now own the free stable at Sodaville, and will take good care of horses left in my charge.
42tf T. L. DUGGER.

WATER WORKS.
AS WE ARE NOW ABOUT TO HAVE Water Works in this city the undersigned takes the opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared with all the latest appliances to execute all kinds of water-fittings at the lowest possible living rates, and solicits a continuance of past patronage.
JOHN BRIGGS.
May 19, 1880. 41w4

STORY OF A WHITE SLAVE.

A farm-house kitchen, wide and pleasant, the Spring sunshine lying in bright squares on the glossy floor, and the wind out of the old apple orchard, and the long line of snowy cherry trees, drifting in at the open door, with its delicious perfume and breezy breath. A woman stands at the table, on which are piled the freshly-baked loaves, brown and fragrant—a woman no longer young, but whose hair is plentifully sprinkled with gray and whose form is visibly bent, as if from the weight of years. And yet she has seen but forty years, albeit years that could but "leave their traces on heart and brain," so full have they been crowded with the burdens that, once borne, leave their ineffaceable impress for all time to come. She has been fair once. If you doubt it look at the blooming girl who enters from the porch, with rippling, burnished hair and glad, blue eyes—the image of her mother, they call her, as that mother looked twenty years ago. You have seen two roses on their parent stem, one with its creamy heart, rich and fragrant, just opening to the kiss of the June sun; the other, a little lower down, faded, withered, and with scentless leaves, sadly folding from the light and dew, neither of which is able to renew its life and beauty. You have noted the contrast, and yet have not doubted that the dying flower, in its heyday and morn of blossoming, was equally sweet and glorious with the now unfolding one. And if Lilian Grey is lovely and full of woman's promise, no less so was Miriam Grey, standing in the May sunlight a score of years agone. The elder woman looks at the young girl with an ineffable look of love and yearning in her faded eyes.

"Lillie," she says tenderly, "I finished your dress last night except the lace at the neck and wrists, so you can have it to wear this afternoon."

"Why, mamma," answered Lillie Grey, "I had intended to wear some other. I did not wish you to sit up when you were so tired. You know I did not."

"But I wished you to have it, dear," her mother said fondly. "The other girls will be in white, and I could not bear that you should be disappointed."

Her daughter went up to her, and putting her arms around her neck kissed her pale mouth tenderly. It was a little deed, but it sweetened the whole weary day of toil for Miriam Grey.

"You had better dress before dinner, Lillie," her mother resumed, "so as to be ready when they call for you."

"I will help you first about the dinner," the girl replied.

But her mother put her by with the assurance that she could do quite well alone. And so the thoughtless though really unselfish girl left the kitchen, and tripping to her own little chamber, began her simple toilet; while her mother, flushed and weary, bent above the glowing range, and hurried to and fro, from pantry to cellar, and from storeroom to table, in her preparations for the midday meal.

Hurried? yes, she was always hurrying to and fro in this domain; she had hurried for many years, would hurry still, no doubt, until some day when the power was gone, and the reaction came, and the worn-out machine refused to longer perform its accustomed functions. Then the hurry would be over.

Farmer Grey came in from the field flushed and heated, his great brawny frame in striking contrast to the slender figure of the woman, who flitted about, while he washed at the great sink in the corner, and then asked the stereotyped question:

"Is dinner ready?"

"Yes," she answered quietly. "You can call the men."

And without one smile for the weary face at the table opposite his own, without taking note that her own plate of food was scarcely touched, John Grey ate his hearty, well-cooked meal in silence, and when he had finished, rose from the table, followed by his farm hands, and went out. At the porch he turned back.

"You'll have to help me milk tonight, Miriam," he called out. "I don't want to stop the teams as long as we can see to work, in this hurrying time."

It was rarely that the patient woman remonstrated with her lord's dictations. But this time a vision of the labor to be performed that afternoon rose before her and she said meekly:

"I hardly see how I can, John, as Lilian is going away and will not be here to help me about the supper."

"Keep her at home then," he said gruffly. "Our work can't be put off for her to run the roads."

Which elegant harangue was simply equivalent to a reiteration of the previously pronounced edict. After the table was cleared Lilian left with the gay party of "picknickers" who called for her, and Mrs. Grey, after seeing her off, came back to her domain with the old weary look on her face, and resumed her toil. She had failed to finish the week's ironing in the forenoon, owing to a few little hinderances, such as the skimming of a hundred pans of milk, and the washing of the milk pans, the working and packing of a tub of golden butter (Mrs. Grey's butter was excellent, and well it might be, she worked so much of her life away in its production), the washing and dressing of the children for school, the chamber work and washing of dishes for a large household, to say nothing of the thousand little trifles sandwiched between, each with its complement of a dozen steps or so. And now she resumed her place at the ironing table, clothing the bars in their white, spotless apparel, and finishing only as the clock pointed to the hour of four.

Within the next hour she must prepare the five o'clock supper and skim the milk that is awaiting her dexterous hand in the cool, clean dairy, that she may afterward assist in the milking, according to her master's explicit orders. A hard thing, this slavery, is it not? The sun went down that night in a great bed of roseate billows, the pink flush overlying the billows like a tinted veil. The time had been when Miriam Grey would have watched such a sunset with the rapturous appreciation of a sensitive, poetic soul, when the glories of the panorama of Nature, spread out before her, called up such emotions as found expression in many a sweet and rythmic idyl, which those who read were not slow to appreciate, as belonging to a high order of creative and imaginative genius.

Has the olden fire all died out within her, that she turns away from the inimitable painting in full view of her window, and busies herself in the petty details of her narrow kitchen, without another glance?

She has no time to waste on such indulgences. The setting of the sun indicates that what remains of the day's toil must be finished quickly, and only the half-suppressed sigh that wells up from her heart testifies that she is not content to shut her eyes on the beauty and loveliness that lie broadcast over all the sweet Spring landscape. And this is only one day—one of many, that follow hard one upon the other, each like unto the rest, with its unvaried, unyielding pressure of toil, its unpitying, hurrying necessities, that, like a whip of small cords, lash the victim on in her flagging exertions.

The Summer came—Summer over all the world, balmy and luxuriant; Summer airs in at the window; Summer roses in the garden; but no Summer came into Miriam Grey's life.

Spring and Summer have gone by. The days are much alike to her, whether outside are blossoms or drifting snow, since the narrow world in which she lives admits of no change of season that hints at release from toil. Her taskmaster, after the harvests are gathered in, and the Winter comes blustering and wailing over the mountains, sits by the kitchen fire and allows himself rest from his labors. But it is not so with the woman who shares his fortunes. It is work, work, work still. Over her shoulder a grim ghoul is ever looking, and urging her on with his hollow, pitiless eyes. She wonders, sometimes, away down in her heart, unseen and unheard, what there is in the coarse, unsympathetic, half-cruel man whose name she bears, that could ever have awakened her love in the morning of her happy youth.

She loves him yet—not as she loved him then, for love is a rare exotic, and, although it may not die at once, transplanted into sterile soil, and exposed to chilling winds, will one by one shed its quivering leaves and dying blossoms till only the naked, shivering stalk betokens its existence, which, on examination, may still prove to hold a little of the elixir of life in its shrouded centre. Does he love her? He has not told her so—not, at least, for twenty years. He used to often, when Lilian was an infant at her breast, and the long gone echo is still sweet in her ears. Of course he does, though; that is understood, as some words are in a well-constructed sentence. But O! what a strange, sweet thrill would go through many a wife's breast, though she is neither young nor handsome, and though her companion be plain, and poor, and unpolished, if that soft refrain, "I love you," would again greet her ears from lips once so lavish in their protestations of affection! Do men never think of this? Or, thinking, do they put it from them as a sentiment unworthy maturity and a waste of fondness on the object under consideration?

When the leaves fell that Autumn Lilian Grey left the old homestead, the happy bride of a man in every respect worthy of her love, and well off for this world's bounty. Perhaps it was the sweetest drop in Miriam Grey's cup of existence when she saw her thus happily mated, and knew that for her heart's darling there were not the bitter years of drudgery in store that had been her mother's portion. Such is the love of a mother. The other children were boys. They would, at least, never tread in her own troubled footsteps. After her daughter's marriage the unmitigated burden of the care of the whole house fell upon her already shrinking shoulders.

Her husband did not notice that her step grew each day a little slower and more irresolute; that she stooped a little lower over the washboard and ironing-table; or that her nights were frequently vexed with pains and aches, that were in themselves the advance guard of the oncoming forces of disease and dissolution. But the time came when the unwelcome truth was forced upon him, that a girl was needed to assist in the household cares—an original idea with him, and one that found expression only when Miriam Grey was prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which it was doubtful if she would ever rise again. The slow Winter months dragged by, and it was not till early Spring that she was able to sit at the board and take her meals with the rest of the family.

The long fever had left her, but in its stead, as an equivalent, remained a hacking, wearing cough, that sounded hollow and terrible in the bleak Spring nights, when she sat up alone from sheer inability to lie down and share the untroubled repose of her husband. What were her emotions, what her visions, retrospective and prospective, in those midnight watches? God alone knows. Perhaps the thoughts of a not distant day of emancipation were in themselves compensatory for loss of slumber.

I have only told you of one year of a life, the last, saddest year, in which Miriam Grey finished her work. Again it is Spring; again Spring sunshine floods the heavens with translucent glory; again the sweet airs find their way into the kitchen windows at farmer Grey's, but Miriam Grey is not there at her post. A funeral cortege winds up the hillside, and the fresh, green earth opens its arms to another weary child. There are heard the old familiar sounds of weeping and lamentation from Lilian Grey and her orphaned brothers, and they go away, and the churchyard gate is closed, and the birds resume their nest-building in the trees that wave above their grassy mounds. The shackles have fallen off from the weary limbs; for the sleepless nights and days of hurrying toil the blessed sleeper shall find abundant reparation, for here "He giveth His beloved sleep."

And John Grey? He will miss her, of course—the tears that fell from his eyes have at least the virtue of sincerity, though they be few in number. It is a mysterious dispensation of Providence—at least so says the minister, and he must submit. It does not occur to him that he goaded her on with whip and spur of unremitting toil, till the overwrought machinery gave way, and Death, the great emancipator, asserted his prerogative in terse language. He does not know that he killed her!

Query: Are the sins of ignorance *all* to be winked at?

San Jose Mercury.

CHINESE AS DOMESTICS.

The terrible details of the murder of Chas W. Severance in Marion county should be sufficient to warn all employers of Chinese of the danger to which they are exposing themselves and their families. Long centuries of practical serfdom has served to endow the whole Mongolian race with wonderful powers of dissimulation, and it is therefore impossible to be on guard against them. Other races will usually betray themselves in one way or another, if carefully watched; but a Chinaman may smile in you face one minute and murder your family the next. And he is apparently incapable of gratitude, and without the least sense of justice. Treat him kindly for years, as Mr. Severance did, and he will probably he will be plotting to rob or murder you all the while. Nor is past good conduct the slightest guarantee for the future. A Chinaman may seem to be all that could be desired as a servant—industrious, obedient, discreet, and even affectionate—and yet be in league with the worst criminals of his race, and be ready to commit any crime for the sake of a few dollars. Keeping a chinaman in the family is like keeping a tame tiger loose about the premises—sooner or later the one and the other are sure to develop their natural instincts, and generally with the most terrible results.

And it may well be doubted whether the employment of Chinese is really any saving, even when he keeps on his good behavior, such as it is. The loss of property in one way or another is more than sufficient to pay the difference in wages between a white servant and a Chinaman. Not that white servants are always honest, but there is usually a limit to their peculations, while the maw of a Chinaman can never be glutted with plunder. And where there are children, the presence of chinese, especially about the house, cannot fail to be more or less disastrous. They know nothing and care nothing about morality as we understand it, and as for chastity, it is doubtful whether they could be made to comprehend even its meaning. Daily contact with beings so degraded must necessarily be very demoralizing to children of both sexes, and it seems almost impossible that any intelligent parents should permit it. Still it is permitted, and probably will continue to be, until more terrible crimes reveal the danger of such associations.

EARN YOUR OWN LIVING.

If your father is so situated that the care of his daughter is a burden upon slender resources, you ought to relieve him by working for yourself. Every woman should be able to support herself, if there is need for so doing. Hundreds would be very much happier if they did so when the need was not pressing. We are so constituted that alternate periods of work and rest are beneficial to us. Idleness is the bane of existence. The veriest butterfly among girls would lead a gayer life if she had something more to do than to flit from flower to flower. I am quite sure that the hard-worked, tired out shop girls, who have so few hours for repose, are often happier, because more genuinely self-respecting, than are some indolent, dawdling young ladies, who kill time by reading silly novels, and whose chief aim seems to be the preservation from soil of their soft, useless hands.

A few years ago, teaching and sewing were almost the only vocations open to educated and gently-bred women. Now, all doors open at her light touch, and the lady—not less, but more of a lady if she honorably work—has but to lay her finger on what latch she chooses. Work is not play. If she wishes to earn money, she must give skill, patience and unselfish diligence to her enterprise. The market is crowded, and only the best have a chance.

But the young woman who resolutely and cheerfully takes up a calling, and who pursues it with steadfastness, has as good an opportunity for success as her brother has in his field or profession. If it be her duty to work and earn her own livelihood, she need sacrifice no delicacy of sex, nor lay aside any of her beautiful womanly modesty in doing so. She will also have a positive and not-to-be measured advantage if, in her self-supporting career, she can live at home. In the best boarding houses open to working women there is much which is not home-like.

Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, condemns secret societies. As the Archbishop isn't married, it's all right in his case, but does he want to deprive thousands of husbands of the only excuse they have for staying out late?

Rochester doesn't brag of having pretty girls or able statesmen, but tell a Rochester man that the patent medicines of that town won't cure every disease ever heard of and he'll tear and cuss like a bandit.

THE KING OF BURMAH.

Theebaw, the king of Burmah, is one of the most depraved wretches on the face of the earth. His recent sacrifice of seven hundred beings, to propitiate the gods and save himself from death, is only equaled by the terrible butchery which followed his accession to the throne in 1878! He is only twenty years of age and is thus described:

When the ministers of the old king pronounced Theebaw his successor and seated him upon the throne, he was a tall, well-built, personable young man, of smooth, olive complexion, with a good forehead, clear, steady, bright, black eyes, a firm, but pleasant mouth, a full, sensual chin, and a will of his own. Of this last characteristic, Theebaw—as we may be pardoned for calling him for short—speedily gave unmistakable proofs. The ministers who had advanced him, among the youngest of Mindone Min's sons, over his elder brothers, were within three weeks imprisoned in the royal stables, there to meditate upon the facts that constitutional reform is a ticklish and risky undertaking when all the traditions of the throne are those of absolutism, and that a very slight taste of power is sufficient, under such circumstances, to transform a beardless, pliable boy into the worst type of an absolute monarch. Instead of these advisers of his father, he surrounded himself with men, or boys, of his own age or tastes, and the palace became the scene of orgies, conducted absolutely without restraint. Another of Theebaw's acts immediately after his accession was to secure himself against plots by the simple process of killing off all his relatives. A better idea of what this means can be gained by considering that the gay old monarch had fifty-three wives and one hundred and ten children, of whom thirty-seven wives and fifty-nine children survive him. It is impossible to say how many of these brothers, sisters, and step-mothers,—so to speak—were killed, but eighty is a fair compromise estimate. It must not be imagined that they were disposed of with any sentimental tenderness. At first the victims were led from their cells in twos and threes to *shekho* to the king; then their hands were tied to their respective pairs of ankles, and blows with a heavy club on the backs of their necks ended their misery. But this soon proved too mild a spectacle for the fiendish malignity of Theebaw. One of his elder brothers professed utter scorn for what could be done to him, and was flogged to death. Another, who had looked upon foreigners as the dirt beneath his feet, and as utterly unworthy to crawl between heaven and earth, was taunted and driven to madness before receiving a half-fatal blow, and his writhing body was then thrown into the gigantic trench dug to receive the dead. A former governor of Rangoon had his nose and mouth filled with gunpowder, a match was applied, and he was also flung into the trench to be stifled by the succeeding bodies. One young girl of sixteen was pitched into the same heaving grave after having suffered every outrage that could be by eight soldiers of the guard. One pregnant princess was cut in two, and her husband was called in to see his wife and child before he died. The massacre was carried on in this leisurely fashion until Theebaw and his executioners wearied with the sport; then the women were simply battered over the head, and the children were swung against the palace walls. At last the victims were all killed, and the revolting spectacle was over, but Theebaw's plan—one not unusual in Burmah—was not successful, for the reason that at least three of his blood escaped, and one of them will probably succeed him.

A SUNDAY IN TEXAS.

The following narrative, says the Little Rock *Gazette*, was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A Texas minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols commenced on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me; in fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a big piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water and was in the act of applying his lips when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber!"

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt started out.

After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more life-like, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers.

After a while the minister returned, and placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

"Hello-Gram" is suggested as the proper term for a telephonic message.

THE DECLINE IN PRICES.

The recent decline in the price of iron is to be followed by a general decline in all kinds of goods which advanced so rapidly last fall and winter. Our merchants will have to trim their sails to suit this fall in prices. The advance in prices was too rapid to stand, and they will seek a healthier level. Speaking of this matter, the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican* says:

The business boom continued to show signs of its steady ebb to a healthy level. Railroad business is perceptibly slackening, perhaps to revive, but at present the predictions are the other way. From Chicago, in spite of a reduction of freight rates, the shipment of grain and provisions over the trunk lines have fallen week by week, until during the last month the reduction has been from 79,000 to 33,000 tons. A part of this is due to the beginning of lake navigation, but there is a slackness in shipments from all directions which promises light business through the summer. Meanwhile as prices fall exports quicken and the grain "in sight," on the open market that is, is slowly receding to a normal amount, instead of being half again as large as a year ago. Prices in England are also falling, and while conflicting reports about the grain crop of 1880 make prediction useless, the present signs point to lower rates for grain during the coming year. Currency is coming back to New York as use for it ceases away from the great centers, and it must be gravely questioned whether the sellers and storekeepers in small places have had a demand at all proportionate to the rise in current articles of daily use. The boom was biggest in the big places, and the smaller ones, after all, in the long run determine the average level of retail prices. The king is served by the field, and the merchant prince and the railroad baron as well. Manufacturers stocked up with raw material under the excitement of the boom or who raised the rate of wages may have to turn some sharp corners in the next six months, and the present tendency in prices and products emphasizes the moral preached in these columns two months ago, that there must be a spirit of mutual accommodation between employer and employed in all manufacturing centers, a wholesome give and take, a cheerful readiness on the part of the laborer to wait for higher wages until good sales have assured good times, and a ready good will in the manufacturer to share his good times with the men who make his success in life possible as soon as cashed sales turn his profits into money.

HOW UNCLE SAM REDEEMS MUTILATED CURRENCY.

Whenever any one through the accidents or carelessness of mankind, or his wife, or his cow or hog, or in any other way, comes into possession of mutilated currency, he sends it to the Treasurer of the United States for redemption. He also usually tells the story of his wrongs or his misfortunes to excite the official's sympathy and to get good bills in return. This engenders a sort of literature, which if collected would make an interesting and curious volume. Before giving a few notes from it, it will be told how this sort of tattered and torn currency is redeemed. It goes to the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury, and in case it is a legal tender note and the numbers and denomination are distinguishable, and satisfactory evidence is furnished that the other portion will never be presented, a note is issued to the owner of the fragments. If a national bank note, the name of the bank must cling to it, and the same evidence as to the other portions be furnished. Satisfactory evidence consists of affidavits as to how the money became so dilapidated, and endorsements by responsible persons as to the honest intents of the claimant for redemption. For, of course, fraudulent attempts are frequently made on this Bureau. Quite often a woe-begone piece of of note will be sent in and upon applying the crucial test will turn out to be part of a counterfeit; sometimes too the fragments are "manufactured" to make up a good case. In these instances the sender gets a reply more pointed than polite. But generally there is little trouble, and the fifty men and women employed in this division can see through the case remarkably quick, and the claimant gets his just deserts at once. The pieces of notes which pass muster are ground to a pulp, dried and sold to paper makers. The amount redeemed averages nearly one and a half million dollars a month.

A WAR ANECDOTE.

During the late war Gen. McLaws, now postmaster at Savannah, was riding down the picket line and encountered a gennine son of the old Pine Tree State on duty, who had taken his gun apart with the intention of giving it a thorough cleaning. The General halted in front of him when the following conversation ensued:

"Look here, my man, are you not a sentinel on duty?"

"Well, y-a-s, a bit of a one!"

"Don't you know it is wrong to take your gun apart while on duty?"

"Well, now, who the d—l are you?"

The General saw his chance, and with a sly twinkle of the eye, replied: "I'm a bit of a general."

"Well, Gineral, you must excuse me. You see thar is so many d—n fools a ridin' 'round here a feller can't tell who's Gineral and who ain't. If you'll gist wait till I git Betsey Jane fixed I'll give you a bit of a s'lute."

The General smiled and rode on, firmly convinced that the sentinel would prove equal to any emergency.

Beecher says heaven will never forgive a man for drowning a cat. Doesn't need to; nothing to forgive.

THE BOUNTY BILL.

As there has been considerable inquiry to what has become of the bill to equalize bounties of soldiers, we give the following from a special to a Chicago paper:

Mr. Thomas, of Illinois, reported to the house from the select committee on pensions, bounty, and back pay, his bill to equalize bounties of soldiers of the war of the rebellion. The point of order was raised that the bill had been improperly referred, as the committee named had no jurisdiction over the subject matter of the bill. The speaker pro-tempore, Mr. Blackburn, ruled that as the reference was the order of the house it was proper that the committee should report the bill. It would then go to the public calendar, and when it was reached in the house if it had been improperly referred a motion would be in order to make proper reference. The bill, however, was not properly reported, as Mr. Thomas did not accompany it with a report in writing, which under the rules, he is required to do. The bill provides that there shall be allowed to and paid to each and every non-commissioned officer, musician, artificer, wagoner, and private soldier or enlisted man who enlisted in the service of the United States in the war of the rebellion, and who was honorably discharged from such service, thhe sum of $8.33⅓ per month during all the time which he actually served. In case he has been discharged before the expiration of his term of enlistment on account of the surgeons certificate of disability or wounds received in action with the enemy in line of his duty, such bounty shall be paid him for the whole term enlisted. In computing and ascertaining the amount of money due to any person under this act, there shall be deducted therefrom any and all bounties already paid for such services under any law of the United States. No bounty, however, is to be paid to or on account of any person for serving as a substitute in the army, or who was discharged at his own request or for promotion, or at the request of parents, guardians, or other persons, or on the ground of minority. In case of loss of discharge certificate of any person on account of whose services bounty is granted under this act, it shall be competent for the accounting officer to receive proof of such loss in lieu of production of such discharge.

In the senate the bill is in charge of Gen. Logan, and he hopes to get it through this session.

SHE VISITS A PRINTING OFFICE.

She came into the office smiling and beautiful. George and she were engaged, and George had a case. He had a galley of solid nonpareil on his frame which he was about to lock up and prove. George, blushing like a girl, shook her hand and called her his darling. She eyed the galley, and smiled sweeter than before.

"Doddy, dear," she said, still eyeing the galley, "are them the things you print with?"

"Yes, darling," said Doddy feelingly.

She swept her taper fingers over the matter, squabbling the entire galley.

"Bless you my darling!" said George, chokingly, the sweat pouring down his face.

She looked at him and said:

"Why, Doddy, dear, it's all in little pieces, isn't it?"

"Yes, love," said George, gently taking her hand and leading her toward the door.

"Good-bye, darling!" he said.

"Good-bye, Doddy; be sure you come to-night."

"Dear me," she soliloquized, "how George loves me! He nearly sobbed when I touched those funny little bits of thin gummies."

George, moodily: "I wish all women were in—Heaven."

PARDONED.

The pardon of the Pennsylvania bribers, Kemble, Crawford, Salter, Petrof and Rumberger, shocks the moral sentiments of the nation. Pennsylvania politics has long been a synonym for the most shameless corruption, trickery and knavery. Men have not only been purchased like sheep at the shambles, but have been eager to be purchased. The whole political machinery has become rotten to the core. It seemed, therefore, that when the men had been caught in the act and sentence passed upon them, that a healthy reaction had set in and we were about to see the end of it. Instead of this, however, the board of pardons weakens at the eleventh hour and the Governor approved their recommendations. This will not only intensify the contempt in which all good men hold the men who have made this condition of things possible, but it ought to bury that Governor and that board fathoms deep.

THE *Astorian* very sensibly concludes that the construction of a harbor of refuge at Port Orford will result in an expenditure of ten or fifteen millions of dollars at a point where the use of it will amount to next to nothing. Not only this, but this item of expenditure will be charged to Oregon, and it will be next to impossible to get any Congressional consideration for Oregon's real commercial improvement for a quarter of a century to come. The selection is regarded throughout the State as one particularly unfortunate, being cut off as it is from inland commerce by almost insurmountable natural barriers, while from its location upon the Oregon coast it will be regarded as an Oregon improvement, barring out expenditures for which the commerce of the State makes loud demand.

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks that the one who invented sleep did not furnsh babies with enough of it.