

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Congress will take a recess from Dec. 23 to January 31.

The gossipers are talking of Gen. McDowell as secretary under President Garfield.

Sitting Bull is at the mouth of milk river coming in for the purpose of making a treaty.

Charles Whitney was killed by Wesley Welch at Fort Scott, Kansas, on the 29th. Domestic trouble the cause.

Chadwick of Connecticut has resigned from the Board of Government Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad.

In 1872, 5,174 vessels entered Chinese waters under the American flag and in 1870 only 931 vessels entered and cleared.

On the 20th the senate passed the bill refunding the eight-per-cent. District of Columbia certificates into three-per-cent. fifty-year bonds.

Richmond, Va., dispatch of Dec. 20th. Five inches of snow here; now raining; snow along the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad 7 to 18 inches deep and still falling.

The pope has conferred on D. J. Murphy, a wealthy merchant of San Francisco, the hereditary title of Marquis, in recognition of his great service to religion in America and Europe.

Five firemen lost their lives in a burning building on the evening of Dec. 11th. Their names were Thomas Cooling, Wm. Kelly, David Love, Edward Parker and Andrew Barnett.

A party of railroad and mining capitalists will leave Chicago in January to go to the city of Mexico via New Orleans and Vera Cruz, and return via Havana. Objects, business and pleasure.

The St. Paul board of trade has adopted resolutions urging the improvement of lake and river water routes to the seaboard for Minnesota products and calling on western congressmen to use their influence in the matter.

Gov. Long of Mass., accuses Secretary Schurz of unfairness in his statement of the Ponca Indian case and declares that Schurz knows that the Indian department drove 700 Poncas from homes they were known to have a right to.

The senate judiciary committee laid over Judge Woods' nomination for the supreme court, together with others. Memorials have been received strongly urging Woods' confirmation and he will probably be confirmed.

Papers were presented containing correspondence between Gen. Schofield and Major Gardner relative to the Fitz John Porter case, and also the recommendation of the secretary of the navy for an appropriation of \$20,000 for a centennial map of the United States and territories.

The house committee on public lands after thorough discussion and arguments, refused by a vote of 4 to 2 to equalize homesteads. Many objections to the bill on the part of the majority of the committee was that the benefits, if any, would inure to land speculators, and not to bona fide settlers under the homestead entry.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that an individual shareholder of an insolvent national bank cannot be compelled to pay more than his full proportionate share of the other shareholders in order to make good on the bank's obligations.

Ten men have been arrested in New York being a part of a large gang of counterfeiters whose operations have been very extended, their work being mostly in silver coin of which large sums have been made by them. They are part of Tom Ballards gang, who is serving out a thirty years term in the New York penitentiary.

Senator Bayard says respecting the letter from Boutwell, Arthur and Conkling, published in the Philadelphia Press, that the statement therein attributed to him came to his knowledge first on the 27th of November, and that he then declared that he had never made such a statement, and resented the imputation. The statement referred to was what the writers had with special agent Jayne divided \$20,000 received from Phelps, Dodge & Co., for alleged customs duties.

Thomas Dilley, an old resident and wealthy farmer was foully murdered near Colona station, Iowa, on the night of the 11th. His wife was also fatally injured by the murderers. They were found in bed by the neighbors, the man dead and the woman unconscious. There was quite a sum of money in the house which was not touched. It is believed that an old grudge and a law suit in which Dilley came out ahead were causes of the deed. Two young men, Clement and Albert Gallion, are suspected, and the police are on their track.

The house committee on Indian affairs in view of the urgency and importance of legislative action upon several bills reported from the committee, and now pending before the house, instructed the chairman to request passage by the house of several matters pertaining to Indian affairs. Chairman scales was also instructed to offer an amendment to a bill now pending upon the house calendar which provides for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians. The object of the amendment is to extend to Indian holders of those lands already allotted the same benefits and privileges as are provided in the proposed bill. House committee on public lands agreed to-day to report favorable upon Representative Belford's bill making a grant of public land for the purpose of establishing a cemetery at Leaville, Colorado.

A fire occurred at Pensacola on the 11th destroying nine-tenths of the business part of the city. The fire lasted for eight hours. Five blocks in the heart of the city were burned. Balfoz street from Wittich's corner to the middle of the block opposite the plaza is swept clean. The fire stopped on government street at the City Hotel east, and one square and back of the custom house west. Over 100 establishments are gone, embracing the main business buildings and turning out about fifty families from their houses. The custom house, postoffice, Merchants Hotel, Brent's bank, both telegraph offices, both newspapers, Dunn's exchange, Wright's dry good house and the county clerk's office are among the well known buildings burned. County Clerk Larue, for the fifth time in his term, saved the records, but while doing this his own residence burned and he is hunting for his family. The railroad depot and adjacent mill seemed certain of destruction and locomotives stood all night fired up ready to pull the company equipments and other property out of town. Much suffering must ensue.

The U.S. and state courts of Delaware are conflicting with each other in regard to a deputy U.S. marshal charged with disorderly conduct at the polls.

Jones and McDonald heavy grain dealers in Chicago have failed with assets estimated at \$450,000 and liabilities at \$600,000. They loaded the market on the 20th with 1,000,000 bushels of wheat and a similar amount of corn thus breaking prices and aiding their own downfall. Their failure also involved that of Ray, McLaure and Co., whose assets and liabilities are small. Within the past month wheat has declined 15 cents and corn 71 cents in Chicago.

The President has appointed the following gentlemen to proceed to Indian Territory so soon as may be and after conference with the Ponca tribe of Indians to ascertain the facts in regard to their recent removal and present condition, so far as is necessary to determine the question of what justice and humanity require should be done by the government of the United States and report their conclusions and recommendations in the premises: Brig. Gen. George Crook, U. S. A., Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Wm. Stickney, of Washington, and Walter Allen, of Newton, Mass. It is the purpose of the foregoing request to authorize a commission to take whatever steps may in their judgement be necessary to enable them to accomplish the purpose set forth. Gen. Crook is authorized to take with him two aides de camp to do clerical work.

In the U. S. house of representatives, on the 20th, a joint resolution was introduced providing that lands in the Indian territory to which the Indian title was extinguished, and which are unoccupied by Indians, are public lands of the United States, and are hereby declared subject to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws; also, a bill to repeal the tax on bank checks and deposits; also, to abolish the government directors of the Union Pacific railroad company; also, to prevent fraud and corruption in the election of president, vice-president, senators and representatives; also, providing for double, or return, postal cards; also, to make the president ineligible for a second term; also, to amend law relative to the immediate transfer of dutiable goods. The majority of the committee on elections reported on the Massachusetts case, declaring Loring entitled to the seat instead of Boynton.

A company has been organized in New York in opposition to De Lesseps Canal Co. of Paris. Secretary Thompson of the navy is president. The company only ask that congress should give it a charter to open its books to subscriptions in the United States as the French company is to-day permitted to do, and it does not seek any subsidy, subvention, grant of credit, money or bonds, or any financial aid whatever. A summary of the points presented was: First—That tonnage which passes through any canal will be mostly furnished by American coasting trade and that it is important to the United States that the tolls upon the canal should be as moderate as possible. It is not wise for Americans to encourage a canal under French control, in the event of war between United States and France, or any of her allies, for instance, would be closed to the United States ships, and our commerce would immediately become the prey of privateers. Third—The United States should give encouragement to the route which is the most easily approached by merchant vessels. The Nicaragua route is by far the easiest of access for sailing vessels. The bay of Panama, on the contrary, is notoriously difficult of approach for that class of vessels. The prevailing winds are all in favor of the Nicaragua route. Fourth—The Panama canal, whatever may be said on the contrary, is likely to be built with a view to its ultimate control by the French government. Its charter was obtained under French law and French authority will control it.

The isthmus of Panama is a place notorious for trouble with laborers. The United States several times had to land troops there during the construction of the Panama railroad, and De Lesseps would undoubtedly in like manner call on France for troops to aid him in case of trouble. Troops once landed there would be a defiance of the Monroe doctrine and a gross violation of the traditions of our people. Gen. Grant, Billings of the Northern Pacific, Riggs, a Washington banker and other capitalists, are the incorporators.

City Life Not Very Sociable.

A gentleman at Williamstown, on the piazza of the Mansion House, saw a pup to another and asked: "Are you an alumnus?" "Yes." "Of what class?" "The class of '55." "I'm of that class," replied the other. "Where are you living?" "For thirteen years I have been living in New York."

"Why I live here; where did you attend church?" "I have attended Dr. Crosby's church all the thirteen years."

"Indeed! For as much as thirteen years I have been going to that church." Their pews proved to be on opposite sides of the same edifice, and the Presbyterian sociability had in all that period failed somehow to bring together these men, who for four years here had known each other like brothers.—[New York Evening Post.

A GIRL WHO FEARS SHE WILL BE EATEN.—There is living at the house of Captain Means, a girl about nine years of age, whose history is remarkable. An American vessel called at a small island in the Pacific Ocean to procure water. The island was inhabited by cannibals. They brought this little girl to sell for the Captain's dinner, offering to prepare her for cooking if he would buy. The Captain told them that he would buy her. She was bought, and the Captain afterward meeting Captain Means gave her to him. She still believes she will be killed and eaten, and when strangers enter the house she clings to Mrs. Means and begs protection of her.—[Milbridge (Me) Journal.

A disgraced man feels bad, of course, about being marked for life; but when he is marked for death he must feel worse.

FLAX CULTURE.

In view of the new approach of the time when we can and hemp culture for the fiber must become an important factor in the agriculture of our state, we have taken from the Rural New Yorker the following excellent article on the most approved methods of handling it. It will be a wise thing if the readers of this paper clip it out and save it for future reference.

Although in frequent cases, after the flax has been thrashed, the stalks are sold to the manufacturer to prepare the fiber for use or sale, yet as this is often done either wholly or, more commonly, in part, by the farmer himself, a short account of the process will be either of use or interest. The flax stalk consists of three parts: first, a woody, central hollow stem, called the "shove," "shoo," "shives," "boon" or "huri"; second, a fibrous sheath surrounding the "shove," and, third, a delicate outside covering of skin or bark. The fibrous sheath or fiber—the only valuable part of the stalk—should be turned into "shove" by means of a malignous substance, and the object of the subsequent process is to separate it completely from its worthless surroundings.

Rotting or retting flax for its object to dissolve this gummy substance, and when the process has been properly attended to the shives readily separate from the fiber. There are two ways of rotting flax—by water or by dew, and the former is the more convenient, but being the less unpleasant, it is the mode commonly practiced in this country. As soon after the harvest as convenient the stalks are carried to a smooth grass plot and spread out in long swaths, care being taken to spread them of a uniform thickness of a quarter to a half-inch, with the butts even and the straw straight. To prevent tangling and to facilitate turning a space of a few inches should be left between the adjacent swaths. In a week or ten days the swaths should be turned, and this is done by turning the swaths over, and turning the "poleful" over. This can be done better by two men, or a man and boy, with a long pole than by one man with a short pole, because when a portion of the swath is raised, the part connecting it with the rest of the swath is likely to become more or less tangled unless some body stands on the part where the separation is to be made. Some only turn the flax once—when the top side is thoroughly weathered; it is better, however, to turn it twice, leaving the turn-side should become moldy, especially on wet ground. Dew rotting takes a longer time in cold and dry than in wet and warm weather, alternate rain and sunshine being the most favorable condition for speedy rotting. The period varies from three weeks to double that length. The flax is sufficiently rotted when the stalks assume a silver-gray color, and the stem, if it is bent between the fingers when dry, snaps like glass, and the fiber separates freely from the shives. The straw should then be collected by rake, or, preferably, by hand, and bound in moderate sized sheaves, which should not be set on end until thoroughly dry.

In water rotting the flax is either placed in a slough stream, or a pit is prepared for it, through which there is a flow of water from a stream or spring. "Soft" water, however, dissolves the mucilaginous substance sooner than "hard" water, and water impregnated with iron or other mineral matter is unsuitable, as it is apt to discolor the fiber. A like effect is produced in a stagnant pool, so that a change of water is necessary to a desirable result. The flax in the water should not touch the ground, so that it is always convenient to make a rough platform, four or five inches from the bottom, of rails or boards held down with stones or stakes for it to rest on. On this the bundles are placed in an inclined position, and the water is let into the pit until it is four or five inches over the top of the flax, which is held down by stones or other weights or by poles laid across the pit, and fastened to the bundles by ropes. If the flax is overrotted, the fiber is injured or ruined, so that great care must be taken to prevent this mishap. The cooler the water, the longer the flax will be in rotting; but if of the right temperature, or seven rotting should be done every day the flax should be examined to determine whether it is rotted enough. To decide this point, take from the center of a bundle an averaged-sized strand, break a piece about six inches long from the middle of it, and draw the broken ends down; if sufficiently watered it will slip down the fiber without breaking the latter. The bundles should then be lifted out carefully, unbound, and the flax spread out to dry on the grass in swaths, much the same as in dew rotting.

If it has been taken a trifle too soon out of the water, the rotting can be completed on the grass. When the flax has rotted enough, it is gathered in bundles and bound, and then sold. In some places rotting is followed by firing, especially when the rotting has not been sufficient. This is done by spreading the flax thinly, either on a rack about four feet high, under which a low fire burns; or over an underground flue, through which the heat from a fire passes. Manufacturers generally prefer to fire the flax, before or after rotting, as they usually have conveniences for performing the other operations better than they can be performed on the farm.

Breaking, when done on the farm, is performed either with a hand or power "break," the object being to break the straw across at short intervals so as to facilitate the separation of the shives from the fiber. By shaking the broken stalks well most of these are got rid of, but those that still remain are worked out by cutting them. For this a sawed or single board is needed—an upright, hand-wood board of a convenient height, fastened at the bottom to a horizontal support or sunk in the ground. On the top of this, or better in a notch cut at a convenient height in the side of it, a handful of the broken flax is placed, and struck sharply close to the board, with a scythe or swinging knife—a hard-wood, double-edged knife, about two feet long. Each handful of shives is thus broken off, and a revolving power scutcher with a "water" or "bar" arranged like the spoke of a wheel, is also used for the same purpose.

Handeling is the final process of dressing, and consists in drawing the scutched fiber through a comb or habel consisting of iron teeth about six inches long, one-eighth of an inch in diameter at the lower end and tapering to a point. About ten of these are set a quarter of an inch apart in a hand-board, and the fiber is drawn through them until it is freed from althives and coarse tow and each handful is slightly twisted, and the product is ready for market.

Breaking and scutching are largely done at present here by operation by a machine which does not do as much more work than an ordinary hand mill. The bunch of flax is spread upon a table in front of the machine, and break rollers screw upon the stalks and break them thoroughly by a peculiar motion. Then they are straightened by the scutchers above the rollers, where they are freed from the shives. The whole operation takes but a little time at leaves the flax beautiful, clean and shining, though a single tangled flax. A machine of this kind in each flax-raising district would show a great difference in the profits of the farmer, who would then be able to realize a fair share from the fiber as well as from the seed.

Mr. O'hafeff is sitting in his room with his head up and his arm in a sling, when a little boy sticks his head in and asks: "Ye fether sent me to inquire how yeh was coming on this morning?" "If yer fether to attend a Galveston meetin and call the chairman a liar and he will find it all out widout ask."

A Tiger's Noted Plaything.

"Well, my boy, if you want for tiger you've come to the right place, for this and the bit around Fort Perovski are almost the only spots on the whole river where there are any left; indeed, I might say the only spots in all Central Asia, except the great jungle of the Ili, two days' journey north of this."

So spoke Colonel Petroff, the Russian commandant of the little outpost of Tolmaz, on the Upper Syr-Daria, to his excited junior officer, Lieutenant Galkin who had made up his mind that the first duty of every right-minded officer was to shoot a tiger single-handed and that his life would be a blank to him till he had done so.

"And what's the best way to get at them?" asked the handsome young man with a flush of intense excitement on his face.

"Well, if you are anxious to make their acquaintances," said the veteran, smiling at the lad's eagerness, "there are several ways of doing it. First and foremost, you can just follow the tiger's trail till you come upon him and then shoot him down, but that's rather dangerous and not very certain either for the trail is liable to become blurred in among the trees."

"Well?"

"Well, secondly, you can drift along the bank in a boat and fire at 'em as they come down to drink but that's not always certain, because if there's a moon there see you and run away and if there is not you can't see them at all. Thirdly, there's the cage."

"The cage?"

"Yes, you shut yourself up in an iron cage among the reeds with a big bit of horse flesh beside it by way of bait and when the tiger scents the meat and comes after it you may fire at him."

"Capital!" shouted Galkin, with a loud laugh; "that's quite a new idea. The cage be it, by all means."

"Well, I wouldn't begin with that if I were you my boy," said the Colonel gravely, "for it's risky business at best. A tiger hunt is very good fun so long as it's your own you are hunting the tiger, but when the tiger takes to hunting you it alters the case a good deal."

However, Galkin was not to be moved, and daybreak the next morning found him in his cage among the huge reeds (tall enough to overtop a six-foot grenadier with a cap on) through which, as they swayed in the morning breeze, he caught a passing glimpse, every now and then, of the broad, shining river.

The most trying part of an exciting adventure is the waiting of it to begin, and so our hero found it but lucky he had not long to wait. The Central Asian tiger has a keen scent for prey of any kind, and the warning crackle of the reeds was speedily followed by the gliding out of a huge, gaunt, yellow body straight toward Galkin's ambush.

Despite his perilous position, for the cage was an old one and its rusty bars seemed hardly to be trusted against the rush of a full-grown tiger, Galkin could scarcely help laughing at this curious reversal of menaces—the man in front of a tiger! But he was willing the man to let either the joke or the danger unsteady his hand. He aimed carefully at the vital spot behind the fore-shoulders and let fly.

The huge beast leaped high into the air, rolled over on his back, and after a few convulsive kicks lay dead before him. Hurray! Up sprang Galkin, quite forgetting the cage in his excitement, and lit his head such a rap that for a moment he hardly knew where he was.

The shout was answered by a long, snarling cry and out from the reeds broke a second tiger, evidently, a young one, although quite big enough to have finished our friend at one bite. Galkin felt for his ear-trumpet pouch to reload for a second shot, when lo! no pouch.

But if the man was at a nonplus the tiger himself seemed to be no less so. This cross-barred machine with a motionless human figure inside of it (for Galkin, finding himself defenceless, remained as still as a statue), was a complete puzzle to him. He had never seen anything of the kind before. It might be a trap. Who could tell? On the whole he appeared to think that his wisest way was to begin with the horse-flesh, which he soon disposed of—a somewhat disagreeable hint to Galkin which might shortly befall him.

Breakfast over the tiger kiten seem to the tiger and put his forepaws on the top of it, bringing his face so near Galkin's that the poor Lieutenant almost felt the hot, rank breath. Suppose the bars were to give away!

But what did happen was almost as bad. Overbalanced by the brute's weight, the cage rolled over and the unlucky officer along with it, while the tiger, delighted with the sport and evidently thinking the whole affair a toy meant for his own special amusement, patted it about with his huge paws like a cat playing with a mouse, tumbling it over once or twice and bumping poor Galkin against the bars till he was pretty well bruised. All at once there was a tremendous crash, as a thick clump of reeds gave way, and splash down into the river went cage, Galkin, and all.

Fortunately for our hero, there was a mud bank close to the shore, so that the water only came to his belt; but even to sit waist deep in a cold river for an indefinite time with a tiger mounting guard over him, was anything but a pleasant prospect. Moreover, the tiger that was standing on the bank above with a face of disgust at the loss of his toy, seemed strongly inclined to leap down after it, in which the sportsman would be rolled over in deep water and drowned at once.

Just at that moment came the sharp crack of a rifle. The tiger fell headlong into the river, with Galkin, looking up, saw a boat coming toward him pulled by two Tartars, behind whom appeared the grinning face of the Colonel.

"I hope you like your day's sport my boy," chuckled the old soldier, as he opened the cage and pulled out his half-drowned comrade. "I was up stream, looking to see if I could find any game worth firing at, when I heard the crack of your piece and came along to see what had happened, and on the whole, I think it just as well I did."

The Carr's yacht makes 16 knots an hour, but the Philadelphia Chronicle thinks this isn't a circumstance to a necktie of thread that a man is trying to fasten a button with.

IDARO.

Idaho is one of our largest, richest, and in many ways most attractive, but least known dependencies. Its elevation is from 200 feet above sea level in the lower Snake river valley, to 10,000 feet on the top of its mountain peaks; a large portion above the altitude of 4000 feet. The higher portions are broken up into a succession of mountain ranges, many of which are very steep and rugged. Below these are high rugged hills, open to rich nutritious grasses are found, and the best pasture lands for stock. Still lower are the table or "sage brush" lands, rich in soil, and

WELL PROTECTED IRRIGATED AND CULTIVATED, producing large crops of cereals and vegetables, and are favorable to the growth of various fruits. The mountains are usually covered with forests of pine, fir, and other timber. Of swift, table rivers and deep, placid lakes, Idaho has its scores. Snake river, Salmon, Boise, Clearwater, Kootna, Bear, Raft, Payette, Weiser, and other streams are clear, strong currents worthy of their name. Of Idaho's total area of 58,228,160 acres, about 12,000,000 acres are agricultural; 25,900,000 acres pasture land; 10,000 acres timber lands;

AND THE REMAINDER, 8,228,160 acres, consisting of mineral lands, inaccessible mountain peaks and lava beds. The capacity of soil and climate for a wide range of productions may best be judged from the fact that not only do all the cereals and vegetables which can be raised north of the cotton growing line in the Atlantic States, flourish in the greatest perfection here, but Idaho apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, nectarines, apricots, and many of the smaller fruits, are pronounced very superior in size. At Lewiston, peaches are found blooming in the MIDDLE OF FEBRUARY.

Fruit trees and vines grow very rapidly. The long, dry summers, abundance of sunlight, a warm sandy soil with perfect under-drainage and the plentiful water supply afford all the conditions necessary for the rapid growth and ornamentation of orchards and vineyards. Mercury rarely falls to 10 degrees below zero in any of the valleys, and that only during the coldest nights of winter. Idaho enjoys the same, bright winter and summer skies, the equable temperature and cool summer nights often described as common to the Rocky mountains, with, in addition, a tinge of the

SEMI-TROPICAL CLIMATE From the Pacific. Cattle, sheep and horses require but little prepared feed, and are rarely sheltered, on the great stock ranges. Wheat yields an average of 25 bushels to the acre, and we are told of large fields in Western Idaho which average 65 bushels per acre; oats averaged 55 bushels, an exception being noted recently in which a North Idaho farmer raised 116 bushels on ten acres, or 116 1/2 bushels per acre. Farms are to be had in almost any of the desirable valleys under the homestead and pre-emption laws. The principal are those of the Snake, Salmon, Weiser, Boise, Clearwater, Raft, Owyhee, Payette and Malad rivers. Idaho is a good country to immigrate to—those who desire to procure homes

ON PUBLIC LANDS. Dairying, stock raising, farming, etc. are all open avenues to competency for those of small capital and a willingness to work. Flour mills are established at various points sufficient to manufacture flour for local demands, and also sawmills to cut the lumber required for home use by the settler. About 25,000 beehives fanned on Idaho bunch-grass were marketed during the year 1873. The interior of Idaho from the Sawtooth mountains east to Oneida county, and north of the Snake river lava fields is 45 degrees, has heretofore been designated as an "unexplored region," occupying 20,000 square miles or more. The new map has been made which gives the entire section in detail.

Women Yett. The plea of the anti-suffrage is that the exercise of a selective franchise is calculated to lower the standard of womanhood. It would be degrading to women to take in the filthy pool of politics. This argument is answered by the fact that all of our intelligent women mix more or less in politics—now especially in all important elections. In Presidential elections they frequently become quite as enthusiastic as the men, and that, too, without any sacrifice of those fine traits that are supposed most to adorn womanhood. Surely, the exercise of the franchise—a momentary affair, and in the performance of which we can see no more impropriety for woman than there is in walking unveiled upon the street—could not possibly be any more degrading than the waving of a handkerchief at a political procession, or occupying a front seat at a political meeting. They would exercise the privilege with quite as much sound discretion and judgment as the average male voter, and certainly much less corruption and whisky.

In Wyoming, where women have voted for several years, no such evil consequences have followed their exercise of the franchise as are predicted by the male alarmists. The women there are a power which can not be ignored, and thus far that power has invariably been exerted for good. It is said of the women voters there, that while less familiar with party principles, they are more conscientious, independent and generally right than the male voters. They do not give their tickets a good deal, but they have nothing objectionable about selling lady voter. The law requires that the space of fifteen feet square behind of the ballot box. The utmost quietude prevails, and when a lady walks up to deposit her ballot she meets not the least deference and politeness from the clerks and spectators. Usually the way is up to the polling places in carriages provided by the party managers. A lady with her vote already prepared quietly falls back to open the carriage way, while she walks to the box, and election judges, gives her name and her vote in the box, and returns. Surely there is nothing degrading in this; but rather does it tend to exalt and purify the ballot, and often corrupted to baseness.

Good qualities are the spiritual riches of the mind; but it is not enough that sets them off to advantage.

A Lesson In Cooking.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school and engaged to be married, and, as she knows nothing about cooking or housework, is going to take a few lessons in the culinary art, to fit her for the station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, and her dimpled, white hands encased in old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty kid heels, like some graceful wind-blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped, prettily, please introduce me to your assistant."

"Whereupon mamma says, "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen, and how to make oceanut rucks and angels' food, before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but, as she looks at the young lady, relents, and says, "I'll thro."

"And now Bridget dear," says Miss Cicely when they are alone, "tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this old kitchen lovely? What makes the ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Schmoke," answered Bridget shortly, "and me old eyes are put out with that same."

"Schmoke—I must remember that; and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers—in kivers for the pots and kiddles."

"Kivers?—oh, yes, I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in that basket?"

"Praties! For Lord's sake, where hazy lived never to hear of praties? Why, they're the principal staple of Ireland where I kin from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Bridget?—it is more euphonious, and modernizes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan here?"

"Och, murther! Where wuz ye raised? That's milkick, fresh from the cow."

"Mi-I-ick, that is the vernacular I suppose, of milk, and that thick, yellow coating?"

"Is crame. (Lord, such ignorance.)" "Crame! Now, Biddie dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget, aside—"It's dead he is sure thin if he eats it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, twenty eggs, two pounds sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well; but won't that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break them this time if I was you, Miss Cicely; they might not set well on Mister Henry's stummach if ye didn't," said Bridget, pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people." "Now, what next? Oh, I'm so tired! Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I learned to make cake. Now, what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but you might give it to the pigs. It's myself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget, earnestly.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I'm just dying to have one of them for a pet. I saw some Canton flannel ones once at a fair, and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and then she went up stairs in her chintz apron and mop cap, with a little dab of flour on her hip lifted nose, and told Henry she was now learning to cook; and he told her she must not get overheated or worried out, for he did not care whether she could cook or not; he should never want to eat when he could talk to her, and it was only sordid souls that cared for cooking.

And meanwhile poor Bridget was still slamming things in the kitchen and talking to herself in her own sweet idiom about "kights turning things upside down for her inconvenience."—[Detroit Post.

Solomon and the Blacksmith.

The story goes that during the building of Solomon's Temple that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bonny had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend, what is your trade?"

"A carpenter.

"And who makes your tools?"

The blacksmith.

To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?"

A mason.

"And who makes your tools?"

The blacksmith.

A third stated that he was a stone-cutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man that Solomon accosted was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man, with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, seemingly as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man," said Solomon.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the sledge and anvil.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make 'em myself."

"Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the king of mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but also because all other have their tools made.

About 1,000,000 copies of Webster's spelling book continue to be sold annually, it is said, but no one would suspect it who reads the manuscript sent to a newspaper office.