The East Oregonian.

PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

—BY—

The East Oregonian Publishing Company

J. H. TURNER, Business Manager.

OFFICE.....MAIN STREET,

OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.

Rates of Subscription in Coin:

One Year, in advance	$3 00
Six Months	2 00
Three Months	1 00
Single Copies	10

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 3. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878. NO. 27.

The East Oregonian.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN COIN:

One inch, first insertion. $2 00

Each subsequent insertion, ... 1 00

Time advertisers by contract. Business notices in the local columns, 20 cents per line. Advertising bills payable monthly.

JOB WORK executed with neatness, dispatch and at low prices.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

DENON LODGE No. 4, K. OF P.—Meets in the Castle Hall, Pendleton, every Wednesday evening. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

PENDLETON LODGE No. 32, A. F. AND A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month. Hours of meeting 7 P. M.

EASTERN STAR, Martha Washington Chapter, Pendleton,—meets every Tuesday night following the first and third Mondays in each month.

EUREKA LODGE No. 32, I. O. O. F., Pendleton.—Meets every Saturday evening at 7 P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

MARSHALL LODGE No. 103, I. O. G. T., Pendleton.—Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock P. M. Brethren in good standing are requested to attend.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Services, 7 P. M. Third Sunday of each month the Rev. L. H. Wells; first and second Sundays the Rev. W. L. MacEwan.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. H. Pruett, Pastor; services at the Court House on the second Sunday of each month, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

DISCIPLE CHURCH.—Meets in the Court House on the third Sunday of each month, Mr. I. N. Richardson officiating, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH.—Rev. S. W. Davies, Pastor; services in the Court House on the first Sunday of each month, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. C. Kirkman, Pastor; services on the fourth Sabbath in each month. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings.

UNION SUNDAY SCHOOL.—M. Wills, Supt. Meets every Sunday in the Court House at 10 o'clock A. M.

NOTICE.—Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths, will be inserted without charge. Obituary notices will be charged for according to their length.

Single copies of the EAST OREGONIAN, in wrappers for mailing, can be obained at this office.

We assume no responsibility for views expressed by correspondents.

DR. J. A. KNOWLES,

DENTIST.

WILL practice his profession in Umatilla and Union Counties. All orders addressed to him at Pendleton, Oregon, will be promptly attended to. All work guaranteed. Charges moderate.

W. W. OGLESBY, W. T. WILLIAMSON

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

WESTON, OREGON.

WILL attend all calls, day or night, with promptness.

E. P. EAGAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

WESTON, Umatilla County, Oregon. Office on Main Street.

J. M. PRUETT, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

PENDLETON, OREGON.

OFFICE in Lee's new building, up stairs.

W. WHITCOMB, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

PENDLETON, OREGON.

WILL attend all calls, day or night, with prompt ness. All diseases treated by the safest and very best modes for the comfort of the patient.

W. C. McKAY, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

PENDLETON, Umatilla County, Oregon. Office opposite the Pendleton Hotel.

DR. J. B. LINDSEY,

Surgeon and Dentist

Is now located permanently in

PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY,

Where his services can always be had.

Surgery a Specialty.

S. V. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Weston, Umatilla County, Oregon.

WILL practice in the Courts of this State and Washington Territory.

Special attention paid to Land business and Collections.

FRED PACE-TUSTIN,

(Notary Public.)

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND REAL ESTATE BROKER.

SPECIAL attention given to Collections and Probate matters.

Loans negotiated and County Orders bought and sold.

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE.

J. H. TURNER. D. W. BAILEY, Notary Public.

TURNER & BAILEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

COUNTY Orders bought and sold. Loans negotiated.

Office on Main street, opp. Court House,

PENDLETON, OREGON.

J. H. SLATER will be associated with us in all contested cases in the Circuit Court in the future.

Wit and Humor.

THE Welsh word for milk is "cwrw." Let's hear you ask for some.

A SMALL boy, arrested for throwing stones at the windows of Independence Hall the other day, got off on the plea that he was only "rocking" the cradle of liberty.

A DETROIT milkman was going to raise on prices when he heard that 300 cattle had been burned to death in Terre Haute, but a boy smashed him with the information that they were Texas steers. —*Free Press.*

A SCHOOL-HOUSE lot in a New Hampshire district stands in three towns, so that the pupils sit in Rindge, the teacher in New Ipswich, and the recess is taken in Ashburnham, Mass.

IN ancient days the precept was, "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor and everything about him."

A MAN made a bet that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he did not know much about fly-wheels."

A POSTMASTER writes: Please stop Mr. Blank's paper—he is dead now. We resent the insinuation that the *Interior* killed him. Another P. M., to whom an inquiry was addressed in regard to a subscriber who went to heaven leaving his subscription unpaid, replied: "He is still dead."

The Wind's Mischief.

The wind was out for a frolic,
And a merry wight was he;
With flying wing and whistling mouth
Up he came from the far warm South,
To see what he could see.

And he saw in Gold-Locks' garden
A full-blown apple tree;
And where the leaves were coslest
With leaf and blossom, he saw a nest,
As cunning as could be.

And he paused in his mad-cap flying,
And murmured roguishly:
"Oh, what will happen to that bird-house
If I toss, and tumble, and shake the bows?
I'll do it, just to see!"

So he caught the blossomed branches,
And shook with a wicked glee;
Shook and shook, again and again,
And down there sprinkled a rosy rain
Out from the apple tree.

But the birdlings in the bird's nest
Slumbered so coslly
That the mother sung in words like these:
"Oh, what a loving, beautiful breeze
To rock my babies for me!"

Reginald's First School Days.

One frosty morning in January, two delicate-looking children were sitting before a blazing fire in a long, low nursery, with oak rafters running across the ceiling. Between them lay a great shaggy dog.

"You will take good care of Rover whilst I am away," said the boy, winding his fingers in Rover's shaggy hair, and leaning his head against him.

"Yes, he shall go for a walk with me every day, and in the twilight I will talk to him about you," answered Alice; "you might send messages to him in your letters," she added.

"Would you understand them, old fellow?" asked Reginald, lifting up the dog's head, and looking into his eyes.

The dog wistfully returned his master's gaze, and gave him his paw.

"I believe he understands," said Reginald, throwing his arms around the dog's neck. "Oh, Rover, Rover, if I could only take you with me!"

"It would not be so bad then," sighed Alice.

"It won't be really bad when I get accustomed to it. Just at first it may be strange, but I shall be sure to like one out of the forty boys. It is going out into the world, and my father says it is well for a boy to learn his level early. On the whole, I am glad I am going; it is only the first bit of it that one is not sure about."

It was a large room, with desks and benches on either side, and an aisle, as Reginald called it, up in the middle. It had four large windows looking out on the playground, and a fire-place at each end, round which some dozen or two of boys were clustered.

Reginald advanced toward the fire-place at the lower end of the room, hoping that some one might speak to him, and rid him of the strange, uncomfortable feeling that crept over him; but none of the boys spoke, though they regarded him critically, as if measuring the sort of being he was before committing themselves to any closer acquaintance.

So he sat down on a bench half-way down the school-room, tried to look unconscious, and half wished himself at home again.

"Have any of you fellows got a knife? I want to cut this piece of string," said a tall boy, addressing the group generally.

In a moment Reginald had taken out his knife, and offered it to the speaker.

"Ah," said Thompson, the tall boy, "a capital knife. Much obliged, will borrow it for the present," and, after using it, he quietly put it into his pocket.

Some of the boys laughed. One of them, however, murmured, in an undertone, "What a great shame!"

Reginald's color rose. He walked straight up to Thompson.

"Will you please give me my knife again?"

Thompson looked surprised.

"No, I shall please to do nothing of the kind. You offered it, and I accepted it. An offer's an offer."

"I lent it to you to cut the string."

"You did not say so."

"I do not think it just of you to take my knife in that way," said Reginald, thoroughly aroused; "and if you do not return it at once I shall speak to Dr. Field about it."

"Oh," said Thompson, coolly, "you're a sneak, are you?"

The boys, who had been gathering round Reginald admiring his spirit in confronting the tall boy, now drew back, and the words "tell-tale!" "blab!" "sneak!" were distinctly heard. And Reginald found himself standing alone, deserted by those who had drawn near in sympathy with him, for Thompson was the tyrant of the school.

Presently, when the boys had returned to their places by the fire, and Reginald was apparently forgotten, a merry-looking boy, a year older than himself, sat down by him.

"No," said he, "you must not say anything to Dr. Field. You must let your knife go, and learn wisdom for the future."

Reginald looked up.

"It's mean and unfair," he said.

"That may be; but the boys would say it was meaner still to complain. One has to put up with things of this sort at school and make the best of them."

"What's your name?" asked Reginald, suddenly, for there was something about the boy that he liked, and he thought this might be the one who was to be his friend.

"Barton. And yours?"

"Reginald Murray."

"Murray's enough, without the other."

"I should like you to be my friend."

Barton glanced at the large, dark eyes that were fixed upon him, and at the delicate and somewhat mournful face, and felt attracted also.

"I think I shall like you," he returned; "but I must wait and see how you go on. I think you've the right spirit; but you must take my advice about the knife. Will you?"

There was a struggle in Reginald's mind. It was very hard to give up the knife that Alice had saved up her pocket-money to buy for him! Still, Barton had been at school for some time, and knew better than he what ought to be done, so he answered, "I will."

But Barton was not prepared for his manner of carrying out the decision. To his great surprise Reginald marched straight up to Thompson. "I shall not," he said, "speak to Dr. Field about the knife. It's unfair and unjust of you to take it, and I shan't be friends with you as long as you keep it. But Barton says it would be telling tales if I made a complaint."

Some of the younger boys stood quite aghast at Reginald's boldness, one or two even murmured, "Well done!"

Thompson stared, half in astonishment, half in anger. "You're too fast, young sir; you'll have to be put down, I see," said he. But he did not give Reginald his knife again.

School was indeed a new world to Reginald. He made friends and found enemies; he worked hard, and played well; and, on the whole, was tolerably popular. Thompson, however, still kept the knife, using it upon all occasions, which caused a thrill of indignation to go through Reginald's delicate frame.

"If I can't get it one way, I will another," thought he; and he brooded over the knife until he magnified every word that Thompson said into a series of insults to himself, and Thompson, pleased with the power he possessed over the boy, exercised it on all occasions.

So the spring went by, and summer came, and the days slipped away, and the holidays were close at hand.

"If I were strong enough I would fight him for it!" said Reginald to Barton, one day when Thompson had been more than usually aggravating.

The remark was repeated to Thompson, who was standing by the side of the river that ran at the foot of the playground.

At that moment Reginald drew near.

"So you would like to fight me if you were big enough!" said he with a sneer.

"I should!" answered Reginald, warmly.

"Ah, it's a bad state of feeling. If the knife causes such wicked thoughts, the best way is to get rid of it. So here it goes, and there is an end of it!" And, drawing the knife from his pocket, he flung it into the river. It fell short of where he intended, and Reginald saw his beloved knife through the clear river, lying within what he supposed to be an easy reach. Without a moment's thought he jumped in after it, regardless of the cry that rose—"The water's deeper than it looks!"

His hand, as if by instinct, grasped the knife, but as he tried to struggle back through the swiftly-running water, he got confused; for, as the boys had called out to him, it was a great deal deeper than it looked, and just there the ground shelved suddenly, and Reginald, taking a false step, lost his footing.

There was a general outcry, which brought Dr. Field, and a visitor who had just arrived, to the spot.

"Murray's in the river!"

And they pointed to the spot where the poor boy had sunk.

With such a cry as the boys long remembered, the visitor had plunged into the water and had caught the boy, who had risen for the last time, by the arm. And the next thing that the boys knew was that a white, dripping form was carried through the play-ground into the house.

Then a whisper went round—"It was his father!"

Then a whispered question—"Is he dead?"

And Thompson shuddered as he heard it.

But Reginald did not die; he opened his eyes to find his father clasping his hand. At first he could remember nothing; then he looked round anxiously. "Is the knife safe? I went to pick up my knife!"

Then he closed his eyes, and remained for a long time silent, and when he spoke again it was in the wild ravings of delirium.

The shock had been too much for the delicate boy. Fever came on, and it was weeks before he could be moved home, and then he was ordered to the South, and Italy was the chosen place in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their two children should sojourn until Reginald should have completely recovered his health.

And this time Rover was to go with his young master.

The day before Reginald left home a carriage drove up to the door, and Thompson stepped out of it.

He and Reginald were alone for a quarter of an hour, and they parted friends.

"I have my knife now, Thompson," said Reginald, "and so the quarrel is over."

And Thompson returned to Dr. Field's a better and a wiser boy. He never bullied any one again.—*The Churchman.*

A TERRIBLE FATE.—In India, lepers are occasionally buried alive. When a leper is past all hope of living more than a few days or weeks his nearest relations arrange, with his approval, for his immediate interment. Self-destruction by burial is called *samadh*, and is regarded as so highly meritorious that the disease is sure to die out in the family of the victim. So lately as 1875, a leper named Oomah, living and lingering at Scrohi, entreated his wife to put an end to his misery. A Bunnia, or tradesman was accordingly engaged to make the necessary arrangements, which simply consisted in hiring a couple of laborers to dig a hole into which they thrust Oomah, consenting to his own death. The durbar, coerced by the British Government, at length took cognizance of this incident, and fined the widow one hundred rupees. The Bunnia was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the grave-diggers each to two years, but it is very unlikely that they will undergo half that punishment.

IN 1825 there were only 84 churches in New York. Now there are 489.

Bounty Laws.

$100 bounty is paid to all soldiers, honorably discharged, who enlisted between May 3 and July 22, 1861, for three years, and who were mustered in before August 6, 1861. No matter how long or how short a time they served, they are entitled to the $100.

$200 bounty will be paid to soldiers (or heirs) who enlisted before September, 1863, for three years, and who served the full time, or were mustered out or discharged by reason of wounds, rupture, or any kind of mechanical injury (not disease).

$100 bounty is paid to the wife, children, father, or mother of a soldier who enlisted before September, 1863, for three years, and contracted disease in line of duty, was discharged for disease, and died of the disease before July 28, 1866.

$300 bounty is paid to all recruits (three years' men) in old regiments between September 23, 1863, and April 1, 1864.

$400 bounty is paid to all veterans (or heirs) who were mustered out or discharged for wounds, rupture, or injury (not disease).

All men who enlisted under general order No. 191, if recruits, were entitled to $402; such soldiers as had rendered nine months' previous service in the army or navy, $402.

Some men were entitled to $402 and received $302, for the want of being mustered as veterans, and such are now entitled to another $100.

All soldiers enlisting for the large bounty, who were discharged short of their full term of service, for any kind of wound or injury—even for hernia, rupture, or accidental injuries—or who were discharged on Telegraph order of May 4, 1865, from the surgeon general's office, or circular from the war department of May 4, 1865, and failed to get all the installments of bounty, or the entire balance of the $302, or the $402, can now recover the balance of the bounty; or, if the soldier has died since leaving the service the heirs, in the order named, can now draw the arrears of the large bounty.

And all soldiers who served at any time in the early part of the war nine months or more, and were honorably discharged, and then re-enlisted between September 1, and April, 1864, are entitled to the $402 bounty. If such soldiers has never received it, he can have his record so changed to show him a veteran, and yet receive the $402 bounty. No bounty is paid to soldiers, who served less than two years, and were discharged by reason of disability (sickness or disease); but if a soldier enlisted for three years, and was discharged before the expiration of term of service, for wounds, ruptures, or accidental injuries, he is entitled to receive full bounty for which he enlisted, $200, $302 or $402, owing to the date of his enlistment.

The bounty act of July 28, 1866, having been extended, there are many who are yet entitled to bounty.

A Revolutionizing Threat.

I have heard the story as applied loosely, but as Jenkinson's father-in-law tells it, it has more of point and pith than in the other cases. Jenkinson was the man who entered the complaint. He was a young merchant, and had married the daughter of an old merchant, and said daughter was inclined to be headstrong and independent, plainly giving her liege lord to understand that she should be her own mistress, and do as she pleased.

Jenkinson regarded this as an outrage, and in the plenitude of his indignation he betook himself to his wife's father, and there entered complaint, deep and bitter, against the fair recusant; and, unfortunately, in his blundering, he more than half intimated that the girl had not been brought up as she ought to have been. But the old man betrayed no ill-feeling toward his son-in-law.

"Did the vixen say she would do as she had a mind to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she makes you generally uncomfortable?"

"She does indeed, sir."

"Goodness me! What ingratitude! And only last week I gave her that beautiful set of rubies."

"I know it, sir."

"Jenkinson, I paid twelve hundred dollars for those stones and the setting."

"I should say they were cheap at that."

"So they were, so the were. And I thought they would make her so happy, and so good. But I have a plan in my mind. I shall put up with no more reports of her shortcomings. She thinks she will inherit a fat piece of property from her old father; but she may find herself mistaken. I have given her the rubies, but I will give her nothing more until I know that she has mended; and if I hear anything more of her wilfulness—if I hear another word—I will scratch her name from my will, and leave her but a lesson on behavior. If she troubles you any more, you can tell her what I say; and be sure I mean it. It is time she should allow her old father to rest in peace."

A month later, the old merchant asked his daughter how she was flourishing at home.

"O, grandly!" she cried. "You wouldn't believe how good and kind James is. He isn't cross any more at all."

The old man nodded with satisfaction. His threat had had its effect.

DIDN'T WANT IT.—At an auction of household articles the auctioneer held up a thermometer and pleaded for a bid. No one seemed to want it, and he turned to a farmer-looking man and said:

"Take it, examine it and give me a quarter for it."

"No—no," replied the man, backing off.

"What! Don't you want a thermometer?"

"No, sir; I had one a year or two ago, and I worked and worked, and fooled around and fooled around, and I could never keep it regulated worth a cent. I couldn't even open the ornery thing!"

Carrying Concealed Weapons.

A correspondent informs us that in a discussion on the subject of concealed weapons, the question has arisen whether carrying a pistol is, in the eye of the law, a criminal offence.

This depends on the particular phraseology of the statute and the construction put upon it by the courts. Judges have generally shown a leaning in favor of permitting pistols to be carried.

In this city we have two judges who entertain opposite sentiments as to the propriety of carrying pistols. Judge Brady, who, as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, frequently holds the Oyer and Terminer for the trial of criminals, avails himself of every opportunity to express his strong disapprobation of persons going armed—sometimes increasing the severity of a sentence on this ground; while Recorder Hackett is one of the most famous shots with a pistol in the country, and is of opinion that carrying a pistol is only a precaution of ordinary prudence!

We are reminded by our correspondent's letter of an anecdote which was related of an occurrence in Arkansas many years ago. The custom of carrying weapons upon the person has always been more prevalent in the Southwest than at the North and East. Formerly it was almost universal. The young men there, instead of following Horace Greeley's advice to employ their first savings to buy a watch, would invest them in a knife or a pistol; indeed, before earning the requisite sum, they often ran in debt for these greatly desired articles. In process of time the spirit of reform seized some of the members of the Arkansas Legislature, and a bill was introduced prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons. It passed with but little opposition. When the Speaker of the House put the question of its final passage to vote, the handle, nearly a foot long, of a bowie knife was observed sticking from the inside pocket of his vest. When remonstrated with for his defiance of the law, he exclaimed: *"Concealed! That weapon is not concealed! Every member of the House can see it!"*—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CHANCELLOR KENT used to relate how Aaron Burr called to see him one day, and saying that he was on his way to Albany, offered to attend to any commissions of Mr. Kent's. Kent was naturally flattered by this attention from so distinguished a man. "Nothing was said about politics, though I had been elected on the Federal ticket a member of Assembly from the County of Dutchess. When I went home to dinner that day I said to my wife, with much self-satisfaction, 'Betsey, who do you think has been to see me to-day?' She said, 'I do not know; who has?' I said, 'Aaron Burr, Colonel Burr,' and then related to her our conversation and the kind offer of professional assistance tendered to me. In a few days Colonel Burr, on his way to New York on his return, again called and said he would be glad to be of service to me in New York if I had any business in the way of the law that he could do for me there. The legislature then sat in New York, and soon after I took my seat in the following spring in the Assembly, I received a note from Colonel Burr wishing me to take breakfast with him. Not long afterward I received another invitation, this time to take dinner with him. The day arrived for the election of United States Senator, and a member of Assembly, boarding at the same house with me, came, in the morning, into my room and said, 'Mr. Kent, you know we are to choose a United States Senator to-day.' I said, 'Yes, I know.' 'I suppose,' he said, 'you are going to vote for our friend, Colonel Burr?' 'No,' I quickly replied; 'I am going to vote for my old friend, General Schuyler.'" And here the Chancellor used to conclude with great emphasis: "That was the first time I suspected what the fellow was after."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A WAR ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* says: I have heard an old war story, and, by the way, it is one of the best of them. I had it from a former officer under Stonewall Jackson: "On one of our marches in the early spring, when a chilling rain had been falling for days, and the slush was almost waist deep, our command, utterly wretched and broken down, was struggling along as best it could under such circumstances. Worn out myself, I crept into a fence corner to rest awhile. Presently I saw a solitary straggler coming slowly up the road. He seemed almost completely exhausted—his shoes were gone, and his feet cut and bleeding. I was struck with his appearance, for through all its wretchedness shone the indomitable spirit of the Southern soldier—the man who would be at his post, or else dead in the attempt to reach it. I watched him closely, and as he dragged himself slowly past, I heard him mutter to himself: 'D—n me if I ever love another country.'"

THE WORST KIND OF A MISTAKE.—To be robbed cannot be pleasant. To shoot even a robber, although it might become necessary, would be disagreeable. But to imagine a dog to be a robber, and in consequence to shoot one's self, must be especially unsatisfactory. Yet such a fate, as appears from the Mechanicsburg (Pa.) *Journal*, befell one William Blesley:

On Saturday night last, as Mr. William Blesley, of Silver Spring township, was on his way home from Hogestown, his horse came to a halt in the road and refused to proceed farther. The visions of midnight robbers, highwaymen, etc., instantly loomed up before Mr. Blesley's vision as he grasped his weapon of defense—a revolver. He found it very difficult, however, to bring his weapon to a full cock, and, in his efforts, it was discharged, the ball lodging in his left hand. The robber proved to be a dog, which had placed himself in front of the animal, causing the accident.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

IT is said that few persons are better versed in British politics than Queen Victoria. Her long reign has given her an experience of constitutional usages which many of her advisers do not possess.

On the Plains.

We rub our eyes. Have we wandered into a Brazilian swamp, then, during the long dark night? The yellow light of the early morning is shining down on those dusky pools of sluggish water, on the dense forest, on the matted underwood, and the rank green grass. How the railway track does not sink into this vast mire passes our comprehension; there seems scarcely sufficient mud on the scattered islands to support the partly submerged trees. But, as we are looking out, a new object suddenly confronts the eyes. Instead of that succession of still creeks we come on a broad expanse of coffee-colored water that broadens out as it rolls southward, and we cry, "The Mississippi!" And over there, on the the other side, we see a big and straggling town picturesquely built along the bluffs, and all shining in the early sunlight. But the Mississippi detains us not; nor Burlington either. Our mission is westward, and forever westward—through the perpetual forest, with its recurrent clearances and farms and fields of maize. Surely it is a pleasant enough manner of passing this idle, beautiful day. The recent rains have laid the dust; we sit outside the car and lazily watch the rich colors of the underwood as we pass. Could anything be deeper in hue than the lakered of those sumach bushes? Look at that maple—its own foliage is a mass of pale, transparent gold; but up the stem and out the branches runs a creeper, and the creeper is of a pure vermillion that burns in the sun. Westward—and forever westward. We lose consciousness of time. We resign ourselves to the slow passing-by of the trees, and the farms, and the maize. It is like a continuous dream.

Of course, all our preconceived notions about the prairies were found to be wrong. They were not at all melancholy and oppressive. On the contrary, they were quite cheerful and bright, in the sunshine; though there was still that mysterious feeling about them; and though the unaccustomed eye could not get quite reconciled to the absence from the horizon of some line of hill, and would keep searching for some streak of blue. Surely there was nothing here of the dreary wastes we had imagined! First of all, and near us, was a rich wilderness of flowers, of the most beautiful verdure and variegated colors—masses of yellow sun-flowers, and lilac Michaelmas-daisies, and what not, with the blood-red of the sumach coming in. Further off, the plain rose and fell in gentle undulations covered with variously tinted grass; and here and there were the palisades of a few ranches. Further away still, were wider and bazer undulations, marked by one or two clusters of the minutest specks, which we took to be cattle. Then beyond that again the open prairie-land—long, level swathes, of the very faintest russet, gray-green, and yellow-gray, going out—out—out—until the blue sky of the horizon seemed quite close and near to us compared with that ever and mysterious receding plain. This vast distance was not awful, like the sea. It was beautiful in its pale colors; it was full of an eager interest—for the eye appealed to the imagination to aid it in its endless search; and if it was an ocean at all it was an ocean that broke at our feet in a brilliant foam of flowers. This similitude was, indeed, so obvious that we unanimously were of opinion that it must have been used by every American poet who has ever written about the prairie lands.—*William Black.*

A Ride in a Sedan Chair.

The streets of a Chinese city are "heavenly" in name. Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, rode twelve miles in Hong Kong through the streets of "Benevolence," "Love," "Peace," "Bright Cloud," and "Longevity," of "Early-bestowed Blessings," of "One Hundred Grandsons," of "One Thousand Grandsons," of "Five Happinesses," and of "Refreshing Breezes;" of "Accumulated Blessings," of "Ninefold Brightness," and of "The Market of Golden Profits." His equipage was a "chair," carried by coolie bearers, and he thus describes the ride:

"The motion was not unpleasant, though they swung us along at a good round pace, shouting to the people to get out of the way, who forthwith parted right and left, as if some high mandarin were coming. The streets were narrow and densely crowded. Through such a mass it was no small effort to force our way, which was effected only by our bearers keeping up a constant cry (like that of the gondoliers in Venice, when turning a corner in the canals—a signal of warning to any approaching in the opposite direction). I could but admire the good-nature of the people who yielded so readily. If we were thus to push through a crowd in New York, and the policemen were to shout to the "Bowery boys" to get out of the way, we might receive a blessing in reply that would not be at all agreeable. But the Chinamen took it as a matter of course, and turned aside respectfully to give us passage, only staring mildly with their almond-eyes, to see what great personages were these that came along looking so grand."

SUNSHINE.—The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms. "Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window: "Whoever is fortunate enough to have a southeast or southwest corner room may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door."

THE Boston public library now contains 312,000 volumes, an increase for the year of 15,169.

Advice to Husbands — How to Do When You Are Ill-Tempered.

Begin by staying out until two o'clock with some fine fellows who know what good wine is. Reach your home in the small hours, and after ineffectually trying to open the door with a lead pencil, scold your wife for sitting up for you. Throw your boots upon the floor and wake the baby, and desire to know why Mrs. Boggs lets that little imp shriek so much. After this, go to sleep and snore while she walks the floor with the unhappy infant. Of course, you will wake up cross; you will hate yourself and the world, and you will be quite equal to the task of throwing upon the carpet twelve shirts that are in good order, and finding at the bottom of the drawer one with a button off. Put this on, and appear at the breakfast-table like the ghost of Banquo, pointing at your throat and shaking your head.

Tell Mrs. Boggs that before you were married, your dear ma attended to your buttons, and while she wipes away a tear, suddenly start to your feet and spit the coffee you have just taken into your mouth into the coal-scuttle, and ask what she has put into it *to-day*, and declare yourself poisoned. Tell her that the breakfast, altogether, is not fit for pigs to eat.

Having by this means rendered Mrs. Boggs serious, take your paper and plunge into it, using it as a screen, and eating and drinking behind it. Don't answer Mrs. Boggs when she asks you if there is any news; and occasionally thrust your cup at her, with a grunt, to be refilled. Have your eyes sufficiently about you, however, to see Biddy give Mrs. Boggs a folded paper, and inquire, with a jealous glance, what that is that she is hiding under the tea tray. When she replies that it is "only the gas bill," fold your newspaper and demand to see it, and upon inspection, ask her what she means by such extravagance. Tell her she is bringing you to the poor-house—that you expect to fail next year—that everybody is failing on account of the recklessness of women who never take care of anything because they don't have to earn it. Point out the fact that you spend nothing, and are only a wretched slave, toiling from dawn until dark, with bankruptcy hanging by a single hair over your head, while she gwls about in finery. Look solemnly upon your nine offspring, several of whom have just had the measles, and upon the infant in arms who is preparing for one of his regular bouts of croup, and remark that you wish you were a woman with nothing to do but to stay at home and play with the children. Then fly at your third son, little Peter — who inherits your amiable disposition and is pinching his little sister — and box his ears, and remark to some invisible familiar, that one would think a person who had so many idle hours need not neglect these little wretches so. Order Pamela out of the room for sniffing, and shake little Tommy for eating his bread bottom upwards as he stares at you. Promise to bring home a cat-o'-nine-tails and treat them all to the whipping they deserve; and having set them to bellowing in chorus, tell Mrs. Boggs that you probably shall not be home to dinner, for you have tickets for the opera, and as Cousin Samanthy's husband is in California, you think "the poor thing ought to be taken somewhere and cheered up a little." If Mrs. Boggs remarks that Cousin Samanthy seems to be the liveliest person she ever met already, and desires to know why it is never necessary to cheer one's own wife up a little, remark that "when it comes to absurd jealousy you refuse to listen any longer," and depart, slamming the door. You know that Mrs. Boggs, loving her children as she does, will never think of getting a divorce, no matter how hardly she is used, so that you are quite safe. When you feel good-humored you can make it up. Any time will do for Mrs. Boggs. You always know where to find her.—*M. K. D., in N. Y. Ledger.*

Consumption a Disease of In-door Life.

Among the natives of Senegambia pulmonary affections are not only nearly but absolutely unknown, yet a single year passed in the over-crowded barracoons and steerage-hells of the slave trader often sufficed to develop the disease in that most virulent form known as galloping consumption; and the brutal planters of the Spanish Antilles made a rule of never buying an imported negro before they had "tested his wind," i. e., trotted him uphill and watched his respirations. If he proved to be "a roarer," as turf men term it, they knew that the dungeon had done its work and discounted his value accordingly. "If a perfectly sound man is imprisoned for life," says Baron d'Arbiay, the Belgian philanthropist, "his lungs, as a rule, will first show symptoms of disease, and shorten his misery by a hectic decline, unless he should commit suicide."

Our home statistics show that the percentage of deaths by consumption in each State bears an exact proportion to the greater or smaller number of inhabitants who follow in-door occupations, and is highest in the factory districts of New England and the crowded cities of our central States. In Great Britain the rate increases with the latitude, and attains its maximum height in Glasgow, where, as Sir Charles Brodie remarks, windows are opened only one day for every two in Birmingham, and every three and a half in London; but going farther north the percentage suddenly sinks from twenty-three to eleven, and even to six, if we cross the fifty-seventh parallel, which marks the boundary between the manufacturing districts of Central Scotland and the Highlands of the north.

It is distressing to say the least, but the most fearful [illegible] is the direct [illegible] geous viol[illegible] God.—[illegible]

Tu[illegible] and [illegible]