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.....1 50
Three Months.....1 00
Single Copies.....10

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 3. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1878. NO. 28.

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.

DAMON 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. 101, 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. Maclwyne.

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 obtained 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.

B. F. GRAY,

Saddle and Harness

MAKER,

PENDLETON, OREGON.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A COMPLETE supply of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs, Collars, Halters, Binches, and everything needed in our line.

Call and see us before sending below. Repairing promptly attended to.

NORTH-WESTERN

STAGE COMPANY.

Great Reduction in Fare East.

LOCAL RATES OF FARE:

Pendleton to La Grande	$ 9 00
" Union	11 00
" Baker City	14 00
" Boise City, Idaho	25 00
" Winnemucca	75 00
" Kelton, Utah, C. P. Railroad	75 00
" Umatilla	4 00
" Walla Walla	5 00
" Weston	3 00

Through tickets to

Omaha,	Philadelphia,
Chicago,	New York,
Kansas City,	Boston,
St. Louis,	Washington.

And all points via Boise City and Kelton, the direct Overland Route East, we now offer at greatly reduced rates over the line of the N. W. S. Co.

New Coaches, good stock, skilled drivers, reliable performance of service on time are special features of the company. Apply to LOT LIVERMORE, Agt.

W. B. MORRIS, Sup't.

A. H. BOOMER, Asst. Sup't.

The Untilled Land.

ALTERED FROM DUGANNE.

The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er the earth,
And fruits grow fair in many lands,
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Sunlight and breeze and gladsome flowers
Are o'er the earth spread wide,
And Nature gave these gifts to men,
To all who on earth abide.
The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank,
Yet idle the poor man stands.
Ah, millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

'Tis writ that we "should not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn,"
Yet behold, ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
That all earth's burdens have borne!
The land is the gift of Nature to man,
And labor is Nature's command,
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands.

Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold,
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that the parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres?
And millions of acres want hands?

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day,
This robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie that the face of Nature disowns!
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise
And swear, while they burst their bands,
That hands henceforth shall have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands.

A Son, Not a Slave.

A room in the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bounce, which had for years held the light and joy of the household, was deserted, a small satchel filled with trifles stood in the front hall, and Dan. Bounce, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bounce, stood in the front door, resting his head against the door post and gazing down the road.

Nineteen years before, Mr. and Mrs. Bounce being childless and forlorn adopted the child of a respectable but poor neighbor, and named him Daniel. Every advantage of education and every indulgence which they would have bestowed on one of their own offspring was given to the adopted child; if they failed to have exactly the same feelings toward him that people naturally have for their own, it never appeared in their treatment of him—at least, in their public treatment of him. We will venture to say that Dan. himself, as he stood looking down the road, with anything but a completely kindly feeling toward his foster parents, would have told you that from the time as far back as he could remember up to—well, a quite recent date, he received nothing but kindness, generosity and indulgence from those whom he had learned to call father and mother. He had always been allowed to choose his companions and entertain them at home when he pleased, and accept of their hospitality in return.

But one day not very long before the time when we see him in a position suggestive of an approaching farewell, he came suddenly to a point in his road of life where his mind and that of his benefactors took diverse ways. He had been attending school in the city, not far away, and during the first week of his attendance found himself every day taking the same route homeward with a pretty brunette of his school whom he repeatedly overtook, and with whom it was very agreeable to him to walk the little way which their routes lay together. He found it pleasant, and the source of absorbing after thoughts, to tarry at the gate in a few moments chat each day. Pretty soon he found himself looking forward to it with impatience, experiencing with blissful and yet painful confusion, and thinking of, with a strange mixture of pleasure and uneasiness, these daily walks in the highway and parting chats at the gate. And I know you will believe me when I say it was not long before these meetings were anticipated by Dan. by a walk in the dusk, a timid knock on the cottage door of Mr. Dale, and a call for Miss Mary Dale, into whose blushing presence he straightway carried his yet more scarlet face.

But these things in due time came to the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Bounce. Well, what of that? What of that! Why, the deserted room in the Bounce mansion, the little satchel in the hall, and a young man sore grieved at heart standing in the door alone, is of that. Dan. never made a secret of his love (any further than is always necessary to the very life of the tender passion), and he was as much surprised as you are—more so than you, for Dan. was young—when his father and mother who had been so indulgent in little things, now in the case of this first great thing that had ever happened to him, entered their determined protest! Mary Dale was a laborer's daughter; Daniel Bounce was a gentleman's son; the passion, or fancy, or whatever it was, must be put under foot at once. Such was the only reason given for the objection, and let us pretend, for the present, that we believe it was the real reason. While this was all that Dan. had to meet, he took to argument. But presently they reminded him of his past and what he owed them, and Dan's mouth was sealed. Though the meanness of this thrust fired him with indignation, and arguments in self-defence rushed to his lips, he was dumb. But he was not idle, and straightway he sought his duty, and chose his course. He declined to give up his attachment to Mary Dale, whereupon his life-long benefactors told him he must forfeit theirs.

Strange, he thought, that the first great joy that had come to him should be the cause of his forfeiting all that he had known before. Strange that the only one desire that had ever taken sole control of his breast should be the only one which those whom he had learned to love had ever balked. Strange that his first visions of domestic bliss in a little home of his own making by and by, should be the reason for his packing his satchel to leave forever the only home he had ever known. Strange that the first difference he had ever with his benefactors should be sufficient to set him, with little more of this world's goods than he had brought with him nineteen years before, at the threshold waiting to be carried away, never to return. Strange that anything could force him to take his leave of cold hands and haughty eyes, and ride off into a strange world with nobody at the door to watch him out of sight.

But all these things were true, and Dan. pondered them with a choking throat, as he rode on to the city.

Dan. went into a printing-office in the city, and set at work to learn the trade of type-setting. He proved a ready learner, and in due time earned good wages. Meanwhile he often retraced his former school-day footsteps towards Mr. Dale's.

One day Mr. Benjamin Bounce threw the evening paper to his wife, telling her to look at the marriage column, which she did, and read aloud the following notice:

DAVIS—DALE: At the residence of the bride's parents, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Vestry, Daniel Davis and Mary Dale. No cards.

"Well, good!" exclaimed Mrs. Bounce, looking up from the paper. "Dan. didn't get her after all."

"Why, yes, that's Dan. He's taken his own name. Like to know how he found it out!"

"You don't tell me!" said Mrs. Bounce. "Well! He's plucky, anyhow!"

"He'll come down on his own marrow-bones yet," said Mr. Bounce.

Mrs. Bounce looked as much as to say she hoped so, but she doubted it, and said nothing. The subject was dropped.

Dan. thrived in his business and was as happy as he had ever dreamed of being with Mary. Benjamin Bounce could not help hearing this, though he would have liked to. Mrs. Bounce found it hard, with all her inquisitiveness, to squeeze out the truth from him, but she got hold of an item now and then which made her think.

One morning Mr. Bounce was awakened out of his finishing nap by his wife calling:

"Benjamin—O, Benjamin!"

He started, and said:

"Well, what's the matter, Lucy?"

"I've been thinking about Dan. since I've been lying here, and have come to the conclusion that we were all wrong."

"Pshaw! His success troubles you."

"No, what I mean has nothing to do with that. I see where we were selfish and jealous, when we thought we were only discreet. When we thought we feared Mary Dale's origin, we really feared her attachment for Dan. would rival ours. If Dan. had been really our son, we would have reasoned with him; but as we had raised him when under no obligations to do so, we felt that we had bought him thereby, and had a right to demand obedience in all things. We bore towards him more the feelings of a master than those of a parent—he was less a son than a slave."

Mr. Bounce only grunted at this, and fell to snoring again.

Mr. Bounce thought of his wife's bright and early suggestions more than once that day, yet he never restored his will, and never called at Dan.'s, but the old gentlemen has been in his grave several years now, and Mrs. Bounce often goes and plays grandmother to the two little Davises, and has made her will in favor of Dan., Bounce or no Bounce.—*Xampi, in Rural Home.*

King Humbert's Left-Handed Mother.

Victor Emmanuel's fondness for women has been proverbial. Of late years he had lived with a morganatic wife, the Countess Mirafiore, to whom he was deeply attached, and who bore him three children. The gossips tell a very pretty story about this lady's career. Rosa Vercellana, they say, was a sutler's daughter and a vivandiere during the campaign of 1848. She was beautiful and had many admirers, and she was also, in spite of her short frocks and canteen, a young woman of exemplary character. The Duke of Savoy saw her, loved her, and hovered around her canteen. He lost sight of her, but after the death of his wife sought her out and made her his companion. It was not until 1873 that he was finally married to her in spite of the protestations of Prince Humbert. The Countess of Mirafiore (the title was created by the King) died only a few months ago, and it is thought that that event hastened his death. It was a peculiarity of his that he selected his female companions from the most unintellectual circles. Village girls seem to have been his special weakness, and it has been often said that it was difficult to find out whether it was for the sake of shooting game or of pursuing these girls that the King so frequently absented himself from court. The fact is all the more striking as Victor Emmanuel was naturally one of the proudest and haughtiest sovereigns living, and, at the same time, one of the best educated, having been brought up by the Jesuits, and having spent in reading a considerable portion of the long years during which he remained heir apparent.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is some possibility that the movement in Massachusetts to extend the suffrage to tax-paying women will be successful. It is stated that in Boston alone there are 7,300 of these who own property which amounts in the aggregate to $75,000,000. There are now organizing to push upon the Legislature of that State their claim for a voice in the government of that city. It is stated as significant that the tax-paying women of Massachusetts are now for the first time taking an interest in the suffrage question, and that the strength of the movement is due to the fact that this conservative element, which has hitherto refused as women the privileges they now demand as tax-payers.—*Toledo Blade.*

EVERY drug store but one in Paducah, Kentucky, has been indicted for selling liquor illegally.

The Confiding Man.

A solitary lady was going up on a Cass avenue car yesterday, smiling as if she believed all the world at peace, when a man with a handkerchief bound around his head got aboard and sat opposite her. He doubtless thought that some explanation should be made for his appearance, and he suddenly said:

"Madam, I was not run over by a butcher-cart."

She made no reply, and he presently continued:

"And I didn't fall down stairs."

She looked out of the window as if she didn't care whether he had gone down through a bridge or been blown up. He moved around uneasily, and then whispered:

"'Twas a family fight—worst conflict you ever saw—most beat a tornado! You look thin and weak and pale, and I don't mind telling you how the old woman always——"

"Will you mind your business!" called the driver, as he opened the door.

"I will!" was the soft reply, "but I want to tell this lady how she can wallop the old man every time he gets sassy and sighs for a terrific conflict, you see. When one o' these family fights occurs there is always some pre—"

"I want you to stop!" shouted the driver.

"I will—I will, but first let me say that there is always some preliminary jawing and sassing around. If the woman is sharp she will keep jawing as she backs for the fire-shovel—keep jawing and backing—sassing and backing—"

"I'll put you off the car!" exclaimed the driver, as he looped the lines over the brake.

"Keep jawing back till you get hold of the fire-shovel!" said the stranger. "Then carefully sneak along and sneak along, and while he is calling you a hyenness and you are calling him a savage, you want to——"

"Off with you—right off'n this car!" said the driver, as he grappled him.

"I will— I'll go, but, madam, don't forget to sneak along, and sneak along——!"

He was off the car by that time. He stood in the middle of the street, and as the car started, he turned his head in and hoarsely shouted:

"Strike for all you're worth when you hit him! It's the first blow that counts. If you can stun him on the start the victory is—"

The driver made for him, and he retreated to the curbstone. When the car started again he leaned forward and called out:

"Sh! say nothing! What I have told you is in strict confidence! Hit him over the ear and the scalp will peel clear around!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"ADULTERATIS' ENVELOPES."—We once met an old gentleman who insisted that steamboats and railroads were marks of a declining civilization. Stage-coaches for land and sailing-vessels for water travel were in his judgment the climax of locomotion.

Another old gentleman is "down" on postal-cards.

An old gentleman who recently became the recipient of his first postal-card, placed his "specs" carefully astride his nose and eyed the pasteboard carefully.

"What is this thing, anyway?" he finally demanded.

"Why, a postal-card, of course," was the answer.

"A posthole-card! What is sich a thing good for, I'd like to know?"

He was informed that a cheap rate of postage had come into vogue and writing-paper was at a discount.

"What," flamed the old gentleman, in a rage, "they've got ter 'dulteratin' tea with weeds, terbacker with licorice and copper, whisky with pepper and turpentine, an' now they've got ter 'dulteratin' envelopes to save the paper?"

HARD ON THE POOR FELLOW.—"John McLaughlin, you were disorderly last night," said Justice Bixby at the Tombs Police Court yesterday to a prisoner brought before him.

"I'm a hard-working man, yer Honor," replied John.

"Don't ye believe him, Judge," cried a woman sitting in the court.

"That's me wife," explained McLaughlin, "an' she is jealous of me; but you mustn't mind what she says, Judge."

"Jealous!" shouted the wife, "of that old woman!"

"John," said his Honor, gravely, "the offense with which you are charged is a very serious one, and you, therefore deserve to be severely punished. The sentence of the Court is, therefore, that you go home with your wife."

"Oh! yer Honor," remonstrated John, "Don't be so 'ard on a poor fellow. Make it ten days!"

But his Honor was not to be moved, and John walked out of the room as slowly as he could, his wife waiting for him in the street.

A POORLY-DRESSED, red-faced man, about forty years old, yesterday entered a Woodward avenue store and asked to be trusted for some tobacco. Being refused, he stretched out his arm, rolled up his eyes and called out:

"I call upon heaven to witness that I don't care to live an hour longer."

"People are dying every day," quietly replied the merchant.

"I now solemnly declare that I will at once sell my body to the medical hospital for one dollar!" shouted the man.

"Let me give you a hint," remarked the merchant. "I know of a gardener who will give you twelve shillings for your carcass."

"What for?" was the hesitating query.

"For guano, to help start his spring cucumbers!"

The stranger slammed the door with what some folks would call "an awful heartiness."—*Free Press.*

THE New York police made 88,239 arrests last year, 64,955 being men, and 23,284 women. The United States furnished 32,690 of the culprits, Ireland 28,405 and Germany 14,390.

A Daring Feat.

Directly opposite the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva, is the citadel or old fortress, and in reality the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church, shooting towards the sky and glittering in the sun. This spire, rising tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing, is surmounted by a large globe, on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff, once manifested symptoms of decay, and fears were entertained that it would soon be numbered with the fallen. The Government became perplexed how to raise it; to raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more than the angel was worth.

Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below was a roofer of houses, who, after a long and silent examination, went to the Government, and offered to repair it without any scaffolding or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cord, he ascended inside to the highest window and, looking for a moment at the crowd below and at the spire tapering away above him, stood on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper, which, to beholders from below, presented only a smooth surface of burnished gold; but the sheets were roughly laid, and fastened with large nails, which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord and tied loops at each end of both, fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails, and stood with his feet in the lower; then clenching the fingers of one hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper, raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other hand; he did the same for the other loop, and so he raised one leg after the other, and at length ascended nail by nail, and stirrup by stirrup, till he clasped his arms around the spire, directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to get any further; for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference, with a small and glittering surface, and no projecting nails; and the angel was above the ball; as completely out of sight as if it were in the habitations of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord, which he tied around his waist, and, so supported, leaned gradually, until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire, and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball, and threw it so coolly and skillfully that on the first attempt it fell down on the other side, just as he wanted it. Then he drew himself up to his original position, and by means of his cord, climbed up the smooth sides of the globe, and in a few moments, amid thunders of applause from the crowd below, which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur, he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a cord to it, he descended, and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes, and effected the necessary repairs.—*Rover.*

A SUGGESTION ABOUT OLD MAIDS.—If they have all had their say about "Old Maids," I should like to put in a word. A common term of reproach to apply to a single woman is to call her a "gossipping, meddling old maid." It is true too often, but is it not a case of talent misdirected which, if rightly employed, would make this same person useful and honored? A woman of ordinary turn of mind who has not married and has no especial business to which she is obliged to attend, is apt to fall into habits of news gathering and become disagreeable. It is quite as often true of married ladies who have small families and plenty of time on their hands, and who, if they had a dairy of ten cows, and as many children as John Rogers' wife, would make excellent members of society. Plenty of enforced occupation would cure these same meddling old maids of their disagreeable traits. Who doubts that Alice Carey, if she had married, would have made one of the noblest of women? It is not the mere fact of married or single life that determines character—it is natural disposition and the circumstances that surround us! B. C. D.

A WEST HILL man invented a machine that beats the telephone. It would enable him to tell whether a man was lying to him, when the owner of the machine asked for five dollars till Monday. The first day it was completed, and before he had time to test it, he thoughtlessly put it in his pocket, and when he went home to dinner his wife asked him for $2.15 to buy some things for the children, and he said he had just had to borrow $700, to pay a note, and didn't have a cent to his name, and didn't know how he was going to pull through the week without going into bankruptcy. And his horrified wife stared at him for a moment in speechless amazement, and then shrieked, "Oh, you dreadful liar! and you have $70 in your vest pocket, and a check for $85 and two money orders in your pocket book this precious minute! Oh, oh, oh!" and he had to come down, but he was afraid to ask her how she found out, and went right out and threw the infernal machine in the well. The great trouble was that it would work both ways.

THE number of persons employed in cotton cloth manufacturing in the undermentioned English towns, according to the last census, is as follows: Blackburn, 31,295; Manchester, 30,449; Ashton, 23,556; Preston, 20,294; Oldham, 20,293; Bolton, 20,061; Bury, 16,256; Burnley, 16,239; Stockport, 14,950. The number of cotton operatives employed in this city is just about the number employed in Stockport, the lowest in the list.—*Ex.*

IT has been remarked that every European prime minister is a free-mason except the Turkish grand vizier and the Pope's right-hand adviser.

The Three Sons.

Nobility of soul chiefly consists in doing good to those who have injured us. A worthy man, full of years and wealth, wished to divide his possessions between his three sons, in order that he might enjoy in his lifetime the pleasure of seeing them independent and prosperous. After making an equal division of his property, and giving to each his portion, he said, "There still remains in my possession a very valuable diamond. I intend it for him among you who will deserve it best, by performing some generous, noble action, within the next three months."

The three sons departed, but met again at the end of the prescribed time. They present themselves before their judge, and the eldest begins as follows:

"Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to intrust all his money into my keeping. He had no receipt from me, and could produce no proof, no security; nevertheless, I faithfully restored the whole. Was not this praiseworthy?"

"You only did your duty, my son," said the old man; "it would have been scandalous to do otherwise, for honesty is a duty; yours was an act of justice, not generosity."

The second son, in his turn related his story. "In my travels I came to the border of a lake. A child had just fallen into the water. I jumped in and rescued him before the eyes of the villagers, who will attest the truth of my statement."

"That was well done," interrupted the father, "but it was simply an act of humanity."

At length the youngest brother began: "My father," said he, "I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered off the track during the night, asleep and unconscious on the edge of a precipice; the least movement would have been fatal, as on awakening he must have tumbled into the abyss. His life was in my hands. I took all proper precautions to awake him gently, and drew him away from the danger."

"Ah! my son," cried the father, with joy, and embracing him tenderly, "without dispute, the ring belongs to you."

Wise Old Saws.

The ass complains of the cold even in July. A single light answers as well for a hundred men as for one. Teach the tongue to say "I do not know." Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet. Deal with those who are fortunate. The doctor who prescribes gratuitously gives a worthless prescription. If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. The wine belongs to the master, but the waiter receives the thanks. The soldiers fight, and the kings are heroes. Make but one sale and thou art called a merchant. If the fox is king, bow before him. The rivalry of scholars advances science. The world is saved by the breath of school-children. Even to rebuild the Temple, the schools must not be closed. Blessed is the son who has studied with his father, and blessed the father who has instructed his son. Rabbi Eleazar said, "Who gives charity in secret is greater than Moses." Rab said, "Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears." In case of charity, where both men and women claim relief, the latter should be first assisted; if there should not be enough for both, the men should cheerfully relinquish their claims. Rabbah said, "When one stands at the judgment seat of God these questions are asked: Hast thou been honest in all thy dealing? Hast thou set aside a portion of thy time for the study of the Law? Hast thou observed the first commandment? Hast thou in trouble still hoped and believed in God? Hast thou spoken wisely?"—*The Talmud.*

Quite Romantic.

The following comes from the Richmond *Virginia State:* Many years ago a young gentleman of Manchester, of good character and honorable connections, had the misfortune to fall out with his wife—a beautiful girl of only eighteen summers. He speedily arranged his business affairs, and without formality took an abrupt leave of his wife and a sweet little babe. He traveled far and lingered long in many strange lands, without communicating intelligence of his whereabouts, and without knowing, or caring to know, the fate of his dear ones at home. In the meantime the little one had passed away, and the wife, broken-hearted and disconsolate, kept the faith she had pledged at the altar. Many years had elapsed since her truant husband had left her, and in all that time it was her habit to visit the little grave, of her dead infant, with the same deep mourning dress she had donned the day of its burial. A few evenings ago it so chanced that fate brought her husband back to this city, who, immediately upon his arrival, sought out the little grave, where, by the dim twilight, he encountered a strange figure in black. A heavy veil hid the face; but his was open and clear, and seemingly unaltered. The discovery of either's identity was but a moment's time—a groan—a shriek—and husband and wife firmly clasp in loving embrace.

HERE is a rule for giving, given by the *Standard of the Cross:* "Give till it costs luxuries to give—that is the rule for the rich. Give till it costs comforts to give—that is the rule for the poor. We would not carry the rule too far. The rich man and rich lady need not deprive themselves of all luxuries. The poor family need not deprive themselves of all their comforts. But let poor and rich alike give till it cost them to give; till their offerings represent self-denial and their giving will be more nearly proportionate than any mathematical rule can make it."

IT has been proved in Nevada and other silver-producing States of the West that capital devoted to agriculture pays better and more regularly than if put into gold and silver mines.

At Sandy Hook.

We were on the extremity of Sandy Hook, that narrow peninsula which stretches out into the ocean like a hand of greeting and farewell to the vessels that pass into and out of New York Harbor through the deep-water ship channel which it borders. Our stand-point was the tower of the United States Signal Service Station; and as the signal-man said, there are times when the fair sky, the harmonious breathing of the wind, and the soft pulsations of the ocean—such as tranquilized us—are substituted by troublous clouds, a bitter wind, and a sea mountain high. Then, if the storm approaches in daytime, a warning flag is thrown out to mariners from the slender pole on the tower; or if it is night-time, the lanterns are lighted, and turn their red, sorrowful eyes on the murky outlook. The wind blowing eighty miles an hour from the northwest on a January night! Sandy Hook in such times catches the full force of the tempest on the sea and the cold on land, and there is not a bleaker place south of the Arctic circle. The sand is swept up and carried along in a low pelting cloud; the cedars bend toward the southeast, and many of them are permanently inclined in that direction, the prevailing gales having paralyzed their other side in infancy; the human voice is useless in the tumult, and the bed of sand seems to shake under the tread of the waves. While the signal-man stands before the lanterns with a match in his hand to light them, his mate envelopes him in the shelter of a blanket, and effort after effort is made before success is obtained in igniting the wicks, the cold benumbing the men, and the wind extinguishing the flame. Also at dusk three light-houses send forth their earliest rays from the Hook, and above them, on those magnificent bluffs bordering the Shrewsbury river, are the two beacons which have filled many and many a heart with joy—the Highland Lights of the Navesink.

There is no settlement to speak of at Sandy Hook. A capricious Congress has appropriated money one year for some military fortifications, which have been neglected for several years following, and which are now seen in a condition neither useful nor ornamental—unmounted guns, stray blocks of granite, and other material being strewn about in that wasteful insufficiency which characterizes many branches of our military service. The fitful progress of these works has occasioned the building of a few houses for the laborers, one of which was pointed out to us as a possible resource in case of extreme hunger; and these, with the signal station, the three light-houses, and two telegraph stations for the collection of ship news, are the media between utter desolation and advanced civilization.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Dog as a Draught Animal.

Dogs in the North are harnessed in a number of ways. The Esquimaux run the dogs abreast. On the coast of Hudson's Bay they are harnessed by many separate lines into a kind of band or pack; while in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan they are driven tandem. The number constituting a train is generally four, though three and even two are used. The train of dogs are attached to the sledge by means of two long traces, between which the animals stand in line, the head of one dog being about a foot behind the tail of the dog in front of him. Each one is fastened to the traces by a round collar of moose-skin, which slips over the head and ears, and rests upon the swell of the neck. This collar buckles on each side of the traces, which are kept in position by a back band of leather, buckled under the dog's ribs or stomach. The back band is generally decorated with little bells, as is also the collar, and many ribbons, porcupine quills, fox tails and beads are lavished upon it. Great care is taken in turning out a train of dogs in good style. Beads, bells and embroidery are freely used to bedizen the poor brutes. A most comical effect is produced by this finery placed on the person of a dog new to the harness, when he is invariably the picture of fear, resembling a chief mourner clad in the garb of Pantaloon; and the ludicrous effect is intensified when the victim happens to be young in years, and still retains the peculiar expression of puppyhood. It is safe to assert that in the North the whole canine race haul a sledge during the winter months. There is no exception of age, sex or condition; from the miserable mongrel to the thoroughbred Esquimaux, all are destined to howl under the driver's lash, to tug wildly at the moose-skin collar, to haul until they can haul no more, and then to die.

BUYING UP EXAMINATION PAPERS.—A story is current at Harvard University that for as long as three years past a systematic purchase by students of examination papers from the printer has been going on. By opening their purses freely certain wealthy students in various classes have thus been enabled to get hold of the questions beforehand which were to be asked at the examination, so as, with judicious cramming, to pass a perfect paper. As many as twenty members of the last graduating class, at Harvard, it is claimed, would have failed to pass the examinations for the degree of A. B. but for this underhand purchase system.

The corruption has but recently come to the ears of the Faculty, and the printer who has been making money by a breach of trust has been discha[illegible] This is the second case of students [illegible]ing up examination papers of [illegible] currence—the first being th[illegible] tutor by Freshmen to sh[illegible] was to give at an exam[illegible] take place.

THE card of [illegible] years ago, con[illegible] glish: "The w[illegible] ing to hope [illegible] leave too m[illegible]

THE M[illegible] coining [illegible] Army of [illegible]