

The Village Post Office.

Half an hour before the arrival of the daily mail they begin to come in—the merchant who expects a letter—the blacksmith who thinks he may possibly one—the carpenter who has not had one for a year, but who still lives in hopes—the laborer who hasn't the slightest idea that he will ever get anything more interesting than a circular advising him to insure his life before it is infernally too late—the farmer who has friends out West or down East, and who can confidently count on his weekly paper, anyhow. As the mail-boy arrives at the door there is a ripple of excitement which extends even to the barefooted boy who has been sent down with three big coppers to mail a letter directed in a cramped, old-fashioned hand. One can see from the way he looks from the letter to the jars of candy in front of the store that he is speculating on the risk of dropping the missive into the river and investing the money where it will do Uncle Sam no good.

There is a hush while the mail is being distributed. The pampered aristocrat who can afford to pay box-rent at the rate of 40 cents per year keeps his eye on his particular box, while the down-trodden citizen, who is compelled to go into the "general delivery," silently argues that the heavier the mail bag, the more chance he has of being favored. Just at this moment the postmaster is "a bigger man than old Grant," or old anybody else, and if he does not feel at least 99 per cent. of his official importance it is because he has to stop now and then to decipher the superscription of a letter.

After what seems an interminable delay, the window is opened and a general rush is made, and in ten minutes the only person left cautiously approaches the window and inquires:

"Anything for any of us?"

"Nothing," is the reply, as the letters are rapidly overhauled.

"Anything for Brother Jim's folks?"

"Nothing."

"Walker wanted me to inquire for him."

"Nothing for any of the Walkers."

"Old Mrs. Lee hailed me as I drive by and said she was looking for a letter from her son Bill in Leadville. I spoke it ain't any use to inquire, for Bill couldn't write a letter in three weeks."

The man started to go, but suddenly recollected himself he turned and said: "Come to think of it, McArthur's hired man has sent off for a lottery ticket. He won't draw nothing, of course, for them lotteries are a dead swindle, but it's about time he got it, and he hollered at me from the barn this morning and asked me to inquire. His name is Sam White, but I never asked him how he spelled it."

"Nothing for him," was the monotonous reply.

"Well, that's all, I guess. Purty bad weather on wheat, ain't it? Looks like rain, but maybe it'll send around."—Detroit Free Press

A Story for the Boys.

Come, boys, I will tell you a story. How your eyes dance! You love to hear me talk. You are good boys. Well, I will tell you a-bout George and James. They both wanted an apple. So James got up one dark night. He left his nice, warm bed. He went to Far-mer Jones' orchard. He stole his ap-ples. James was a very bad boy. I see by your bright faces that you think so, too. James did not fall and break his neck when he slid down the spout; a great stone did not fall on him when he climbed Farmer Jones' wall; Far-mer Jones' great dog did not seize James in his cruel jaws and hold him till the farmer came out; and the farmer did not come out and talk to James of the sin of stealing ap-ples while the dog chewed James' leg and then horsewhipped him afterward; and the ap-ples did not make James sick, and he did not pine away on a sick bed, and he was not laid away in the cold ground the next Sunday; and he did not give the min-is-ter a chance to preach on the sin of stealing ap-ples. No; James was a bad boy. He slid down the spout with out so much as blis-ter-ing his hands; he jumped over old Jones' wall (that was the way the bad boys spoke of the good man), and when the dog came he rocked him into the stable. He filled him-self full of ap-ples; he filled his pockets and his hat, also. Then he went home and slept like a log. The good George would not do such a thing. Oh, no; he asked his pa-pa for some ap-ples, and his dear pa-pa bought him a cent's worth of worm-y ones; the good George only eat one. That night he dreamt he was a crook-neck squash; he thought the cir-cus pro-ces-sion, with all the elephants, was walk-ing o-ver his ab-do-men. He lay in bed one week, and read nice lit-tle books a-bout nice lit-tle boys who never could have lived, and lit-tle girls that no-body wants to see. The moral of this story, boys, is this: Once in a great while a bad boy has an un-ac-count-a-ble run of good luck, and a good boy vice versa.—Boston Transcript.

PERMANENT PASTURE.—At one of the Michigan Farmers' institutes Prof. Ingersoll asked an essayist what he considered to be the value of permanent pasture for stock. The reply was, "I regard June grass and white clover as the very best pasture, and it yields the largest quantity per acre. I regard it as a mistaken idea that an old pasture should be ploughed; better put a harrow upon it and give it a top dressing of plaster." Another gentleman remarked that he had a piece of land that has been clovered thirty years; after one crop it was self-seeded; since that time it has been pasture. There are six acres of it, and it yields more than any other ten acres on the farm.

Do Animals Think and Talk?

Do birds talk? Why not? Listen to the chirpings of a flock, and say, if you can, that they mean nothing. Down in the eastern part of the city there is a place where the truckmen feed their horses every day, and a lot of grain is scattered on the pavement.

One day two or three sparrows made their appearance and had a good dinner, after which they flew away. The next day dozens of these birds came to pick up the grain. The first comers probably returned to the common and said something like this: "Now, birds, you go with us to-morrow, and we will show you a good place to get plenty to eat. Tell all the birds, for there is enough for all of us." Every day afterward there was a flock of sparrows to pick up the oats scattered by the horses.

In a neighboring town, a calf was taken away by the butcher, and the mother-cow was inconsolable. Her bleating was continued for days and nights, until the patience of the owner was exhausted. By the advice of a neighbor, the hide of the calf which had been killed, was hung upon a fence, and the cow was brought to it. She smelled it, and licked it, as if she caressed it, while tears actually fell from her eyes. After that, she was quiet, and made no more noise and trouble.

A kitten that was ambitious, and liked to be praised, would, whenever she caught a mouse, bring it to the piazza window, when she was let in with the mouse in her mouth. One day she made her appearance, claiming admittance. When the window was opened, she rushed in, dropped what she held in her mouth. It proved to be a chip. Not leaving a mouse, and wishing to get in, she evidently thought that by cheating a little she could gain admission without her usual price.

One of the brightest feats is recorded of the male; an animal not generally regarded as remarkably intelligent. In one of the mines of Tennessee, there is a mule named Mary Ann, which has faithfully served nearly a score of years. The track from the mine is down an inclined plane. One day, as a train of empty platform cars was going into the mine, the three rear cars became detached, and commenced their downward passage. As soon as they reached her, she jumped upon the first, then stepped to the second, and then to the third, jumping off at the rear. So she escaped being knocked down and run over. Mary Ann seems to have shown something of what would have been called, if a man had so acted, "presence of mind."—Commonwealth.

"Would you mind standing here till I go in and get a cigar?" he asked. "Of course not," she replied; but don't you think, Henry, that smoking is offensive, and that it will be easier to practice economy after marriage if it is practiced during courtship?" "You're right," he said; "I shan't smoke any more, sweet," and she looked unutterable things at him as they resumed their stroll. Just then they came to an ice cream saloon and he said: "There, now, I meant to treat you to ice cream, but, as you say, it is best to practice economy during courtship. Ten cents for a cigar, thirty cents for two ice creams—forty cents saved in a single night. Let's go over to the fountain and take a drink of water." They went, but she was mad enough to bite her own head off.

White's Business College.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of White's Business College (formerly the National) of Portland, Oregon. This institution, established in 1866, and conducted by DeFrance & White, is now owned and managed by Mr. White, so well known throughout the Northwest as an energetic and painstaking educator and an artistic-penman of national reputation. Mr. White has placed this institution upon an entire new footing, having employed a new corps of the most efficient teachers to be found anywhere, and introduced the latest and most thorough methods of drill in business training and the English branches. This school, as now conducted, is without doubt the foremost one of the Northwest, and merits the patronage of all persons of either sex desiring a practical, useful, everyday-to-be-used education.

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NOTICE TO PEDESTRIANS.

The first 72 hour go as you please contest on the Pacific coast will commence in Turne Halle, Portland, Oregon, Sept. 18th, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M.; 12 hours a day for 6 days, for the Championship of Oregon and Cash Prizes as follows: First man, \$125, second \$50, third \$25. The winner of the first prize will be entitled to admission to the match for the Andrew Belt, by depositing \$100 with the stakeholder on or before May 1st, 1881. There will also be a special prize of \$200 open to all on payment of an entrance fee of \$25; first man, \$125, second \$75. Entries can be made with D. R. McNeill, Turne Halle, Portland, Oregon.

The first contest for the Andrew Belt will take place in San Francisco in October, 1881. Entries for this event will be received by the stakeholder, Adam Aulbach editor of the Pacific Life San Francisco, from and after September 1, 1880. In order that none but first-class men will enter this competition the entrance fee has been fixed at \$250, \$100 of which must accompany the application for entry; the balance, \$150, to be paid on signing articles, or twenty days before the commencement of the race. The Cash Prizes will be as follows: First man \$2,000, second man \$1,000; third man \$600; fourth man \$500; fifth man \$300; total \$4,300. All those who complete 500 miles and do not win either of the five prizes will receive \$250. Further information concerning belt and conditions of race will be furnished from time to time through the columns of the Pacific Life.

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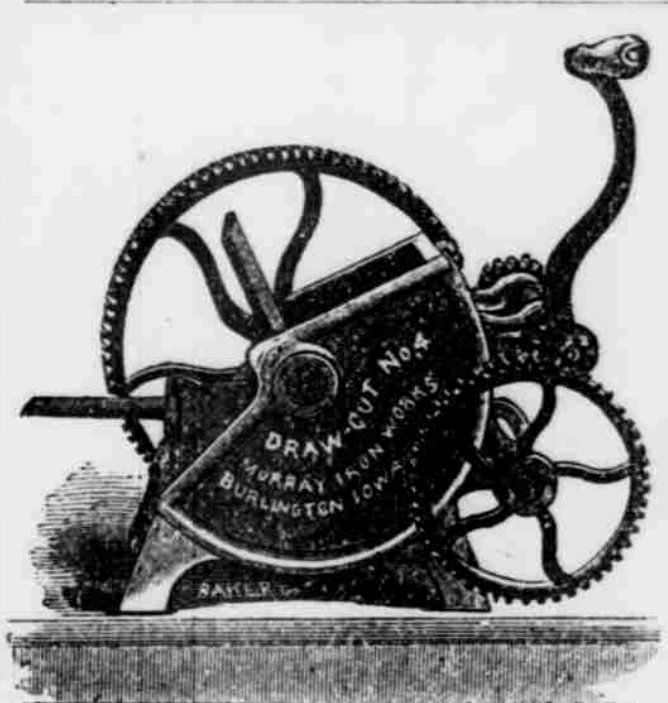
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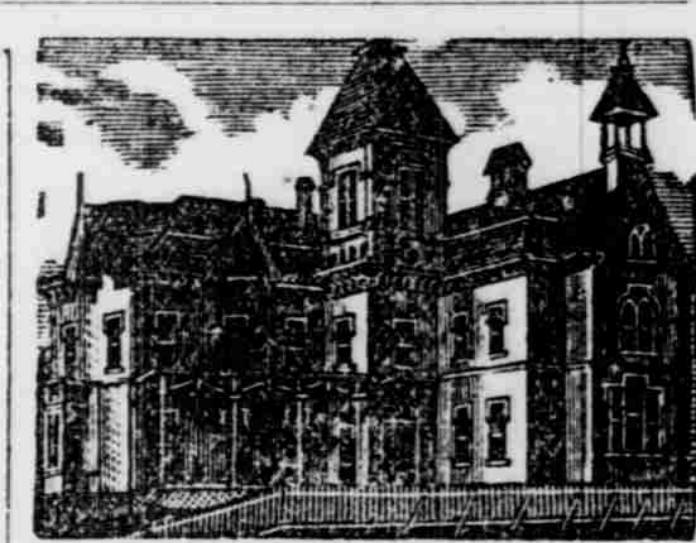
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