THE CASTLE OF BONCOURT.

A dream wafts me back to my childhood—
Disturbing my hoary head;
How come ye, again, oh! ye pictures!
That long seemed forgotten and dead?

High rises, on shady enclosure,
A glittering castle, in state—
The battlements know I, the tower,
The olden stone bridge and the gate.

I see on the gilded escutcheon
The Lions, familiar to me,
I salute thee, my dear old acquaintance
And hie to the court-yard with glee.

There lieth the Sphynx by the fountain;
The big tree is green by stream!
And yonder behind the old window
Dreamed I, sweetly, my life's first dream.

I enter the dear castle chapel,
And seek for my ancestor's grave—
There it is—there, hang by yonder pillar
Old weapons, once worn by the brave.

My dim eyes can't read the insciption,
The traces yet lingering there—
Howe'er clear, through the painted windows
The light breaks with golden glare.

So standest thou, home of my fathers
In my heart, oh, so true and fair!
And yet from the earth thou hast vanished
The plough goes over thee there.

Be fruitful, oh soil, well beloved,
I bless thee! with love and a tear—
And bless him two-fold, who shall ever
Move the plough o'er thy bosom so dear!

But I will arise from my dreaming—
With my mournful harp in my hand;
I will wander the wide world over,
Still singing from land to land.

THE MAIL ROBBER.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, I did not start until after dinner and very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due in Littleton by contract until 1 o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was often obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January when I drove up with my mail at Danbury the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to it as he spoke.

He said the money was from Boston to some land agents near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I had any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him that I did not know,

"But suppose I have not?" said I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he said that there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came in last night, and he suspects that they have an eye to this mail; so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin but none on the side of his face. He did not know about the other. I told him I guesed there was not much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have passengers all the way through; but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and also took out sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when we started and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping-place. I had reached Gowan's Mills at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and a pung.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen, it was too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in every direction, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner; where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance.

As I was going to start a man came up and asked if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was anxious to go, and as he had no baggage I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" he inquired.

"He just got in," I aswered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much, at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail-bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Hello!" says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned toward him.

"Here is a bag of some kind that slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of the barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail, but was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he wouldn't help me, but he didn't feel very well, and wouldn't try; so I worked all alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail-bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered it had become fast in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few moments, I found that my foot was in the mail-bag. I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edge of the opening and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had better do under existing circumstance. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail-bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and, fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longee lived there; and directly before it a huge snowbank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove up, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow-bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared.

He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I alighted directly on the top of him. I punched his head in the snow and called out for old Longee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," I said.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in good season, and jammed his head into the snow again, and I got it away from him.

By this time Longee had led the horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road again, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, threatened and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Longee got some stout cord, and when he had securely bound the villain we tumbled him into the pung. I then asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, "Of course I will."

So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bags a little the worse for the trick that had been played on them. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the State prison at the present time. At any rate he was there the last time I heard of him.

This is the only time I ever had any mail trouble, and I think that, under all the circumstances, I came out of it pretty well.

John Wentworth on Calhoun and Benton.

John Wentworth, of Illinois, delivered a lecture in Chicago recently on reminiscences of some great statesmen whom he has known. In it he said of Calhoun: "He invited me to his residence one evening, and he had me alone. He was the most charming man in conversation whom I ever heard. He spoke of Chicago very interestingly, of which he had derived considerable information through his official intercourse with the officers of Fort Dearborn while Secretary of War from 1817 to 1825. He spoke of the West as the natural ally of the South, and of the Mississippi and upper lakes as great inland seas, deserving the same governmental consideration as the oceanic waters. He presented me with a book containing his biography and speeches with his compliments and autograph. I wrote a narrative of the evening's conversation and pasted it in the book, but the Chicago fire has prevented me from giving you the seductive language of one who had been for years plotting the dissolution of the union to a young and inexperienced member of congress. I overtook Colonel Benton on my way home, and when he ascertained where I had been and saw my book, he became extremely violent, averring that he could tell me every word that Calhoun had uttered. He said it was Mr. Calhoun's custom to early procure interviews with young men and instil into their minds the seeds of secession, nullification and treason. At the close of the Tyler administration he went into private life, and there he remained until he came to the senate in December, 1845, where he continued until his death, March 31, 1850. I heard his last speech, and was at his funeral."

They Didn't Catch On.

"Of all the rustics that stop at this house, the natives from Bodie take the matza," said the room clerk of the Baldwin to a Post reporter the other day.

"Sorter green—eh?"

"Green? Well, I should snigger. You see, because they've been making a little coin up that way they think they know it all. A party of four got here yesterday morning, and started out shopping right after breakfast. At dinner they came in all shaved, trimmed up and togged out with new suits, and I'm blessed if each didn't have a red flannel chest protector hung round his neck outside of his coat. They actually believed they were some stylish new arrangement to protect the clothes from being soiled while at the table.—[S. F. Post.

They are always discovering something wonderful out in California. The latest thing in wonders is a canary who refuses to sing unless a mouse, for whom the bird has been struck with a consuming passion, is with him in the cage.—Boston Transcript.

A London Editor.

The editor of the Morning Chronicle during Mr. Clemens' proprietorship was John Black, a man with the spirit of a Drawcansir and the habits of a Carthusian monk. He had in person, according to James Grant, all the blunt and bluff appearance of a thick-set farmer. He was never, during the many years of his editorship, to be seen on the streets without being accompanied by a large mastiff, and a robust stick, which he, himself, called an honest, sturdy cudgel, in his hand; and generally, according to the recollections of another of his staff who knows him as well as Mr. Grant, with a couple of books under his arm, which he had picked up as a bargain at one of the second-hand bookstalls that abounded at this time in the Strand. All his habits were of a piece. Dressing, as he did, in the plainest possible manner, he had an insuperable objection to having his editorial sanctum kept tidy. This extended even to the dusting of his books; the dustier they were the better. They lay, like Dr. Thirlwall's, in heaps all over the floor, and the whole room was in glorious confusion—papers piled upon papers, books upon books. The place was Chaos. Black found his way about the room, it is said, by instinct; but he knew the place of every book, and when chatting with a visitor about any of the questions of the day, he would walk across the room, take down a volume to prove his point, read the passage, and return the volume to its place without removing more of the dust than the operation absolutely required.

Henry Hunt was once asked, in cross-examination, in a libel case against the Morning Chronicle, whether he had ever been in Mr. Black's room. "Yes," said Hunt. "And how was the editorial sanctum furnished—splendidly?" asked the counsel. "I can hardly say that it was." "Can you give the jury some idea of the interior? What do you suppose would have been the value of the furniture?" said the counsel. "I should not think," was the answer, "the whole of the furniture, if sold at auction, would have fetched more than sevenpence-halfpenny." "Are you serious, sir?" asked the counsel; "remember you are on your oath, sir." "I do remember that," said Hunt, "and remembering it, I have not put too extravagant a price upon the furniture." "Then, please to explain, sir," replied the counsel. "How do you arrive at the conclusion that the whole of the furniture in the editorial sanctum of the Morning Chronicle is not worth more than sevenpence-halfpenny? Explain how you make that out." "Why," said Hunt, amid the inextinguishable laughter of the Court, "there was no furniture at all in the room except a table and two chairs, and while the table would not have fetched sixpence, no one would have given more than three half-pence, as the utmost, for the two chairs together."

Yet, John Black, with the manners of a bear, possessed the soul of a Saladin, and although he did not care sufficiently for his best friend to walk across the street to shake hands with him, he was ready, at a moment's notice, to unlock his pistol case and fight a duel with the first man who, like Roebuck, impugned the honor of the fourth estate or its representatives. He was personally the soul of honor, and so proud, personally and professionally, that, although in constant communication with Her Majesty's ministers during the administration of the Whigs, he never asked a single favor of one of them.

"You are the only man," said Lord Melbourne to him on one occasion, when chatting with him in his study, "who forgets that I am Prime Minister." "How so, my lord?" asked Black, supposing, for the moment, that he had inadvertently omitted to pay proper respect to the rank of his visitor. "Well," said Lord Melbourne, "you are the only man I know who never asks a favor of me." "I have no favor to ask, my lord," replied Black. "I have no favor to ask of any one in the world. You are Prime Minister of England, but I am editor of the Morning Chronicle, and I would not change places with the proudest man in England—not even, my lord, with you."—[C. Pebody in "English Journalism."

Brother Gardner on Jeremiahs.

"Dar am sartin folkses I want to keep away from," began the old man as the voices of the Glee Club died away on the last strains of "Sarah Jane's Baby." "I mean dat class of people who groan ober the wickedness of the world, an' who have heartaches an sorrows to peddle aroun' de kentry at the reg'lar market rates. Dar' am de ole man Turner. He comes ober to see me now and den, but he can't sot still kase somebody stole his dog, or hit him wid a brick-bat, or beat him out of seventy-five cents. He fully believes dat de world am gwine to smash at de rate of fifteen miles an hour, an' it would eanemost kill him to lose his ole wallet an' find a man honest 'nuff to return it.

"De widder Flumsell comes ober to borry some butter for supper, an' she draps down on a cha'r an' heaves a sigh as big as a barn dooh an' goes on to say that dis am a cold an' unfeelin' world. 'Cording to her tell all men am dishonest all women extravagant, an' all chill'en just ready to come down wid de measles. Tears run down her cheeks as she tells how she has to work an' plan while eberybody else has money to frow inter Lake Erie, an' she wipes her nose on her apron as she asserts dat dis wicked world can't stan' mo' dan fo' weeks longer.

"Deacon Striper draps in to eat popcorn wid me of a Friday ebenin', an' he hardly gits out from under his hat befo' he begins to tell what his first wife died of; how his second run away; how his third broke her leg by fallin' off a fence and cost him $28.14 for doctor's bill, an' befo' he gits frew you couldn't make him believe but what de hull world was dead agin him. He predicts a late spring, a hot summer, poor crops, high prices, a bloody war, an' goes home feelin' dat he am stoppin' on airth only to accommodate somebody.

"I have no sorrow of my own. I've been robbed, but dat was kase I left a winder up. I've been swindled, but dat was kase I thought fo' queens would beat fo' aces. I've bet on de wrong hoss; I've bought lottery tickets which didn't draw; I've bin sick unto death, and I've bin shot in the back wid a hull brickyard, but I do not sorrow an' I do not ax fur sympathy. De world am plenty good 'nuff fur de class of people livin' in it. Honest men am not lonesome fur company; an' honest woman am sartin to be appreciated. De janitor will now open fo' winders an' we will purceed to bizness."—[Detroit Free Press.

Dog's Presence of Mind.—Persons who chanced to be near the Commercial street bridge yesterday, says the Buffalo Express of March 14th, about 4 o'clock, were greatly impressed by the intelligent way in which a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to a fisherman, saved a little boy from what might have been a very serious injury. The boy was riding on a big two-horse wagon, and at about the point mentioned piched or fell out headforemost. In an instant his face would have struck the pavement, but just in the nick of time the dog rushed up, seized him by the collar and eased his fall. The boy could hardly have been more than seven or eight years of age, was dressed nicely and was scared about out of his senses. As soon as he regained his feet he ran off crying and screaming with fright. The name of the owner of the dog is unknown, but the animal certainly deserves handsome treatment.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

The Rural World says: An orchard is as indispensable to the farmer as a garden. It furnishes a healthful food, a great luxury. It attaches children to home. It enhances the value of the farm. It pays to plant fruit trees. All winter long, the farmer, if he has an orchard, has got an unfailing supply of apples to go to. They can be cooked, eaten raw, converted into cider, or sold at good prices. Orchards are as necessary as cows, or sheep or hogs. Don't fail to plant good orchards.

One of the most successful orchardists who destroys the codling worm by turning sheep into his orchards, is J. S. Woodward, of Lockport. His rule is to put in twice as many sheep as the grass of his bearing orchard will feed, and to make up the deficiency with grain. To prevent all the danger of the sheep attacking the bark of the trees, he makes a mixture of carbolic soap, and the droppings of the sheep, and coats the bark of the trees with the mixture by means of a coarse brush, as high as the sheep will reach.

In Mr. Rutter's late excellent work on the peach, he shows that the free use of alkaline washes and manures, especially potash and lime, will preserve a peach orchard from the yellows, as well as from other destroyers of its fertility. Mr. Rutter has had thirty-five years of very extensive and varied experience, and his reliability is beyond question. So far as regards the borers, the carbolic acid of coal tar is most convenient and effective. It mixes in water well by stirring it first into hot, strong soapsuds. A pint of the crude acid, costing twenty-five cents, is recommended to four or five gallons of soft soap; which, diluted, will make twenty gallons of wash, to be applied in June, and again in August for assured effectiveness, although the June application usually suffices.

According to the English authorities, 1881 will be remembered as the worst onion year on record, the onion grub having totally destroyed the crop, except in a few instances where special precautions were taken against this insect.

Crowded Churches.

Of course the Roman Catholic churches are crowded; they always are. The Roman Catholics during Lent have their regular services, and go to church "between meals," as well. How is it with the Episcopalians? I went to Trinity the other day, and I had to stand round for half an hour before the gowned verger could find me a seat, and when he did find me one, just at the beginning of the sermon, it was in the aisle. I went to St. John's Church one evening; it was crowded to the door. I went to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, and was seated behind a stone pillar, where my view of the gorgeous ceremonial was confined to a dozen candles, which flickered on the extreme right of the altar, and to an acolyte who sat near the altar rail and made eyes at a pretty girl in the congregation. No wonder there was a crowd. Such vestments, such incense, such lights, such singing, and such painted saints on the wall! Surely the congregation was not fallen off here. The Baptists—well, go to Dr. McArthur's, and you must be early to get a seat; or go to Mr. Judson's, where you'll surely find a crowd, though you may always count on a seat, even if some of the regular congregation have to give up theirs to you. Go to almost any Baptist church, and you'll find almost as many people as the church will contain. The Methodists never have small congregations; one of their proverbial virtues is church going. In short, go to any well established church of any living and working denomination, and you'll find out how absurdly false is the periodical paragraph about failing congregations. But go where agnostism is preached and you will see a beggarly number of empty benches. The vagaries of spiritualism and the agonies of second adventism are no longer popular. The predicaments of the former and the predictions of the latter have proved disastrous. As far as New York is concerned, I believe that the proportion of church-goers to the population is as large as at any time in the city's history —and larger than in most New England villages.—[New York Correspondence Boston Traveller.

A Brave Girl.

About a mile from the village of Preston, Conn., a girl of 19 lives alone with her father. The other evening the father went off to the village, leaving the daughter by herself in the house. Some time after dark she heard a rap at the door, and on opening it she found a little negro, leaning on his stick and evidently very feeble, who asked for something to eat. The girl would probably have turned back to find something for the beggar, but she suddenly caught sight of the negro's eyes and saw that they were blue. Now, a blue-eyed negro, as the intelligent young lady was aware, is something of a rarity, and she at once touched the little old man's face with her finger, causing some charcoal from the one to stick to the other. The pretended beggar no sooner saw that his fraud was detected than he threw off all disguise, revealed himself a tall, powerful man, and rushed upon the girl before him. She struggled with all the strength which her terrible position gave her, and at last succeeded in getting near the fire-place. With a great effort she freed her arm, grasped an iron poker and put her whole soul into a blow on the ruffians head. He was stunned for a moment and the young lady lost no time in tying his feet and hands together. Having done this she went out and hitched the horse to the wagon, came back and forced the helpless prisoner into the vehicle, drove off and only thought her work done when the fellow was in safe-keeping in the village.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, writes a correspondent, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to sore throat and more particularly to a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure table salt in about half a small tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before each meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these good results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat.

When a Kentucky congressman was informed that he could have all the garden seeds he wanted from the agricultural department, he exclaimed, "Seeds! what do I want seeds for? But hold on! Yes, yes; I believe I do want a few." And he forthwith sent for a half bushel of cardamom seeds, the only seeds he had any use for.

ALL SORTS.

Bats always shear off the wings of flies before eating them.

Boaz, of the Bible, had his Ruth, but modern bores are ruthless.

Every good man who has had a second wife will be a Mormon in heaven.

There is about $20,000,000 of railroad property in Jersey City exempt from taxation.

There are ten railroads chartered to cross the line between the United States and Mexico.

Chicago has the largest Hebrew population of any city of equal numbers in the world.

When Danæ saw Jupiter descending in a shower of gold, she simply remarked, "The rain is ore."

Liverpool seems to Dr. Lyman Abbott "an odd combination of Boston solidity and Bowery garishness."

An innocent person asked an editor the difference between prose and poetry, and the editor replied that prose was read.

If it is your purpose in life to make your face your fortune, you must look well to it or it will turn out to be your misfortune.

A lecturer is telling "How We Hear." It is easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours, and tells him not to tell; that's the way we hear.

Montenegro has mobilized her army, which will march upon Vienna as soon as a proper outfit of shoes and stockings can be provided for him.

The man who never told a lie never paid a compliment. A compliment, by the way, is relished by the recipient in inverse ratio to its truth.

Arabella (whose soul is wrapped in science): "Charles, isn't this nice?" Charles (who is deeply interested in Arabella): "Nice! it's delicious."

People who are tired of this weary world had better move to Glendive, M. T. Of the thirteen people who have died there, only two died a natural death.

Brown and Fogg fell on the slippery walk, the other morning. Fogg says he isn't exactly acquainted with Brown, but they have been thrown together in society.

"Woman," says Mrs. Eastman "is a problem." So she is; and though a problem we can never hope to solve, it is one we shall never, never be willing to give up.

It is calculated that in London a child is born every five minutes.—Ex. A child that is born every five minutes must be a world of trouble and expense to its parents.

A poem entitled "Three Kisses of Farewell," has been received from a young lady in Iowa. The old gentleman seems to have come home rather early that evening.

When a party of respectable Cincinnatians go to Paris to see the sights, it's a little mean in certain newspapers to announce that "Cincinnati hams have invaded Paris in force."

Magistrate—"Do you know the nature of an oath, my boy?" Witness (promptly)—"Yes, sir. 'Must take it, sir—'relse I can't be 'memb'r o' Parli'ment, sir!"

I asked him where he had taken up his abode. "Oh!" he replied, "I'm living by the canal for the present. I should be delighted if you'd drop in some evening." Then I left him.

M. Richenbach, in noticing the statement that Dr. E. C. Spitzka found in the egg of a turtle a live maggot, says that he once found in a hen's egg a small piece of printed paper.

Some years ago Miss Libbie Minkler of Rochelle, Ill., lost both arms by falling in front of a reaper. To-day she is earning a good living by oil painting, holding the brush in her teeth.

Miss Julia Test of Richmond, Ind., has just recovered a watch lost in a Pullman sleeper three years ago. In rebuilding the car the workmen found the watch wedged in a corner of the birth.

Why Stone Walls are Damp.

The walls of a stone house and sometimes of a brick house, are covered with dampness. This is due to the very same cause by which due is deposited on grass, or moisture on the side of a glass or pitcher that is filled with ice-water and brought into a warm room. The walls become cold, and as stone is a non-conductor of heat, they remain cold for a long time. When the weather changes suddenly from cold to warm, the air becomes filled with moisture, for the warmer the air is the more moisture it will absorb. When this warm air strikes the cold walls, the moisture is deposited on them from the air, which is suddenly cooled by contact with them, and as the warm air is continually coming in contact with the walls, the dampness accumulates until it appears like dew upon them, and pours down in streams at times. No plaster should be directly on brick or stone, but furring strips should be nailed to the wall and the lath put on these. Cellars are frequently very damp in the same way by too much ventilation in warm weather. The warm air pouring in is cooled, and its moisture deposited on the walls and floor until they are so wet as to surprise the housekeeper, who wonders how it is the cellar will not dry, and the more it is aired the wetter it becomes.

The Ladies' Emporium.

Mrs. M. A. Winnie, manager of the Ladies' Emporium and Lace House, 167 Third street, Portland, is in receipt of a full line of Hamburg and Tortian edgings and insertions, as well as many novelties in neck wear. This old established house always keeps in the lead, and ladies in search of beautiful and reliable goods can always be pleased and satisfied by visiting the Emporium.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles H. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours.

CHAS. R. LADD.

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book, free.

Dr. Henley's celebrated California I X L Bitters always relieve Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Send $1.00 to W. D. Palmer, Portland, for one year's subscription to the Pacific Overseer, the great semi-monthly A. O. U. W. paper.

Sheet Music:—Largest stock on the northwest coast, orders filled promptly. Send stamp for catalogue and journal, Wiley B. Allen 153 Third street, Portland

The galaxy of stars at the Elite theater in Portland, is drawing crowded houses nightly. Remember the popular prices, 25 and 50 cents to any part of the house.

All sensible people suffering with rheumatism use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. Sold at $1.00 a bottle.

Turkish Rugs.—Send to John B. Garrison 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

The Gold Medal gallery of Portland, owned by F. G. Abell, Portland, is always bringing out novelties in the photographic line. His country patrons are always pleased with their treatment as well as the work obtained.

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Also Dr. J. M. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med dep't. Willamette University.

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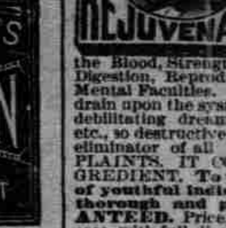

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