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"SPIRITUAL SONG."

BY GEO. MACDONALD.

My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be;
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For me sore pains did wring thee—
Thou didst in anguish sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart for evermore.

How oft my eyes have streamed
That thou art dead, and yet
A many of thy redeemed,
Thee all their life forget.
By love possessed and driven,
For us what hast thou done!
Yet is thy body riven,
And no one thinks thereon.

With love that's never shaken
Thou standest by every man;
And if by all forsaken,
Art still the faithful one.
Such love must win the wrestle—
At last they feel, they see;
Bitterly weep and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

I in my heart have known thee—
Oh, do not let me go!
In my heart's heart I enthrone thee,
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers, one day, will weaken,
Look heavenward with a start,
Then, sinking down, love shaken,
Will fall upon thy heart.

What "They" Say.

All things are systematized nowadays.

It is said to see a newspaper die without issue.

Prosperity is a great teacher, adversity a greater.

Glass cards is a new idea, started in Bangor, Maine.

G. W. Myer ("Old Probabilities") has gone to Europe.

The monument to Greeley ought to be an imposing stone.

The Evening Herald, of Philadelphia contemplates a balloon ascention.

The champion postal card writer of Charleston, S. C., has reached 2,014 words.

The man who wrote, "I am saddest when I sing," was foolish if he sang much.

"Pilot, you needn't wait any longer: it is sunlight overhead." "Yes, but we aint goin' that way."

A Bridgeport minister uses postal cards to invite delinquent church members to prayer meeting.

The Aurora, organ of the Illinois State Agricultural College, speaks of fattening hogs as "susiculture."

A Jersey paper describes a man as being "as sound as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

Go it strong when you advertise. Business is like architecture—its best supporters are in columns.

A prudent clergyman unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with ponderous tragedity.

"Equality," says a French writer, "means a desire to be equal to your superior, and superior to your equal."

The Minneapolis Times asks: "Shall the city be bobcamsed for the want of steamers and reservoirs?" Give it up.

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry.

The Danbury News says: "The use of tobacco is a disgusting habit. It weakens the frame, benumbs the faculties, and what is far worse, keeps up the price."

The Maysville, Ky., Bulletin announces a Sunday-school picnic, and "truly hopes that for once our citizens will leave their revolvers and bowie knives at home."

A New Orleans jaryman was asked by the Judge if he ever read the papers. He replied: "Yes, your honor; but if you'll let me go this time, I'll never do so any more."

A Texan town was recently visited by a clergyman for the first time in its history, and the hospitable inhabitants proposed getting up a horse-race for his entertainment.

Josh Billings did not know that his sayings were good enough to print, until he was forty-five years old. Before that time he was named by many of his fellows as "an old ass."

The Utica Herald says men never know what effect it would have had on Job if eleven little girls had called on him, one after another, and tried to sell him Sunday school picnic tickets.

"If you don't want the soot don't go up the chimney," was the reply of a editor to "respectable" parties who requested him not to mention the fact that they had been arraigned in the police court.

"Yes, take her and welcome," responded an Illinois farmer, when a young man asked for his blushing daughter. "She's run away with an school-master, whipped her mother, and the sooner you take her the better."

"Madam, why were you not here before?" "I could not come, sir." "Were you not subpenaed, madam?" "Yes sir; but I was sick." "What was the matter, madam?" "I had an awful boil, sir." "Upon your honor, madam?" "No, sir, upon my arm."

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that at Lafayette, Ind., the papers are complaining in right down earnest because troops of girls go in swimming in conspicuous places in the river. It is a device of newspapers to draw the attention of rest-seekers to the charms of Lafayette as a watering place.

STAGE PROPERTY.—The manager of a Paris theatre has recently sold some of his stage property. Among the articles offered for sale were the following: A sea, consisting of twelve wave waves, the tenth, which is greater than the others, being a little damaged; half a dozen black edged clouds in good condition; a spick-span new rainbow; a superior snow storm, consisting of flakes of fine paper, two other snow-storms of inferior quality; three bottles with lightning flashes; one setting sun of not much account; a new moon; an elephant, a crocidile, and three dragons; several vials of alcohol, good for apparitions and the production of blue flames; lastly, some entirely new thunder.

NEVER.—Alice—"Do you know, Uncle that that horrid Mr. Binks declares that you have taken to hard drinking?" Uncle George—"not true, my dear—no! Never drank easier in my life."

Hipple or Mitchell—Which?

Our artist gives very clear and striking portraits of Senator Mitchell and his former wife. The story of this couple does not read well. They married young. A year slipped sweetly and swiftly over their heads, bringing them a pledge of love in a pretty little daughter. But John Mitchell Hipple seems to have tired of his wife. He had talent and ambition, and felt that she was something of an encumbrance. He was a lawyer, and wanted a wife to shine in society and help him into notice and favor by her attractions. How he chaffed under the matrimonial yoke, and how uncomfortable and finally, unendurable his domestic relations became, can better be surmised than described. But Mr. Hipple was a brave man. He endured till endurance ceased to be agreeable, and then he heroically seceded from the matrimonial union, left his law partner to adjust his accounts as best he could, and was next heard from as John H. Mitchell, U. S. Senator elect from Oregon. He seems to have had a fit of emotional insanity, caused entirely by the treatment he had given his wife, and while the paroxyism was on him he got his name mixed to-gether, whereas he was Mitchell Hipple when the attack came on, he was Hipple Mitchell when it passed away. It was odd, but then this sort of attack often operates in that way out West, and though it strikes a man like lightning, or paralysis, or a suit for debt, it does not seem to hurt him much. It has often been remarked that about the first act of a man who shuffles off or runs away from one wife is to marry another, and Mr. Hipple Mitchell was no exception to the rule. It was his way of complementing the matrimonial institution. But it is said that he treated his first wife honorably, leaving her all the property he had in Pennsylvania, which consisted for the most part of debts. She found herself minus a husband and minus the means of support; and without shedding tears over her lost Hipple, or rushing into print a column of hysterics, she got a situation in a good family, and went to work to support herself and child. This shows what an unromantic, low-born creature she was, and how entirely unsuited to be the wife of such a hero as she had been married to. Alas, the common plough-horse so often gets harnessed to the hypogrif in this bad world, and when she would draw he would fly, and there is nothing but pulling and kicking till the strap breaks! It all comes of there being so many hypogrifs in these latter days. Our ambitious Senator finds the ghost of Mitchell Hipple and his deserted wife rising up in his path to plague him when he least looked for such company, and they refuse to "down" at his bidding or dissolve into gas at his explanation. His fate is a warning which it would be well for many another to heed in season; and the moral of the story is, don't marry until you find your mate, and, when you are married, remember what befell poor John Hipple, and don't run away.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Madam Duniway on the "Situation."

But there was one man who proved himself no rat to desert his ship because it seemed for a season to be stranded on the sands of popular prejudice. This man was Hiram Smith of Linn. After one man, and then another, and still another, had declined the Congressional tit-bit, he alone of all the waiting ones, had courage to accept the will of the majority of his party.—*Northwest.*

Foolish man, that Hiram Smith. The *Northwest* goes on to say:

We are taking no sides in this fight. We are simply stating facts. Neither party having given us a *splinter* to hang a pretext or hope upon.

That's right, madam; we don't wonder at your neutrality, inasmuch as your *one hundred dollar* friend didn't take you to Albany and let you endorse a deserter of women, etc. But the madam further says:

We are disgusted with the Republican party. Its sins of omission, are as bad as its sins of commission, and, did we not know that in Hiram Smith the Woman movement will have a friend in Congress, we should incline to favor an independent candidate.

We are indeed sorry for you. You will find that the Republican party and Hiram and J. H. have dun-i-way with that foolish idea of giving women the ballot. By all means go it alone; have a party of *your own*, you and John and Hiram can't float in the same boat.

Aside from the resolution declaring in favor of polygamy, deceit and political corruption, the platform adopted by the Albany Convention is quite up to the average of such performances. The liberal and progressive political principles that have made the Republican party the hope and stay of the country are refreshing after the effete, meaningless buncombe which constitutes most of the Democratic platform. If the friends of Senator Hipple had not been determined to abandon all moral principles and sacrifice the party to save him from the consequences of his crimes, the candidate might reasonably hope to be elected by a handsome majority. He will be overwhelmingly beaten, with his plank under him, no matter how hard work is done for him.—*Oregonian.*

An Arbitrary Act.

A petty piece of meanness was exhibited by the President of the railroad last Friday evening, which, to say the least, is censurable as an outrage perpetrated upon the public merely to gratify a pride that is very small in itself without a redeeming virtue. On the evening in question, the President's car arrived at the depot, and was there halted. The gravel train, now being used to repair the southern end of the road, followed after the President's car and took up the line in its rear. This was prior to the arrival of the regular train. When this train came it was stopped about two hundred yards from the depot, and there the passengers were compelled to disembark. Not satisfied with this arbitrary act, Mr. Holladay then ordered the detention of the overland stage, keeping it nearly two hours waiting his pleasure, and then he declared that coach must be reserved for the exclusive use of himself and two servants, though the stage company is a common carrier and compelled to carry passengers to the full capacity of the coach. The result of this was several passengers en route south were compelled to remain over until the next evening, among whom was Col. Racker, Paymaster U. S. A. This gentleman was under orders to repair to Jacksonville without delay, and though this was known to Mr. Holladay, it availed the Col. nothing. This was a small piece of meanness, as we have said before, and it was a strange proceeding, even though it occurred here in one corner of the State and the State itself is supposed to help compose a portion of a strictly democratic government. Such action on the part of a titled lord in the Kingdom of Prussia would be considered as an undue exercise of authority, and perhaps, more than this; and yet, in enlightened America, in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" monopoly sits crowned monarch of all it surveys, bidding defiance to the people whose rights and privileges it never fails to trample upon when they conflict with its convenience, and perpetrates wrong after wrong, without rebuke unless we find it in the murmurings of an outraged and oppressed people who must soon come to understand there is no deliverance for them from their present troubles without they work it themselves. The more time lost in inactivity the more severe and protracted will be the struggles; and there is danger of the people remaining silent too long and lose what little freedom they now enjoy.—*Plaindealer.*

In an article commenting upon the profuse extaavagance with which the public moneys have been squandered for useless purposes under the Administration of President Grant, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, after enumerating a long list of unwise, if not illegitimate appropriations, says: "Then comes that chronic beggar at the doors of Congress, the Agricultural Department, which consumes nearly $200,000 a year, besides a heavy printing account not included; and the Bureau of Education which takes $34,850 for the diffusion of weak commonplaces and worthless statistics concerning the value of education. And then there is the Congressional Botanical Garden, a sweet little exotic, which has grown up from nothing a year to a cost of $54-646 at the last annual appropriation, and the sole discoverable utility of which is to afford magnanimous Congressmen a slight taste of the aesthetic in an annual box of flower seeds and cuttings, and a supply of nosegays and boquets for themselves and their feminine friends. Pity that this ridiculous perquisite could not have been lopped off with mileage and stationary and the franking privilege, when salaries were made large enough to pay for boquets in open market."

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—What is wealth? Wealth is whatever men can realize from nature for their sustenance and enjoyment. Labor is what realizes it. Prudence saves from it, and the savings become capital, which helps to extend and multiply the operations of labor, and thus creates more capital. The wealthy are composed of those who have inherited property from others, those who have acquired it accidentally, and those who have realized it for themselves. The poor in like manner, are composed of those who have inherited poverty from others, those who have become poor through accident, and those who have brought poverty upon themselves. The most familiar mode of producing poverty is by idleness. If a man will not work he realizes no wealth; he is of course poor. Or he squanders in some absurd manner the earnings which he does realize, and thus remains equally poor as if he did not work. The poverty arising from idleness will only be curable, as it has ever been since the beginning of the world, by industry. That which comes from wastefulness will only be cured by economy.

SMART LITTLE CHAP.—A youth stepped into a bookstore and asked, "What kind of pens do you sell here, mister?" "All kinds," answered one of the clerks. "Do you?" said the little chap; "then give me ten cents' worth of pig pens."

HESITATED.—A Milwaukee woman who had only fifty cents, hesitated a moment whether to take a dog out of the pound or get some medicine for a sick child, but when she saw the joyful gambols of the dog she wondred why she hesitated so long as she did.

Will not Tamely Submit to the Dictator.

"And mark the prediction," says the Portland *Bulletin*, "If a fight is made against him (Mr. Mitchell) he will be sustained by the Republican party of Oregon thro' its State Convention." This flatulent boast, coming as it does from those who have not, either through shame or discretion, offered one word on the Mitchell subject, would indicate that a new hope has been born all of a sudden; that *the Republican* party has struck a tune for its State Convention to sing, with full confidence in the singers; or in other words it (*the Republican* party) thinks it has everything all "fixed up" for the State Convention. With that said party such a prediction as the one named may be verified. With the masses of Republidan voters it will fail as sure as the world stands. We have no disposition to harp upon the Mitchell scandal; had dropped it as an obsolete subject long ago, and whatever we now say is invited by Mr. Mitchell's own friends. The most that ever could be done in favor of the painful subject was to remain quiet upon it; and to have it brought out so squarely, with the prediction (*d xcree* might be more appropriate) that the Republican party shall sustain its iniquities, is doing an insult to the party and heaping a burden upon it which no party could live under a great while. We want the Republican party to succeed, but not under that banner. If we must accept a course which is void of all ideas of honor or respect for those who would like to be honorable just for the sake of being called a Republican, then good bye old name; we choose, instead, the principles of Republicanism, which are far removed from all such chicanery.—*Yamhill Reporter.*

The above is from the *Reporter* of August 28th, two weeks before the Albany Convention met and passed the Mitchell resolutio. The *Reporter*, the only Republican paper in Yamhill county, now refuses to support the Mitchell-Scott-Holladay nominee.

A CONSTANT FRIEND.—The peoples of Eastern Oregon have reason to be gratified with the action of the democratic convention in nominating J. W. Nesmith to represent the State in Congress. In early days it was the constant practice to ignore the country east of the mountains, and it was not until Mr. Nesmith took his seat in the Senate that we were able to obtain a recognition of our just claims. The early pioneers will recollect that for years we were left without any mail facilities whatever, and the writer remembers on one occasion when this fact was brought to the attention of the then representative in Congress, the reply come back quick and sharp, that "the country was inhabited principally by horse thieves and gamblers, and they were a class who had little occasion to use the mails." As late as 1859 and 1860, the mails for the Dalles were brought through by the O. S. N. Company free of charge, and from that point were distributed by special messengers, the whole country being destitute of a single mail carrier. Thus matters remained down to the time Mr. Nesmith took his seat in the Senate, when he at once exerted himself to have the country provided with suitable mail facilities. In this, as in many other matters, he was an early and constant friend of Eastern Oregon, and it will now be for the people to show they appreciate these favors.—*W. W. Statesman.*

A ROMANTIC STORY.—Quite a romantic story is told of the model of Power's Greek Slave. It appears there was an American gentleman of great wealth who had a beautiful daughter, beautiful in form as in feautere, and character; but not content with his treasure he added to his household a second wife. About thirty years ago his wife ran away and took with her her husband's money. Father and daughter in their distress, took up a temporary residence in Florence and there met Hiram Powers. Out of love for the destitue father, whose sufferings she had no means to relieve, the daughter consented to become the model for the Greek Slave. Friends and relations recognized the likeness in the beautiful statue of the orignal. The lady is still living and is the the mother of charming daughters. The original Greek Slave became the property of W. W. Corcoran and has been given, together with his private gallery of paintings, to the Corcoran art gallery of Washington, D. C. Another of Power's masterpieces, which, would perpetuate his fame should all his other works perish, is the bust of Proserpine, owned by and now the chief ornament in the parlor of R. Ten Broeck, of Hurstbourne, near Louisville, Ky.

TWO GOOD BOYS.—Hon S. L. Ling of Walla Walla county, living on the Touchet, near Mullen's bridge, has two sons, aged respectively 10 and 12 years. During the last ten months these boys attended school five months, and the remaining time was devoted to work on the farm. In this period they did the plowing, harrowing and rolling on land that has yielded 3,000 bushels of grain. They also put in ten acres of rye, six acres of flaxseed, and broke twelve acres of fallow land twice. They further cultivated a large garden, and did all the chores about the farm. The only assistance their father rendered them was in sowing the grain. All this we are told by a Washington Territory exchange.—*S. F. Examiner.*

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague.

Writing to the *Courier-Journal*, a New York correspondent gives this sketch of Mrs. Chase Sprague and her summer resort at Narragansett:

The house contains eighty rooms and is magnificently furnished, and is, of course, filled with choice works of art. Mrs. Sprague has all which ought to make life desirable—wealth beauty, grace and accomplishments—yet I doubt not the May morning on which her father was found unconscious in his room, with no hope of his recovery possible, has darkenher life forever, and though time may alleviate her grief at the loss of her father to whom she was devoted yet nothing can ever cure the pain from the mortal wound her ambition has received. Mrs. Sprague is thoroughly ambitious. It has not been because of mere personal vanity that she perfected herself as a woman of the world and a queen of society. It was not the desire to fascinate and delight merely for the sake of the homage that it brought that induced her to study every graceful poise, and school herself in courtly language and brilliant repartee. She for years prepared herself, using all the advantages of wealth to cultivate her really remakable talents for a social ruler in the fond expectation of being one day the presiding lady at the White House. Mr. Chase was credited with an overwhelming desire to be the Chief Magistrate; yet I believe that this was less due to his own ambition than to his elder daughter's. A gentleman who acted as one of Mr. Chase's agents during the campaign prior to the nomination of Seymour in 1868, has told how thoughtful Mrs. Sprague was taken into consultation, how high were her hopes, and how constantly her father spoke of her in connection with his success or failure. When he thought success certain, as he did until the very day Seymour received the nomination, he rejoiced most of all for the joy it would give Mrs. Sprague, and when the certainty of failure was made known to him, his first words were: "Does Mrs. Sprague know?" When told she did, "And how does she bear it?" he inquired. He seemed more relieved to find the bad news did not overwhelm her. When Mrs. Sprague was told, she manifested self-control but evidently the blow was severe. She said little, but that little, albeit it was calmly spoken, showed the violence of the shock she had received. With her father Mrs. Sprague's ambition to be the lady of the White House must necessarily have died. She cannot hope to have her husband place her there. Not even her powerful personal influence and talent for diplomacy, added to his unbounded wealth, can procure the Presidency for Senator Sprague. I doubt if Mrs. Sprague passes much time in Washington hereafter. For nearly three years after the disappointment wrought by Seymour's nomination, she was there but seldom; and even when the days for mourning for her father's death are over, it is scarcely probable she will care to resume her old life in the city where she had hoped to be the chief lady. She is a wonderful woman. There are few women of whom history tells, who united with so much beauty and grace, have had so powerful a mind and so much genius for ruling.

UP GOES THE TARIFF.—The people of Douglas county, says the Roseburg *Plaindealer*, can now begin to realize to what extent they are in the power and at the control of the railroad monopoly. Heretofore, until the past three or four weeks, the freight tariff on wheat shipped from this city to Portland was $35 per ton. Then the rates were increased to $43 per ton. Now it is stated that on the 15th of the present month there will still be a further increase of $2 per ton, and from that time on the people of this county will pay $15 per ton an all grains shipped to Portland. It would seem that the managers of the Oregon and California railroad are determined that our farmers shall make only so much money, and in proportion to the increase in the market price of wheat they propose to elevate the tariff on transportation. This is the case in this instance, at least. And while we are willing to accord to the railroad all the benefit that has resulted from it to our people, we are free to confess that we entertain no admiration for the shortsightedness of its managers, who show by their actions that their judgement is so poor it would lead them to kill the hen that laid the golden egg, or, in other words, retard the growth of a country the rapid advancement in wealth of which signifies a proportionate increase in the value of the road.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."—The Cariboo *Sentinel* concludes an able leading article on the subject thus: "The Chinese question will doubtless be brought before the attention of the Legislature at its next session. The opinions of the honorable membember from Nanaimo on the subject have been before expressed in the House, and his able pen has been again lately directed in the *Colonist* to pointing out and warning the people of the danger of the absorption of their industries and wealth by an inferior race, almost incapable, it would appear, of receiving a higher civilization. 'Insuperable constitutional obstacles' are supposed to stand in the way of the special legislation needed, but, with the *Colonist*, the people will say,' they must be removed.'"

The Japanese Government has recalled 600 students in the various colleges of England. Others will be sent out in their stead after a competitive examination.

Contagious and Infectious Diseases.

Dr. Symes Thompson, a well-known English physician, lectured on the above topic in London, and from his discourse we glean the following: It is considered a settled fact that diseases of a contagious nature are caused and spread by influences largely within the sphere of human government and control. Every form of infectious fever has its idosyncracy. Enteric fever and cholera tend chiefly to disseminate themselves through water, passing into the wells and fountains of daily supply and at times traveling from house to house in the milk cans of easy conscienced dairymen. Scarlet fever hibernates in a drawer, and, after long months, comes forth with some old cast-aside garment, to be thrown with it around the throat or head of some new victim, and so start thence upon a fresh career. Typhus fever crawls sluggishly from hand to hand and mouth to mouth and is immensely sociable in its spirit, languishing away when condemned to solitary confinement. Typhoid fever generates itself where filth, overcrowding and impure habits of life prevail: and relapsing fever glides in the track of privation and misery. The means now known of controlling these evil ministrants are, in the main, careful isolation of the sick, the preservation of the water from which daily supplies are derived in uncontained purity, the uninterrupted ventillation alike, of hospitals and dwelling houses, the immediate removal from the vicinity of active human life of all execrations of the sick and the destruction of their morbile influence by mixing them with antiseptic and disinfecting agents (such as carbolic acid, sulphuric acid, chlorides of lime and zinc, permanganate of potash, and charcoal,) temperate living, avoidance of any kind of excess, and above all the cultivation of an intelligent familiarity with natural laws. In regard to the antesptics and disinfectants, Dr. Thompson states that it should be understood that agents of carbolic acid are properly antesepticts, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of Condy's fluid, permanganate of potash, chloride of lime, and especially charcoal, are disinfectants, and act by absorbing the obnoxious products of decomposition. This he showed by experiment, a few drops of carbolic acid causing a cessation in the evolution of gas bubbles from a fermenting solution of sugar; and violet color of Conay's fluid was instantly discharged when combined with water in which was a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen. The lecturer also exhibited the remains of a rat which had been placed in a jar of charcoal six years ago. Only the bones and a few hairs were to be seen; although the jar had been covered with but a piece of paper, throughout the lengthened period of decomposition, no trace of disagreeable smell was at any time emitted.

Annual Conference, M. E. Church South.

The Columbia Conference of the M. E. Chuch South, met at Brownsville, Oregon, September 3, and adjourned September 6, 1873.

Bishop Doggett presided to the satisfaction of all.

There was an advance in all the interests of the church: never were the prospects so good.

Following are the appointments:

WILLAMETTE DISTRICT—T. B. WHITE, P. E.

Salem—E. J. Dawne.
Coravllis—B. R. Baxter.
Dallas—Dr. Goucher.
Lafayette—F. W. D. Mays.
Oregon City—H. C. Jolly.
Albany—Jos. Emery.
Lebanon—D. C. McFarland.
Eugene City—E. S. Michael.
Brownsville—J. W. Craig.

JACKSONVILLE DISTRICT—J. W. STAHL, P. E.

Roseburg—B. E. Oglesby.
Oakland Mission—to be supplied.
Jacksonville—J. W. Stahl.

UMATILLA DISTRICT—B. V. JOHNSON, P. E.

Grande Ronde—C. H. E. Newton.
Powder River—to be supplied.
LaGrande—to be supplied.
Walla Walla—R. R. Johnson.

The polygama candidate did not accompany Mr. Nesmith to this place. He is something like the old man's boy that tradition mentions. He was foolish, and one day his father, expecting several gentlemen to dinner, told the boy to say nothing, and the visitors would not discover his want of intelligence. Dinner came, and with it the gentlemen expected. During the progress of the meal one of the party addressed several questions to the boy, and, as a matter of course, received no answer. Finally, becoming disgusted, he remarked to a friend, "I believe this boy is a fool." This started the boy. With hands raised and eye-balls protruding from their sockets, he shouted out, "Daddy, daddy, it's no use; they've found me out, anyhow." Smith is doubtless thinking to play the "silent" game; but it is evident the people will "find him out" before the canvass is over.—*Roseburg Plaindealer.*

Said Mrs. Jenkins, on her way home from church: "When I see the shawls of those Johnsons and think of what I have to wear, if it wasn't for the consolations of religion I don't know what I would do."

UNKIND.—In a recent article on a Fair in his locality, the editor of a Western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

The Wool Business.

The course of the wool market for the past few years has been such as to impress upon all classes of dealers in that staple the importance to their interests of more cautious operating, and of the utter avoidance of speculation. The time has passed when the wool markets of this country could be easily controlled in the interests ot speculators. The magnitude of our wool clip might interpose no serious obstacle, perhaps, as a concert of action between the growers and dealers—whose interests as against those of the manufacturer are identical—might easily be arranged. There is, however, in the foreign wool clip a lever with which the manufacturers can so far control the course of our markets as to protect themselves from any combination seeking to affect anything more than a legitimate advance sympathizing with improved values abroad. Within the past few years American manufacturers have learned the value to them of the power which they thus control, and to wield it has become a matter of little difficulty, in view of the closeness of commercial relations with Europe. Experience thus far has proved that it is, in the long run, to the best interests of our manufacturers to avoid, as far as possible, heavy operations on their own account, either in the wool producing markets of our own or other countries. If conducted independently of speculation, trade is more satisfactorily when the supplies of manufacturers are drawn chiefly through the regular channels. To the few who are able to contract for their full year's supply of domestic at the beginning of the season, buying direct from the farmer may be an advantage. But the purchases of manufacturers in the interior are almost invariably made at a higher figure than Eastern dealers can afford to pay, and a range of prices in the country, based upon the figures paid by consumers, is always of disadvantage, and almost invariably a break has to follow before the wool moves freely into the Eastern markets, or the dealers here who purchase at prices manufacturers can afford to pay have to suffer a loss before their stocks are worked up. The experience of 1871 had the effect of keeping manufacturers at home last year, and as a rule their purchases in the interior have been unimportant thus far this year. A few, chiefly, the buyers of delaine wools, have gone into the country for their supplies, but the buyers for Eastern houses have not suffered much from competition with consumers—and although there has been an occasional refractory feeling, the clips taken up have generally been at prices which dealers were willing to pay. Allowing for commission, interest, freight, shrinking, &c., and ten cents per pound is only a fair margin between the purchasing price in the country and the selling rate here. This leaves the dealer barely a profit; and as 48 to 51 cents is the best range that can be quoted upon the average clips in this market, it is evident that buyers cannot afford to pay more than 40 cents in the country for clips as they run. The range quoted on actual sales in Ohio and Michigan is 40 to 44 cents, with few transactions except of very choice lots above 42 or 43 cents. Old X and XX Ohio fleeces are worth here to-day 50 to 52½ cents, and allowing these figures to be maintained upon the new wools when the supply of old has run out, there will be no more than a fair margin for dealers.—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

TEXAS DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democratic State Convention adopted a platform, very long and diffuse, reaffirming the principles of the Democratic party, favoring internal improvements in the State, and encouragement of the same by liberal charters and grants of land, under proper restrictions, and denying that the State contemplates any repudiation of her just debts. The lollowing was also adopted:

Resolved, That we deprecate the action of the Democratic Members of Congress in co-operating with the Republican majority and President Grant in the passage of the back-pay bill.

The following is the ticket nominated: Governor, Richard Coke; Lieutenant Governor, R. Hubbard; Controller, Stephen H. Darden; Treasurer, A. J. Dorn; Commissioner of the Land Office, J. J. Grass; Superintendent of Education, O. N. Hollingsworth.

A DISGUSTED ENOCH ARDEN.—An Enoch Arden appeared in Connecticut, the other day. As soon as he made himself known the latest husband walked up to him, shook his hand cordially, and said: "I'm mighty glad you've got back, old fellow. We thought you were dead. But I resign the lovely partner of your youthful love without a murmur. Take her to your arms and be happy with her." "No, you don't," said Enoch. "I wouldn't have come if I hadn't thought that the old gal was dead. I wouldn't be the man to interfere with your connubial happiness. I'm off from where I came from." And he went away, leaving a disconsolate Phillip Ray in that town.

A droll incident is related concerning Tad Lincoln, which occurred when he was a lad of nine or ten years. One member of the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln was strongly disliked by Tad. When Lincoln was ill with the varioloid the offensive Secretary sent his card in and asked for an interview. Tad was present and heard his father decline the request, sending the message that he was ill. "Papa," said Tad, protesting, "no, no, let him come in and catch it!"

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