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REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

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Oregon City, July 28, 1875 tf

The Ideal and the Real.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

You shall not know her—she who sat
Unconscious in my heart all time
I dreamed and wove this wayward rhyme,
And loved and did not blush thereat.

Not that I deemed she loved me. Nay,
I dared not even dream of that,
I only say I knew her; say
She ever sat before me, sat
And still as voiceless as love is,
And ever looked so fair, divine,
Her hushed, vehement soul filled mine,
And made itself a part of this.

Oh, you had loved her, sitting there
Half hidden in her loosened hair;
Why, you had loved her for her eyes,
Their large and melancholy look
Of tenderness, and well mistook
Their love for light of paradise.

Yea, loved her for her brow's soft brown;
Her hand as light as Heaven's bars;
Yea, loved her for her mouth. Her mouth
Was roses gathered from the South,
The warm south side of paradise,
And breathed upon and handed down,
By angels on a stairs of stars.

Her mouth? 'twas Egypt's mouth of old,
Pushed out and pouting full and bold
With simple beauty where she sat.
Why, you had said on seeing her:
"This creature comes from out the dim
Far centuries, beyond the rim
Of time's remotest reach or stir,
And he who wrought Semiramis
And shaped the sybils, seeing this,
And bowed and made a shrine thereat,
And all his life had worshipped her."

I dared not dream she loved me. Nay,
Her love was proud, and pride is loth
To look with favor, own it fond
Of one the world loves not to-day * * *
No matter if she loved or no
God knows I loved enough for both,
And knew her as you shall not know
Till you have known sweet death, and you
Have crossed the dark; gone over to
The great majority beyond.

Blue Satin Boots.

They had been sitting opposite each other some time in the street-car, the shabby little girl with the soft black eyes, and Simon Holt, the young farmer from Ducktown, who has journeyed all the way to New York in search of a newly-patented plow, with which he proposes to experiment upon the arid soil of his native farm.

Ching! goes the car-bell, there is a movement among the passengers, and the shabby little girl is gone. But there on the seat is a brown paper parcel. Simon catches it up, rushes wildly from the car, and finds himself or a street-corner, no shabby little girl in sight, and himself unexpectedly the possessor of a mysterious bundle, the contents of which he is ignorant of, equally with the whereabouts of its owner.

For half an hour he goes up one street and down another, peering anxiously under the bonnets of every female he meets, in search of those black eyes; he is jeered at by small boys, who express their disgust at his bran-new overcoat, followed suspiciously by policemen, comes near getting into a fight with an inebriated fellow-creature, and finally goes discontently back to his modest hotel on Fourth avenue, the parcel still in his possession. Once in his room, he turns the little bundle over and over and upside down in search of an address, and finaly bethinks himself of opening it. With the opening of the bundle Simon opens his eyes. His hard fingers have come in contact with something so soft and delicate; and there, disencumbered from their wrappings, stand the cunningest, daintiest, nattiest, little pair of blue satin boots that ever were made. Simon scarcely dare touch them, for fear of soiling their delicate white embroidery, but he puts them on the table, where they incontinently tumble over. Then he rights them, and they poise themselves on their little French heels and dainty toes, their spangles glisten, the silver fringe around the ankles dances and trembles, their tassels wave, and they look at Simon with a self-conceited, impertinent sort of air, as much as to say, "Think what a pair of feet it ought to be that deserves to go in us!" Then Simon falls to wondering what on earth the shabby little girl could be doing with such a pair of boots as that. The problem is too much for him, and, while he is still revolving it in his mind, he lights on a letter from his grandmother. And this is the way the letter runs:

"MY DEAR GRANDSON: You are making your first visit to the great metropolis of your country. I hope you will enjoy the many wonderful and beautiful things it has to show; but remember, I entreat you, what St. Paul said concerning the 'perils of the city.' Remember that where you are there are always snares set for the feet of the unwary. Beware of the seductions that encompass you. Let not the child of Christian parents, who are at rest with the Lord, suffer himself to be led astray. Always your loving grandmother,

PRISCILLA N. HOLT."

Simon looks at the boots, and absolutely blushes. He is thinking what Grandmother Holt would say to such an evidence of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world reposing on his table. At this moment one of the boots, as if resenting the thought, tumbles over, and then Simon sees inside the flap where the button-holes are the following address:

Miss Coralie Dumont,
No. — Worth street.

Presto! grandmother's letter goes flying under the bed, the boots are enveloped again in brown paper, and Simon is in the street. The policemen recognize him on the corner of Centre street, and become quite certain the countryfied-looking young man is "up to something queer," the small boys repeat their attentions, and Simon finds himself knocking at a dilapidated door on the third floor of a tenement-house on Worth street.

What a dismal little voice it is that says "Come in!" Simon sees the black eyes again, streaming with tears this time. But they stop so quickly that he does not even get a chance to see how this new phase becomes them, for Miss Coralie springs forward with a bound, the little French face lights up with ecstacy at the sight of the parcel, and Simon wishes that the business of life was returning blue satin boots to black-eyed owners. "The boots! the boots!" She has got the boots again; and then Miss Coralie proves beyond all peradventure that she does not know how to behave herself, for she seizes Simon's sunburned hand in her own little one and kisses it. And Simon— Wait until we have a whole new vocabulary of words, and I will tell you how Simon felt.

After this it did not take them long to get acquainted, and in less than two hours little Coralie has told Simon her whole history. First, there is Mrs. Muggins. Mrs Muggins lives on the first floor, and she is the good-natured old "lady" (dare to call Mrs. Muggins anything but a "lady" and you will show at once your ignorance of social propriety in Worth street) who has brought Coralie up ever since the broken-hearted mother died in the old tenement-house, and lett her little daughter to the kind-hearted Irishwoman's care. Then there is M. Alphonse He lives in the top story, and is the third violin at Niblo's. In France he was a dancing-master, and now he is teaching Coralie to dance, and she is going to make her debut in the ballet in November. Then there is Papa Brown. He is employee at Jellers'; so is his wife; and they have make the wonderful blue satin boots for Coralie to wear on that occasion, and it is quite certain on other danseuse will be so magnificently shod. But M. Alphonse is at home, and he must be introduced to the kind gentleman who has brought back the last boots. So Coralie trips off, and Simon is left bewildered at the society into which he has fallen, —a ballet dancer and a fiddler belonging to Niblo's Theatre. Now Simon knows very little about a theatre, only that it is one of those snares of Satan denounced by grandma; a sort of wilderness of sin which he has never liked to shock the old lady's prejudices by exploring.

Then M. Alphouse comes in, and Coralie trips off to tell the story of the boots to Mrs. Muggins. The little Frenchman beams enthusiastically upon Simon. "Ze leetle girl is scharm, delight, ze m'sieur ees so goot to fine ze boots." Then M. Alphonse, growing confidential, gives him some particulars of Coralie's simple story. If the simple-hearted Frenchman could have known what Simon's early education had taught him to think of the Terpsichorean art, he would never have given the young man such a pathetic history of his efforts to teach Coralie to dance.

"An' I can do notting with her, m'sieur. S'e can not dance. No, sair, not vun bit. At this point M. Alphonse would tear his hair and look positively wretched. But Coralie came in directly, and then the old man's face lighted up with pleasure, and somehow the reflection got into Simon's face; and when the small dancer in embryo made him a cup of coffee, three people in Worth street were ridiculously happy, and all about nothing.

When Simon went home that night, he felt that his feet had wandered into strange places. And the worst of it was, his feet kept wandering there. The small boys got used to him, and when the policeman found they had no occasion to arrest him, they gradually assumed a friendly look. M. Alphonse began to play the part of chaperon with an anxious air, but Mrs. Muggins winked her eye, and said it was "all right."

So time went on until the night of Coralie's debut. Now Simon had never yet entered the theatre, but when Coralie purred and coaxed, he consented to go. M. Alphonse procured him a little ticket that would admit him at the stage door, and then he was to watch the ballet from the sides of the scenery until little Coralie had finished her part, when he and Mrs. Muggins were to bring her home. Thus it was that Simon found himself at a theatre, and not only that, but behind the scenes.

What Simon felt when he found himself among that wilderness of ropes and wood-work, how he blushed when he observed the curtailed nature of the attire worn by the coryphees, I cannot attempt to describe. But when Coralie executed a pirouette before him, and asked him "if she didn't look nice," his hair stood on end.

The music begins. The premiere danseuse comes upon the scene and receives an enthusiastic welcome. She stands first on one toe an then on the other, and finally on both. Now she flies back and forth and round about, in waves, and curves, and circles, and jumps, and springs, and prances, until Simon feels every bone in his body ache in sympathy for her. At last the great lady has exhausted herself, and retires to the back of the stage to get ber breath. Then the coryphees come forward, each one is to execute a little pas-seul, and Coralie is the second on the list. The first one does her part creditably and falls back. Now comes Coralie. M. Alphonse grows pale in the orchestra, and growls to his mustache, "S'e can not dance, not vun bit."

Nor does she. She bows to the audience, and bows too low. The gauzy skirts descend to the foot-lights, a tiny jet of flame seizes upon them. Simon is the first to see the catastrophe. Quicker than thought he seizes a piece of canvas that once represented the forest of Dunsinane, wraps it around the shrieking girl, rushes through the stage-door into the streets, and runs half a block before he knows what he is about.

Now there can be no more embarrassing situation in life to a bashful young man from the country than to stand in the middle of a crowded city street with a bundle in his arms consisting of a young lady in tarlatan and tights, wrapped in a canvass forest, with two blue satin boots protruding from the trunk of a tree.

But Simon is a man of resources. A passing cab is soon hailed, and our young countryman retires to the depths of the vehicle with his charge, while cabby grins and drives to Worth street. Then Simon makes a discovery that appalls him. The whole world is shrouded in darkness because two black eyes refuse to open.

Very soon Mrs. Muggins arrives, breathless, followed by M. Alphonse. The black eyes are opened by the use of a little salts of amonia, and the *debutante* is soundly scolded and put to bed.

"Vat sall I do?" groans M. Alphonse. "S'e is goot for nosing—goot for nosing."

Now Simon begins to talk. He has evidently got something to say, but he blushes and stammers until M. Alphonse is nearly driven out of his senses. "Vat a fool a man ees who can not speak hees own language!" thinks the poor Frenchman. But Mrs. Muggins comes in, and her female intelligence springs to the root of the matter at once. In fact, she has seen it all along.

Two days later Simon writes a letter to grandma. Oh, wily Simon, what an amount of wickedness New York has taught you in two months! He is going to "bring a wife back with him to Ducktown." Then he tells grandma the name and puts in a sort of collateral suggestion about the good old Hugnenot families of France. Then he proceeds to insinuate to grandma that it is a very childish little woman he will bring back with him, and that she will need a great deal of instruction from the good old grandmother at the old farm.

Now grandma has always dreaded that her reign might come to an end when Simon's wife came to the homestead, and the idea of a simple little girl, in whose veins runs the blood of men and women who suffered and died for the Protestant faith, pleases the old lady, who would have been a gentle-hearted woman if so much of her life had not been an anxious endeavor to discover and thwart the wiles of Satan.

Coralie was now perfectly happy. She did not have to stand on her toes while M. Alphonse scolded. There was nothing to do but to run about Central Park with Simon, while Mrs. Muggins made purchases of dismal-looking drygoods, and had them made up so plainly that, when Mr. and Mrs. Simon Holt finally got into a railroad car bound for Ducktown, the bride might have been mistaken for a Quakeress.

Fully two years after these events, the investigating fingers of an irrepressible baby pulled a blue satin boot from the depths of a bureau drawer at the old farmhouse at Ducktown. Grandma could not believe her eyes, and when she measured the length with a certain pair of shoes belonging to Mrs. Simon, her consternation knew no bounds. Then the whole story came out. But what could be done? Coralie had been a faithful little member of the great Congregational Church for a whole year, and Simon explained to grandma that she had never danced at a theatre, only tried to do so and set herself on fire. She was "a brand plucked from the burning," you see. On this view grandma could be reconciled. But who did the plucking? Simon thought he did it; but Coralie laid her little hand on the great Bible, and said it was "grandma."

But what was to be done with the blue satin boots? Alas they were to be sacrificed. A great fire was built in the kitchen, and the holocaust was prepared. Simon protested, but all in vain. Only, when the gorgeous little boots were laid on the flames, one tassel was missing. It certainly did seem a pity to destroy so much beauty; but Coralie insisted, and Simon lay down on the old kitchen floor and watched the flames arise. When the last spangle had disappeared, he gathers two little shoes into his great hands, and though it was a very undignified proceeding, I must confess that he kissed them.

Now I think the holocaust was the right thing to do; for if blue satin boots are not a gratification of the "sinful lusts of the flesh," what are they? But that one tassel still exists, and it goes to church every Sunday in the breast pocket of Simon's best coat.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A CERTAIN colored deacon, on occasions of missionary collections, was wont to shut his eyes and sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," with such earnestness and unction that he would quite forget to see the plate as it came around. "Oh, yes!" send the plate-pearer, "but just give something to see it fly."

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Into a quart of water put an ounce of flour of sulphur, and shake frequently for several hours; then pour off the clear liquid, and with this saturate the head every morning. In a few weeks every trace of dandruff will disappear and the hair become soft and glossy.

At a territorial hanging, the victim, who was liberally supplied with whisky prior to fulfilling his engagement with the Sheriff, was asked at the last moment if he would take anything. "Just a drop," he replied. He got it; it was about six feet, and broke his neck. He took a drop too much.

A youth called at a printing-office one day, and after watching them set type a while, said to one of the typos, "You use a heap of nails."

News Column.

Albany has $1,300 in its treasury.

Russia boasts of a circular yacht.

Victoria Emanuel fears European war.

The census of Victoria is to be taken.

Santa Fe, N. M., has a population of 5,000.

Rich Rothchild spent a week at Denver.

They have a new brick hotel at Baker City.

The rain fall at Eola for 1875 was 41.19 inches.

The Apache Indians have resumed depredations.

Walla Walla policemen get only $22 50 a month.

The gambling houses have reopened at San Francieso

Gov. Rice was inaugurated at Boston on the 6th.

Victoria has licensed 60 retail liquor dealers.

There are now 207 inmates at the insane asylum.

The wharf to deep water Olympia is at last finished.

Indianapolis will probably have a branch U. S. mint.

California Bank stock sold last week for $9.50 a share.

Prof McGibney and family are going to the Centennial.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is reported dangerously ill.

The rainfall in this State for December was 13.91 inches.

The carnival on the 6th at Atlanta, Ga., was a grand success.

They have found good coal at Horse-shoe Bend, Idaho.

The Brazilian cable is broken between Lisbon and Madeira.

If it were not for the women Utah might be admitted as a State.

East Portland is getting unpleasantly famons for its fisticuffs.

The defaulting Buffalo City Treasurer, Jas Bork, has returned.

They had 109 days of rain and 11 of snow in Polk county, in 1875.

You could buy wheat at 55 cents a bushel at Walla Walla last week.

Walla Walla sheep look better now than in any year since 1864.

Capt. Sawyer of the Orpheus has been placed under $10,000 bonds.

San Francisco bankers will open their clearing house on March 1st.

People in Salt Lake are heavy investers in the Nevada bonanza mines.

Chas. Suthers, a Lancashire cotton spinner, has failed for $5,000,000.

The time table of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. has been changed.

The steamer Sacramento is a wreck on the Lower California coast.

China has decreed that no Chinese convert shall be persecuted in its realm.

They use goats to clean out their brush at Farmington, Washington County.

The American horse Preakness will give the English "fliers" a "rub" next May.

About 35 dwelling houses have been built at Seattle during the present winter.

Young men around New Westminister are having their frozen toes amputated.

The Con. Va. mining company declares a regular monthly dividend of $10 a share.

Senator Morton has jumped the fence and announces himself a hard money man.

There are 690,000 sheep in Colorado, and there will be a million in another year.

The *Oregonian* calls on Mr. Underwood, postal agent, to hurry up the overland mails.

Japan has placed a Japanese Christian convert at the head of her Bureau of Education.

Since last July 150 patents have been admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital at Portland.

Chief Justice Paton, of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, died at Santa Fe recently.

$32,000 was shipped from Victoria to San Francisco by the City of Panama on the 3d.

Joseph Arch, the son of the English labor reformer, has been sent to prison for stealing.

One hundred Indian boys and girls attend Sunday School at the Snohomish reservation.

An Astorian shoemaker named Russell died of convulsions in Dr. Kellogg's office at Portland.

An Eastern man has taken an endowment suit from Salt Lake for exhibition at the Centennial.

Cornell and Hamilton Collegs took the prizes at the intercollegiate contest in New York last week.

Mr. Cabell shipped 500 pounds of gold and silver mixed from his mine near Canyon City last week.

During the month of December 2,088,329 pounds of bullion and 2,472,458 pounds of silver ore were shipped over the Utah Southern Railroad.

The dam at Bingham's saw mill, on Panther creek, with 300,000 feet of logs, was swept away last week.

A pole 140 feet long and 10 inches in diameter at the butt will be sent from Victoria to the Centennial.

Wm Murray and Frank Myers were hanged at Pittsburg on the 6th inst., for the murder of Gebhardt.

Father Brabant of Victoria has sufficiently recovered to be able to celebrate Mass on Christmas day.

The passenger and freight depot of the S. P. R. R. at Hollister, Cal., was burned to the ground last week.

Mayor Gatzert, of Seattle, declines to accept the position of regent of the Washington Territory University.

Sunday cursing costs two dollars an oath in Maine while week day "expletives" are taxed but one dollar each.

Dong Gong says the Chinamen in Portland are just as good looking as those in China and just as fit to be converted.

U. S. Paymaster Spaulding, for alleged complicity in the Pinney frauds, has been arrested in San Francisco.

Snohomish county is to have a road from Snohomish City to the head of Lake Washington, a distance of twelve miles.

Latest advices from Paris say that Marshal Canrobert persists in his refusal to accept the Senatorial candidtaure.

H. F. Jelley, the surviving passenger from the wreck of the Pacific, reached his home at Port Stanley, Ontario, on the 3d ult.

A lover of his country stole a British flag from a lofty staff at Victoria last week. He should be flagellated and then flagrated.

Last week Mckelumne Hill, Cal., was visitded by a severe wind storm which unroofed houses, blew down fences, and did much damage.

The Roseburg *Call* says it will cost *only* three million dollars to build a narrow gauge railroad from there to the coast, a distance of 50 miles.

The schooner Anne Lyle, built at Port Ludlow last year, went ashore in a gale at San Francisco about a week ago, and is reported a total loss.

Mr. Tom Hughes, M. P., author of Tom Brown at Oxford, writes that he will be unable to act as umpire in the international match of British and American oarsmen.

A theatrical firm in New York advertises for three hundred supernumeraries, none of whom must be under six feet high. They are wanted for a spectacular version of "Julius Cæsar."

At an early hour, on New Year's morning, while returning on board the North Pacific at Olympia, Mr. Wm. Patterson, bartender on the steamer named, fell into the bay and was drowned.

Alas! for the old proverbs in these modern days. Three bank burglars in Bucharest thought to divide their spoils with the needy poor, but the unfortnnate fellow who carried their contribution to the charity committee now languishes in jail.

The official figures of the New York census make the total population of the State 4,704,804, an increase of 322,081 since 1870 and 863,-113 since 1865. The number of voters in the State is 1,138,323, of whom 743,078 are natives, and 395,-245 naturalized.

Theatrical manager, Tom Maguire of San Francisco, has been summonsed before the District Court to answer the complaint of a colored citizen, who was refused admission to the dress circle of the new Bush st. theatre. Recent decisions in Ohio sustain Maguire.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. and the Delaware & Bound Brook Railroad Co. are having a serious disagreement as to the latter's right to lay a frog at Hopewell, N. J., to secure a crossing. Excitement was intense on the 6th, and 5,000 men were on the ground.

The total valuation of real estate and personal property in Colorado Territory for the current year is returned at $44,690,933, the former being represented by the figures $27,-234,310. The Territorial tax is $67,-360 26; tax for benefit of deaf mutes, $8,938 11, or one-fifth of one mill on the dollar.

Jos. Thompson, who was shot by H. Clawson at the toll-gate on the Idaho road, on the 24th ult., died of his wounds on the same night. The quarrel originated over some money that Clawson was owing to Thompson's wife. Clawson gave himself up to the authorities, claming that the shooting was in self-defense.

Georgia is gradually filling up with cotton factories, which continue to arise on every hand. The Memphis *Avalanche* in noticing the latest enterprise of this kind predicts that the time is not far distant when a very large proportion of the cotton grown in the South will be manufactured at home, not only for domestic supply, but for export.

A noteworthy event is the arrival of 14 vessels from Washington Territory ports in San Francisco, on the 20th ult., with 3,726 tons of coal, 3,338,000 feet of lumber, 730,000 laths, 1,300 feet of piles, 6,500 cedar posts, 630 bundles shooks, and 10,500 baskets of oysters. No other country in the world, of our sister Territory's population, can make a better showing.

Eminent Speakers of the Past.

With the exception of James K. Polk, who was speaker of the XXVIth and XXVIIth Congress—1835-39—no man who has ever been speaker has been elected President. But some of our most eminent statesman have occupied the speaker's chair. The first speaker of the House was Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, a famous man in his time and of a famous family. Jonathan Trumbull was second speaker, a patriot of lasting renown, a devoted personal and political friend of Gen. Washington himself. Soon afterwards came Jonathan Dayton. Then Theo. Sedgwick, of Massachusetts. Then there was Nathaniel Macan, "the father of the House," three times speaker in succession, in one or the other Houses of Congress, nearly forty successive years, for whom counties and towns all over the country are named, bnt whose personal and political history is little known to the present generation. Macon was succeeded by Joseph B. Varnum, a General of the Revolution, and an eminent and practical statesman in Masschusetts of later years. He was followed by the gallant "Harry of the West," the eloquent and immortal Henry Clay, most magnetic of orators, most popular of party leaders. To this position Mr. Clay was elected no less than six times, but not in succession. He was almost a perfect presiding officer. The next man of national reputation which has endured till these times to occupy the chair, was John Bell, of Tennessee, afterward Secretary of War under President Harrison, and candidate for President in 1860. Soon afterward Polk, then R. M. T. Hunter, Robert C. Winthrop was speaker of the XXXth Congress—a splendid officer and magnificent man. He was succeeded by Copp, and he by Lynn Boyd, of Kentucky. Then came Banks. Since his time the history of the Speakership is familiar to the intelligent public.

Don't, Girls.

Don't think that yards of ribbons, ruffles and lace will add one particle to your virtue. Don't make a walking milliner's shop or a jeweler's store of yourselves, covering all that is of true merit within you with that which will only attract the shallow-brained. Don't think sensible people can be deceived by vain show, they look for beauty of heart and mind. Don't flatter yourselves it is smart to effect ignorance of manual labor, or to be ignorant of it. Don't give the subject of matrimony a thought while you are in your teens, except to qualify yourself for the responsible position which it places you in; you need all of that time of your life to fit yourselves for it. You need to study books, the laws of life and health; to be well experienced in the culinary art, as perhaps the happiness and health of hundreds are depending on your knowledge of this. Don't give your time and talents to the world, or to seeking things of time and sense that perish with their using. God has created you for a nobler purpose, and made you accountable for what He has given you. Don't sell your birth-right for a mess of pottage.

NOT OVERESTIMATED.—A Hebrew merchant from a Western city went into one of our large wholesale honses the other day and said he wished to buy about $1,500 worth of goods. He was willing to pay $1,200 cash and give his note for ninety days for the rest of the bill. The firm looked up the house which the customer represented; and came to the conclusion that his note wouldn't be of much value. They concluded, however, to sell him the goods he desired, making a sufficient advance in the usual price to cover the amount of the note. The sale was made, and the bill amounted to $1,450. The purchaser paid the $1,200 and drew his note for the remainder. "Now, mine vriends," said he, "I vants you to gif me von present. I alvays has a present after so big a bill." "Well," replied the merchant, "we can't give you much of a present, but you can pick out a necktie for yourself, if you wish." "No, no. I vants no neckties. I vants a silk dress for mine vife." "O, we can't do that," said the merchant, "but I'll tell you what we will do. We will give you your note." "My note! No, by my gracious; I takes ze necktie!"

The young Baron Rothschild has been quietly roaming around the Territories and through the Pacific States, visiting nearly every place of note. It is reported that he has made arrangement for the investment of twenty millions of dollars in the mines and other resources of Utah, Nevada, and California. But this sum is too small. He should put up two hundred millions at least.

The Parisian police have a cheap, ingenious safety lamp, consisting of a small glass vial one-third full of olive oil. A small piece of phosphorous is dropped in and the vial corked. In use the stopper is released for a moment so as to permit the entrance of air to the phosphorous. The vacant inner space is thereupon lit up, diffusing a clear, and of course, perfectly harmless light. When the light fades it may be revived by a fresh uncorking. A lamp so prepared will hold good for six months without renewal.

Sir John Glover, who led the native levies in the recent Ashante war, is dangerously ill in Queen's county from the effect of a serious injury to the neck, which he sustained in a railway collision at Castlebar.

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