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THE ENTERPRISE.

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OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.,

Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO.

2, 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.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

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MILLER, MARSHALL & CO., PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the Oregon City Mills, And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed, must furnish sacks. nov12tf

AN HOUR TOO LATE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I have loved you, oh, how madly!
I have wooed you softly, sadly,
As the changeful years went by;
Yet you kept your haughty distance,
Yet you scorned my brave persistence,
While the long, long years went by.

Now that colder lovers leave you,
Now that Fate and Time bereave you
(For the cruel years will fly),
In your beauty's pale declension
You would grace with condescension
The love that touched you never
When your bloom and hopes were high.

Ah! but what if I discover
That too long in antique fashion
I have nursed a fruitless passion,
Whose rage and reign (thank Heaven!)
Are passed at length and over—
That Fate hath locked forever Love's
golden Eden gate?
There's a wrong beyond redressing,
There's a prize not worth possessing,
And a lady's condescension
May come an hour "too late!"

CONDEMNED TO THE NEVA.

A Sketch of Russian Justice.

It was the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, and I had accepted an invitation from the officers of the U. S. revenue steamer Searcher to dine with them and spend the evening. The Captain was also an invited guest, from whose lips I heard the details of the following thrilling adventure. It was after dinner, the table was ornamented with decanters, cigars abounded, and all hands assumed positions of ease, as Captain Ratler, with a preliminary survey of his audience, began as follows:

You have often wondered, Stationbill (the First Lieutenant), why I despise port-wine, especially the negus you brew occasionally. Well, I'll tell you. Twenty-five years ago I found myself in St. Petersburg. I had been granted an extended leave of absence by the Department, while an indulgent father provided the necessary funds to support the style and dignity I considered incumbent upon a Third Luff in the Revenue Marine.

One evening in December I dropped into the magnificent gaming establishment known as Dromleski's salon. It was the resort of Princes, noblemen, diplomats, and, in fact, the elite of the city congregated there.

At the door I was accosted by an old fellow bent with age, and wrapped in rags which fluttered painfully in the icy wind. He asked for a few coppers, and I tossed him a rouble, which act compelled me to unbutton my coat, and expose partially the uniform I wore.

I caught a glimpse of the mendicant's eye fastened upon me. It was sharp and piercing as the point of a cutlass. The next instant I was mingling with the gay throng who crowded the spacious apartments.

A suppressed hum of voices, mingled with an incessant metallic clink, was heard on all sides. The favorite game was ronge-et-noir, and I blush to acknowledge it, gentlemen, but I proceeded to tempt the smiles of the fickle jade. It was my maiden attempt. Success crowned my most reckless efforts, leaving me a winner of over $7,000.

I had attracted considerable attention, and one gentleman in particular I had noticed watching me. He was attired in the gorgeous uniform of an Imperial Hussar; and his pale, aristocratic features, dark eyes, small pointed mustache, and gleaming white teeth were in perfect accord with the hussar bearskin with its pendant top.

"You are a favorite of fortune," he remarked, in excellent French, saluting me gracefully at the same time. "Allow me;" and handing me his card, I read: "Alexis Deghestan, Lieutenant Fourth Hussars."

We took a turn to the banquet-room, where the gay soldier related a hundred amusing anecdotes, characteristic of high life in the metropolis. Titled dignitaries and officers of high rank in the army were freely spoken of in such terms of easy intimacy, that led me to suppose he enjoyed more than ordinary favor. In fact, he hinted that the Grand Duke was his patron, and offered to introduce me.

Together we sallied forth into the cold, clear air, the Lieutenant insisting upon accompanying me to my hotel. I freely confessed to being an utter stranger in the city, with no acquaintances; but Deghestan assured me time should not lay heavily on my hands.

"By-the-way, the Prince Simenovskoi entertains to-morrow evening. 'Tis a bal-masque. I have cards, so be ready in full uniform. I will call for you. Here is your hotel; and now adieu."

Gentlemen, you must admit that I was favored in securing such a friend, and at the appointed hour I was ready, attired in the full-dress uniform of my rank. I heard the clank of the Lieutenant's sabre on the staircase, and the next instant he appeared in a magnificent uniform, with two jeweled orders on his breast.

"All ready, Lieutenant? Good; but I would not advise you to take much money with you, especially after having gained the reputation of being a heavy winner at Dromleski's."

"My money is all banked," I replied.

"Good again. But seriously, Lieutenant,"—and the hussar's eyes looked into mine with an earnest expression—"St. Petersburg is very much excited just at present over the mysterious workings of a gang to whom are attributed a number of murders which have put the entire detective force to their mettle. In every instance the victim has been a man of wealth. The Czar himself is agitated on the subject, I understand. I merely tell you this, my dear Lieutenant, to place you on your guard; and should I at any time be absent from your side, avoid all strangers."

Adjusting our masks, we entered the drosky Daghestan had in waiting, which soon set us down before the palace of the Princess, which was in a blaze of light. The grand staircase was crowded. In the confusion, the Lieutenant dropped his cards of invitation as the majordomo demanded them; the pressure became greater, and we were swept on, despite the hussar's struggling to the contrary.

Such magnificence and exhibtions of wealth I had never witnessed before. I scarcely missed Daghestan, who had been summoned from my side, and in a maze of delight I wandered into the spacious gardens attached to the palace. The rare shrubs and exotics filled the air with perfume, the gleam of Chinese lamps cast a subdued light over all, while the distant strains of the military band floated dreamily to my ear.

I paused in the shadow of a miniature fountain; at the same time a lady closely wrapped in a silk cloak, which concealed her face and person, passed rapidly by me. A sharp low cry of pain burst from her lips. She staggered as if about to fall. I sprang forward, caught the lady in my arms; at the same time the cloak fell back, revaling a face beautiful as an angel's, and a neck and shoulders that might have tempted an anchorite.

The lady recovered, blushed and gently disengaged herself from my encircling arm, which I had been in no hurry to withdraw. She begged me in French to call her brother, then countermanded the order saying it would be really impoossible for me to discover an utter stranger in so vast an assembly. But she felt so ill, it was impossible for her to remain. I begged to be allowed the honor to offer my escort, stated that I was an American and an officer, and, after some little hesitation, the fair one accepted the proposition. Her hair, which had escaped from its fastenings, fell in wavy masses over her bare shoulders, streaming in wild disorder amid the shimmering folds of her dress. It was truly wonderful.

I assisted to arrange the warm folds of her wraps, obtained the number of her drosky, and had the pleasure of seating myself by her side. But in my hurry and excitement I had neglected to obtain my own greatcoat.

My epaulets and gold lace gleamed painfully in the starlight; the fair lady murmured apologies in my ear, which I endeavored in vain to answer, but my teeth were clicking together like a pair of castanets. Fortunately the lady accorded me a generous portion of her thick cloak, or I should have perished.

The ride was not over lengthy. I caught a glimpse of a dark, gloomy building, looming up before me,—before which the drosky stopped. The lady threw aside the robes. I assisted her to alight; and, hurrying forward, the door was opened by a lackey in livery, who ushered us into a room elegantly furnished, and heated by a glowing coal-fire.

With her own hands the lady brewed a portwine negus, notwithstanding my remonstrances, which she insisted upon my drinking.

My eyes looked unutterable things as I raised the glass to my lips; she smiled in return, and down went a portion of the beverage. But it had such a singular flavor, that to save me I could not finish the contents of the glass.

Almost instantly I felt a nausea at my stomach—so much so that I attempted to leave the room. I struggled to utter an apology, but the words rolled forth thick and indistinct. An unconquerable drowsiness overpowered me. I leaned my head back; visions and fantasies tormented me. The lady's figure faded from my misty eyes, the room appeared to revolve before me, and the next instant I relapsed into insensibility.

The sun was streaming through the windows when I unclosed my eyes. Strange, wild, and nameless horrors distracted me. Where was I? My limbs felt cramped and confined. Drowsiness oppressed me still; again I slumbered—awoke, with lips parched and brain on fire. The misery and pain I endured at that time will never fade from my recollection.

A cold tremor ran through my heart as I thought of the warning Alexis had given me,—the mysterious gang and the strange murders they had committed. Could it be possible I was in *their* power? I attempted to wipe the moisture from my brow, but manacles prevented me. Then it was, gentlemen, I began to relize, and vividly, too, that I had been duped—lured to my ruin.

Almost before I was aware of it two men, masked and well-armed, stood beside my bed. I was still mentally confused, but I feigned sleep, breathing heavily, as if in a deep stupor, for the purpose of throwing them off their guard and gleaning some idea as to the nature of their plans and designs.

"Is he sleeping yet?" muttered one. "Elkarine must have given him a fearful dose. The young cub will be missed,—the police will be incited to fresh efforts,—and the city is getting too hot to hold us now."

"He will come to by sunset, and when once he signs, understand, I will take care that he is not found upon the premises."

Together they left the room, and the imminent danger I was in effectually aroused my dormant energies.

Escape was now my first and all-absorbing consideration. The room was destitute of furniture, save the rude bed I occupied, one chair, and a table. A single window admitted light, but it was heavily barred by iron. I tried to wrench the manacles from my wrists, but the scoundrels had secured me beyond the possibility of escape. In despair I listened to the strokes of a neighboring clock, as hour after hour glided swiftly by.

The gloom of night enveloped the room, and the gleam of a candle apprised me that the masked stranger was about to visit me a second time. In silence he approached the bed.

"You are awake at last, I perceive?"

"I am: what is the meaning of all this?"

"You will ascertain full soon enough, I fancy. But to begin with, sign this!" and he placed writing materials on the table.

I pointed to my irons, which he immediately removed, taking the precaution, however, to cover me with the muzzle of a pistol.

I glanced at the paper I was to sign. It was a check on my banker for every dollar I possessed in the world. But I was powerless to refuse and I obeyed the mandate.

The fellow took the check—glanced at it keenly: "Is this the usual way in which you draw upon your banker?"

"It is."

"And is this the precise form in which you sign your name?"

I answered in the affimative, when the stranger deliberately removed his mask, revealing to my astonished gaze the well known features of Alexis Daghestan.

"There is no occasion for further concealment between us. You have been cleverly duped, as many a better man has been before you. I shall draw this check to-morrow. If I fail you will make the acquaintance of this;" and he tapped his pistol significantly.

"And if you succeed?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Then, dead men tell no tales," was the harsh and startling response, as he turned to replace the irons on my wrist.

But, quick as lightning, a dark figure bounded from an obscure corner of the room. Daghestan fell helplessly across the bed from a blow dealt him by my unexpected ally, who secured the rascal, even to gagging, before I fully realized what was going on. But, judge of my astonishment, gentlemen, when I recognized my friend the mendicant who had accosted me at Dromieski's. His bent form, fluttering rags and trembling voice were but a portion of his disguise. In fact, he was a detective, and a very clever one, too. Knowing that I was an American, and a stranger, he determined to watch me, thinking I might tempt the cupidity of the mysterious gang. When he heard of my exploit at the gaming table he redoubled his attention. He listened to the conversation which passed between the supposed Lieutenant and myself, attended the fete, and finally clung, unperceived, to the rear of the drosky which conveyed the fair one and myself to the den of the gang.

All this he related to me in a rapid whisper, and, as I owe my life to his remarkable nerve and valor, I will propose his health. The brandy stands with you, Stationbill. You begin to perceive now why I dislike port-wine negus, eh?

(The detective's health was duly honored, the Captain glanced at the clock, and continued):

My friend of the police force had effected his entrance into the headquarters of the rascals by means of a basement window,—had groped his way through dark cellars and rooms—watched the movements of the inmates until he had succeeded in ascertaining the location of the room where I had been confined. Watching his opportunity, the brave fellow had turned the tables, but we were not yet free. Two well-armed desperadoes stood between us and liberty.

I appropriated Daghestan's pistol, the detective had one of his own, and without further delay we left the room.

We passed into a dark hall, which my companion rapidly threaded. A short staircase was descended, which opened into a large room, partially lit by the shining light of the stars pouring through the frost-covered windows. A door at one end of the apartment was ajar, through which poured a strong ray of light. The murmur of voices reached my ears; the detective stole cautiously forward, pressed my hand with a significant pressure, at the same time drawing his pistol, an example I followed at once.

Glancing over the broad shoulders of my companion, I was enabled to witness all that was transpiring within the apartment. It was the self-same room where I had swallowed the drugged wine.

The fair decoy occupied a chair some distance apart from two brawny rascals who were sitting before the coal-fire. To gain the street-door, it was necessary to traverse the room, but it would have been madness to have attempted it in the face of these desperadoes, who fought with halters around their necks.

The detective touched me on the arm— the door swung noiselessly back, enabling us to take deliberate aim at the unconcious scoundrels.

The woman suddenly glanced toward us, her eyes dilated with terror, but before the scream could burst from her lips, it was drowned in the report of the two pistols. The room was filled with smoke, but the detective had taken his bearings correctly.

While I bounded forward to guard the two rascals writhing in mortal agony on the floor, he grasped the woman firmly in his arms, and, despite her efforts to the contrary, she was bound hand and foot.

Well, gentlemen, what followed is soon told. That night, as I was on the point of retiring, the detective called upon me at my apartments. He bade me wrap up warm, and prepare to accompany him without delay. He was extremely reticent as to what was required of me; but I felt too grateful to press a subject which I saw annoyed the brave fellow.

Hastening down stairs, we jumped into a drosky, which started off with the speed of a whirlwind. Drawing up in the shadow of a huge building, we alighted. The detective, taking me by the hand, led the way through a narrow passageway, ascended a steep spiral flight of stairs, knocked in a peculiar manner at a door, whispering in my ear to walk forward. I obeyed, the door closed behind me, and I found myself face to face with a tall, commanding personage dressed in a semi-military uniform of green cloth, devoid, however, of all insignia of rank save a jeweled order which sparkled on his left breast.

He greeted me with a pleasant smile, extended his hand, shaking mine cordially, inquired my name, rank and nationality, and concluded as follows:

"Through you I have been enabled to break up a desperate gang of murderers who for some time have bade defiance to all law and authority. Accept this souvenir as a reminder of your adventure; and now you will accompany the officer in waiting, who will consummate the last act of this piece of villainy by a stroke of Russian justice."

I bowed low, retreated from the presence, and rejoined my friend, the detective, who, in deep silence, conducted me from the building. Upon reaching the drosky I found it surrounded by a mounted squad of police. On one of the seats, clad in a thin shirt and loose pair of pants, cowered a figure which I immediately recognized as Alexis Daghestan.

I could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment as I seated myself by his side; but a significant gesture from the detective, as he leaped into the vehicle, froze the exclamation on my lips. It was a bitter cold night, the mercury ranging far below zero, the stars shining like so many brilliants in the vault overhead. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the bells from the Kazan Cathedral were tolling the hour of midnight as the entire party debouched upon the smooth, frozen surface of the River Neva.

Once I had attempted to wrap the half-frozen prisoner in a spare bearskin robe, but the detective prevented me: and his features, naturally stern in their expression, assumed a harder cast in the dim starlight as the order was given to halt.

We were midway in the river, where the tide under our feet was sweeping forward at a headlong rate. With business-like precision the guard began at once to cut a large hole in the ice, until the black, rolling waters were revealed. The prisoner, who had relapsed into a state of semi-insensibility, was now brought forward and placed on the horrid brink. Then I realized the terrible nature of the criminal's punishment. I turned away, sick and faint with horror; at the same time a splash broke distinctly on the still air. When I again turned toward the group the white figure had disappeared.

The lady who had used her fatal beauty so successfully as a decoy I was fated to meet once more. It was while driving to the railway station, for I was anxious, more than anxious, to leave forever a country the recollections of which even now at times cause me to start with a cry of horror from my sleep.

A long train of wretched, woebegone-looking creatures for a few moments delayed my progress. A guard of Cossacks accompanied the party, whom I immediately recognized as exiles banished to the wilds of Siberia.

Despite the rude, shapeless garb which now formed her attire, it could not conceal the matchless form of her who had so nearly lured me to my death. Her wealth of golden hair had disappeared 'neath the rude hands of the prison officials; but, despite the changes she had undergone, I felt my heart beat wildly as our eyes met.

It was only for a moment, but the woman stood motionless as a statue, the stern word of command falling unheeded on her delicate ear.

The sharp ring of a leathern thong whistled through the air, dealt by the brawny arm of a brutal Cossack; the lash cut deep into the unfortunate woman's flesh, who screamed and leaped convulsively forward, as she was so terribly reminded of the doom which had overtaken her.

Gentlemen, do you wonder now at my aversion to port-wine negus? Here is the souvenir which I received on that memorable night (placing a superb watch and chain on the table), and while you gentlemen are examining the relic, I will join you, Stationbill, in a good-night glass.

In South Carolina, during the past month, thirty-three illicit distilleries have been broken up, twenty-eight copper stills, caps and worms, and 48,000 gallons of mash and beer have been captured. Forty-four of the illicit distillers have been arrested and bound over for trial.

Heiser & Co., bankers of New York, deny in toto the statement attributed to Fred Mitchell, of Kansas City, to the effect that they stated President Grant had received a gold draft for $20,000 from the Emma mine ring, for inducing Schenck to become director, and that the draft was negotiated through their house.

Mr. J. E. Higgins, a shipbuilder of considerable experience, is at Olympia looking after a site for a ship yard and dry dock. He represents Gross & Sawyer, well known shipbuilders of Bath, Maine.

News Column.

Coos county jail is tenantless.

Coquille city has a literary society.

Empire city has a large sick list.

Destructive floods are reported in Canada West.

The impulsive Bonapartists of Ajaccio are shouting "vive L' Empereur!"

The Alsea Indians are to be removed to the Siletz reservation.

M. Faure gets $60,000 for two months' singing on the continent.

The Royal Academy elected Gladstone professor of ancient history.

Indians ran off 30 head of horses, near Custar City on the 4th inst.

The Cubans have sold their filibustering steamer Octavia.

Chicago had a $25,000 fire on the 8th.

Turks are murdering Christians in Bosnia.

The O. & C. R. R. Co. paid $3,700 taxes in Lane county, for 1875.

Linn county grangers complain of chicken thieves.

Rich mines are reported in the Big Horn and Owl Creek mountains.

Work is to be commenced on the Esquimalt dry dock without delay.

Poor Lo only goes to jail one day for getting drunk at Victoria.

A new bank is to be started at Albany.

The shipping of freight to Umatilla and Wallula is becoming quite lively.

The President has nominated Abner Waters, of Salem, U. S. marshal for the district of Oregon.

Thos. McF. Patton has been nominated, by the President, appraiser of merchandise at Portland.

Summer Lake, in southeastern Oregon, claims to have the best climate of any valley east of the mountains.

The State Grand Lodge of Good Templars meets at Salem about the middle of June.

Hon. P. L. Willis of Salem has quit law and gone to stock raising, up in Wasco.

The jury in the case of the People vs. Wm. M. Tweed have found a verdict for the plaintiff for $6,537,117.

Belknap was formally arrested on the 8th, and placed under $25,000 bonds.

A gambler, known as Irish Hank, shot himself through the head in San Jose last week.

Samuel Hannah has been confirmed Collector of Customs for District of Willamette.

The army staff officers at Portland object to the Fort Canby telegraph, on grounds of economy (?).

The President has nominated R. H. Dana, of Massachusetts, Minister to England, vice R. C. Schenck resigned.

Rich mines are reported on Deadwood and Whitewood creeks, 65 miles north of Custar.

Wyoming has instructed her delegates to the Republican National Convention to vote for Bristow for President.

The grand jury of Multnomah co. visited the insane asylum on the 8th inst. and report it as being in an excellent condition.

The Republicans of the French Chamber of Deputies will command 350 votes against 80 or 90 Bonapartists.

The Irishmen of Portland are to celebrate the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint in grand style. R. C. White is orator of the day.

The Democratic county convention of Lake county will be held at Linkville on the 8th of April next, to nominate county officers.

A subordinate Senate of the United Order of Reformers has been organized at Antioch, Jackson county, with twenty-five members.

Chinamen are being killed by the wholesale by snow plows on the Central Pacific R. R. Why can't we send a load there.

Mr. John Durham of Salem was accidentally killed last week, being struck on the head by the butt of a tree which he was falling.

John Orth, of Jacksonville, will soon ship to San Francisco 1,000 pounds of deer skins, which makes 3,000 pounds he has forwarded since November last.

A San Francisco dispatch says the ship Isaac Jeans, loaded with lumber from Puget Sound, went ashore outside the South Heads on the 9th. No lives lost; ship a total wreck.

Edgar Moore shot Mabel Hall, a ballet girl of the St. Louis theatre comique, on the 9th, he then put a bullet into his own heart, and is probably no Moore by this time.

The Republican State Convention of Missouri will be held at Jefferson City, May 24th, to select delegates and alternates to the National Convention.

Of the one hundred and seventeen women now studying at the University of Michigan, four have chosen law, forty-seven medicine and fifty-six literature and science.

Forty-five persons have been indicted in Maryland, by the grand jury of the U. S. district court, for violation of the enforcement act of Congress in intimidating and hindering persons from voting at the last State election.

Lucrezia Borgia's Youth.

Lucrezia was born April 18, 1480. Her childhood was doubtless spent in her mother's house, which stood on the Piazza Pizzo di Merlo, a few steps from the cardinal's palace. The quarter in which she lived was one of the liveliest in Rome. It was on the way to the Bridge of San Angelo and the Vatican, and was the residence of numerous merchants and bankers from Florence, Genoa, and Siena, besides many papal officers and distinguished courtesans.

Here Lucrezia continued to live until, at some unknown time, she left her mother's house to pass under the protection of a woman who exercised great influence over the cardinal and the whole Borgia family. This was Adriana Mila, daughter of Don Pedro, a nephew of Calixtus III., and the cardinal's own cousin. At this time she was the widow of Ludovico Orsini, and on terms of the greatest intimacy with the cardinal. It is impossible to learn anything about Lucrezia's early life and education in Adriana Mila's house. She may have spent some time in a convent for the purpose of receiving her religious education, which alone was given by these establishments. Lucrezia's education was not such as to raise her above her sex in any considerable degree, although, according to the notions of the day, it was complete. She was instructed in the languages, music, painting and drawing, and her skill in embroidery was much admired afterward in Ferara.

The French biographer of Bayard said of her in 1512: "She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, and French; Latin a little, but very well; and wrote and composed verses in all these languages."

When Lucrezia was old enough to comprehend the domestic relations in which she was living, they must have produced a strange impression on her mind. Her mother's husband was not her father; she and her brothers, as she must early have learned, were children of a cardinal, which scandalous relation was disguised by treating them as nephews and nieces. She soon learned how common such relations were; that most of the cardinals were absorbed in richly providing for their children. She saw the sons of Pope Innocent VIII. attain high honors, one of them, Franceschetto Cibo, marrying the daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Gregorovius remarks that Lucrezia was probably more struck by what there was brilliant and desirable in this relation than by its immorality. Whatever might have been her feelings, they must have been dulled by the immoral tone of her surroundings. When she was nine years old her father fell in love with the celebrated Julia Farnese, the wife of Adriana Mila's son. It is characteristic of the times and persons, that after Adriana had discovered her daughter-in-law's dishonor, she should have made herself a sharer in it by encouraging it, and thus strengthening her already powerful influence over the cardinal.—Prof. T. F. CRANE, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

HOW SHE WOULD DO IT.—A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian.

"Yes, brudder; I 'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder!"

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which says that nothing unclean shall enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

Well, Chloe! you smoke, and you can not enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I 'spect to leave my breff behind when I go dar?"

A SCIENTIST IN A RHAPSODY.—It is said that Prof. Tyndall proposed to the daughter of Lord Hamilton in a letter beginning: "Saccharine conglomeration of protoplasm. Adorable combination of matter and force! Rarest product of infinite evolution!" and continuing in the same strain. The closing appeal is as follows: "Deign, O admirable creature, to respect that attraction which draws me toward thee with a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distance. Grant that we shall be made double suns describing concentric orbits, which shall touch each other at all points of their peripheries."

CROUP.—Says some one: Croup may be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the act is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

It is proper during leap-year for young ladies to loaf around church doors and steps, and spit all around and talk about how pretty the blushing young men look as they modestly go in.

"Dancing is no sin," says an Ohio clergyman. "It's the fights among the boys on the way home which cast an evil shadow over what would otherwise be everywhere known as an innocent amusement." Seat your partners.

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500 inhabitants of the Westmanna islands, a group south of Iceland, are probably dying of starvation. The fisheries failed last year, and the heavy seas in winter make it nearly impossible to reach them with supplies.

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