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A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. I. 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.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. tf

H. W. ROSS, M. D. WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D.
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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
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Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875, tf

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
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W. H. HIGHFIELD.
Established since '49.
One door north of Pope's Hall.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.
Cash paid for County Orders

J. H. SHEPARD,
Boot and Shoe Store,
One door north of Ackerman Bros.
Boots and shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
Nov. 1, 1875 tf

CHAS. KNIGHT,
CANBY, OREGON,
PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST
Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. ja7 tf.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the stockholders of the Oregon City Manufacturing Company will hold their Annual Meeting for the election of Directors at their office in Oregon City on Saturday July 8th 1876. R. JACOB, Prst.
June 7th, wl M. A. STRATTON, Sec.

Unsatisfied.

"Only a housemaid!" She looked from the kitchen—
Neat was the kitchen and tidy was she;
There at her window a seamstress sat stitching;
"Were I a seamstress how happy I'd be!"

"Only a Queen!" She looked over the waters—
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was she;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for her daughters;
"Were I an Empress how happy I'd be!"

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in!
Eve in her daughters is ever the same—
Give her an Eden she sighs for a pippin!
Give her an empire she pines for a name!

Good Night.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
So bright! so bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark—
Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
Shut tight—shut tight.
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good night! good night!

A Useful Invention.

A pale-faced, anxious-looking man, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, who looked as though he supped with sorrow every week, lives out on North Hill with his wife and seven lovely, blooming daughters. He has, with all these seven daughters, only one front gate, and that is what makes him pale. Last summer he spent $217 repairing that front gate, putting in new ones, and experimenting with various kinds of hinges; and after all that the gate swung all through the winter on a leather strap and a piece of clothes-line, and there was peace in the household, and the man grew fat. But, when the April days were nigh, it soon became apparent to the man that his troubles were at hand, and anxiety soon drove the roses from his damask cheeks and robbed his ribs of their substance. He used to climb over the back fence to avoid calling attention to the disreputable-looking old gate, but his self-denial was of no avail. One evening his eldest daughter, Sophronia, said:

"Pa, that horrid old gate is the most disgusting thing on this street. If you can't afford to have it fixed, I'd take it away and put up a stile."

Pa only groaned. But an evening or so later, his youngest daughter came in, and said with considerable warmth:

"Pa! I wish you had that beastly old gate tied to your neck, that's what I wish!"

And she dissolved in tears and evaporated up-stairs in a misty cloud, while her sisters followed slowly, casting reproachful looks at Pa. And the next evening his third daughter, Azalea, came bouncing into the room about 9:30 P. M., with her gloves in a condition to indicate that she had been patting gravel, and said, with some energy, that if Pa had no feeling other people had, and she wished she was dead, she did, and she hoped that the next time that Pa went out of that hateful old gate he'd fall from Arch street to the bridge, so she did. And she broke down and disappeared with a staccato accompaniment of sobs and sniffles. And the next time that Pa went out of that gate he found it prostrate between the two posts, and saw that the fragile strands of the clothes-line had parted, under some extraordinary pressure, and that was what ailed Azalea's gloves. Pa saw there was nothing for it but a new gate, and he groaned aloud as he viewed the dreary prospect of furnishing gates to support the manly forms of the best young men in Burlington for another summer. He pondered, and pondered, and pondered. He became the confidant of carpenters; he was often seen guiltily showing certain plans and drawings to blacksmiths and cunning workers in iron and steel. And in due time he had a new gate up, a massive gate, with great posts, ornamented and substantial, and the seven sisters were pleased. They read in the little brass plate that informed them that a patent had been applied for, the words, "for 130 pounds," but they didn't know what it meant until last evening.

Last evening the weather, though sufficiently cool to be bracing, admitted a test of the new gate. A murmur of voices arose from the vicinity of that popular lovers' retreat, as Sophronia swung idly to and fro on its heavy frame. Presently a pale-faced man, who held his hand upon his breast to still his beating heart, as he crouched in a dark corner of the porch, heard Rodolphus say:

"But believe me, Sophronia my own heart's idol, between the touches of the rude hand of ti——"

As he began the word he leaned forward and bent his weight upon the gate, and with a sharp click a little trap-door in the side of the post flew open and a gaunt, many jointed arm of steel, with an iron knob as big as a Virginia gourd on the end of it, flew out, and with the rapidity of lightning, hit Rodolphus two resounding pelts between the shoulders that sounded like a base-drum explosion.

"Oh-h-h! gosh!" he roared, "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!" and, without waiting to pick up his hat, he fled, shrieking for the doctor, while Sophronia rushed into the house, crying "Pa! Pa! Pa! Rodolphus is shot!" and swooned. The pale-faced man said nothing but shrank further back into the shadow, and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth to stifle a smile. Pretty soon he knew the voice of his daughter Azalea at the gate saying good night. But a rich, manly voice detained her, and the measured swing of the gate was again heard in the distance. Soon he heard Lorenzo say, as he made ready to climb upon the gate:

"But whatever of sorrow may await our future, dear one, I would it might fall upon me——"

And just as he lifted his last foot from the ground the trap-door opened and the gaunt arm reached out and fell upon him with that big knob four times, and every time it reached him, Lorenzo shrieked:

"Bleeding heart! O mercy, mercy, Mr. Man! O, murder!"

And as he ambled away in the starlight, wailing for arnica, Azalea fled wildly to her home shrieking, "Pa! Pa! Pa! somebody is murdering Lorenzo!" And on the porch a pale-faced man thrust the rim of his felt hat into his mouth to reinforce his handkerchief, and hugged himself into placid content. Pretty soon the man's fifth daughter came home from a party, and she, too, perched on the gate. And in a moment or two Alphonso said:

"But, my own Miriam, would I could tell you what I feel——"

But he didn't, for just then he leaned upon the gate, the gaunt arm reached out, and he felt the iron, which knocked the breath so far out of him that he couldn't shriek until he had run half a mile from the house. And Miriam ran into the house screaming that Alfonso had a fit. The pale-faced man rose up out of the shadow and emptied his mouth and as he stood under the quiet starlight, looking at the gate whose powerful but delicate mechanism repelled an ounce of weight over 130 pounds, a look of ineffable peace stole over the pale face, and the smile that rested on the quiet features told that the struggle of a life-time was ended in victory, and a gate had been discovered that could set at naught the oppressions of thoughtless young people.

Charlotte Cushman's Acting.

Even in the terrific outbursts of "Meg Merrillies," the agonized madness of Blanca or the remorse of Lady Macbeth, she never ranted nor overstepped the modesty of nature. Passion is like fire—a good servant but a dangerous master, and with her it was kept within the bounds of the purest art. This gave to her acting the charm of reserved power; it did not convey the impression of labor and effort, but one of natural inspiration and ease. Her reading was the finest on the stage, especially in its justness. Its accuracy was wonderful, and the astonishing power of emphasis which she would sometimes concentrate upon a single word was contrasted with the most delicate discriminations of meaning. It is not strange that she was almost as popular as a reader as an actress, for in the noblest dramas the thought is more important than the action, and produces greater effects—a fact which Edwin Forrest illustrated during the last ten years of his life—when he simply read "Lear," and "Othello," and "Hamlet" on the stage, being physically unable to act them. Miss Cushman, however, did not depend upon her readings of the text entirely, but expressed the character she played in varied attitude and gesture. Her stately figure enabled her to dare successfully what in other women would have seemed exaggeration. The attitude which "Meg Merrilles" assumes on her first entrance lives in the memory of thousands as a picture of fearful beauty. It was more than picturesque—it was moral, for it told the story of undying love for Harry Bertram. All through her great round of characters are scattered pictures of similar fascination and power. There is "Queen Katherine," with extended arms, appealing to her royal husband, or with hand and averted head pointing to Wolsey: "Lord Cardinal, to *you* I speak," There is Wolsey himself, shuddering at the taunts of his enemies. There is Romeo stretched upon the ground taking the measure of an unmade grave. No other actor could fill the stage as she did. She had not only this vast variety of attitude and gesture, but also rapidity of motion, which was applied occasionally with splendid effect, particularly in the Gyspy Queen.—[John R. Stockton in Scribner's.

Frank Moulton's Afflictions.

There is a great deal of sympathy expressed in Brooklyn for Francis D. Moulton, the mutual friends, on account of the peculiar afflictions which have visited him since he became so conspicuous in connection with the Tilton-Beacher troubles. During the trial, it will be remembered, his mother died. A widowed sister took her place in the Moulton household, but in a few weeks she also died, and now his aged father has been lying very ill, and is supposed to have been at the point of death, requiring Frank's constant care and watchfulness. He is now, however, improving. Mr. Moulton has determined to remove to New York. In him Brooklyn will lose one of her most energetic and conspicuous citizens. He used to take an active interest in all questions of public interest, and is rapid to assist cheap transportation, railroad terminal facilities, and similar questions; was always a foremost participant on the popular side. He will shortly resume his old avocation of merchant, and will doubtless regain all his former popularity. Notwithstanding the apparent bitterness created by the Beecher scandal in Brooklyn, the most friendly personal relations still subsist between Mr. Moulton's family and many of the active adherents of Beecher.

A Family Journal.

In a certain farm-house, twenty years ago, a great blank book was kept, and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled, "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridemaid's dress, and long after there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother, who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.

There are many other practical ways in which home ties can be strengthened and made more enduring for children, and surely this is as necessary and important a matter in the management of a household as the furnishing of the library or chambers in good taste, or the accumulation of a bric-a-brac. One most direct way is the keeping of anniversaries; not Christmas, Easter, nor the Fourth of July alone, but those which belong to the home alone. The children's birthdays, the mother's wedding day, the day when they all came into the new home. There are a hundred cheerful, happy little events which some cheerful and happy little ceremony will make a lifelong pleasure. Germans keep alive their strong domestic attachments by just such means as these. It seems natural and right to their children that all the house should be turned topsy-turvy with joy at Vater or Mutter's Geburtstag; while to the American boy or girl it is a matter of indifference when his father and mother were born. We know a house in which it is the habit to give to each servant a trifling gift on the anniversary of their coming into the family; and, as might be expected, these anniversaries return for many years. Much of the same softening, humanizing effect may be produced by remembering and humoring the innocent whims and peculiarities of children. Among the hard-working people it is too often the custom to bring up a whole family in platoon and to marshal them through childhood by the same general, inflexible rules. They must eat the same dishes, wear the same clothes, work, play, talk, according to the prescribed notions of father or mother. When right or wrong is concerned, let the rule be inexorable; but when taste, character and stomach only is envolved, humor the boy. Be to Tom's cravat a tittle blind; make Will the pudding he likes, while the others choose pie. They will be surer of your affection than if you sentimentalized about a mother's love for an hour. Furthermore, do not grow old yourself too soon. Buy chessboards, dominoes and bagatelle; learn to play games with the boys and girls; encourage them to ask their friends to dinner and tea, and take care that your dress and the table be pretty and attractive, that the children may be ashamed of neither.

"Why should I stay at home in the evening?" said a lad the other day. "Mother sits and darns stockings or reads Jay's Devotions; father dozes, and Maggy writes to her lover. I'll go where I can have fun." Meanwhile father and mother were broken hearted because Joe was "going to ruin," which was undoubtedly the fact.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

AN AWKWARD PAUSE.—A young gentleman undertook to relate a circumstance, last Sunday evening, in the presence of some young ladies. He commenced as follows:

"A lady friend and myself, last Sunday evening, went to Bed—"

Then there was a noise in the room resembling some new born kittens, and the old lady bounced him out of the house. The next day the old gentleman met him in the street, and asked for an apology.

"I was about to say," commenced the young man, "that a lady friend and myself went to Bed—" when a thrust from the old man's cane started him back several feet, when he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"A lady friend and myself went to Bedford Street Church, you d——d old fool."

We've had (says "Hohokus") an Irish ball at the hotel, and the girls and boys were all there. Supper was announced at sharp 12 o'clock. Miss Grady, the belle of the evening (from Paterson), was approached by one of the beaux with the question: "What'll yez have for supper?' "Sure, it's a quail on toasht and some fried oysthers I'll have." "No, ye'll not either. Ye'll take bane soup like the resht, or ye'll rise out of that and give your sate to Mary Ann. That's what ye'll do."

Miss Susan B. Anthony says man enjoys all the luxury there is in marriage. There's selfishness. Won't get married because she can't have all the fun to herself.

"There is a philosophy in ladies' hats," says an exchange. Yes; it commences at five dollars and runs up to forty. Beats all how expensive philosophy is.

Some Curious Wills.

Mr. William Tegg has just published in London an intertaining volume called "Wills of Their Own," in which he presents many remarkable wills of eccentric persons. Among the most curions of these is that of Edward Wortley Montagne, son of Mr. Montagne, Ambassador to Constantinople in 1716, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagne, his wife, the supposed Sappho of Pope.

After some bequests "To my noble and worthy relation, the Earl of——," the will adds: "I do not give his lordship any further part of my property because the best part of that he has contrived to take already. Item, to Sir Francis——I give one word of mine, because he never had the good fortune to keep his own. Item, to Lord M——I give nothing, because I know he'll bestow it on the poor. Item, to——, the author, for putting me in his travels, I give five shillings for his wit, undeterred by the charge of extravagance, since friends who have read his book consider five shillings too much. Item, to Sir Robert W——I leave my political opinions, never doubting he can well turn them into cash, who has always found such an excellent market in which to change his own. Item, my cast-off habit of swearing oaths I give to Sir Leopold D——, in consideration that no oaths have ever been able to bind him yet."

Perhaps even more eccentric than this is the last will and testament of Mr. Daniel Martinette, of Calcutta. The following clauses are full of grim humor:

"The undertaker's fees come to nothing, as I won them from him at a game of billiards in the presence of Mr. Thomas Morrice and William Perkes, at the said William Perkes' house, in February last. I futhermore request, not only as it is customary, but I sincerely believe the prayers of the good availeth, and are truly consistent with decency, that the Rev, Mr. Butler read the prayers which are customary at burials, and also preach a funeral sermon on Sunday next after my decease, taking his text from Solomon, 'All is vanity.' In consideration of which, over and above his fees, I bestow upon him all my hypocrisy, which he wants as a modern good man, but as my finances are low, and cannot conveniently discharge his fees, I hope he will please accept the will for the deed. As it lies not in my power to bequeath anything to my relation at home, I shall say nothing concerning them, as they have not for these six years past concerning themselves about me; excepting that I heartily wish them well, and that my brothers and sisters may all make a more prosperous voyage through this life than I have done."

The great Lord Chesterfield seems to have had an equal sense of humor, for by one of the clauses of his will, proved shortly after his death in 1773, he provides that—

"In case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall, at any time hereafter, keep, or be concerned in keeping of, any race horses, or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, the infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during course of races there; or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose, in any one day, at any game or bet whatsoever, the sum of £5000; then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit from the sum of my estate the sum of £5,000 for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminister."

Similarly, Mr. Davis, of Clapham, left—

"The sum of 5s. to Mary Davis, daughter of Peter Delaport; which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk for the last time at my expense."

And a London bookseller, Mr. Parker, "Left in 1875, a legacy of £50 to Elizabeth, whom, through my foolish fondness I made my wife, without regard to family, fame or fortune; and who, in return has agreed, most unjustly, to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature save highway robbery."

To these instances may perhaps be added the testament of Mr. James Robbies, who, in 1869,

"Set his face and his will in favor at his widow wearing widow's weeds. He ordered, 'In the event of my dear wife not complying with my request to wear a widow's cap after my decease, and in the event of her marrying again, then, in both such cases the annuity which shall be payable to put her out of my estate shall be £20 per annum, and not £30."

RIDICULOUS PATENTS.—Among the ridiculous patents that have been granted at Washington are a trap for catching tape-worms, a combined plow and cannon, a patent brick to be tied to a cow's tail to keep her from switching her natural appendage, a house on rollers that deaden the shock of an earthquake, and a combined trunk and house. The person afflicted with tape-worm starves himself until the worm, attracted by the delicious bait in the trap, is readily caught. The combined plow and cannon is for frontier farmers, and is intended for mowing down the savages. The combined trunk and house is adapted to persons of small means, and can be extended or contracted, as they may have occasion to use a house or a trunk.

An exchange says: "New York ladies wear nothing but the gypsy hats." And unless the brim of the hat is at least four feet deep, and turns down all around, we should think a modest man would want to leave that city.—*Norristown Herald.*

Why Seeds Fail.

In the first place, however, we will examine the cause of failure. If small seeds are planted too deep, they either rot in the damp, cold for the want of the warmth necessary to their germination, or, after germination perish before the shoots can reach the sun and air; so that which was designed for their support and nourishment proves their grave. If the soil is a stiff clay, it is often too cold at the time the seeds are planted to effect their germination; for it must be understood that warmth and moisture are necessary to the germination of seeds. Neither of these will do alone. Seeds may be kept in a warm, dry room, in dry sand or earth, and they will not grow. They may be placed in damp earth, and kept in a low temperature, and they will most likely rot, though some seeds will remain dormant a long time under these circumstances. But place them in moist earth, in a warm room, and they will commence growth at once. Another difficulty with heavy soil is that it becomes hard on the surface, and this prevents the young plants from "coming up;" or if, during showery weather, they happen to get above the surface, they become locked in and make but little advancement, unless the cultivator is careful to keep the crust well broken; and in doing this the young plants are often destroyed. If stiff, the soil where small seeds are sown should be made mellow, particularly on the surface, by the addition of sand and light mold. If seeds are sown in rough, lumpy ground, a portion will never grow; and many that start, not finding a fit soil for their roots, will perish. A few may escape these difficulties, and flourish.—*Hovey's Calalogue.*

Concerning Investments.

Great fortunes are not made by hard labor. Labor, of course, is one of the essential elements in the building up of a large fortune, but it is the judicious investment which utilizes and gleans from the labors of others that is depended upon to secure the independence of competency. The most skillful artisan cannot, by his labor alone, retire in his old age upon more than a moderate fortune, and even this accumulation is, to a certain extent, secured to him by a certain degree of financiering ability. Any of us can call to mind many energetic, hard-working men who have labored all their lives and remained poor because the necessary tact of judicious expenditure was lacking. They have sowed and tilled, but others have garnered the harvest. A farmer may plow in the right season, sow his grain and give it his careful and undivided attention, and a rich harvest may reward his labors; but unless he has the proper barns in which to store away his hay and grain, and the business qualifications necessary to turn his crops into money at good advantage, the fruits of his labor will be as much lost to him as if they had been destroyed by drouth or flood. To properly care for that of which we have secured the ownership is the whole art of money-making. A good investment is one which will in time reproduce its principal. A poor investment is one which produces nothing and is obliged to feed upon itself. A disastrous investment is one which not only consumes the capital invested, but requires even more to satisfy its demands. Such maelstroms of capital are to be carefully avoided, and require close vigilance to escape from when too closely approached. To engage in business is to embark upon a perilous voyage. The bark of capital may be staunch and sound, but it requires the constant care of a skillful pilot to secure a successful termination to the vopage. Hence the necessity of a careful preparation as early as possible for the practical affairs of life.

THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP.—The surveying party sent out to survey the Okefenokee swamp report that it measures 142 miles in circumference, and, with the sinuosities, 180 miles around. This vast formation, thirty miles long and seventeen miles wide, is the largest swamp in the United States. It lies in the southeastern part of Georgia, but partly in north Florida. Here is the Swanee River, made famous by the negro melody of the "Old Folks at Home." It traverses a large section of Upper Florida, is bordered with valuable cypress and other timber, and empties into the gulf at a point eighteen miles above Cedar Keys. Okefenokee swamp was for generations a refuge for runaway slaves. Indians have lived there until recently, cultivating gardens; and in the depths of the jungles and forests are thousands of bears, and a great many Florida "tigers"—the cougar, or American panther. One curious experience of the surveying party was to find themselves at one time, while in the midst of of a great swamp, suffering for water. The discovery of a lot of mounds, "probably built by a race of men existing before the Indians," is also reported. Several skeletons were taken out of them, but crumbled as soon as exposed to the air.

The whirligig of fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Valambrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburnt nose.

Death is as near to the young as the old; here is all the difference: Death stands behind the young man's back, before the old man's face.

Imagination and Disease.

There is much more in this than many people suppose; at least, the unobserving and unreflecting do not understand how much influence and effect the will, the imagination, has over the health and vigor of body and mind. A man of strong resolution can bring on or resist disease or unhappy feelings by the very power of his will and mental actions. The following is to the point:

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

The *Journal of Health* says:—To regain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that physicians and surgeons who make a specialty of a certain disease are liable to die of it themselves; and the mental power is so great that sometimes people die of disease which they only have in imagination. We have seen a person sea-sick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known a person to die of cancer in the stomach when he had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A man, blindfolded and slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons in health, and desiring to continue so, should at all times be cheerful and happy, and those who are sick should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith men are saved, and also by their faith that they die. If a man wills not to die, he can live in spite of disease; and if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child falls asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only resources of life—tenements of their souls. The will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

The Two "Duckeys."

A Cleveland drummer (says the *Leader*) was in Elyria a few Sundays ago, and while sitting in his room heard, from the next room, the mysterious question and answer:

"Whose duckey are you?"

"I'se your duckey!"

A few moments passed, during which the drummer sat in open-mouthed wonder, and the silence was again broken:

"*Whose* duckey are you?"

"I'se *your* duckey!"

Unable to stand it much longer alone the Clevelander hurried down to the office, learned that a newly-married couple were in the house, invited three other drummers to here the fun, and tiptoed back to his room. The wicked quartet crammed their handkerchiefs in their months, and during the next quarter of an hour heard that fond conundrum put an answered no less than four times by the unconscious rustic and his blushing bride.

At dinner, as luck would have it, the bride and groom were seated between two of the drummers, while the original discoverer of the bonanza sat opposite. The table had been cleared of the substantials and orders for dessert had been given. At that moment a spirit of mischief took entire possession of the Clevelander. Leaning across the table, he looked archly at his nearest friend, and in dulcet tones propounded the conundrum:

"Whose duckey are you?"

The other chap was equal to the emergency, and in tones of affected sweetness got in his answer:

"I'se your duckey!"

Two scarlet rustic faces, the flutter of a white dress through the doorway, two vacant seats at the table, and four crazy drummers laughing till the tears ran, flashed across the vision of the spectators as the curtain fell.

From a private letter from Dr. Bunnell, foreman of the Esther mine, the *Plaindealer* learns that the mill is doing excellent work. He thinks there is already at least twelve hundred dollars in the "pans" and thinks it will be more than doubled in the next twelve days. All parties connected with the mine are sanguine of its paying qualities, and extent of the ledge.

ANOTHER EMPRESS.—Some delver in forgotten lore has discovered that Victoria I., as she signs herself is the second Empress England has had, and that the first one, oddly enough, bore the same name as her present Majesty, while no intervening sovereign was imperial in title, or bore the name. "Empress Victoria" flourished 1,600.

Mrs. Bristow, according to a Washington correspondent, holds up her head proudly when she says, "The record of my husband is open, and no one can find a single stain; they must manufacture any evil stories which they tell of him."

Osgood and Drew, a speaker and a singer, have formed a copartnership for temperance revivalism on the Moody and Sankey plan. They have started out successfully in Massachusetts.

It just occurs to us that the old lady who stumbled and sustained a "frontal contusion" on the Centennial grounds, the other day, must have been a knock-tee-genarian.

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